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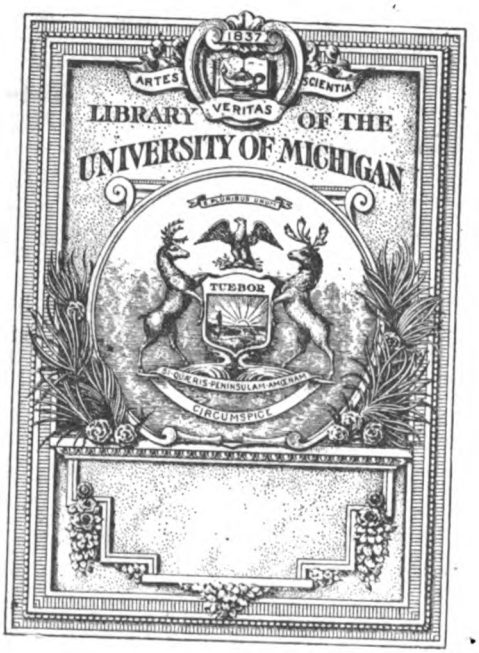
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THE

STRAND MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Monthly

Vol. LV

JANUARY TO JUNE

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1918

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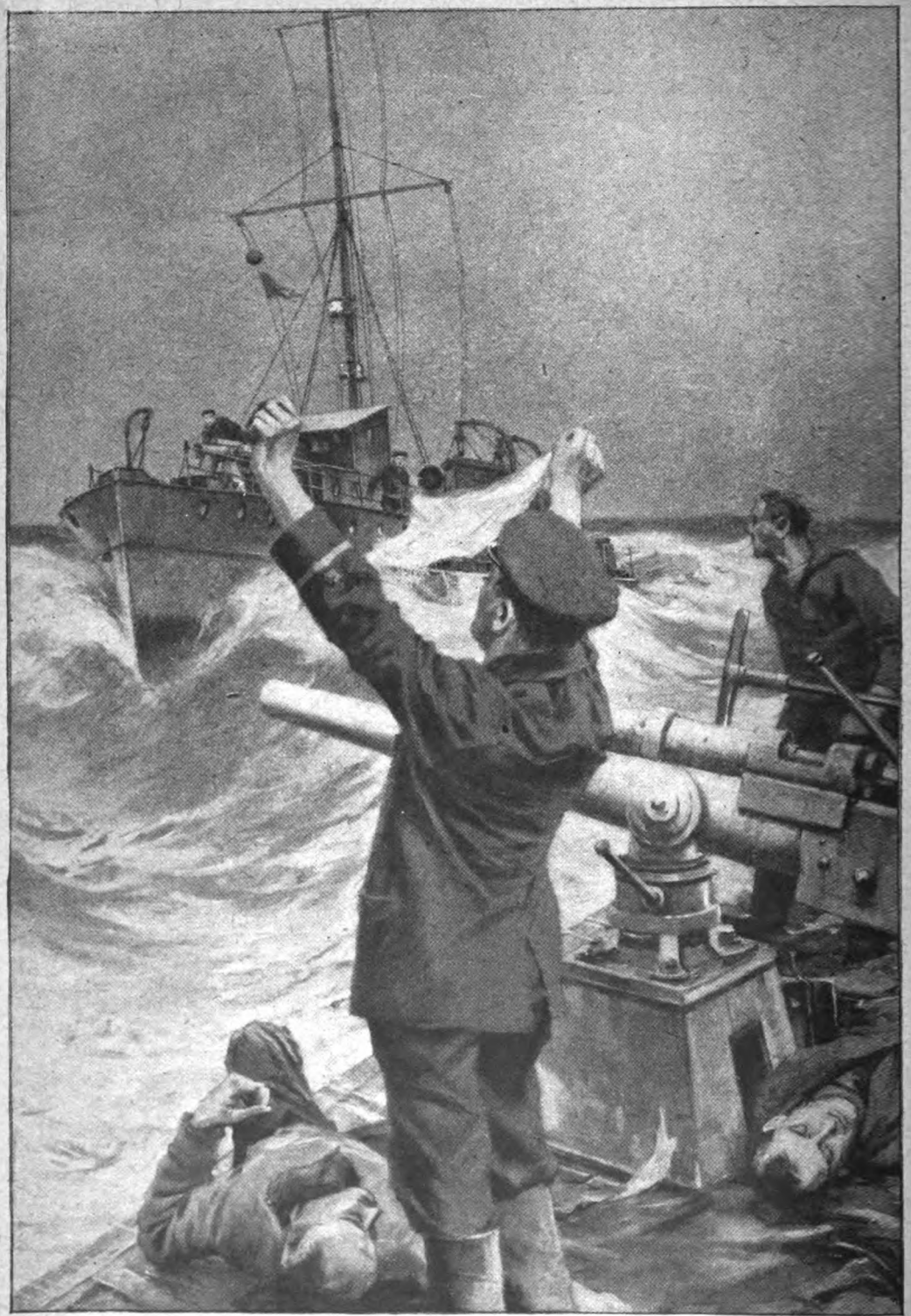

"HE SAW THE HYDROPLANE MOTOR-BOAT SWING ROUND ALONGSIDE WITH A GREAT SWASH OF WATER THAT LEAPED OVER THE DECK OF THE SUBMARINE. 'KAMERAD! KAMERAD!' SHRIEKED THE ENGINEER."

(*See page* 12.)

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Vol. 55. JANUARY, 1918. No. 325.

THE SEA-DEVIL.

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN,

Author of "Battlewrack," etc.

Illustrated by C. M. Padday, R.O.I.

N the vicinity of the submarine harbour of Wilhelmshaven, a strong cordon of Landwehr infantrymen, helmeted, great-coated, with fixed bayonets, kept back with much show of authority a meagre crowd of sightseers. Few men were among the little throng that shivered in the chilly wind of a February morning; those that stood there were workmen in dirty overalls obviously lingering for a moment or two on their way home from a night-shift at one of the great machine-shops whose forest of chimneys in the background overlaid the grey sky with a whelm of brown fumes. But these workmen, roughly garbed and with the pallor of fatigue visible through the smeared dirt of their faces, offered an immediate contrast to their fellow-spectators, the silent, shawl-clutching women, the restless, sharp-featured children, even to the stolid, grey-clad soldiers in their serried rank. By comparison, they were plump, well-nourished. Their voices, as they shouted witticism or coarse repartee, rang strangely loud and sonorous over the hushed, almost plaintive murmur of the crowd.

Dark-ringed eyes staring out of white faces, thin under the close-drawn shawls, for the most part in black dresses of wretched quality, the warped soles of their boots betraying the paper composition, the women conversed with one another in low voices. The bony hands of each and all grasped firmly a little packet of cards, clutched to the breast with the twist of the shawl—their passports to the necessaries of life. Their demeanour was listless, apathetic, here and there convulsed, suddenly and without warning, by the querulous, exaggerated anger of thin-sheathed nerves. But the high-pitched cry hushed abruptly as the infantry officer, pacing in front of his men, turned his head towards it. Dodging around the skirts of the women, peering under the elbows of the soldiers, the pinched faces of the children, their high cheek-bones purple with the cold, were vividly eloquent of privation. Their eyes, preternaturally large, roved restlessly alert as if questing a prey for the furtive hands to snatch. Thin wrists and knees protruded, stick-like, from their threadbare, outworn clothing. None played. On all was an uncanny expression of premature age. A baby hugged in a woman's shawl whimpered hungrily.

Along the roadway behind the little crowd a heavy military motor-lorry lumbered noisily, its rubberless tyres ringing on the cobbles. It left behind it a suffocating stench of "petrol-substitute."

From the adjacent buildings hung many flags, the red, white, and black of Germany predominant among the colours of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Stretched across one of the houses, in large white letters on a red ground, grimly significant above that pinched throng, were the words: "Gott strafe England!" A little farther on, similarly displayed, was the antistrophe: "Unsere U-Boot-Helden! Gott schütze sie!" * And, explanatory of this assemblage, a third house announced: "Der Rache-Tag! 1 Februar, 1917!" †

A couple of official motor-cars swung through a soldier-walled opening in the crowd and sped down the wide paved roadway of the dock. Where they stopped, a guard of honour presented arms with swift, precise movements and a military band struck up the air: "Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein." A group of naval officers saluted as some thick-coated dignitaries descended from the cars. There

* "Our submarine heroes! God protect them!"

† "The day of vengeance. 1st February, 1917!"

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was much stepping forward, heel-clicking salutes, shaking of hands, more salutes, and a backward step. The dignitaries were plump and affable. The naval officers, tanned of face and alert of bearing, were naval officers all the world over.

On the side of the dock was an alley-way of young fir-trees in tubs. Their branches were arched over a red carpet that led to the water-side. There, closely ranked, lay six submarines, the black-crossed white flag, eagle-centred, of the Imperial Navy fluttering from their short masts. The dignitaries and their satellites passed down the corridor of trees, boarded the vessels.

The dock-gates of the submarine harbour were decked with evergreen also.* Half an hour later they opened to allow the passage of six long bodies slipping through the water, with high superstructures and conning-towers manned by sailors who waved and cheered. From the dock came the brass and drums of the military band—"Deutschland über alles!" From behind welled the fierce, speeding shouts of a hungry race that saw, in a vision of hatred, fat corn-ships wallowing through the sea towards a gluttonous England—saw them clutched one and all, from this day forth, into the swallowing deep. The plump dignitaries had made impressive little speeches, full of frightfulness. "The whole world shall stand aghast at the exploits of our sea-devils!" one of them had announced. "Generations yet unborn shall remember with a shudder the anniversary of February the First!" The naval officers had listened with straight faces. In long file, the "sea-devils" slid out through the calm waters of the harbour, their oil engines silently pulsing them onward to the mist-hung arena of their war.

They were sped by the vindictive hatred of a misery that, hopeless of relief, craved savagely to inflict an equal suffering on a scathless enemy.

Kapitän-Leutnant Karl Hoffmann, commander of the U.026, joined his second-in-command in the narrow canvas-screened navigating bridge on the summit of the high conning-tower. Behind them, around the steersman, rose the tall tubes of the three periscopes. In front of them stretched the long, narrow, railed deck—little wider than a gang-plank featureless, save for the battened hatchway marking the lair of a 14-pr. gun. Running "light," the U.026 was butting into a fresh south-westerly gale with all the force of her 2,000 h.p. 18-knot engines. The high, bluff bows, that flared away to the junction of the superstructure and the humped, porpoise-back of the hull, crashed incessantly into long rollers that lifted themselves wall-like, hung poised for an instant and then were divided in flying spray and a thud of green water resolved into foam upon the deck. The lift of the brown-grey carcass, as the wave rushed aft, left two long cascades of sea-water pouring from the superstructure to the hull. She ducked and rolled, every now and then sliding to take a vicious header into the green seas that hurried and jostled one another, eager for her destruction. To windward, ragged strips of cloud, dark under a grey sky, were reaching out from the coming squall. To the north and east the gust that had passed heaped itself rounded into the heaven, intensely black, the sea beneath it copperas streaked and crowned with vivid white. Within the circumscribed horizon of trailing cloud and tumbling, hurrying waves the U.026 was the only thing at variance with the gale.

"*Gott sei dank!* This is going to last!" shouted the commander as the two officers suddenly turned their backs to a flying scud that smote hard upon their oilskins. "No chance of their damned aircraft to-day!"

Leutnant Wohlsinger grinned all over his wet, weather-reddened face.

"We shouldn't be here long!" He clutched at the rail as with a lurching sideways dip the U.026 threatened to bury herself completely under a suddenly towering wall of water. Recovering his breath and wiping the salt from his eyes, he added: "I hate these confounded shallow seas."

"Yes!" replied the commander, pulling the sagging canvas "dodger" higher upon its supporting stanchions. "If only one of the others can catch the *Lithuania!* We sha'n't stop long in this trap!" He glanced behind him, where, in response to a previous order, several men were rigging the wireless mast. "We may get some news."

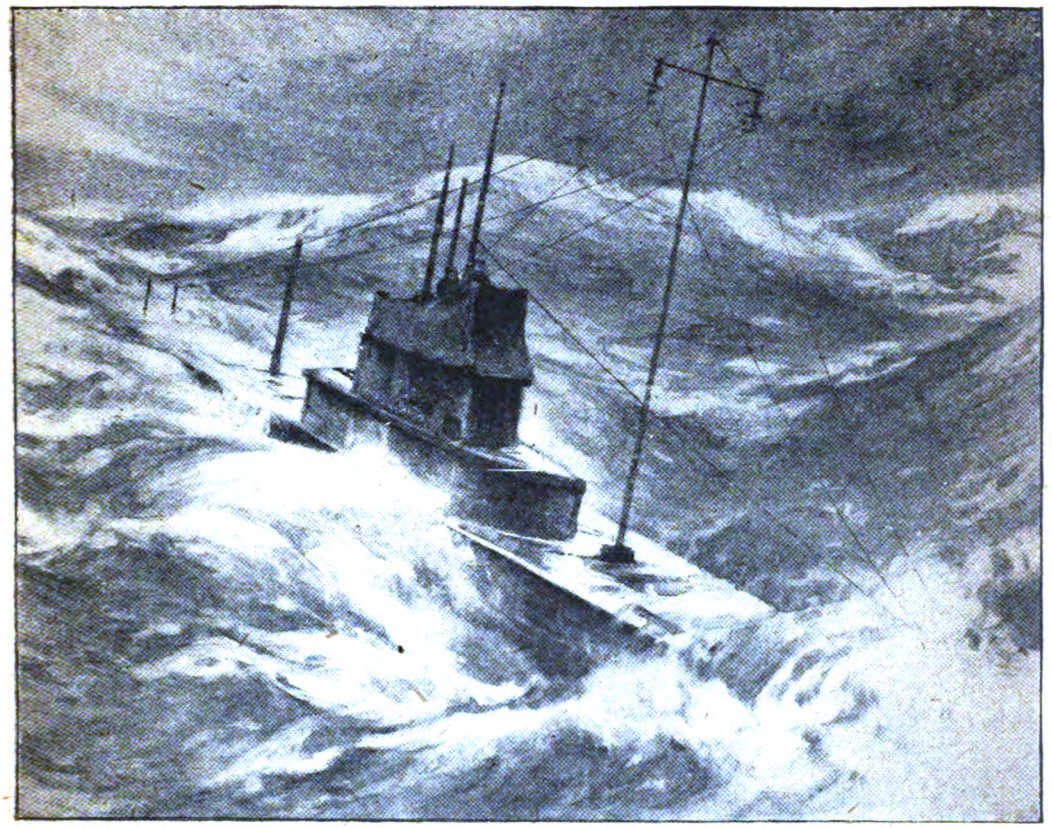
Wohlsinger glanced also at the aerials now being hoisted.

"Hope we sha'n't have to wait long for it!" he shouted. "Bad place to advertise one's self!" His eyes swept the misty horizon anxiously. "We're on the Holyhead route."

His superior nodded.

"Can't help it. It's eight bells. Commodore should be talking." He also scanned the waste of tumbling waters topped with streamers of flying spindrift as the squall rushed down upon them. It was empty of any ship but their own.

* Vouched for by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.



"RUNNING 'LIGHT,' THE U.026 WAS BUTTING INTO A FRESH SOUTH-WESTERLY GALE WITH ALL THE FORCE OF HER 2,000 H.P. 18-KNOT ENGINES."

A man's head emerged from the half-open cap of the conning-tower, was touched by outstretched fingers in a sketch of a salute spoilt by a violent roll of the vessel.

"A message, Herr Kapitän!"

Hoffmann waved him out of the way and swung himself down to the control platform within the conning-tower. He switched on the electric light, took the paper from the sailor, and read the message. It was prefaced by the code letters of the transmitting ship and his own.

"V.198 reports *Lithuania* sighted 12.38 p.m. 50 miles N.W. Cape Clear steaming 24 knots course S.E. escort two destroyers beat off attack one destroyer believed damaged. V.198 out of action repairing rendezvous. No communication with V.56 or T.29.* Feared loss. Am taking up position 7.20 W. 51.59 N. Maintain your station. Communicate 8 a.m.† to-morrow."

"What news?" called a voice from the ladder at his feet. Hoffmann looked to see the round pasty face of the engineer officer, Marine Ober-Ingenieur Wolff, staring up at him. The engineer officer scrambled up to take the message he held out. His dark, beady eyes scanned the paper, looked up to Hoffmann.

"It falls to us then?" The curse which followed the question was a measure of his gratification at the prospect.

"Unless the Commodore catches her," replied Hoffmann, shortly. A fortnight of close confinement with Ober-Ingenieur Wolff had induced an almost physical antipathy in his commanding officer. He was impatient of even the briefest conversation with him and meals were a torture. At the uncalled-for curse, a sudden disgust rose bitter within him. "We shall do our duty, cost what it will," he said, harshly, and bent over the chart pricking out the Commodore's position, pencilling a calculation.

"It will cost our lives!" said Wolff, not to be silenced, as he turned to go.

* V before a submarine's number indicates that she was built in Voss yard. T similarly indicates the Tecklenburg yard. U stands for the Urania yard as well as, generally, for "Unterseeboot."

† German time.

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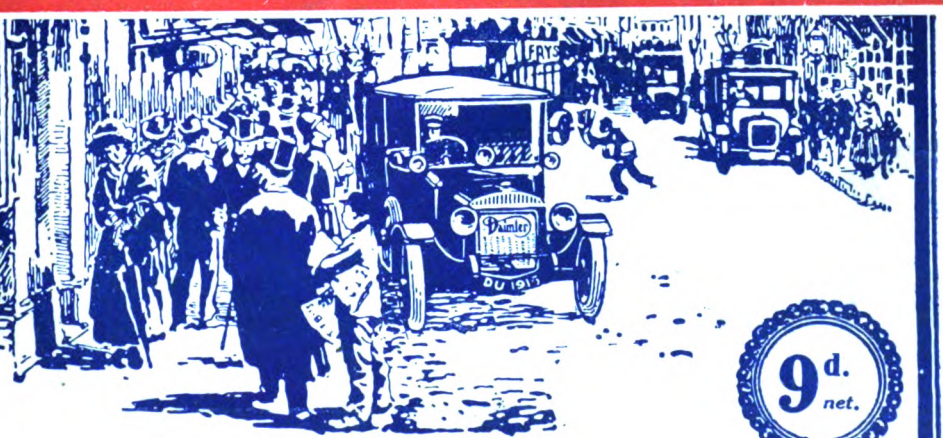

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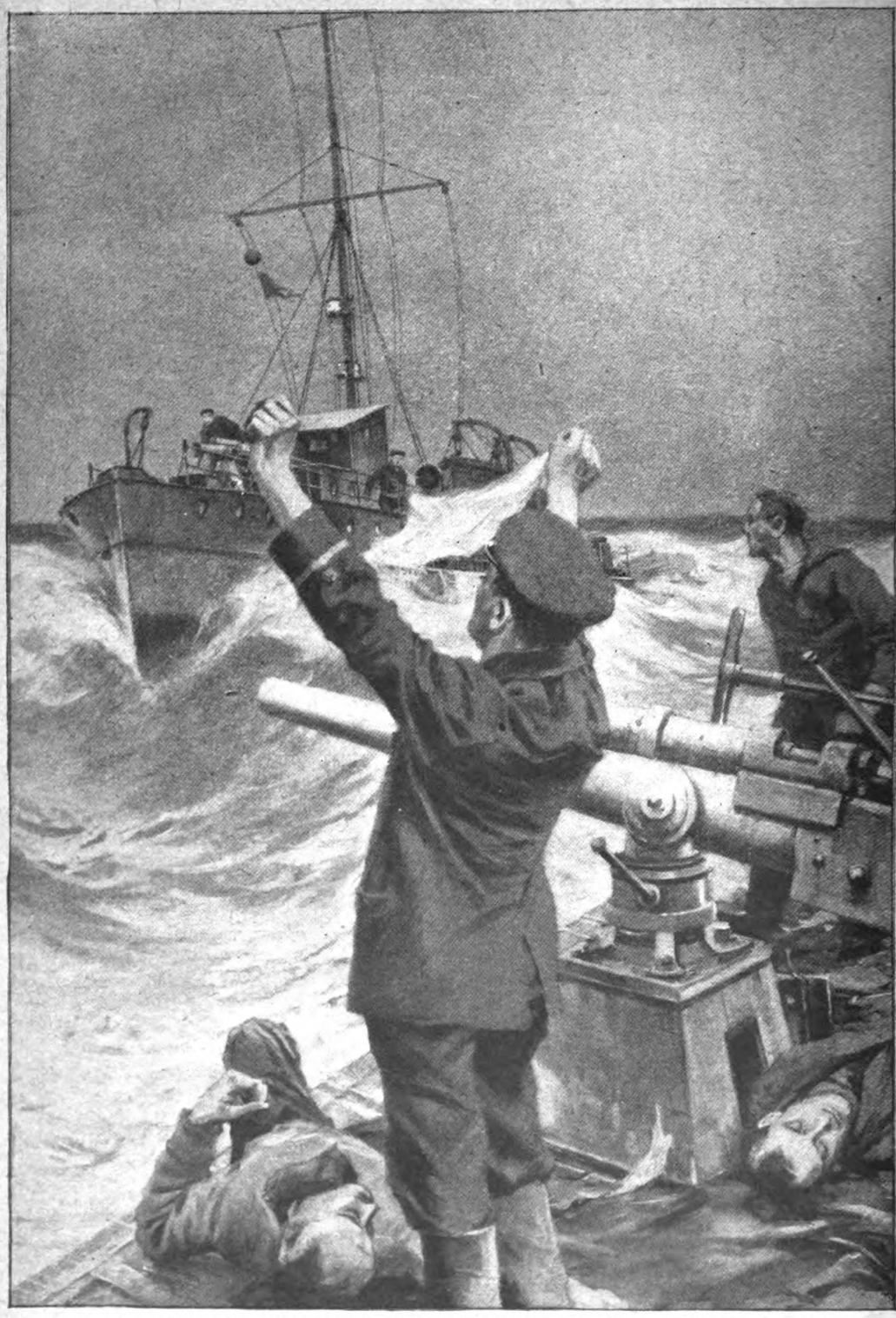

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Author of "Battlewrack," etc.

Illustrated by C. M. Padday, R.O.I.

IN the vicinity of the submarine harbour of Wilhelmshaven, a strong cordon of Landwehr infantrymen, helmeted, great-coated, with fixed bayonets, kept back with much show of authority a meagre crowd of sightseers. Few men were among the little throng that shivered in the chilly wind of a February morning; those that stood there were workmen in dirty overalls obviously lingering for a moment or two on their way home from a night-shift at one of the great machine-shops whose forest of chimneys in the background overlaid the grey sky with a whelm of brown fumes. But these workmen, roughly garbed and with the pallor of fatigue visible through the smeared dirt of their faces, offered an immediate contrast to their fellow-spectators, the silent, shawl-clutching women, the restless, sharp-featured children, even to the stolid, grey-clad soldiers in their serried rank. By comparison, they were plump, well-nourished. Their voices, as they shouted witticism or coarse repartee, rang strangely loud and sonorous over the hushed, almost plaintive murmur of the crowd.

Dark-ringed eyes staring out of white faces, thin under the close-drawn shawls, for the most part in black dresses of wretched quality, the warped soles of their boots betraying the paper composition, the women conversed with one another in low voices. The bony hands of each and all grasped firmly a little packet of cards, clutched to the breast with the twist of the shawl—their passports to the necessaries of life. Their demeanour was listless, apathetic, here and there convulsed, suddenly and without warning, by the querulous, exaggerated anger of thin-sheathed nerves. But the high-pitched cry hushed abruptly as the infantry officer, pacing in front of his men, turned his head towards it. Dodging around the skirts of the women, peering under the elbows of the soldiers, the pinched faces of the children, their high cheek-bones purple with the cold, were vividly eloquent of privation. Their eyes, preternaturally large, roved restlessly alert as if questing a prey for the furtive hands to snatch. Thin wrists and knees protruded, stick-like, from their threadbare, outworn clothing. None played. On all was an uncanny expression of premature age. A baby hugged in a woman's shawl whimpered hungrily.

Along the roadway behind the little crowd a heavy military motor-lorry lumbered noisily, its rubberless tyres ringing on the cobbles. It left behind it a suffocating stench of "petrol-substitute."

From the adjacent buildings hung many flags, the red, white, and black of Germany predominant among the colours of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. Stretched across one of the houses, in large white letters on a red ground, grimly significant above that pinched throng, were the words: "Gott strafe England!" A little farther on, similarly displayed, was the antistrophe: "Unsere U-Boot-Helden! Gott schütze sie!" * And, explanatory of this assemblage, a third house announced: "Der Rache-Tag! 1 Februar, 1917!" †

A couple of official motor-cars swung through a soldier-walled opening in the crowd and sped down the wide paved roadway of the dock. Where they stopped, a guard of honour presented arms with swift, precise movements and a military band struck up the air: "Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein." A group of naval officers saluted as some thick-coated dignitaries descended from the cars. There

* "Our submarine heroes! God protect them!"

† "The day of vengeance. 1st February, 1917!"

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was much stepping forward, heel-clicking salutes, shaking of hands, more salutes, and a backward step. The dignitaries were plump and affable. The naval officers, tanned of face and alert of bearing, were naval officers all the world over.

On the side of the dock was an alley-way of young fir-trees in tubs. Their branches were arched over a red carpet that led to the water-side. There, closely ranked, lay six submarines, the black-crossed white flag, eagle-centred, of the Imperial Navy fluttering from their short masts. The dignitaries and their satellites passed down the corridor of trees, boarded the vessels.

The dock-gates of the submarine harbour were decked with evergreen also.* Half an hour later they opened to allow the passage of six long bodies slipping through the water, with high superstructures and conning-towers manned by sailors who waved and cheered. From the dock came the brass and drums of the military band—"Deutschland über alles!" From behind welled the fierce, speeding shouts of a hungry race that saw, in a vision of hatred, fat corn-ships wallowing through the sea towards a gluttonous England—saw them clutched one and all, from this day forth, into the swallowing deep. The plump dignitaries had made impressive little speeches, full of frightfulness. "The whole world shall stand aghast at the exploits of our sea-devils!" one of them had announced. "Generations yet unborn shall remember with a shudder the anniversary of February the First!" The naval officers had listened with straight faces. In long file, the "sea-devils" slid out through the calm waters of the harbour, their oil engines silently pulsing them onward to the mist-hung arena of their war.

They were sped by the vindictive hatred of a misery that, hopeless of relief, craved savagely to inflict an equal suffering on a scathless enemy.

Kapitän-Leutnant Karl Hoffmann, commander of the U.026, joined his second-in-command in the narrow canvas-screened navigating bridge on the summit of the high conning-tower. Behind them, around the steersman, rose the tall tubes of the three periscopes. In front of them stretched the long, narrow, railed deck—little wider than a gang-plank—featureless, save for the battened hatchway marking the lair of a 14-pr. gun. Running "light," the U.026 was butting into a fresh south-westerly gale with all the force of her 2,000 h.p. 18-knot engines. The high, bluff bows, that flared away to the junction of the superstructure and the humped, porpoise-back of the hull, crashed incessantly into long rollers that lifted themselves wall-like, hung poised for an instant and then were divided in flying spray and a thud of green water resolved into foam upon the deck. The lift of the brown-grey carcass, as the wave rushed aft, left two long cascades of sea-water pouring from the superstructure to the hull. She ducked and rolled, every now and then sliding to take a vicious header into the green seas that hurried and jostled one another, eager for her destruction. To windward, ragged strips of cloud, dark under a grey sky, were reaching out from the coming squall. To the north and east the gust that had passed heaped itself rounded into the heaven, intensely black, the sea beneath it copperas streaked and crowned with vivid white. Within the circumscribed horizon of trailing cloud and tumbling, hurrying waves the U.026 was the only thing at variance with the gale.

"*Gott sei dank!* This is going to last!" shouted the commander as the two officers suddenly turned their backs to a flying scud that smote hard upon their oilskins. "No chance of their damned aircraft to-day!"

Leutnant Wohlsinger grinned all over his wet, weather-reddened face.

"We shouldn't be here long!" He clutched at the rail as with a lurching sideways dip the U.026 threatened to bury herself completely under a suddenly towering wall of water. Recovering his breath and wiping the salt from his eyes, he added: "I hate these confounded shallow seas."

"Yes!" replied the commander, pulling the sagging canvas "dodger" higher upon its supporting stanchions. "If only one of the others can catch the *Lithuania!* We sha'n't stop long in this trap!" He glanced behind him, where, in response to a previous order, several men were rigging the wireless mast. "We may get some news."

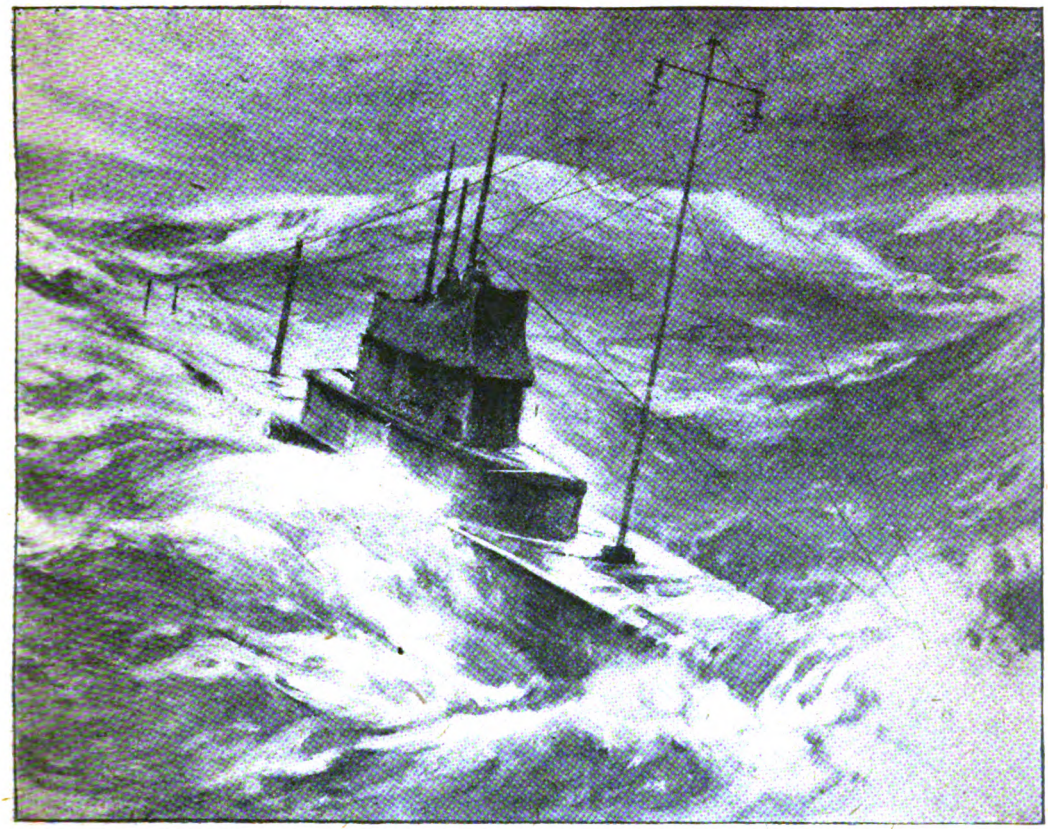
Wohlsinger glanced also at the aerials now being hoisted.

"Hope we sha'n't have to wait long for it!" he shouted. "Bad place to advertise one's self!" His eyes swept the misty horizon anxiously. "We're on the Holyhead route."

His superior nodded.

"Can't help it. It's eight bells. Commodore should be talking." He also scanned the waste of tumbling waters topped with streamers of flying spindrift as the squall rushed down upon them. It was empty of any ship but their own.

* Vouched for by the *Frankfurter Zeitung*.



"RUNNING 'LIGHT,' THE U.026 WAS BUTTING INTO A FRESH SOUTH-WESTERLY GALE WITH ALL THE FORCE OF HER 2,000 H.P. 18-KNOT ENGINES."

A man's head emerged from the half-open cap of the conning-tower, was touched by outstretched fingers in a sketch of a salute spoilt by a violent roll of the vessel.

"A message, Herr Kapitän!"

Hoffmann waved him out of the way and swung himself down to the control platform within the conning-tower. He switched on the electric light, took the paper from the sailor, and read the message. It was prefaced by the code letters of the transmitting ship and his own.

"V.198 reports *Lithuania* sighted 12.38 p.m. 50 miles N.W. Cape Clear steaming 24 knots course S.E. escort two destroyers beat off attack one destroyer believed damaged. V.198 out of action repairing rendezvous. No communication with V.56 or T.29.* Feared loss. Am taking up position 7.20 W. 51.59 N. Maintain your station. Communicate 8 a.m.† to-morrow."

"What news?" called a voice from the ladder at his feet. Hoffmann looked to see the round pasty face of the engineer officer, Marine Ober-Ingenieur Wolff, staring up at him. The engineer officer scrambled up to take the message he held out. His dark, beady eyes scanned the paper, looked up to Hoffmann.

"It falls to us then?" The curse which followed the question was a measure of his gratification at the prospect.

"Unless the Commodore catches her," replied Hoffmann, shortly. A fortnight of close confinement with Ober-Ingenieur Wolff had induced an almost physical antipathy in his commanding officer. He was impatient of even the briefest conversation with him and meals were a torture. At the uncalled-for curse, a sudden disgust rose bitter within him. "We shall do our duty, cost what it will," he said, harshly, and bent over the chart pricking out the Commodore's position, pencilling a calculation.

"It will cost our lives!" said Wolff, not to be silenced, as he turned to go.

* V before a submarine's number indicates that she was built in Voss yard. T similarly indicates the Tecklenburg yard. U stands for the Urania yard as well as, generally, for "Unterseeboot."

† German time.

The U.026 was one of the squadron of six boats under the orders of a Commodore. For a week after arriving at their cruising-grounds they had raided the incoming merchant-shipping, sinking by torpedo and gun-fire. In these operations one of their number had been lost. Then the Commodore had called them together for a great concerted operation. The British Government had chartered the mammoth Transatlantic *Lithuania*, had filled her to the brim, state-rooms, cabins, dining-halls included, with wheat. Her cargo would feed the British Isles for a fortnight. It was known that she had left New York and the German Admiralty was making a great effort to intercept her. Out in the Atlantic was a flotilla of large ocean-keeping submarines. The *Lithuania* had eluded them. On the North of Ireland route another flotilla lurked. On the ordinary Southern route—which the liner had chosen—the flotilla to which the U.026 belonged lay in ambuscade. So far the luck had been with the English. The outpost boat was crippled. Two others had disappeared in the mysterious silence that was only too common an end. The great liner had still to run the gauntlet of the Commodore's boat somewhere in the St. George's Channel and the U.026 off Anglesey. She was rushing towards them now at twenty-four knots an hour. Hoffmann finished his calculation. It was 4.15 p.m. Allowing for a divergent, zigzag course, she should pass about eight to-morrow morning.

Hoffmann climbed again to the grey cold of the navigating bridge. He had scarcely drawn himself erect when the Hochbootsman,* peering over the dodger by Wohlsinger's side, uttered a sharp cry.

"Steamer on the port bow!"

As the U.026 lifted herself askew on a great wave, Hoffmann had a glimpse of a smudge of dark smoke mingling with the streaming cloud-curtains of the horizon. The glance was sufficient. The necessity of avoiding discovery was imperative. He shouted an order. The Hochbootsman blew a piercing blast upon his whistle. Men came scrambling up from below in quick succession.

A few busy minutes and the wireless mast was stowed, the navigating-bridge cleared, the steersman installed at the wheel within the conning-tower. High up between the oval steel walls Hoffmann sat perched on a little seat, his head in the look-out cap which surmounted the tower. For yet a moment the U.026 lay bare upon the surface. In her buoyant roll and rise the rounded back on either side of the superstructure lifted itself glistening under the rush of water pouring on it from above. Then the rise became less and less pronounced, the settlement deeper, heavier at each dive. The rounded back showed itself no more. The long superstructure wallowed in the surrounding water, was engulfed. A long line of white foam, of convergingly striated turmoil, as above a submerged reef, marked its position. A wave rolled straight, without obstacle, to the conning-tower and broke in dark-green translucence over the look-out cap. The boat rolled somewhat, pitched scarcely at all. The pulse of the oil-engines changed into the fast whir of the electric motors. The U.026 was running awash.

Through the thick glass pane of the look-out cap, Hoffmann gazed earnestly at the distant smudge of smoke, just discernible over the leaping, spume-torn wave-tops, on a level with his eyes. On what course was the danger moving? Discovery would be almost certainly fatal to their chances, but, unless forced, he did not wish to dive. Of the surface mine-fields he had, thanks to an admirable Intelligence Service, a good chart, and could avoid them. Of the deeply-anchored submarine mines—and other unpleasantnesses—that must protect the port of Liverpool against such as he, he had no more than a shrewd suspicion. He had no wish to bump into a sudden explosion. The hostile ship was steering directly athwart his bows. Hoffmann thanked vague divinities that they were to leeward of it, veiled by the cloud of her smoke. He turned his gaze from left to right—and shouted a sharp order, suddenly.

Away on the starboard quarter, still far distant, in a smother of spray, a destroyer was racing towards them. Even as he looked he saw a spurt from her bows—saw a column of water leap straight up from a lifting wave just short of them. Green seas rolled over the glass of the look-out cap. In obedience to his order the U.026 had submerged, was diving downwards under the guidance of her deflected horizontal rudders. He dropped to the floor of the control-platform, seized and twisted the two handles of the periscope tube, gazed into the binoculars at the bottom. He had one last glimpse of the pursuing destroyer, saw two more shell-spouts leap from the sea, and then the periscope also was submerged.

He took his gaze from the periscope to see Wohlsinger smiling at him.

"Destroyer?" queried the lieutenant, with an experienced air.

"Yes. Confound it!" said the commander,

* Boatswain.

leaning over the chart. He put his finger on their approximate location, noted the fathom-figures—here all too small—glanced at the depth-indicator dial. The needle turned steadily towards greater figures. He shouted another order. The movement of the needle was checked—recovered. It swung gently up and down over double figures. The commander ran his finger over the chart, stopped. "We'll go to bottom here for the night," he announced. He gave an order to the steersman, changing the course. The boat pitched as she swung round, seemed to float in as easily-disturbed an equipoise as a toy-balloon's in the air. In this shallow sea the gale above stirred the depths appreciably. The boat "pumped," rose and fell vertically—a sickening sensation, with the floor dropping sheer away beneath the feet—and rolled violently. At the full ten knots an hour of her whirring electric-motors the U.026 ran for safety.

The commander doffed his stiff and dripping oilskins, stood erect in the close-buttoned blue jacket with the two gold bands and crown upon the cuffs. Freed from the sou'-wester his head was revealed as young, purposeful, well-balanced. The grey eyes had a humorous twinkle.

"The sea will be alive with them now," he said to his sub., with an upward gesture of the head and a grin. They stood together on the control-platform of the conning-tower, Wohlsinger likewise divested of his oilskins. "Can't you see 'em?—cursing us for bringing 'em out on a day like this! But I think we've dodged 'em. They'll probably think we've run to earth—here!" His left arm flung amicably over the shoulder of his junior, he drew him to the chart, pointed a locality. "Thank God, they can't use their aircraft to-day!"

"You don't think they'll stop the *Lithuania?*" queried Wohlsinger. There was an untrammelled freedom in his tone that was eloquent of the good relations between him and his chief. Quite obviously friendship born of many perils surmounted in common linked the two young men.

"No. She's too far on the Southern course. They might divert her to Southampton—they can't dock her anywhere else in the Channel. But I don't think they will. They'll have a swarm out to protect her to-morrow and try to run her through. Our best chance is that they think we have run farther afield."

He glanced up at the depth-indicator and again at the chart. Then he shouted an order to the man at the horizontal steering-gear and clanged the engine-room telegraph to half-speed—to "slow." Another order filled all the diving-tanks to their extreme capacity. The depth-indicator that had leaped upward sank slowly. There was a bump, a jar, a gentle grating along the bottom. Once more the engine-room telegraph clanged. "Stop!" Rocking a little, the U.026 lay lightly upon the sea-bed.

"There we are till to-morrow morning!" said Hofimann. "Come and have a hand at piquet. Pipe to Abendessen, boatswain!"

They descended into the interior of the boat. The arch-roofed chamber, lit by electric light, a polished, gleaming torpedo lashed against each wall, bulk-headed aft for the engine-room, was being set out with trestle-tables. Blue-jumpered men, pannikin in hand, were settling themselves around them. A cook entered with a steaming dish. The commander and his junior turned in to the tiny officers' quarters, switched on the electric light.

They opened up the little table, which, extended, filled nearly all the available space, and squeezed themselves round to the cushioned seats which sprang from the bulkheads. As calmly as though seated in the Officers' Club at Wilhelmshaven, instead of resting on the sea-bed twenty fathoms below the patrol-boats of their foes, with instant death as the penalty of discovery, they cut for the deal.

"You have the devil's own luck, Hoffmann!" grumbled Wohlsinger, amicably, as he totted up the figures of the second rubber of six hands.

"I hope he's got enough to go round for all of us! We need it all." Ober-Ingenieur Wolff had entered the little cabin. He also squeezed himself round to a seat. "Still at that infernal game!"

Neither of his comrades so much as looked up. Imprisonment for a long period of time with an alien temperament is apt to sour the amenities of intercourse.

A frown lowered on the engineer's heavy, pasty face, scarred with an ugly reminiscence of his student-days.

"We're nicely in the trap, it seems to me," he grumbled. "They've spotted us. If the weather clears, they'll have an aeroplane out for a certainty. We sha'n't have a dog's chance in these shallows. I believe the gale's blown itself out already." He finished with desperate pessimism, glaring at the card-players. "I wish I had never volunteered for this damned submarine service."

Hoffmann raised his head.

"So do I, Wolff," he said, quietly.

Wohlsinger murmured something about a preference for Kiel and "Nachtleben."

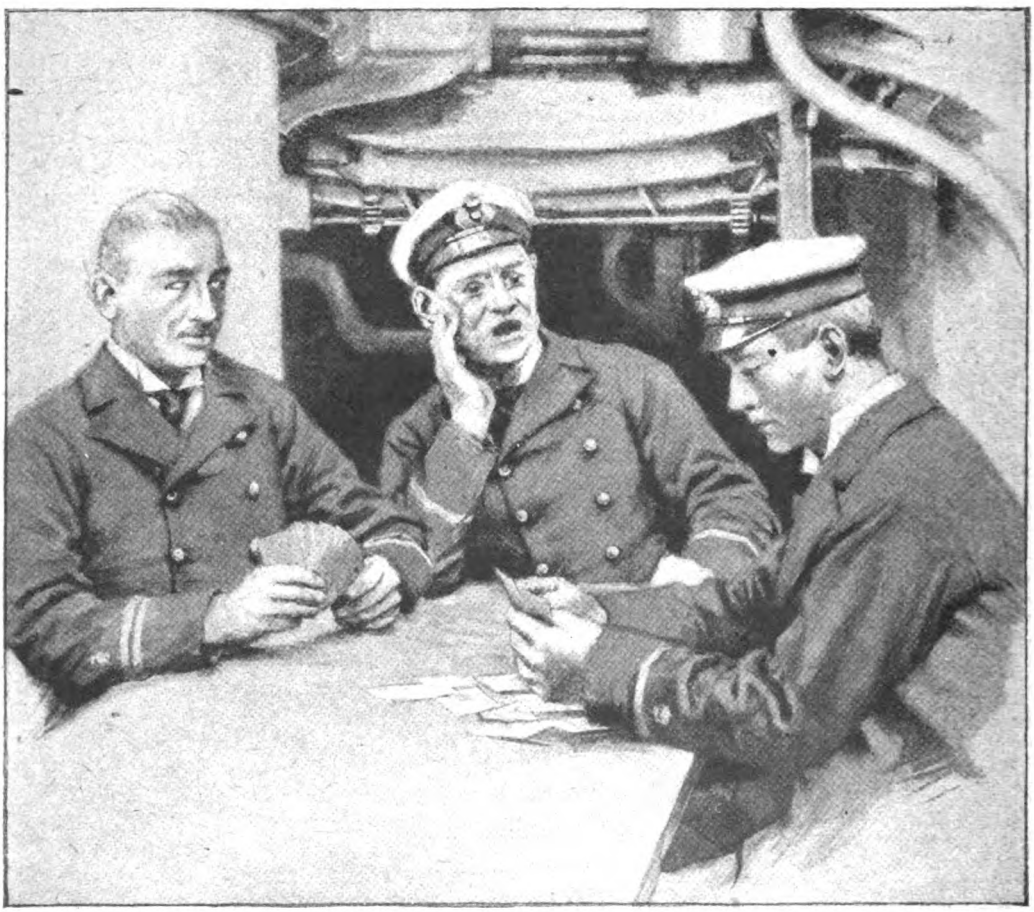
Wolff turned on him furiously, the sabre-cut across his face livid with the rush of passionate blood.

"Do you suggest I am a coward?" he shouted, his self-control, sapped by long-continued nervous strain, utterly gone. "You shall give me satisfaction for that when we get back—by God you shall! Do you hear me?" Wohlsinger was imperturbably shuffling the cards, not even looking at him.

Hoffmann interposed.

"That will do, Wolff," he said, looking straight at the twitching face. "Remember you are a German officer on board a boat that I have the honour to command. It is unnecessary to take the crew into your confidence, and I forbid it. Your courage is not in question. The suggestion—made originally by yourself—was that there are other spheres of naval activity more congenial to you. We agree."

"I'm just as eager to drown these damned Engländers as you are," grumbled the engineer. "Only I don't see the necessity of committing suicide to do it. Nobody will be more pleased than I if all their food-ships are sunk and all the *Schweinhunde* starve—every dog of them!"



"WOLFF TURNED ON HIM FURIOUSLY. 'DO YOU SUGGEST I AM A COWARD?' HE SHOUTED."

"I wonder how short of food they really are?" remarked Wohlsinger, feeling the danger of the engineer's bad temper and trying to induce an amicable conversation. "The *Hamburger Nachrichten* was positive before we left that they had not got a week's supply in the country. Did you read that account of the food riots in London, Hoffmann? If they lose this cargo their game's up."

"It may be so," agreed Hoffmann. "But one reads so many silly stories in the papers."

"I believe they're starving already," said

Wolff, fiercely, determined at all costs to hostility towards his superior. "I don't see why you shouldn't believe the papers. They must be starving. They don't grow anything, and we're sinking all their ships. Good thing too! I hope every pig-dog of them, man, woman, and child, starves. That's the way to serve the enemies of Germany—Belgium, Serbia, Poland—and now England. *Die sollen alle crepieren!*"

Hoffmann leaned his chin upon his hand, looked thoughtful. He saw as in a vision the pinched throng of women and children near the docks at Wilhelmshaven on the morning that they had started. That kind of thing—only worse—Belgium, Serbia, Poland, England! He drew a long breath.

"Well, one must do one's duty. War is a terrible thing. I like torpedoing battleships. I don't mind a fight. But I must confess I don't like sinking liners, and I don't like making war on women and children."

"England started it!" said Wolff, brutally.

"Yes," chorused Hoffmann and Wohlsinger, with complete conviction. "England started it!" Wohlsinger cut the cards upon the table. "Well, destruction to the *Lithuania!* Come on, Hoffmann—there's time for another game."

Presently a man entered, laid the table. The three officers ate.

Not without some bickering, the weary hours of inactivity passed. At last they turned in. The U.026 gently cradled her crew as they slept peacefully at the bottom of the sea.

The next morning Hoffmann and Wohlsinger were sitting at their coffee. Wolff had already finished, had gone to his engines.

"I sha'n't rise till the latest possible minute," Hoffmann was saying. "They are certain to have patrols out. Eight bells, the Commodore said. We shall have to rise then."

"I wonder what the weather's like this morning?" queried Wohlsinger.

"Yes." An expression of anxiety passed over the commander's face. "That's what has been haunting me. Please God, the gale is continuing! What's that?"

Both officers jumped up in sudden alarm. Overhead there was a grating, scraping noise, resonant on the metal hull.

"Drag-nets!"

Both stood stock-still, listening to the dread sound. Wohlsinger's eyes held his commander's face. The scraping noise continued, with heavy bangs where the net tore free of an obstacle on the hull. They strove to determine the direction of the movement of the net. It seemed to be passing aft.

Followed by his junior, Hoffmann dashed out, shouted quick orders to the fear-paralyzed crew, sprang up to the control platform. Fortunately for the U.026 the drag-net had come in contact with the nose and not the stern. As yet it was scraping only over a part of the foredeck. The engines of the submarine awoke—half-speed astern! The bottom bumped and grated on the sea-floor. Every ear was at strain to follow the scraping of those deadly steel links, unseen, but vividly imagined, overhead. The friction was quicker; they could hear the folds of the net slipping. Hoffmann clanged the engine-room telegraph. Full-speed astern! He ordered a deflection of the horizontal rudders that inclined her, tail up, nose down, from the sea-bed. Overhead the steel links rattled and slipped, sonorously metallic on the deck. There was a last quick rush and then silence save for the whir of the electric motors. For yet an instant or two the backward run of the submarine continued. The bows rose to a level keel. Then Hoffmann switched her violently round to starboard, clanged the telegraph to full-speed ahead. As she pitched and swung round, leaped forward, a violent shock smote her, flung her over on one side, threw every man on board off his feet. There was a muffled detonation.

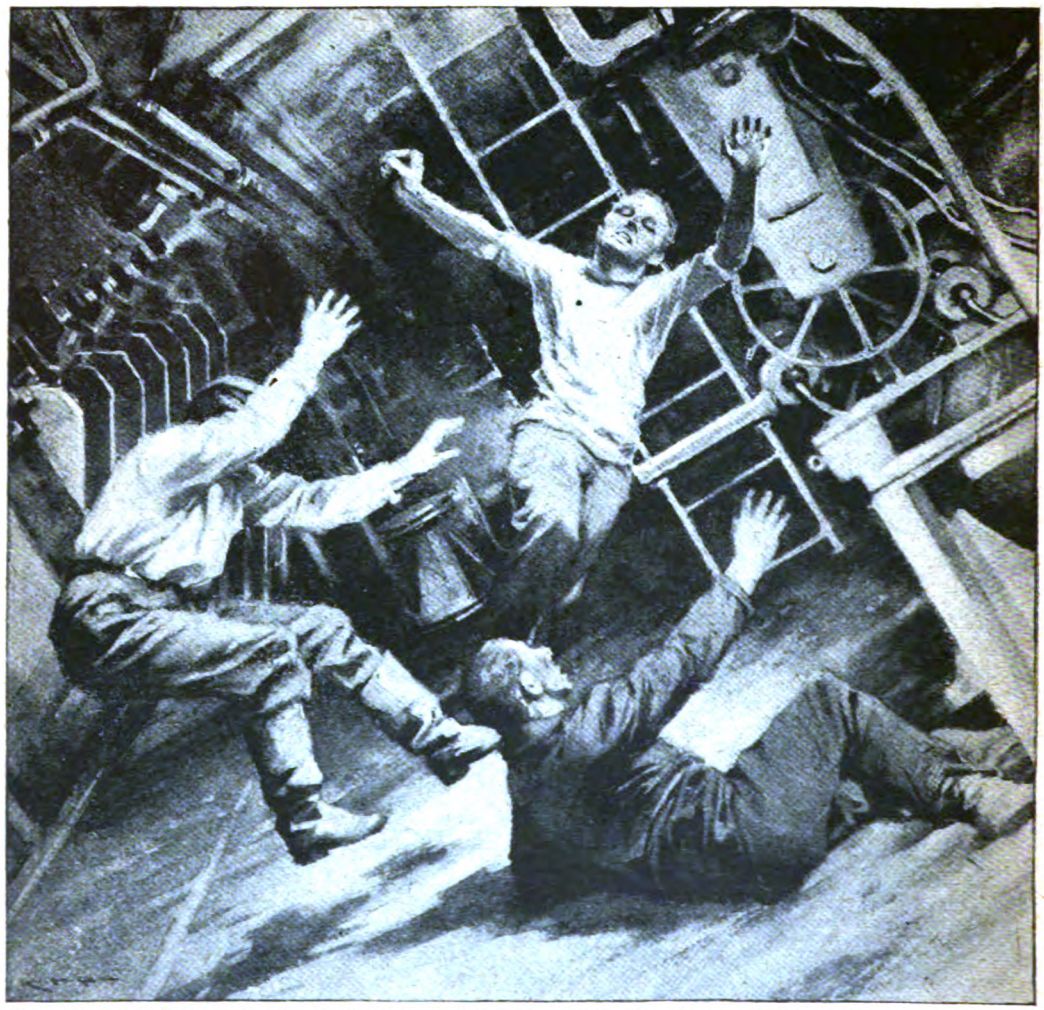
"Just in time!" cried Wohlsinger, as he picked himself up. The submarine righted herself in heavy rolls. All knew the meaning of the shock and detonation. A charge of high explosive had been slid down one of the hawsers of the drag-net.

"Quick!" shouted Hoffmann. "The oil!"

Wohlsinger leaped into the interior of the vessel, ran to where the air-lock hatch protruded slightly downward from the steel roof. It was the means of escape in case of accident, but not of that did the lieutenant think now. Summoned by his orders one man unscrewed the fastenings of the hatch. Another opened a drum of oil. The hatch was opened, the drum thrust in, the lock fastened again. A lever was pulled, opening the outer lid. Haply the keen-eyed foe above, searching the sea for signs of his success, would perceive the air-bubbles, the oil upon the surface. In face of this accepted evidence of their destruction, he might renounce further efforts.

Ere Wohlsinger returned to his commander on the control-platform, he smiled grimly at the scared round face of the engineer thrust through the open door of the bulk-head. He reassured him with a word.

He found Hoffmann anxiously meditative. The crux of his mental debate was the



"AS SHE PITCHED AND SWUNG ROUND, A VIOLENT SHOCK SMOTE HER, FLUNG HER OVER ON ONE SIDE, THREW EVERY MAN ON BOARD OFF HIS FEET."

condition of the weather. Was the gale continuing? Ignorant of that, he could not be sure whether they had been spotted from an aeroplane as they lay on the sea-bed, and their destruction deliberately planned, or whether a sweeping drag-net had caught them in blind chance. If aerial observation was possible it would be safer to lie on the bottom, simulating wreck. If the gale continued he could slip away from this dangerous area, rise cautiously. It was seven-thirty. In any case he was due to communicate with the Commodore in half an hour. To do this he must come to the surface.

The commander decided to risk the weather. Consulting the chart, he set a course. Blindly, at fifteen fathoms, the submarine ran on.

For twenty minutes her totally submerged progress continued in a direction that should take her as far as possible from sight of land when emergence became necessary. Then, in obedience to his order, the deck inclined, bows up. She was rising. He stationed himself at the periscope.

When he first looked he saw only dimly translucent green; then quick intermittent flashes of white light; then a dark, vitreous, highly mobile surface of water at close quarters, suddenly and completely blotted out at intervals. Peering down into the binoculars, his vision emerged into a pale blue sky under which leaped, flashing and foaming, blue-green waves whose tops were on a plane with his sight. He turned the periscope by the side handles, scanning the entire narrow horizon, sixty degrees at a time. He saw neither sail

nor smoke above the leaping wave-tops. Overhead? He could only hope that the fresh wind kept the aeroplanes in their harbours. For a few minutes he held on cautiously just below the surface. Then the U.026 rose, blowing out her tanks.

As she rocked and pitched, light upon the waves, her deck was busy with men rigging the aerials in feverish haste. Hoffmann stood on top of the conning-tower, anxiously searching the distances. The sea was empty, the sky also; the horizon misty. To the east the sky was bright with the coming sun. He looked long and keenly at the south-west. There was no sign of the smoke he looked for.

The minutes passed. He glanced at the aerials now humming like a harp in the wind. They should be talking. But no messenger came to him. He was already impatient when a man emerged from the cap of the conning-tower, saluted:—

"The operator reports that no communication can be made with the Commodore, Herr Kapitän!"

Wohlsinger, curious, had followed the man. His eyes exchanged a significant comment with his superior.

"Tell him to try again!" ordered Hoffmann, curtly.

The man disappeared and the two officers waited. But it was in vain. No contact could be established with their consort. In a voice of ice-cold decision, Hoffmann ordered the aerials to be taken down.

"Only we to stop her!" said Wohlsinger. His tone, that implied the epitaph of the other boat, was tinged with a doubt.

"It will be done," replied Hoffmann, with grim emphasis.

Once more the diving-tanks of the U.026 were filled. Once more her hull sank below the waves, only her periscopes projecting. In the oval conning-tower Hoffmann and Wohlsinger stood side by side, peering into the binoculars. Her engines were running slow, keeping only enough way on her for steerage. They were on or near the course of the great liner hurrying towards them, as yet unseen. At any moment she might lift above the horizon.

Suddenly Hoffmann gave a quick turn to his periscope. Some distance away on the port bow something emerged from the mist. It was a small steam trawler, the red bottom under her bows lifting clear out of the water as she rose to the waves. He considered her anxiously. An armed mine-sweeper? Heavily down at the stern with the weight of the dragging trawl, her appearance was peaceful enough. Apparently she was alone. She held on her course. Hoffmann's mouth set tight. It was possible she might not notice the periscope—or if remarked, consider them British. He resisted an impulse to dive. The periscope swept round again. A low cry came involuntarily from his lips. Away on the south-west horizon was a heavy blur of dark smoke—the *Lithuania!*

In compliance with his order, Wohlsinger leaped down from the control-platform, called for the torpedo crews. They assembled at their stations, bow and stern. A thrill of excitement pervaded the vessel. Quick, loud voices—a merry laugh—came to Hoffmann's ears as he gazed into the periscopes, watched the blur of smoke, ever more distinct. If the liner held her course she would cross his bows. He began to calculate whether he should run forward. His vision was annihilated with a loud crash and a shock that numbed his arms from his grip on the handles.

He sprang to the other periscope—saw a faint spurt from the trawler, now very close—and that periscope also was shattered. The third had been caught and bent by the same shot. The U.026 was blinded as a submarine. Hoffmann looked up—his face set, his eyes ablaze. His brain worked with a timeless speed. He shouted order upon order. The needle of the depth indicator dipped. The engines hurried in a feverish whir! The U.026 swung round, dived, dashed forward. The conning-tower was suddenly packed close with men who waited.

The commander stood, grim, calculating the seconds. The thought to dive for escape did not so much as occur to him. The great prey they had already risked so much to await was rushing ever nearer to them, coming on at the speed of a railway train, unconscious—he prayed—of the danger. He saw a swift fight with the trawler—haply alone—a victory that would give him a few minutes' respite. One last dive—the prey in flank—and then come what would! So he saw, with narrowed eyes, into the future. He shouted an order.

The blast of compressed air blew out the water from the ballast tanks. Like a cork the submarine shot straight to the surface. Ere the white light flooded in through the plate-glass windows of the conning-tower, the hatch was unscrewed, the close-packed men scrambling out above in furious haste.

The commander glanced through the windows at his enemy. He had dived right under her, had come up at a greater distance than before on her port quarter. He saw the run of men on her deck, the group round a weapon

in the bows. She must turn to use it. His own men were working like maniacs at the fourteen-pounders fore and aft. Already both guns were up from the wells that had contained them.

The trawler brought her weapon to bear first—a light quickfirer. It spat rapidly, viciously, and on the instant his two fourteen-pounders replied with sharp, splitting cracks. He saw the quick spurts of explosions on the trawler's deck, saw her funnel suddenly awry—heard yells of pain from his forward gun-crew, the hammering of projectiles on the hull. Fiercely rapid the interchange of shots continued through immeasurable seconds. He saw that his gunners were obeying orders—one gun firing at the enemy's weapon, another at the trawler's hull. A tangle of wrecked rigging fell over her side, but the gun in the bows still spat.

He glanced at the approaching liner, now behind him, over his left shoulder, startlingly close. Her colossal bulk towered high from the water, the four enormous red funnels glowed in the sun. He cursed in an agony of impatience. She had changed her course. Yet another few minutes and she would escape. Far distant, on the port bow of the liner, away from him, a smudge of smoke betrayed the escorting destroyer. He looked again at the trawler—saw the gun-crew in her bows vanish—saw her flank roll upward in a great cloud of steam. She swung back in a return roll that did not cease. There was a glint of red among a turmoil of water. Where she had been was only a commotion of the waves.

Now! He glanced once more at his majestic prey. She was about two miles distant—extreme range. He must dive, dash forward at an angle to her course. The orders were already on his lips, when a man leaned over the hatch of the conning-tower.

"We are badly hulled, Herr Kapitän! The after gun is out of action."

Hoffmann sprang up to look over the rim. He saw a great gash aft. Each wave that splashed upon her hull there was weakened, engulfed.

While he looked he heard the bow-gun crack rapidly behind him. He turned his head to see something rushing across the water at a tremendous speed, hidden behind sheets of flying spray, coming straight towards them. A shower of machine-gun bullets whip-cracked around his head. Like some fierce spirit of the sea, the spray-scattering craft came on—zigzagging to avoid the shells that spouted up all round her—bore down upon them with incredible velocity. He saw some of his gunners fall, the gun fire again and again. He saw the great liner gleaming in the sun—three thousand yards away.

He dropped into the conning-tower, a fierce resolve dominant. He could not dive. Come what would he would torpedo! He clanged the engine-room telegraph—shouted an order to the steersman. He must get way on the boat. She could only discharge her torpedoes directly fore or aft. She lay now broadside on to her target, wallowing in the waves. He shouted an order through the speaking-tube to the bow torpedo crew, gave a range. Then he waited for the boat to turn. She did not move. He saw, with fierce impatience, the liner change her course a point or two to port, away. The seconds were precious. Still the submarine wallowed, broadside on.

Why had the engines stopped? He clanged the telegraph again furiously and bent to peer through the windows at his prey. Behind him he was conscious of a rush of men who clambered through the hatch. A hail of machine-gun bullets beat on the wall. He turned in mad anger, seized a pair of dangling legs—pulled them down. A white-faced, panic-stricken man panted in front of him, stammeringly answered his passionate question.

"Der Ober-Ingenieur! Der Ober-Ingenieur!"

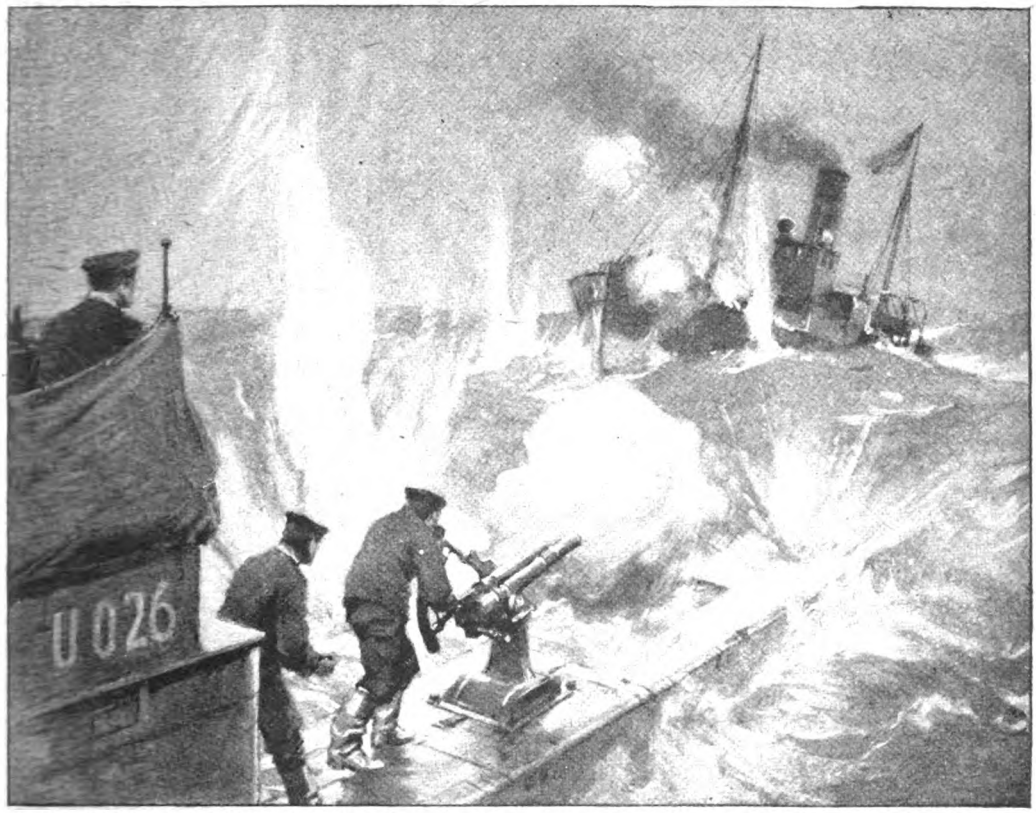
The commander released him, sprang to the hatchway, looked out. He saw, on a deck littered with bodies, Ober-Ingenieur Wolff standing with a white handkerchief fluttering from his outstretched hand. He heard an agonized voice shriek: "*Rettung! Rettung! Kamerad! Kamerad!*" He saw the hydroplane motor-boat swing round alongside with a great swash of water that leaped over the deck of the submarine. "*Kamerad! Kamerad!*" shrieked the engineer.

He glanced towards the liner. She had turned her stern towards him, was already out of range.

Kapitän-Leutnant Hoffmann dropped down to the control-platform once more. His face was set in the grimness of a judge who condemns. "One minute more and we should have got her!" beat in his brain, remorselessly reiterated.

He shouted into the interior of the submarine, "Abandon ship!" He waited grim and silent, while the men rushed up, clambered into safety. Wohlsinger pressed his hand, speechlessly, as he passed. The last man gone, the commander pulled a lever. Then he, too, scrambled out.

Quiet, self-controlled, he walked along the deck to where the motor-boat lay, her crew



"THE TRAWLER BROUGHT HER WEAPON TO BEAR FIRST—A LIGHT QUICKFIRER. IT SPAT RAPIDLY, VICIOUSLY, AND ON THE INSTANT HIS TWO FOURTEEN-POUNDERS REPLIED WITH SHARP, SPLITTING CRACKS."

grinning. He saluted her commander, a lad in oilskins.

"I am your prisoner, sir," he said in perfect English.

The survivors of the crew were already on board the motor-boat. Ober-Ingenieur Wolff sat in the stern-sheets, his face like cheese, his eyes fixed on his commander.

"Look out!" shouted someone in the motor-boat. The U.026 was sinking fast. The Englishmen who had boarded her leaped back to safety. There was a gurgle of water over her deck. The commander sprang on board the hydroplane, just in time. The little craft sheered off, tossed in a turmoil of waves.

Kapitän-Leutnant Hoffmann quietly took a revolver from his pocket, looked Ober-Ingenieur Wolff between the eyes, and shot him dead.

Some two hours later Hoffmann, prim and dignified, sat in the rear seat of a motor-car that sped through the streets of Liverpool. On one side of him was Wohlsinger, contentedly smoking a cigar, on the other a British officer. Hoffmann was impelled to speech, feeling it incumbent upon him to unbend graciously.

"It is fortunate for you that your great ship escaped, sir," he said.

"Oh, yes," the British boy answered, in a casual tone. "The underwriters would have been very sick, if you had got her. You had a jolly sporting try, anyway," he added, in really sympathetic consolation.

Hoffmann stared, not quite understanding.

"But her cargo—you would be starving in a fortnight, would you not?"

"Oh, rot!" said the boy. He waved his hand indicating the busy life of the street. "Do we look like it? Everybody has to be beastly careful, of course—but starvation!" He laughed. "Bally rot!"

Hoffmann looked at the well-filled shops, the throngs of well-dressed women, the laughing children playing on their way from school—and he suddenly saw the pinched crowd shouting them off near the docks at Wilhelmshaven. He passed his hand over his eyes, shutting out a sudden doubt of the indubitable. No—it could not be—the Fatherland must win!

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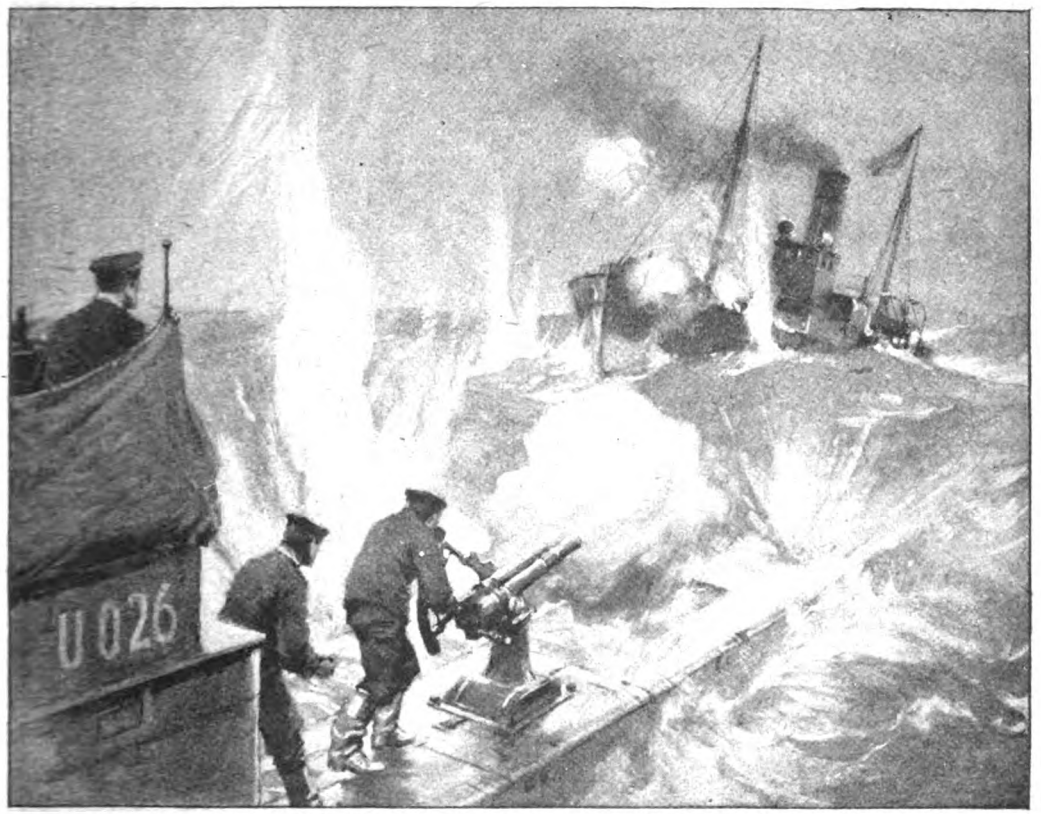

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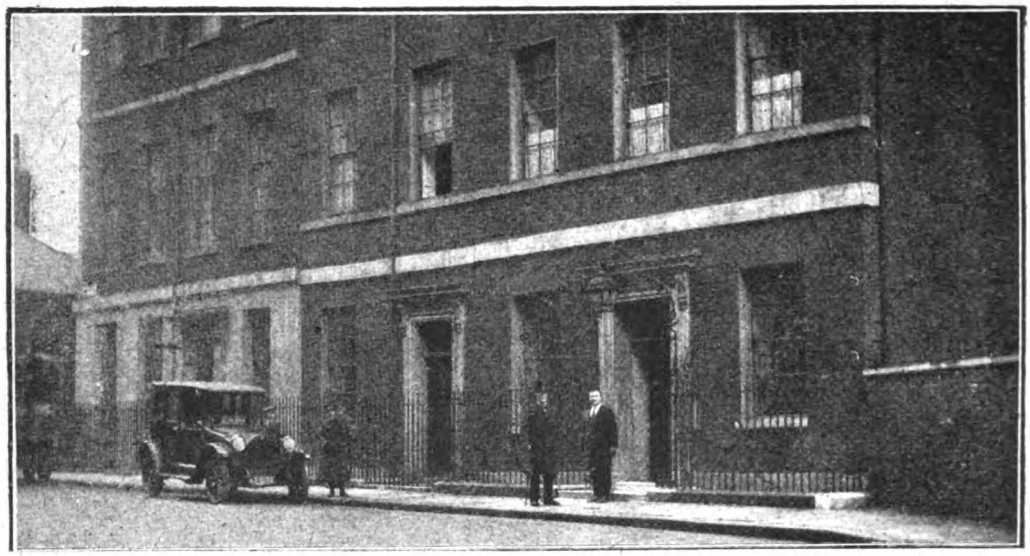


NO 10 DOWNING STREET, IS THE NEAREST HOUSE, OUTSIDE WHICH LORD RHONDDA IS SEEN STANDING.
Photo. Miss Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

THE HOUSE OF FIFTY PRIME MINISTERS

10, Downing Street.

By HAROLD SPENDER.

A Special Article, with Photographs, on the Most Interesting House in the World.

DOWNING STREET—the street of power in these islands—is certainly not very imposing to look upon. Any casual foreign visitor who finds his way to this famous spot must experience a somewhat rude shock. Gazing at this little group of smoke-stained, brown brick dwelling-houses, he must imagine that he has strayed from his quest into some backwater of London life. For the street looks like a piece of an older world still clinging to existence in the centre of the great modern palaces of Whitehall.

Amid these stately structures—between Barry's Foreign Office and Privy Council, the glories of our New Babylon—this little Downing Street is squeezed and dwarfed—a dead little island of brick from the seventeenth century. A Roman emperor boasted that he had found Rome of brick and left it of marble. But even he must have sometimes felt that there was a dignity about the brick lacking to the marble—a Spartan sternness speaking of earlier virtues. So it is with our Downing Street to day: it seems to survive as a reminder of the vanity of human ambitions, a perpetual suggestion that only in simple duty and plain living lies our strength.

There are three houses left from the old street—No. 10, No. 11, and No. 12. No. 10 is the official residence of the Prime Minister;

No. 11 houses the Chancellor of the Exchequer; No. 12 has become the office of the Government Whips of the day. The rest of the street was cleared away in the early 'nineties, when the increasing burden of our growing Empire forced us, very reluctantly and after many delays, to build new public offices for our great Departments of State.

The two principal surviving houses—Nos. 10 and 11—have been little touched outside by the hand of the restorer. They remain to-day almost precisely what they were three hundred years ago—little three-storeyed dwelling-houses of the type that was then spreading with the growing prosperity of restored civil peace round the central core of London. You see houses of the same kind to-day in Bloomsbury; you note the same type of brick in Buckingham Street, Strand, where Pepys lived; or in St. James's Square, the home of many great Restoration peers. Such houses were the town mansions of statesmen like Clarendon and Clifford; they were the admired homes of the wigged and ribboned courtiers who preened themselves in the wake of Charles II. by the side of the lake in St. James's Park. For the luxury of to-day is the simplicity of to-morrow; and the palace of yesterday is the cottage of to-day.

No. 10, to the outside observer, might have been preserved in a museum. The brick front has been doubtless re-pointed from time to time, and the roof re-slated; but the old time-fretted railings still top the area, and the old brass knocker is still on the door, above the plate that bears the simple legend—"The First Lord of the Treasury." The lamp-bracket in front of the door is just one of those enforced on all London householders in the days before public lighting, when it was laid on every citizen to light his own doorstep. The house has been several times re-numbered. It was once No. 5. To the east of it stood several houses once owned by that bright and gifted soul, Horace Walpole. But its own face still looks on the world with rather less change than the British Constitution itself, which it seems in some way to typify, with its homely plainness of aspect and its matured old-worldness. It has the well-worn familiarity of some old seasoned pipe.

It is the British way to hate display in our highest. It is a sign of weakness when an Englishman has to dress smartly. It is so with our houses. There is a Roman majesty in simplicity. If our foreign visitors should demur, we can still to-day echo the reply of the British Minister during the Napoleonic Wars: "You must measure our strength not by the pomp of our palaces, but by the size of our subsidies."

But step within the door of No. 10—if privilege or business permit you—and you will soon find that the plain front conceals a rich interior. Like the King's daughter, No. 10 is "all glorious within." Not with gorgeous hangings of woven tapestry or golden brocade—not with the splendour of Versailles or Hampton Court—but with the riches of storied association and memory. It can fearlessly be said that within all the breadth of Great Britain, or even of Europe, there is no house more vitally interesting in every turn and twist of its old passages or every corner of its old rooms.

How could it be otherwise? For here, since Sir Robert Walpole first took possession, fifty British Prime Ministers have toiled and spent their little day of power. Here, for nearly three centuries, every great crisis in our island story has found its storm centre; mighty secular passions have spent their force; great victories have been devised; great defeats have been endured. Here have lived England's greatest. What talks must have passed within these walls: what eager debates and strivings: what agonizing doubts: what long suspense: what weary patience! For not without much agony of travail does a nation come to the birth of Empire.

The front door of No. 10 closes behind you, and you find yourself in a small square hall adorned on all its walls with the horns and skulls of deer and antelope, the gift of some sporting Premier. Then you pass down a long passage, and notice in an alcove on the left a singularly exquisite bust of the younger Pitt. It is Pitt at the finest moment of his youthful idealism, Pitt the "Boy Minister." The poise of the head and the tilt of the nose are very youthful—they bespeak indomitable daring, invincible self-confidence, the courage of the man who never counted odds.

At the end of the passage is another hall, larger and warmly furnished. On the left is a partition curtained off as a waiting-room for visitors; on a mantelpiece within that partition is a bust of Wellington as a young man, also splendidly heroic and god-like, instinct with a kind of spotless integrity. It is England at her best and noblest.

Then you pass through a smaller room—the "study" of many Prime Ministers—and find yourself in the Council Chamber of the War Cabinet (see illustration on page 17). You stand in the central shrine of British power. For, with certain intervals of wandering, British Cabinets have sat

here ever since the mid-eighteenth century. Built originally as Downing's dining-room, it has echoed with some of the most critical debates of British rulers. Here, for instance, Pitt's Cabinets sat all through the Napoleonic Wars, and reached all those critical decisions which decided the fate of Europe. What moments have passed in this room! We look back at that story now from the summit of its victorious close; we forget that here, in this chamber, Ministers had too often to look straight into the Gorgon faces of defeat and disaster and remain undismayed. Such memories may sustain us now.

It is a room not unworthy of its history. It is long and well-windowed. The eastern end is flanked on each side with two Corinthian columns. The bookshelves lining the room are now entirely covered up with war maps and war charts, which surround the War Cabinet as they sit at work. Down the middle of the room runs a long, broad table covered with the famous cloth of green baize and set with straight-backed chairs. There are enough chairs here to seat the old Cabinet of twenty-two, and far too many for the smaller Cabinet. But it must be remembered that the War Cabinet rarely sits alone, but is almost always attended by soldiers or Ministers who have to be consulted about the matter in hand.

The Prime Minister's chair stands not at the head of the table, but at the centre of its southern side, in front of the fireplace. Above the mantelpiece, over his head, there hangs the only picture in the room—a portrait of the ill-starred Lord Chancellor, Francis Bacon, master of knowledge but slave of himself—rather a strange presence to preside over the fortunes of England.

The Cabinet Room is Mr. Lloyd George's favourite working room, and here he spends most of his day. It is singularly convenient for a Prime Minister's labours. The doors on either side open into the rooms of his secretaries, who can thus be easily summoned. The big table enables maps and documents to be laid out with ease. Here deputations can be received without inconvenient crowding. The War Cabinet can join the Prime Minister at any moment; and as they meet always once a day, and often twice, the Prime Minister can receive them without constantly shifting his room.

From the Council Chamber, on the first floor, you mount by a corkscrew staircase to the upper rooms. The walls of the staircase are lined with engravings, in historical order, of the Prime Ministers of England, presented to Downing Street by private munificence. As you mount, you seem to be moving in the gaze of those great presences which have peopled the house—Chatham, Pitt, Canning, Grey, Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone. For always from the crowd a few stand out who were at home in this rarefied air. They were at ease in Zion—these men; and they brought more to Downing Street than they took away. For, after all, it is the men that make this place sacred. "Take thy shoes from off thy feet"—for great men have made this ground holy.

At the head of the stairway you pass into the big, lofty reception-room sometimes known as the "Room of Deputations" (see illustration on page 20). It is shaped in angular form—probably an old-fashioned drawing-room later thrown into one big chamber. Here before the war the Prime Minister of the day gave his annual receptions to the great world of politics and diplomacy. Through these rooms the crowds of the London elect used to drift, little and great, admirers and admired, greeting and greeted, thrillingly gazing at the secret places of power. There, in front of that door, I can remember seeing standing that great-hearted man, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman; at his side stood his wife, but on her face was the hue of death. Within a year she was dead, and he was on the way to join her.

A brighter memory is that of Mr. Asquith, moving about those rooms a little shyly, as if he were a guest in his own house, always radiantly cheerful even at the most critical times. How else could such burdens be borne?

The colour-scheme of the Reception-Room is now white, and against this background the old pictures stand out. Two portraits surpass all the others. There, above the mantelpiece near to the window, is a Dutch portrait of Sir Robert Walpole, the first Ministerial tenant. Among the frilled and bedizened Restoration Ministers he stands out with a singular strength—a rough, coarse squire of the old school, but still strong and independent, with an honesty of his own—a portly presence in his gold-braided Chancellor's robes, flowing round the protuberant flowered waistcoat with the deep fob pockets—resting that delicately-moulded hand, of which he was so proud, on the Royal seal of England's Treasury. Here is an Englishman of the John Bull type—healthy, large-

hearted, fond of beef and beer, but not apt to crook the knees or bow the head.

Turn from this picture, and you find yourself faced with Millais' "counterfeit presentment" of the fighting Gladstone, which he robes of a Doctor of Law. He fixes on you that eagle gaze with which he so often carried his cause to victory. There is in his eyes that sleepless vigilance for all good causes which was the keynote of his life. It is the

THE CABINET ROOM, IN WHICH CABINETS HAVE SAT EVER SINCE THE MID-EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. THE BOOKCASES, IT WILL BE NOTICED, ARE COVERED UP WITH WAR MAPS AND CHARTS. THIS IS MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S FAVOURITE WORKING ROOM AND HERE HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS DAY.

Photo. Miss Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

must have fashioned as a foil to that gentle, gracious image of the man in his softer moods which we generally associate with Millais' genius. In that Downing Street picture Gladstone is seated sideways, in the scarlet Downing Street mood of the Grand Old Man; and it is fitting that it should be here presented.

Pass eastward of this great room through a smaller chamber, which was the old

breakfast-room, into the State Dining-Room (see illustration on page 19). Mr. Lloyd George now uses this room for all his family meals; and it is here that he holds his famous breakfasts. This is not a very old room; for it was designed and constructed by Sir John Soane in 1825. Its walls are panelled with oak, and it is roofed with an oval cupola. The room is lighted with high windows on the eastern side. It stands next to the Cabinet Room in dignity and beauty of form. In this room many great conclaves have been held, and momentous issues have been decided. Great Englishmen have met together, both in council and in banquet. Here were held those breakfast parties to which Mr. Gladstone used to invite the pick of Victorian England (see illustration on page 21).

The pictures on the walls form a gallery of Napoleonic England—Pitt, Fox, Burke, Nelson, and Wellington. In the centre of the western wall Nelson seems to be stepping out of the canvas to greet the guest—Nelson the bright-hearted, gayest of men who ever played with death. Burke, away in the corner, looks pensive; Fox, nearer to hand, looks confident and reckless. But the presence that fills the room is that of William Pitt, in the copy of Hoppner's famous picture that hangs over the mantelpiece. The face is powerful and moody. The dead black of the tight-fitting costume gives to the figure a certain sombre majesty. He looks commandingly and almost imperiously down the length of the great room, as if he were surveying his own. And, indeed, he may well do so. For did not William Pitt the younger live for Downing Street as well as in it? Did he not sacrifice to this, love and health, wealth and a long life?

Here, as we know from his niece Lady Hester Stanhope's recorded talks, he toiled unspeakably. Here he reigned in stern loneliness of soul, a giant among puppets. Here he worked for England, dying with the sense of failure. For, with all his triumphs, the career of Pitt is shadowed with tragedy; and that tragedy seems centred here, in this little house, which was his only real home.

Downstairs, for instance, is the great kitchen which he built for the hospitality that plunged him into morasses of debt; and the cellars for the port which helped him to an early grave.

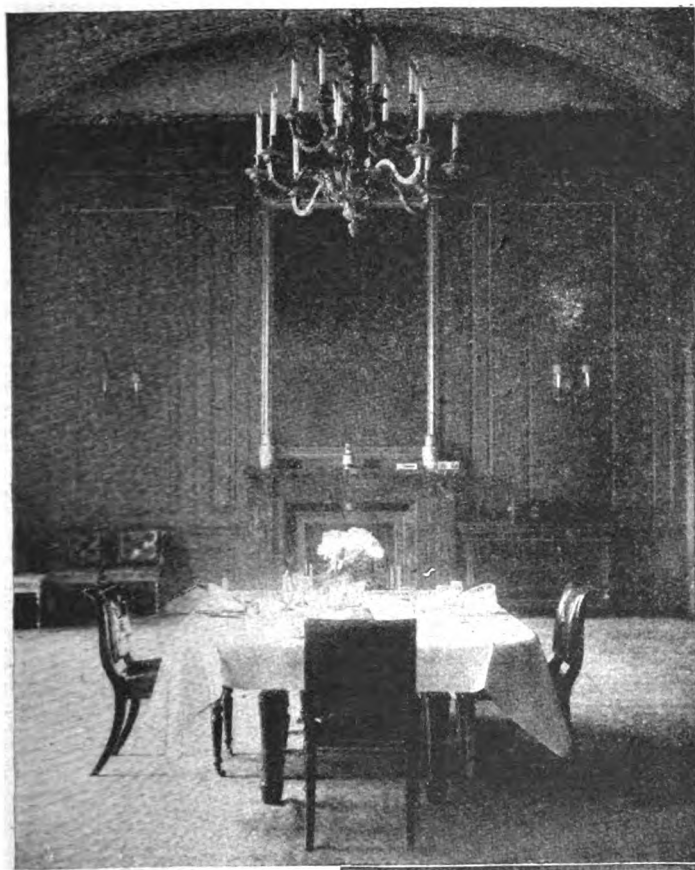
There are more tender pictures of him left by the one soul who loved him dearly—his niece.

It was in one of these rooms, for instance, that he romped with the Stanhopes; Lady Hester and her brothers, who pulled the great man down on to the floor and corked his face. In the middle of this merry scene his servant announced that two Cabinet Ministers were waiting to see him. Lady Hester describes how William Pitt washed his face and immediately changed from the gay romper to the master of men. The children were awed by the stern look that came into his countenance and the frigid and stately manner in which he received and dismissed his Ministers.

Again, in one of the rooms above, William Pitt was lying fast asleep on that fearful night when the First Lord of the Admiralty came to announce the terrible news of the mutiny at the Nore. Spencer—for it was he—entered the bedroom and woke up Pitt. The Prime Minister listened to the story with absolute calm and gave instructions. Spencer went down the stairs, and when he had reached the door remembered that he had forgotten to tell Pitt some important fact. He climbed the stairs again and entered Pitt's bedroom. He found that the Minister, worn with toil, had turned over on his side and gone fast asleep. It was with such central calm of soul that Pitt faced the great perils of Empire.

Indeed, Downing Street is not a very restful sleeping-place even to-day. What with Suffragettes in time of peace and German raiders in time of war, here is no easy couch for a Minister. He knows very well that Downing Street is a central bull's-eye for the German aeroplanes, and that it is the Mecca of all disturbed pilgrims. The Prime Minister requires a good many porters and messengers and other useful personages to achieve the peace necessary for his labours. But there are some persistent disturbers who make their way through all this network. One night, for instance, Mr. Lloyd George was fast asleep in No. 11, Downing Street, when the house was awakened by a fierce assault and battery of knockings. Finally a despatch was handed in which was marked "Very Urgent," and Mr. Lloyd George was roused from his slumbers. On being opened it was discovered to be a message from an enterprising newspaper in the Far West of America, asking Mr. Lloyd George for a special telegram giving his views on his own Budget!

Each succeeding occupant of Downing Street enjoys the Treasury furniture, which forms the staple content of the rooms. But each can bring in as many trifles—knick-



THE STATE DINING-ROOM, NOW USED BY MR. LLOYD GEORGE FOR ALL FAMILY MEALS. IT IS HERE THAT THE PREMIER HOLDS HIS FAMOUS BREAKFAST PARTIES.
Photo. Miss Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

knacks and oddments—as he or his wife chooses. Thus the appearance of the rooms varies with the taste of the tenant—or, even more, of his wife. The new-comers often like change. The same rooms have been used, at various times in history, as bedrooms, boudoirs, studies, or sitting-rooms. Many Prime Ministers bring in their own pictures and books. The wives sometimes impose their own coverings on the decorations of their predecessor. Mr. Lloyd George has brought in his own books. But in the matter of chamber decorations he is easily contented, and he has accepted things as they are. Mr. Lloyd George is one of those who could dwell with equal comfort in the tents of Kedar or of Ishmael.

As to the origins of Downing Street, the plain truth must be told.

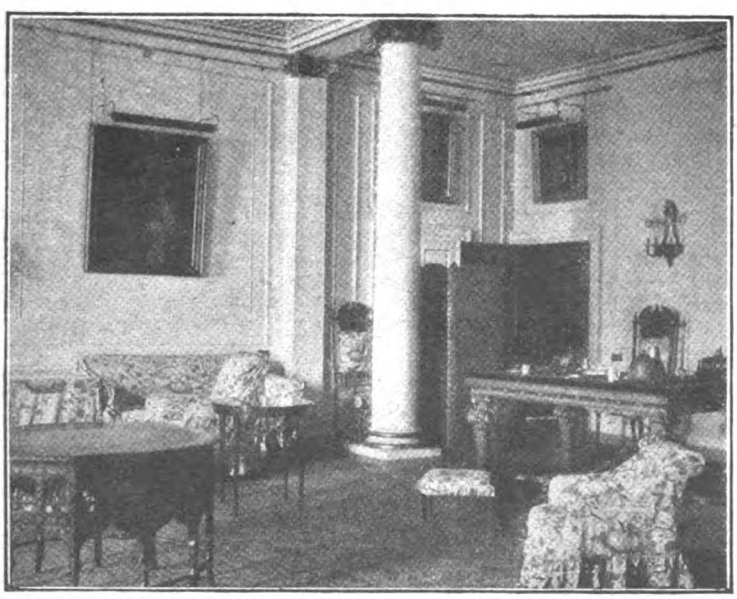
It was built by a rascal—a renegade Puritan who first fought with Cromwell in his wars, and lived to serve Charles II. both at home and abroad. He served the Merry Monarch by betraying old Puritan friends to the scaffold, and in reward he received the grant of this piece of

THE SMALL DRAWING-ROOM, WHICH IS NOW SPECIALLY SET APART FOR DOMESTIC LIFE. HERE MRS. LLOYD GEORGE WORKS AND WRITES
Photo. Miss Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

ground in the precincts of Whitehall. He also received a baronetcy and became Sir George Downing, and afterwards became Secretary to the Treasury when it was placed in commission. He was a friend of Pepys, who called him "an ungrateful villain," and wrote it in his Diary. But it was a day of "ungrateful villains," and Pepys does not seem to have thought very much worse of him for that. Sir George Downing was certainly a clever rascal, and he had a very good eye on the main chance. He developed this piece of land by building on it houses for the rank and fashion of the new London that was growing up with the Restoration. He lived in No. 10, but he let the other houses to wealthy persons at long leases. He had no object but profit, and it never crossed his mind for one moment that he should present the mansion to a Minister of the Crown. On the contrary, he took his rents and lined his pockets. He starved his mother and founded a fortune, which, by a curious Nemesis, came back to the country on the death of his grandson in the form of an endowment for the Cambridge college called after his name.

It was on the falling in of one of these leases that No. 10 came to the Crown, which at that moment rested on the head of George II. George II. seems to have been in a benevolent humour, for he gave it first to his Hanoverian Minister, Count Bothmar, who conveniently died within a year. Then George II. offered it to Sir Robert Walpole, who was at the time living in St. James's Square. Walpole was afraid to accept it without some condition, for he well knew that even if a man is worth his price he sells himself by accepting it. So he annexed the famous condition that No. 10, Downing Street, was to belong in perpetuity to the First Lords of the Treasury.

All the fifty Prime Ministers since Walpole have worked there; but many have preferred to use it as an office and to reside in more luxurious homes. The great Tory and Whig nobles who so often presided over our fate in the nineteenth century found this little house somewhat narrow and inconvenient. The Treasury seems to have been in those days somewhat mean in the matter of furnishing. There were no bathrooms, for instance, in No. 10 until the days of Mr. Asquith, who put them in. During the last ten years both houses have had to be renovated several times from top to bottom in order to bring them up to our ideas of modern convenience and sanitation. There is still room for improvement. The garden of No. 11, for instance, is nothing better than a patch of gravel. It was proposed to Mr. Gladstone that it should be turfed and laid out with flower-beds. He turned indignantly on the proposer. "Who is to pay for it?" he said. "I can't." "Well, sir, I suppose the Treasury," was the answer. "The Treasury!" exclaimed Mr. Gladstone. "Do you imagine that the Treasury can afford it?" It was an heroic answer, but the garden looked very bare until it was covered last year with the new sheds of the "Garden Suburb."

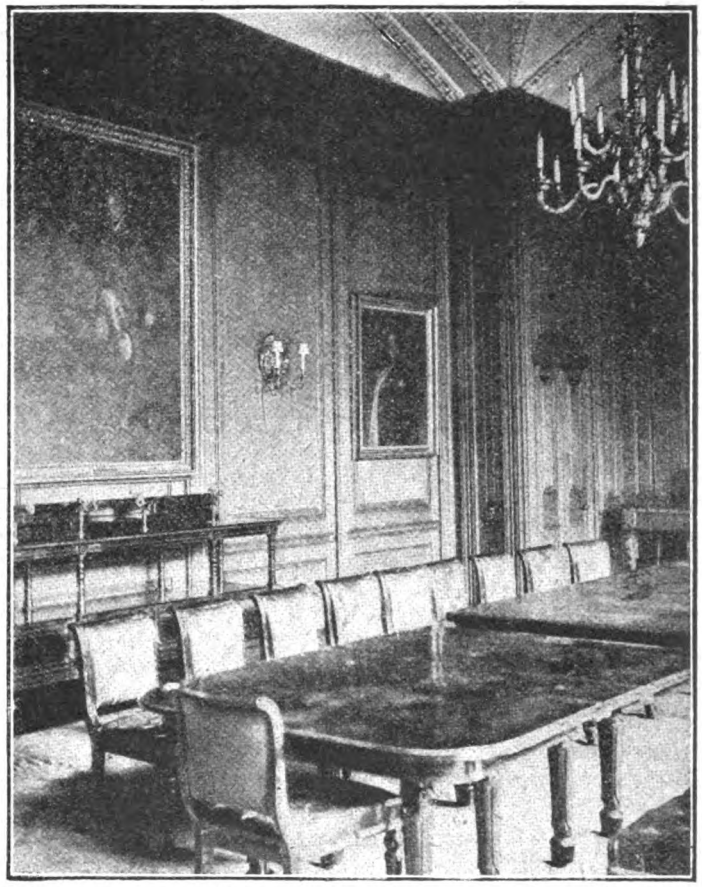


THE WALPOLE ROOM. THIS IS THE ANGLE OF THE RECEPTION-ROOM IN NO. 10 (FORMERLY CALLED THE "ROOM OF DEPUTATIONS") FULLY DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE.
Photo. Miss Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

The Duke of Wellington refused to leave Apsley House and used to hold all his Cabinets in that great mansion. Lord Salisbury remained in Arlington Street, and used to summon his Cabinets to the Foreign Office. Mr. Gladstone thought residence a duty, and the present Lord Gladstone was born in No. 11. But there were times when even he found it very

pleasant to live away from his work, and for some years he gave up the house to his secretary, Sir Algernon West. The last three Prime Ministers have all lived in Downing Street, and Mr. Lloyd George has now been in this street since 1908, when he brought his family there and gave up his own London house. But he too, like Mr. Asquith, has found it absolutely necessary to escape from the Treasury sometimes. He is in the habit of going at week-ends to his house at Walton Heath, where he finds a refuge from the storm which beats on the centre of power. There he entertains his private friends, and escapes for a time from the furious drive of Ministerial life. He loves the scenery at Walton, and may often be observed walking over the commons with his dog.

It was when he came to Downing Street that Mr. Lloyd George resumed the tradition of the Gladstonian breakfasts at No. 10.



THE NELSON ROOM, WITH CONFERENCE TABLE. THIS IS THE STATE DINING-ROOM IN WHICH MR. GLADSTONE HELD HIS GREAT BREAKFAST PARTIES. ANOTHER VIEW OF THIS ROOM, AS USED BY THE PREMIER, APPEARS ON PAGE 19.

Photo. Miss Olive Edis, F.R.P.S.

They are not so much social gatherings as convenient conferences before the beginning of the day's work. After a few minutes of light gossip the Prime Minister generally goes straight to the subjects of the day and discusses them closely throughout breakfast. He is thus able to let his mind play freely over events before he has been drawn into the turmoil of the day's work.

And yet, perhaps, after all, the most vital impression that our foreign visitor will carry away will be that fragrant and delectable intermingling of political and domestic life for which Downing Street really stands. For here the stern realities of human government are very pleasantly assuaged by the softer human amenities. The great issues of State have a domestic setting.

The change of Prime Ministers that took place in December, 1916, has made no difference in this respect. Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George are devoted family men, and their intimate life is always humanized with those softening influences. The voices and laughter of women and children abate the rigours of the sternest breakfast conversation, and even the most critical Cabinets of our time are not far removed from the harmonious sounds of family existence. Let us hope these pleasant traditions will always remain bound up with English political life.

The time will probably come when these houses will become historical monuments and our Prime Ministers will be better lodged. It is fervently to be hoped that then these houses will not be pulled down; for they contain in every corner and passage reminders of England's greatness. There is not a room that is not crammed with history. If only as temples of the noble past, these two dwellings—Nos. 10 and 11—ought always to be reverently preserved and carefully guarded by the British race.

BILLS PAYABLE.

By

GILBERT PARKER.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

I.

ASKATOON was in a ferment. Ten miles away from it a man, Michele Bordinot, had been brought home with an ugly wound, got in a quarrel on the river many miles north, and he had at last died under the care of the Young Doctor, who, though forty-seven years of age, was still called by the name given him when he first went to town twenty years before. The Young Doctor had no hope of the case from the first day, and frankly said so, but he gave all his skill and care as faithfully as though the man had every chance to live. At first he even went so far as to hide from Bordinot's daughter, Julie, the stern truth; and then gradually prepared her for the bad news.

After this first visit, in which he was more concerned for the man's well-being than for the incident which had brought him where he was, he said to Patsy Kernaghan, who was a kind of maid-of-all-work at Askatoon :—

"A bad business, Patsy—a scurvy, dirty business, and I hope they'll get the man that did it."

"Do you know how it happened, Doctor dear?" asked Patsy. "The whole story from A to Z?"

"No, I don't—do you?"

"I h'ard it from the police while you was gone to Bordinot's. It's a nasty story, y'r anner—as nasty as the West has ever had to deal with in anny winter or summer since the Injuns left it to us white men. Y' see, it was like this: There was quarrelling all the way from Bashton's Boom down the Rirock River, where Bordinot was done in—anny quarrelling on the river is bad, but when it's betune English and French it's ten times worse. Well, Bordinot's French, and he'd been nursing his hatred, not making a fuss from first to last; but Wybert Grieve, who done the thing, was on the bust as hard as man could be. It might ha' been Kilkenny! He shoved up agin Bordinot, and when Bordinot got mad, whipped out his knife, and give him no show—just laid in for all he was worth, and Bordinot hadn't no chanct at all. He wasn't quick enough with his own knife, and that's what done for him, for otherwise he'd have wiped the floor with two Wybert Grieves, and not done annything unusual. Then the English lot broke away south-east, and Bordinot's friends brought him home, and you was sent for."

"That's the story, is it?" said the Young Doctor. "Well, it has some nasty sides to it. What do the police say about catching Grieve? Have they got track of him?"

"No. He took to the woods soon after the killing, and they ain't got wind of him, I'm told. But they'll get him—get him all right, Doctor dear. I'm sure o' that—sure as if I had his hiding-place in me mind's eye. It does a lot o' harm, these bad things done by the British. There's Bordinot's daughter—a fine girl—I know her. It'll have hit her plumb in the eye—hasn't it, then?"

"Yes, she's hit hard, Patsy! She don't know the worst yet, but he can't last more than five or six days, and she's got to be told. She's the only one of the family—never had any brothers or sisters, and the mother's dead and gone. Yes, it's rough on her, Patsy; and I don't see what can be done to help her."

"Well, she'll have the farm and all that's in it and on it, y'r anner. She'll be a catch for someone."

"Why, it isn't much of a place," remarked the Young Doctor. "It can't be, or Bordinot wouldn't have been working on the river. He couldn't have been very solid on the farm, Patsy."

"Well, he only worked on the river in the Fall after his crops was in—not so much off a hunderd acres, y'r anner. And he was a foreman on the river at four dollars a day. That helped to pay for the farm. Three months—ninety days—at four dollars a day; that's three hunderd and sixty dollars, and the farm only cost a thousand."

"What do you think the farm's worth now, Patsy?"

"That place! Oh, about four thousand dollars, house, land, and cattle. Julie can't fly about on that, but it's better than nothing, and it'll draw a good lot of eyes to her. If I was younger——"

The Young Doctor sniffed. "Patsy, you're a bold buccaneer, but you go too far. If you'd

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been all you think you are, you'd have been married years ago—women ain't so scarce that you'd have had to go grazing alone in the world-pasture."

"Aw, I'm not like y'r anner, I know—only a kind of rouseabout, with no looks or reputation, and no gifts for recipes or nursing. No, I'm not like y'r anner."

The Young Doctor laughed softly now. "Patsy," said he, "you've got as much insolence in you as any man in all the West, but you must be borne, for you're not all bad. Maybe you'd like to go out to Bordinot's with me. You've got some useful ways, and you might be needed. So, get ready if you like to come."

Patsy's face lighted. "Like to come—ah, y'r anner, I'd give a great lot annyhow to drive with you! You've got ways of talking like none other, and, besides, it's safe going with you, If I fell down a ditch or bumped agin a timber. there you'd be, and I'd be safe. Besides, if the man's going to die, I'd like to be there for the measurin' and embalmin'—if there's goin' to be embalmin'. He was well built, was Bordinot. He'd make a good layin' out, an no mistake."

Two months later, and over seven weeks after Bordinot had been "measured and embalmed" and buried, a man, Dudy Massaw, was chopping trees on the Rirock River in good spirits and great heart. He had had a useful and momentous day, and it was drawing to a close. He was a new-comer in the Askatoon district, and he was clearing a space for building a house on his new farm. It was wooded prairie land which he had bought of the Government, and he had the deeds safely filed and the land all paid for. Only the morning of the day before he had bade good-bye to a wayfarer who had spent the night at his camp—a man whom he did not like, and concerning whom, from the first, he had had doubts and misgivings. Yet it was a country where everyone who travelled had a right of way, a place in every house and at every table, no questions asked and no demands made; and so the man had gone on his way with his tarpaulin pack on his shoulders, but leaving behind, by accident, a letter with his name on it—Wybert Grieve—and Dudy Massaw had found it. After some twists of conscience, some compunctions and remorseful hesitations, he had read the letter; and he had learned from it that the man who had lost it was wanted for the murder of Michele Bordinot, who lived only three miles away from himself through the wood. He—Dudy Massaw—had heard of the killing of Michele Bordinot, and after finding the letter he wondered what he ought to do—go to the police, or to Bordinot's place and tell his daughter. At last he decided that he must find the police and give the information he had, that the man who killed Michele Bordinot had been that day almost within a stone's throw of his victim's home. He decided that he would go to the police the first thing in the morning. Meanwhile, he must finish the chopping, cook his supper, and go to bed in the tent.

It had been a cold, clear April day, and the sky was bathed in a flood of colour from the sinking sun. He was near the end of his long day's job. A big spruce tree was lodged on the top of two others, and in trying to "butt off" the partially fallen tree and bring it down it fell suddenly. He was, therefore, caught beneath a huge mass of timber, one leg being broken. It was pinned to the ground beneath the tree as in a vice. He had lost consciousness when the thing occurred, and remained lying still and lifeless in the spruce woods until the stars showed in bright glimmer through the branches. Then, numbed with cold and faint with pain and loss of blood, he came back to consciousness.

In his cramped position he knew that he would soon freeze, and he made a desperate struggle for life and freedom and against his stern fate. He was able to reach his axe, and with his pocket-knife he cut off the helve halfway, so that he could use it while sitting almost under the log. With the energy of despair he began cutting through the spruce log—two feet in diameter—to free himself. Only a trained and skilful chopper could have done it, but before the dipper sank out of sight behind the tree-tops, showing that midnight had come, the tree was cut in two, and, with all his remaining strength, Dudy rolled the short butt-log away, and was free.

His legs were numb and useless as sticks of wood, and the right one, which had been pinned beneath the tree, was not only broken below the knee, but partly frozen, the blood having ceased to flow from the lacerated flesh. Yet Dudy set out on the pathway which led to Bordinot's house, where he could get help and send for a doctor. Dragging his mangled leg like a log behind him, he crawled over the frosty ground with an undaunted courage and hope, suffering agonies every foot of the way he covered. Again and again he dropped his head on the ground in his pain and trouble, and all his life seemed sinking out of him like water from a pail -an eternal wastage. Yet he held himself firmly and kept on. He had no dread of death, and yet he wanted to live. He had lived so little in all his life, in a sense, and he wanted to begin existence in this wonderful open land, where all the stored energy of the world seemed to be. He had come from a big farm in the East, a f rm that belonged to his father, but on which there was only living for one family—not for two, and he meant that there should be a family of his own when he saw a girl of the right sort. Youth, the strength of youth, and the glow of good blood were strong in him, and he had taken three thousand dollars —all he had, and well earned—and had come West and bought the land which he was trying to clear for his homestead.

As he strained and dragged himself on, it was with the protest of youth against untoward Fate. Why should he be sacrificed by the result of a mistake? Now and again he stopped and broke the ice at the side of the path, and drank the water beneath, which gave him new life

and strength, though it was agony even to swallow, and his hands were bruised from dragging himself along; for it was impossible to do aught else than pull his weight over the ground foot by foot for over two miles and three-quarters. Then, at last, with the sun well up, he made his miserable way into the open prairie, and saw in the near distance—that is, within a quarter mile—Bordinot's house, back from the road, and, far off, men going towards Askatoon. He felt that he must try to call to them, and he made as if to raise his voice, but the wind crapped his throat and he stopped trying—it was no use. Then he almost fainted with prostration, for he had been dragging himself ever since midnight, and with no success, if he was to die within sight and sound of his fellow-men!

"Surely," he said to himself, "I'm not going to die while safety's in sight! I won't give in—no, I won't give in—by God, I won't!"

He dragged himself on, with fast-glazing eyes, but his strength was failing, and it seemed to him that he could not endure much longer. Yet he kept his eyes on Bordinot's house—his dimmed, clouded eyes, in which there was only a last flicker of life and a stark look of purpose. His skin was haggard, his cheeks sunken and drawn, his forehead wrinkled, his hair wet with sweat, his hands bruised and worn, yet gnarled and determined still. He looked thirty years older than he really was; his youth was gone like a cloud; and he was left like smoking flax, a vestige of yesterday, thrown into the lap of to-day. And what a to-day it was—all sun and light and stinging air of the spring, with

"WITH THE ENERGY OF DESPAIR HE BEGAN CUTTING THROUGH THE SPRUCE LOG TO FREE HIMSELF."

life in every cupful of the air, and hope in every twist of the soft, sharp wind.

"By gad, but I must do it with drums beating!" he said, gallantly, yet the vexed distortion of his lips, after saying the words, gave little assurance of the truth of the hope. Food—he had had none since the day before at noon, and yet he had no craving. Drink was all he longed for, and drink he could have by breaking the ice at the side of the path and lapping the water from the little pools. But now he went on with a punishing, agonizing slowness, and he had no strength to call aloud, no voice with which to complain or call. It was a sad, unbearable business, and suddenly all his strength seemed to collapse, and he felt himself sinking away again into unconsciousness. But before he collapsed he saw a woman leave the house of Bordinot, and with a last excruciating effort he drew all his strength to his lips and called—a stark, poignant, despairing call, as of one who made a last summons of life and time.

And perhaps the woman—Julie Bordinot—heard. At any rate, she put her hat on her head and strode away towards where Dudy Massaw lay unconscious in the path. Her footsteps were quick, her walking was like that of one who knew that there was work for her to do. Yet in truth she had heard nothing actually. At first she had only felt that she must walk away from the house where her dead father had lived; for it was as though his spirit called to her. Some call she heard, even if it was not the voice of Dudy Massaw. She kept straight on, as though drawn by irresistible influence to the spot where the battered man lay. Her mind was full of her own troubles and sorrows, for many things had harried her since Michele Bordinot's death, and every hour had its call and its duty. She felt sorely the need of her father, of the strange man who had been like a wall of stone against any trouble attacking her while he was alive. And now she was alone; and she would have been completely helpless, if it had not been for the Young Doctor who steadfastly advised her, though she only saw him now and then. Yet he had said she must go to him when she was in perplexity, and she had gone to him twice, and come away stronger and better for the talk; though she could not tell him all her troubles—how the need of a man to manage the farm and protect her was ever with her!

She walked quickly, and she kept her head up, for she had too much responsibility to permit a gloom which would weigh down her body or lower her eyes. She had a nature that instinctively looked up, and now, as she walked, she raised her head and drew in the fresh, strong air with eager lungs. She had had hard days since her father died. She had, that very morning, used firm, strong words to her men-helpers, and sent them away with a sting in her words; for they were inclined to play the tyrant over her, if it could be done, and she promptly and decisively acted. There was no one in the house now except an oldish, fat woman-servant, who was very good to her, and gave her much help by the fresh and fond nature of her talk. She had come to depend greatly on the woman for inspiration to do her work without whining, and she had counselled with her that very morning about the men—to advantage; for Deborah had said:—

"Be a man in dealing with men, miss, or they'll have you under their thumbs for the rest of their days. Stop their mouths, if you've got to."

She had followed the advice, and the men had taken the dressing-down without resentment, and had gone towards Askatoon to complete some arrangements with a neighbouring farmer. There were no men at the moment in the house or on the place. It was, therefore, with a shock of anxiety that she saw lying on the ground the shattered body of Dudy Massaw. She dropped on her knees beside it.

"Oh, poor fellow—poor man!" she said, and put her hand on his heart, then felt his pulse. "Thank God, he is alive!" she added. "But little more. He's been hurt horrible."

She saw the crumpled leg and felt it; she looked at the lacerated hands and the haggard face, and then turned, and putting up her hands to her mouth called loudly, through them, to Deborah at the house. Three times she called, and the call was a little like the *cooee* of the Australian, but even more searching and reaching, and presently she saw the woman appear in the doorway. She beckoned for Deborah, and presently Deborah came running hard, and with an air which seemed to say, "I know there's trouble where you are, but I'm comin'—I'm comin'."

In a few minutes she reached the spot where Julie was, and found her trying to restore consciousness to the poor shattered man by chafing his hands, by lifting his head, by calling to him. To no purpose, for Dudy Massaw was in the last stages of beaten effort.

"Oh, he's been hurt by the trees!" exclaimed Deborah. "He's a stranger. He looks as if he'd seen death a hundred times."

"Well, we must carry him to the house," said Julie, "and then you'll go for the doctor—to Askatoon. It's the only way. He can't go on as he is, or he'll be a dead man before noon. Be careful now. . . . No, don't try to lift him that way. His leg is broken below the knee. Take his legs above the knee through your arms, and I'll take his head and shoulders. That's the only way to do it. Steady now. Lift slowly and steadily. Ah, poor man, we'll be lucky if we save him! He's had a real bad time. . . . There, that's right. Now, go ahead carefully and don't stumble."

For some moments they crawled forward without speaking, and then Deborah said:—

"He'll need lots of care. He may have come miles like this."

"He'll have all he can do to get well," said Julie. "Steady—don't hurry! We'll get him there all right. My dear, you sweat so. Don't fuss, and it'll be all right. I'd like to put him to bed in a hospital, but that can't be, and——"

"There's your father's room and his bed. It's all ready made, and if you'd like——"

"'OH, POOR FELLOW—POOR MAN!' SHE SAID, AND PUT HER HAND ON HIS HEART, THEN FELT HIS PULSE."

"Yes, it's the only place for him, and I'd like to think that it'd be used for the first time after by one that's been hurt like this poor fellow."

Another quarter of an hour, and Dudy Massaw was laid on the bed in Michele Bordinot's room, and Deborah was sent to hitch up a horse and buggy and go for the Young Doctor at Askatoon. Dudy Massaw was still insensible, and no effort at resuscitation had any effect. His teeth were set, his body was cold, his broken and lacerated leg was bleeding slightly. Carefully and gently Julie took off his boots, and from the injured leg she removed the stocking with care, not folding up, but cutting up the trouser, so that the leg, bare to the knee, showed sickly in the light of morning.

No feelings of false delicacy stirred in Julie's mind. Here was a man in acute suffering and trouble, and he must be attended to. She should do it, and not Deborah, who was single like herself, and only a little older; yet no older in all that makes a woman helpful on the earth or entitled to heaven. She heard the rattle of the wheels over which Deborah was hastening for the Young Doctor; and then her heart sank in spite of herself, for the man on the bed might die at any moment and she be here alone with him. In any case, she would be left alone with him for two and a half hours, for it would take that time, at least, for the Young Doctor to arrive. To be alone with a young man, sick or well, for that time was, in the eyes of the world, a scandalous thing for a young woman. She knew what the wrinkled sisters of the town of Askatoon would say if they knew. But she shook such feelings from her mind, and gave herself to restoring consciousness to the battered body before her. Without avail. Yet she had been able to increase the stroke of the pulse by forcing between the teeth some brandy—a very little, yet sufficient to increase the impulses of the heart and the nerves. The eyes, however, would not open, and no chafing of the hands or rubbing of the face or breast—for she opened his shirt and massaged his chest—would bring any change in his condition. She had no compunction in chafing his breast, for all the conditions were such as to make her actions sacred. It was her own father's room and bed, and every moment this man stayed here was part of family history in a way. Soon it became acute family history; for, anxious to know who the man was, she felt in the pocket of the coat for something which could tell her, and she drew out a letter addressed to Wybert Grieve!

With a cry of horror she dropped the envelope on the bed beside the body.

Wybert Grieve—that was the name of the man who had killed her father—the man for whom the police were searching, for whom the Law was waiting. Wybert Grieve! Of all names on earth it was the name most detestable to herself. It had pursued her in her dreams at

night, and shocked the air around her senses by day. But wait! Perhaps there were two men of the same name! So she opened the letter and began to read it. One glance showed her that it was the real man who had killed her father, who made her an orphan, a fragment of Nature from which the soul had been stripped, leaving her, as it were, naked in the place of torment. And here was the murderer lying broken on her father's bed, being cared for by her father's daughter!

It sent her back from the bed with horror; it drained the strength of her body and gripped her very soul with a cold and cruel hand. She sank upon a bunk against the wall, her eyes fastened on the man with malediction in her heart and at her tongue. Her first impulse was to seize a knife and drive it into the man's heart, but that passed with a queer and dastardly quickness, and she asked herself what she was to do.

There was one thing she could do—which she must do: she must leave the man alone, and not try to bring him back to life, not try to restore him. Then there was the Young Doctor. When he came he could deal with the situation with skill and judgment. Meanwhile, the man was on her father's bed—the man who killed her father was lying on his bed—carried there by her own hands! The thought of it made her tremble with disgust. She had been the agent of evil, the author of her own shame. She had thrown contaminating things on her father's tomb, had polluted the memory of her mother. She had done it, of course, innocently; yet she had done it; and there it was—the contamination on the bed where her dear father's body had lain in life and death.

Thank God her mother had never lain there! That, at any rate, could not be charged against her. It had been pure bad luck. She had not been a willing agent in this infamous thing. The man ought to be hanged, yet in the passion of her horror and shock something still spoke for him. Her hands had rubbed his legs and his chest; she had felt the cold touch of his body and it had not repelled her. She had spoken kind words to him, and there had been no stark reaction in her mind or heart—no natural instinctive reaction. Surely, if the man killed her father, she should have felt horror and reaction when she touched him. Instead of that she had felt an infinite pity for him and had prayed God to bring him back to consciousness. She wished to see the colour of his eyes—the eyes of the man who had killed her father with a knife on the Rirock River so short a time ago—only eight weeks ago.

She got up from the bunk where she sat and went towards the bed slowly, timorously, yet with a great agonizing rage in her heart. The man had killed her father, and he was lying on the bed where her father had suffered and died. He must not stay there. It was no place for such a man. He must be moved—where? Oh, any place, any place! He must not be let stay where he now was. As she approached the bed, however, a strange and terrible weakness took possession of her. She could not have lifted a cat from the floor. And the man was, even haggard and insensible, full of handsomeness. Was she mad? Yes, as she looked at him, the sense of his handsomeness came home to her with force. He may have been a murderer, but he was surely handsome, and had the flesh of a man who was no murderer, but a clean-living being. And he was dying—on her father's bed!

Suddenly a storm of feeling shook her. If the man was really dying, and she raised no hand to help him, she would be revenging her father by causing the man's death, not on the gallows, but here. Dying! If that was so, what should she do? He was a fellow-human being; he had had an accident and been smashed. God had done that to him, and the Law, if and when it took him, would do more. What, then, should she do—take out of God's hands and the Law's hands their rights and duties? When a man was in prison condemned to death what did the warders do—what did they do if the man was taken ill? Why, they waited on the man, tended him, assuaged his illness, made him fit again and strong enough to be hanged.

If one of the warders was a relative of the convict, what would he do? Her thoughts were like lightning flashes in her mind. What would the warder-relative do? Well, if it chanced that way, he would say, "The man belongs to the Law, and the Law must deal with him. For me, I must do my duty as a human being, and save the man for the Law, if I can." Well, here was a man at death's door, who had killed her father, and he was broken like a stick and could not escape. He was there alone with her on the bed of the man he had killed. What, then, should she do, the daughter of the man who had been killed? What should she do?

The man on the bed moaned slightly, and that instant and incident decided her. She raised his head on her arm, and she thought it strange that, in spite of all the mental condemnation she felt, no physical repulsion came to her. Surely there was no such thing as natural hatred—natural and justified hatred! Somehow she could not feel that the man was repulsive to her. She even forced some more brandy between his closed teeth, not now so tightly clenched. She had even a thrill of pity when the poor creature moaned again.

"Open your eyes and look me in the face," she said, with anguished sharpness; but he made no sign that he understood. Yet the warmth of her clasp seemed to do him good, and his head was resting on her bosom. She laid him down again and worked a little with the broken leg, trying, as it seemed, to set it, and she stanched the blood from the bruise and wound which the sharp wood had made.

II.

Two hours later the Young Doctor examined the still-unconscious man. "It's a bad case," he said, when he had finished. "He's had a hard time—leg smashed by a falling tree. I wonder who he is?"

To this Julie made no reply. She had not

the courage to tell the Young Doctor what she knew.

A little later, with the help of a student he had brought with him, the Young Doctor set the broken leg, then carefully put the man to bed wearing one of Michele Bordinot's night-shirts, but still unconscious and with some fever.

"As fine a carcass as I've ever seen," was his comment on his patient. "But he's in a bad way, and he'll need a lot of care—that's sure. It's lucky in a way, though, for Julie is upset, and the care of him may just be what she needs. I must get him back to sensibility, though. He mustn't go on as he is."

Therefore he injected a preparation in Dudy Massaw's shoulder, forced some brandy between his teeth, and chafed his hands, as Julie had done. At length the man opened his eyes. The look in them was wild. It had the vague gleam of the irresponsible.

"That's bad," said the Young Doctor. "Very bad. How are you feeling?" he asked. Then he added: "Tell me, what's your name? I'm the doctor. What's your name?"

The reply was a jumble of inconsequent sounds—broken sentences, detached phrases, unkempt rhetoric, appeals to some higher power, adjurations to the tree which had been his undoing, anguished references to his terrible journey in the night towards where he now was.

The Young Doctor saw that there was nothing to be gained by questioning, but presently he was startled by hearing the name of Wybert Grieve spluttered through the disorganized speech, and he looked down at the sick man with sharp inquiry. Wybert Grieve, he knew, was the name of the man who had killed Michele Bordinot—and what did it mean? Was this man——?

He gave Dudy some quieting drink, and when the eyes closed again he took from the pocket of Massaw's coat on the chair the letter with Wybert Grieve's name on it.

"Great God!" he said. "And here in this house and in this bed, and in Michele Bordinot's night-shirt! But no, it isn't possible. It can't be." He turned to the student. "Do you know who this is?" he asked, jerking a finger to the bed. The student shook his head in negation. "Well, it's Wybert Grieve, the man who killed Michele Bordinot!"

He looked to see a shocked expression come to the student's face, but none came—only a startled protest came instead.

"Oh, no, it isn't!" said the student. "It certainly isn't Wybert Grieve. I saw the picture of Grieve in the Winnipeg *Free Press*, and it was nothing like this man. This man has an honest, commonplace face and figure—a gentleman's turn-out, and Wybert Grieve had a face like what he was, gnarled and stormy and reckless. He was a regular dead-beat was Wybert Grieve. This man's an honest pioneer, if ever there was one."

"Yes, that's his appearance," said the Young Doctor, "and I'd have taken my oath on his honesty from his face, but the only letter in his pocket is one addressed to Wybert Grieve. What's the difference in the faces, if you've seen the real picture of Wybert Grieve? Is it the eyes, or the forehead, or the hair?"

"Neither—it's the nose. Wybert Grieve had a nose like an ancient Roman, all curve and crook—a regular stone-breaker; and this man's nose is like a piece of beautiful marble cut out to a Greek pattern."

"Well, I'm very glad to hear it. It'd be a bad thing if Julie was housing in her father's bed the man that killed her father!"

Ten minutes later he stood in the dining-room beside Julie, and under the sharp inquiry of Julie's eyes.

"Who is he?" Julie asked. "Did consciousness come back?"

The Young Doctor shook his head in negation. "He had a letter in his pocket with a name on it, but my assistant says that it isn't right, that the man on the bed isn't the man whose name was on the envelope."

"Isn't Wybert Grieve?" the girl said. "Isn't Wybert Grieve?"

Her face became deadly pale. The flush that had been there for three hours had gone, leaving her like a garden-flower which lightning had flayed—a blighted shrub. Then she sank into the chair beside him with a helpless gesture. "I'm so glad," she cried. "I saw the letter, and I thought——"

"Good God! You saw that letter, and you believed it was Wybert Grieve, and yet——!"

"Yes, what else could I do?"

A look of wonder, a comprehending wonder, came into the Young Doctor's face. "You did that, believing——"

"What was there to do—let him die?"

"Some women would have done so," answered the doctor, bluntly. "I shouldn't like to have been tempted so—as you were. You have the courage of the saints, and you here all alone with the man—here alone for two and a half hours! I know how you loved your father, and I can guess what all this must have cost you."

"No, not even you could guess," the girl answered, "and that's saying much," she added, admiringly, but with her eyes full of tears and her hands trembling in her lap.

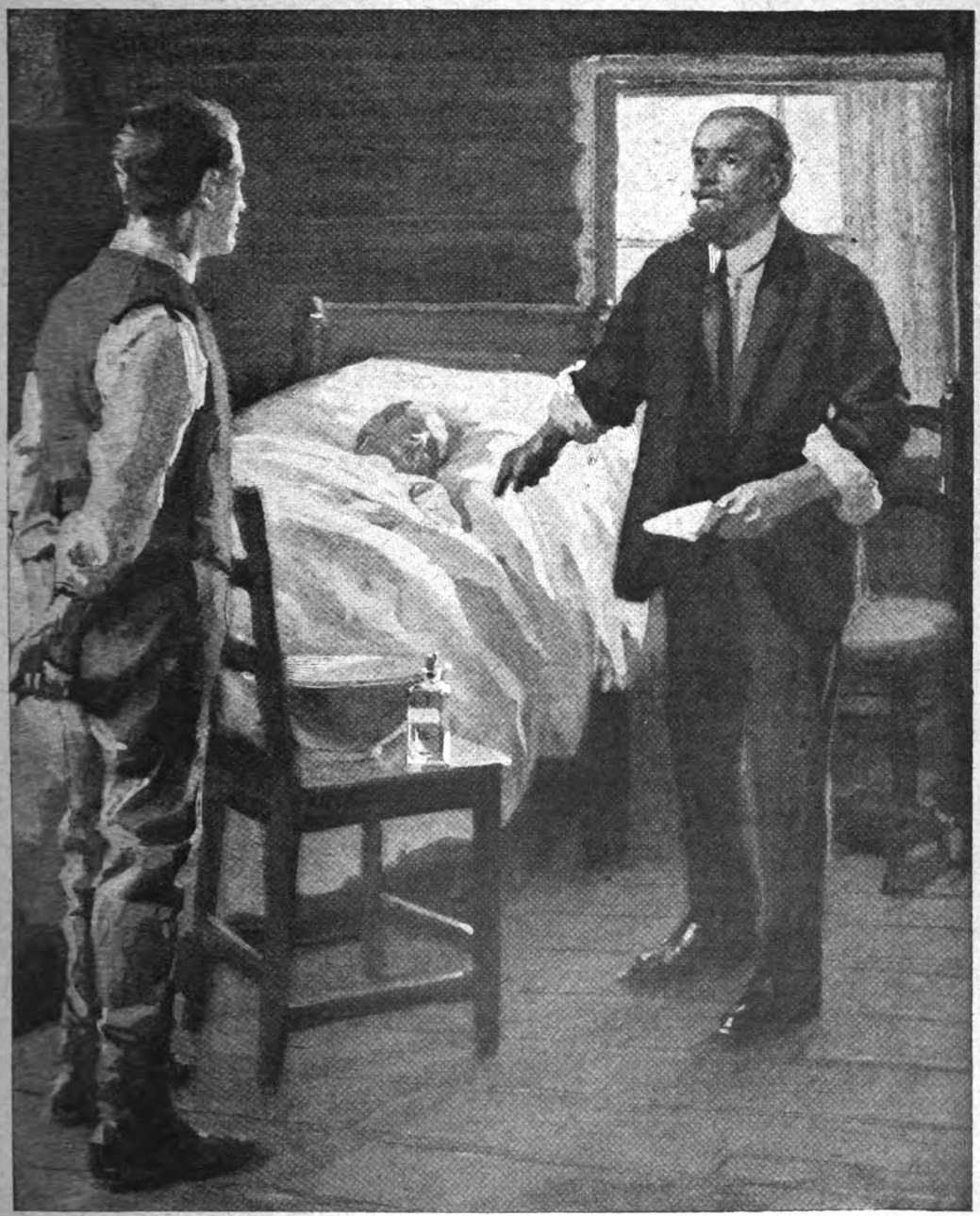
"He is almost conscious now," the Young Doctor said. "And you can find out from him who he really is. I'll come to-morrow, and I'll send you a nurse this afternoon, so you can get some sleep to-night. Meanwhile, I'll leave my student-friend here. If you don't mind feeding him, you'll find him a great help."

The girl gratefully acknowledged the kindness, and said: "My men will be back this evening, and one of them can help, but I'll be glad of your assistant meanwhile. I'll find out the sick man's name—just who he is—when he's back to normal again. I'm glad he's not Grieve, and yet—how could I know?"

"You've suffered enough in those hours to be a punishment for all your life's wrongdoing, however long your life may be," remarked the Young Doctor.

"I did what I felt I had to," remarked Julie.

A few moments later the Young Doctor, in his buggy behind his roans, said: "Perhaps he may



"'DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?' HE ASKED, JERKING A FINGER TO THE BED. THE STUDENT SHOOK HIS HEAD IN NEGATION."

be unmarried, too, and she's going to nurse him back to health—I guess!"

He added the last words rather hesitatingly, for he was not wholly sure that Dudy Massaw would live. He had suffered greatly, and his lungs were affected—whether temporarily or not he was not sure. Pneumonia might set in, or brain-fever, and in either case there was nothing sure.

"Never mind, the girl will profit by it. It will call her out of herself. It will take her mind off her own tragedy."

That was what he said.

The next day Julie stood beside the bed of Dudy Massaw, well-controlled, and glad to see that the sick man's eyes had a light of wise consciousness.

"I'm glad you're better," she said, bravely. "I'm very glad."

"How long have I been here?" he asked, eagerly—more eagerly than his condition warranted.

"Only one day," was the reply.

"How did I get here?" he asked.

"I brought you—Deborah and I," she answered. Then she told him what had happened from the time she saw him first. "I couldn't send word to your friends," she said. "I didn't know your name."

"There was a letter in my pocket," he answered astutely, and he eyed her closely.

"But not addressed to you," she replied.

"How did you know that?" he asked.

"I didn't know it—not at first."

"And yet you took care of me—nursed me!"

"You were there before me with a broken leg, and at your last gasp," she answered, sighing.

"But Wybert Grieve killed your father, and at first——"

"Yes, at first I believed——"

His hands made a motion as though they would take her own, but abstained, and only his eyes showed what he felt.

"My name is Dudy Massaw," he said, presently, in a hushed sort of voice. "I have a new farm next to yours, and——"

"Yes, I know that now," she said.

"And I have no family. I am not married. I came out here to make a home. I have people in the East, but that's all. I'm a lone stranger, and as soon as I can I must leave here, where you've been so good to me."

"Where will you go?" she asked.

"There's places in Askatoon, I s'pose," he said.

"There's a hospital, of course, but you mustn't go to it."

"Why mustn't I? I'm a load on your kindness here."

"Not a heavy load," she answered; "but it is for the doctor to decide."

"Then I'll ask him," was the serious reply. "Ah!"

The exclamation was caused by a sharp pain that suddenly shot through his chest, and he coughed sharply. "That's bad," he said, with anxiety. "That's very bad."

"I'll fly-blister you," she said, firmly. "It comes from your exposure last night."

She moved out of the room briskly. Her spirits were good, her temper sweet and sane. She was doing what would call her out of herself, what would take her mind off her own grief. The relief from knowing that he was not Wybert Grieve was immense—revealing and comforting. She felt as though she had had a dose of some great stimulating medicine. She sought the kitchen with shining eyes, and there she made the fly-blister ready. Like most farmers' houses on the prairie, such things as fly-blisters are part of the furnishment of the house. With the blister she returned to Dudy Massaw and found him suffering much.

"I'll send again for the Young Doctor if you're not better this afternoon," she said.

"But he'll be out in the morning, and I can stand it till then," Dudy Massaw said.

Two months later, in the month of June, the two had another talk. Dudy Massaw stood at the door of the house, where was a horse saddled and ready for travel. He had had an hour alone with Julie, and suddenly, at the door, he turned to her again.

"No, I'm going to get that Wybert Grieve. He's the cause of trouble in your life, and I want to get him. He spent a night with me, as you know, and he left that letter behind by accident. I want to see him in the hands of the Law. You won't take pay—won't take a cent for all the weeks I've spent in your house and ate your food and played the sick zany; and so I've got to pay it back in other ways. So I'm going to get Wybert Grieve for you, if I can. He's not beyond getting, I'll bet. But the police don't understand where to look for him. They think he's far away—east of Winnipeg, or like that. I don't. I think he's up in the country where he did his crime. I bet he's on the Rirock River somewhere, camping and fishing—and killing things."

The girl had sense and feeling and good judgment. She wanted him to go. She had learned to care for him in the weeks he had been in her charge, but she felt that she wanted to be alone for awhile before everything was settled. He had not asked her to be his wife, but he had said things which were as good as music to her soul. He had held her hand and had pressed it hard when he had thanked her for all she had done; and he had given Deborah and two of the hired men gifts of money for their care and attention. He had struck a note in her life that no one else had ever struck, and all his nature had thrilled at her words and at her touch. While he was dangerously ill only pity and sympathy moved her, but as soon as he became better every nerve in her body palpitated with a new feeling—a feeling she had never felt before in her life.

"I'll be glad if you get him," she said, at last, and reached out and touched his shoulder with a faint smile. "It'll seem like as if we'd done our duty then. I don't know why the police haven't got him. They do get 'em in the end in this country," she added. "Yes, they do get 'em—I'll say that. But it's long waiting sometimes—when it's one's own. It isn't because I'm revengeful that I want him caught. It's deeper than that. So get him if you can, please—Dudy."

It was the first time she had ever called him by his Christian name, and his eyes lighted like young fires, but he made no sign of his pleasure. He felt that he must do this thing for her before he asked her to be his wife. It would be proof to her how much he cared. He could spend time and money that way, and so repay her in a sense for all she had done. He knew that people had gossiped, had shrugged their shoulders at his being in the house of Julie Bordinot—he a young man and she a young woman—but it was only the women who had gossiped, and he did not care, except for Julie's sake. He had asked to be removed to the hospital at Askatoon, but the Young Doctor would not consent, and he had stayed in the Bordinots' house, happier

than he had ever been in his life, and suffering physically as he had never suffered. All that was over now, and he faced the open world with a strong heart and a high purpose. The day was perfect—a day of early June, when all the world seemed good and glad, when the air was ringing with life and buoyant with vigour.

"Well, good-bye," he said, with a note of friendly regard. "I'll get him if he's to be found. He ain't so very far away, I'll bet on that. I'm goin' first to the Break Me Easy Hotel. He's got some friends there, and he'll have left his address with someone there. They're a bad crowd at that place, and he'll have 'em tight. They'll stand by him through thick and thin. Yes, I'm goin' there."

A moment later he was cantering away, not towards Askatoon, rather to the back country, where he meant to look for Wybert Grieve in river and wood haunts. He took the view that a man of Grieve's type was always the victim of habit of mind and body; that he would frequent only paths that he had always known; that he would keep away from towns and villages; and that he would not go to "the States." He was sure of his psychology of the man, and he acted accordingly—and wisely. At the end of the second day he came to the Break Me Easy place, and there he learned—after two days—that

"'NO, YOU DON'T, HONEY!' SAID DUDY MASSAW, AS HE EVADED THE BLADE. 'NO, YOU DON'T, MY MAN-KILLER!'"

Wybert Grieve had been in the district within the week, that he had gone " nor'-west."

He found that out by astute means from an old groom and horse-cleaner. He spoke as though he knew that Wybert Grieve had been at the Break Me Easy, and said he had a letter for him from an old friend—one of the lot who were with him when Michele Bordinot was struck down. He showed the letter to the man, who saw that he had spoken the truth, and at once admitted the fact that Wybert Grieve had been lately to the Break Me Easy, and was now on the Rirock River, farther west and north. He had been made to believe that the letter had been intercepted and opened, and that it had come into Dudy's hands by good chance.

With his newly-got information, he made his way west and north. At the end of some days, after a hunt, he found his man in a camp on the Rirock River. And after a surprise and a play of pistols he brought down the murderer by a shot in the thigh, which gave him no chance of escape, though Wybert Grieve tried to stab him when he stooped to bind him.

"' No, you don't, honey ! " said Dudy Massaw, as he evaded the blade. " No, you don't, my man-killer ! They'll cure you of that in the place to which I'm takin' ye."

Then, with his man bound, he carried him to his wagon, which he had exchanged for his horse, and drove away south—none too soon, for Wybert Grieve's two friends, who camped with him, missing him, got on the track and rode many hours in chase ; but without avail.

" I've got him safe and easy," said Dudy Massaw, and made his way to Askatoon, where he delivered his man into the hands of the Sheriff and the Young Doctor.

" Now you're going out to Bordinot's place, eh ? " the Young Doctor said, when Wybert Grieve was safely housed in jail.

" Some such place," said Dudy Massaw, with a quizzical smile.

" Good luck to you," said the Young Doctor.

" I'm hopin'," was the reply.

At the door where he had bade good-bye to Julie Bordinot a month before, he saw her again and alone. She knew by the look in his face that he had been successful.

" You've got him ? " she said, with assurance in her voice.

" He's in Askatoon with a bullet-wound," was the reply. " They'll hang him," he added, firmly.

Her face clouded, her eyes closed for an instant. " It's horrible—oh, it is ! " she said.

" But he'll not spoil other homes," said Dudy Massaw.

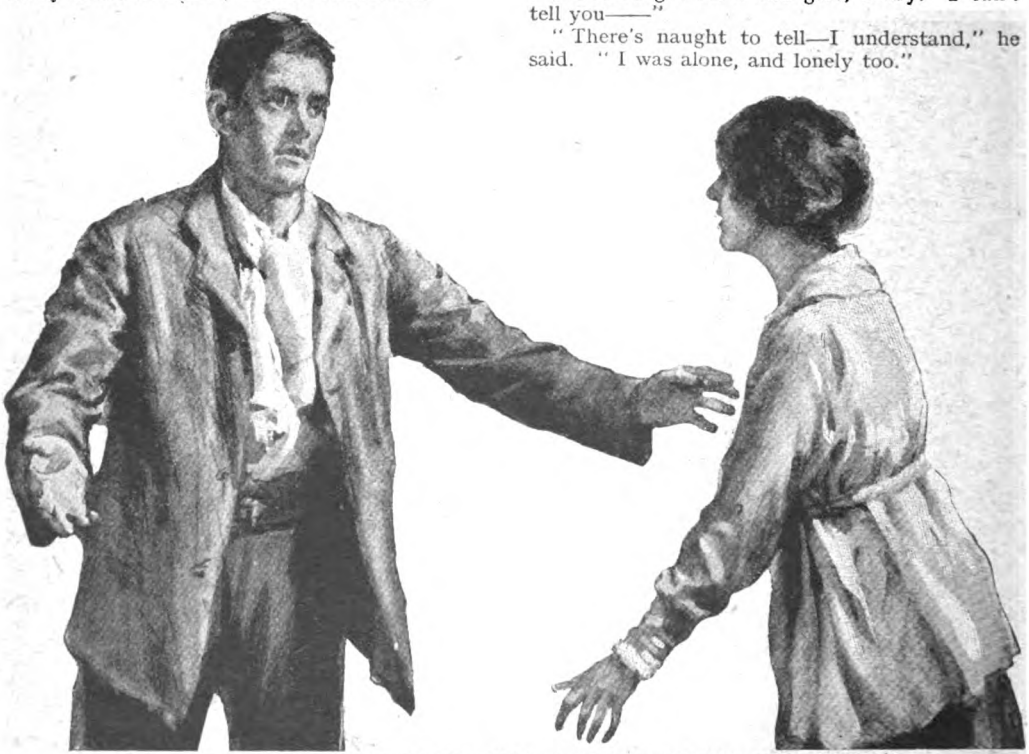
" Is this one spoiled ? " she asked, with moisture in her eyes.

" Not so spoilt that we can't restore it—you and me, Julie," he answered, and held out his arms to her with a storm of love in his eyes. For one instant she hesitated, and then, with a little cry, she slid into his arms.

After a moment, when he raised her face from his breast to his lips, she said :—

" You've got all I can give, Dudy. I can't tell you——"

" There's naught to tell—I understand," he said. " I was alone, and lonely too."



" HE HELD OUT HIS ARMS TO HER WITH A STORM OF LOVE IN HIS EYES."

I.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE COLLECTION OF WAR TROPHIES. ON THE RIGHT WILL BE SEEN A SNIPER'S CAMOUFLAGE SUIT, ON THE LEFT THE UNIFORM OF THE FIRST GERMAN PRISONER TAKEN IN THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME, WHILE ON THE WALL ARE A NUMBER OF WOODEN TRENCH-SIGNS.

OUR WAR TROPHIES.

Relics of Life and Death Collected for the National War Museum.

By A. T. DOLLING.

FEW PEOPLE ARE AWARE THAT THERE IS A DEPARTMENT OF THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE IN FRANCE KNOWN AS THE INSPECTORSHIP OF WAR TROPHIES. ONE OF THE FUNCTIONS OF THIS DEPARTMENT IS THE TASK OF COLLECTING FOR THE NATIONAL WAR MUSEUM ALL OBJECTS, WHETHER OF BRITISH OR ENEMY ORIGIN, OF HISTORICAL, ROMANTIC, OR MILITARY INTEREST WHICH WILL SERVE TO ILLUSTRATE NOW AND HEREAFTER THE INTIMATE LIFE OF THE ARMY IN THE FIELD AND IN THE AIR, AND ITS PARTICULAR EXPLOITS IN BATTLE. THE BULK OF THE COLLECTION HAS BEEN TRANSPORTED TO LONDON, AND BY THE COURTESY OF THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE NATIONAL WAR MUSEUM, "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" IS ENABLED TO DESCRIBE IN DETAIL MANY OF THE OBJECTS, WHICH CANNOT FAIL TO AWAKEN A THRILL IN THE BREAST OF EVERY ENGLISHMAN WHO REALIZES WHAT THESE NUMEROUS RELICS ARE AND WHAT THEY STAND FOR.

THERE is only one certain way in which the detail and the actual apparatus of this great war can be brought home to the majority of the British people. It is by literally bringing it home. When you see a section of Somme or Ypres—French, not a London-made imitation, but the real thing—the veritable mud and sand and corrugated iron and concrete, and the objects, be they trench-mortar or machine-gun or rifle, which a gallant deed has made memorable, or a flag or a drum which has been sanctified by battle, there will be no excuse for posterity not knowing even the *minutiæ* of this war.

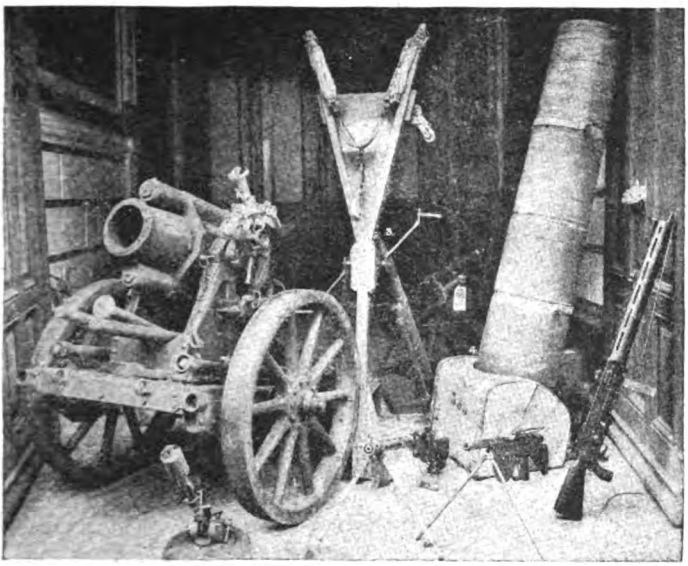
Up to a few weeks ago an important preliminary collection of trophies was housed in a seminary in a picturesque town some miles behind the front, where it was known far and wide as the Army Museum. The curator was an old soldier, assisted by two or three other soldiers temporarily invalided from the trenches, who took great pride in caring for and showing off each new trophy or relic as it came in fresh from the battle-field. Who, indeed, could look unmoved on the battered Union Jack which a man of the London Regiment flung to the breeze over shattered Gommecourt, that other which the Warwicks took into Peronne, the great flag which greeted our first divisions on their arrival that August day in Boulogne, the First Corps flag carried in the Mons retreat, the pennon of the heroic and ill-fated General John Gough, the flag that flew in the Citadel of Verdun throughout the bombardment of 1916, the Canadian flag that flew at Vimy and Passchendaele (Fig. 2)—to mention but a few of these historic strips of coloured bunting, to honour and safeguard which brave men in all ages have been ready to risk their lives?

There is here, too, the first Tank Corps flag, sanctified by battle, a frayed silken banner of brown, red, and green; the first American flag to be hoisted on America's entry into the war on the Hôtel de Ville, Paris; the first Portuguese flag to be taken to the trenches; and the headquarters flags of many British regiments in the fighting-line. Several German flags are to be seen: one brought from Antwerp and used to decorate a Boche-officers' mess at the Hôtel de Ville, Peronne, another from a dug-out at Beaumont Hamel, and two others from Lens and Bapaume, besides several enemy pennons and streamers.

One gives, naturally, first place to these symbols; but to many the most striking and important objects are the captured guns, which are of all types, from the heavy howitzer to the small but deadly trench-mortar, and even the rifle grenade-thrower (granatenwerfer). One has now an opportunity of seeing the huge, ungainly, wooden minenwerfer known as the Albrecht-mortier, which vomits up a coal-scuttleful of high explosive. Many of these guns, like the dozens of enemy rifles, have special histories which are duly set forth on their labels, together with the names of the units which captured them at Ypres, or it may be the Somme or Arras. (Fig. 3.)

Here are shown two souvenirs of air-battles in the form of the light machine-gun known as

2.—A COLLECTION OF HISTORIC FLAGS AND OTHER RELICS. THE GREAT FLAG IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE ONE WHICH GREETED OUR FIRST DIVISIONS ON LANDING IN FRANCE IN AUGUST, 1914, AND AMONG THE OTHERS IS THE FIRST CORPS FLAG CARRIED IN THE MONS RETREAT.



3.—A GROUP OF CAPTURED WEAPONS OF MANY TYPES, INCLUDING A HEAVY HOWITZER, TRENCH MORTAR, RIFLE GRENADE-THROWER, AND CATAPULT.

the parabellum, and numerous Maxims and Lewises, whose condition tells of fierce conflict.

A whole chapter might be devoted to the examples of enemy ordnance and equipment, each with a story. Take, for example, the suit of steel armour with which a gigantic Prussian *unter-offizier* sought to cleave his way into our trenches at Vimy and was killed for his pains, his body covered with over twenty wounds; or the trench gong which sounded for one of our gas attacks before Monchy, and another gong which the Boche beat in vain in the trenches of Mouquet Farm. (Fig. 4.)

Of German bicycles many have been captured during the war; but it may be doubted if ever one fell into our possession in such singular circumstances as when in June last a German soldier was seen on the Menin Road, west of Hooge, mounted on a Berlin machine and advancing with difficulty towards our lines. The wonder of his feat was to escape from his own lines, to navigate the ruts and shell-holes, and to do so while making it clear to our astonished troops that he intended to surrender. This meant riding with one arm in the air. As he drew near, escaping shrapnel and sundry pot-shots, he flung up both hands, and yelling "Kamerad!" his machine toppled over and he disappeared in a ditch. He was found to be wounded and was carried into Ypres on his bicycle eventually, which is now in this collection of relics. (Fig. 5.)

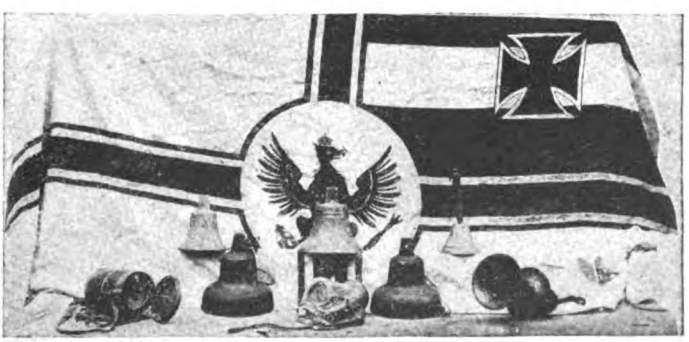
A Boche wireless apparatus taken at Messines, an operator being killed while actually sending off messages asking for supports, is also here—together with a volume from the enemy wireless station at Peronne, in which intercepted British messages are transcribed. There were a number of these volumes, but the Germans destroyed all but six. A few days after our troops entered Peronne in triumph. Major Willson, the Inspector of War Trophies, noticed a party of soldiers kindling a fire with a quantity of bound paper. He examined it and saw it was covered with German handwriting. One thick volume was rescued—five others had gone up, alas, in smoke!

German trench clubs are of different patterns all capable of dealing a deadly blow. But one, in particular, has a flexible spring handle and a heavy steel head, which, when used at Vimy, slew several of our fellows before its wielder was felled by a bayonet thrust. (Fig. 6.)

German officers carried their swords into action long after the practice became obsolete with us. There is a fine blade here with which an enemy colonel endeavoured to defend himself at Courc lette, and afterwards presented to his captor.

Bapaume Town Hall was blown up by means of a time fuse, but several devices were subsequently found in the base of dwellings to show that the enemy had expended a great deal of devilish ingenuity in constructing or adopting clock-work to his schemes of wholesale destruction. Several crude instruments were found, with yards of wire attached, leading to high explosives, and one of these is in the present exhibition.

Of our own things, a whole volume would not suffice to describe the story. There is one of the

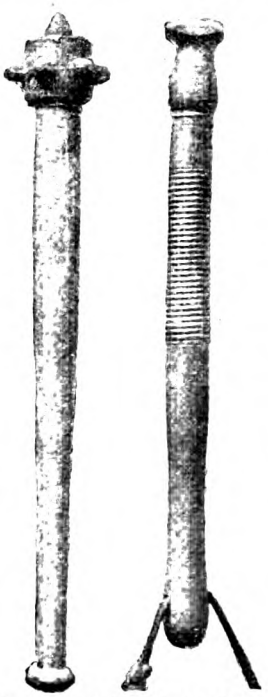


4.—A GERMAN FLAG AND A NUMBER OF TRENCH GONGS USED TO ANNOUNCE BRITISH GAS ATTACKS.

5.—THE DRAMATIC SURRENDER OF A GERMAN SOLDIER ON A BICYCLE, FULLY DESCRIBED IN THE ARTICLE. A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.

primitive catapults issued to the troops before the first Battle of Ypres, and here, too, is one of the spades which, close to the historic Chemin des Dames, at the Battle of the Aisne, helped to dig the first trench in this great warfare of trenches. Every battle has yielded some striking or curious memorial. On one hand one sees a drum made famous by a gallant drummer at Loos, and on the other the carved oak table used by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, throughout the great Battle of the Somme. Upon it every order and report was signed, and around it sat in turn all the famous Generals engaged—including Marshal Joffre and General Foch. (Fig. 7.)

To a far humbler relic, and one of a different kind, many will be inclined to accord greater reverence. It hails from the famous windmill site at Pozières. To the summit of this mound at daybreak on August 5th, 1916, a wounded soldier of the —— Anzacs dragged himself and stuck his bayonet surmounted by his hat. Close beside it he died, and his body was carried a short distance away and buried. But none removed the hat and bayonet, which remained there for days and throughout the enemy counter attack. It was finally dislodged by a shell, and reverently brought into Albert as a memento of the battle. (Fig. 8.)



6.—A COUPLE OF GERMAN TRENCH CLUBS — THESE WEAPONS ARE CAPABLE OF DEALING A DEADLY BLOW.

When Combles was taken in the early hours of September 25th, 1916, a British soldier came upon a battered brass balchino amongst the ruins of Combles church. The purpose of this church altar ornament was not at first understood, and it was for a time hung up and beaten as a gas alarm until rescued by an English chaplain, at the entrance to whose dug-out it continued for some time, together with a carved wooden effigy of the Virgin.

On the evening before the capture of Courcelette, September 15th, 1916, it was noticed that several of the German trench searchlights were particularly active in and about the village. One near the entrance to the château was a frequent target for our guns. When the Canadians took the place this searchlight was seized, and during the next night was used to signal back to their supports. It remained in constant use during the successive enemy counter-attacks until buried by a minenwerfer shell close to the château entrance on September 21st. Nearly a year later the searchlight was exhumed. Beside it was found the body of a Canadian soldier—the man who had last operated the instrument,

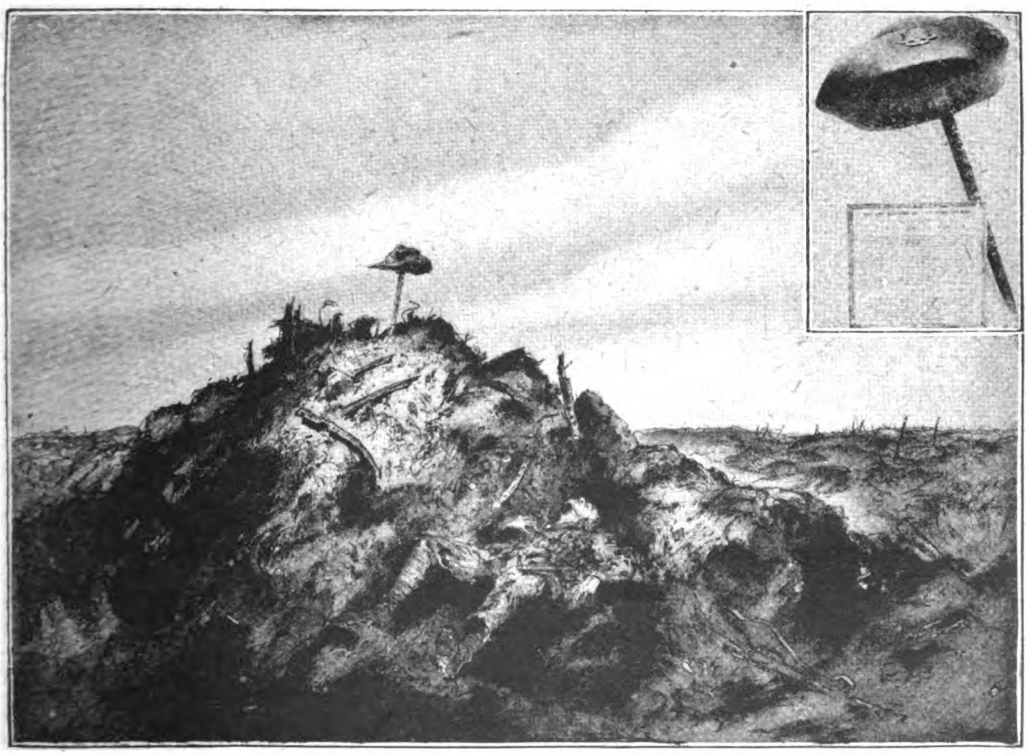
which, when the mud was stripped from it, was found to be still in working order.

In the fighting about Trones Wood, in July, 1916, and again about Thiepval in the following month, a sniper of the West Kent Regiment did splendid work behind a specially camouflaged sniper's post. At the top of this was an iron frame, supporting a sand-bag, with a gauze protection for the eyes. By inserting his head in the frame, and his rifle laid along the parapet, the sniper was most effectually concealed. It is claimed that some eighty Germans were "potted" in two days by this method.

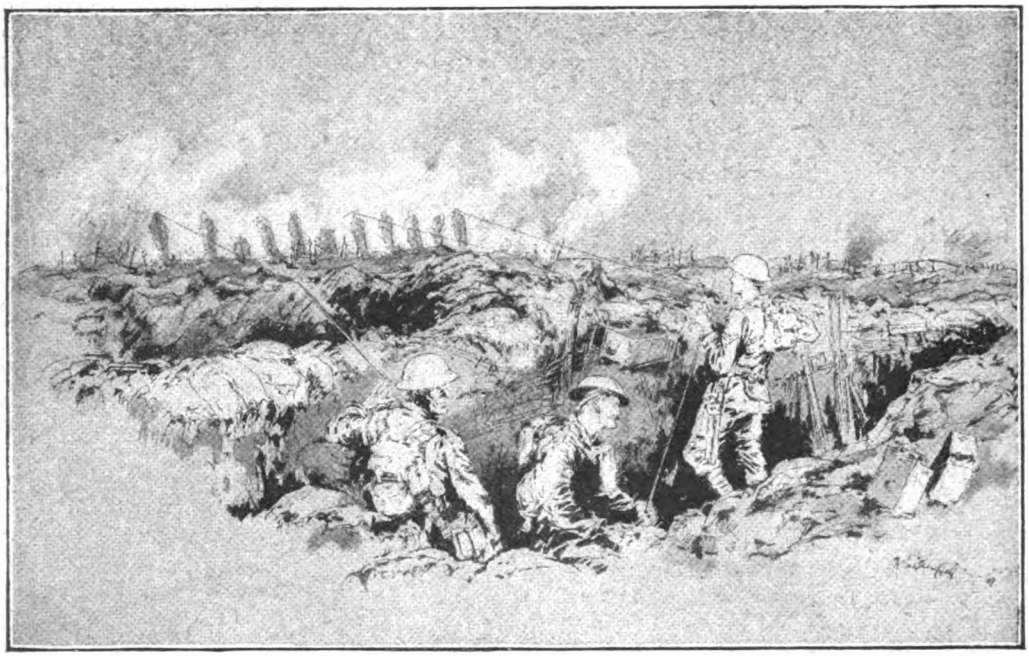
7.—THE TABLE USED BY SIR DOUGLAS HAIG THROUGHOUT THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME. UPON IT EVERY ORDER AND REPORT WAS SIGNED, AND ROUND IT SAT IN TURN ALL THE FAMOUS GENERALS ENGAGED—INCLUDING MARSHAL JOFFRE AND GENERAL FOCH.

The wearer of another camouflaged helmet at Ovillers and Bazentin-le-Grand lay in an entrenched shell-hole, his headgear having the resemblance to a clod of red Somme earth. (Fig. 1.) He succeeded in killing many Germans.

Woven glass was extensively used by the enemy in their dug-outs throughout the Somme



8.—MODEL OF THE FAMOUS WINDMILL SITE AT POZIÈRES. TO THE SUMMIT OF THIS MOUND A WOUNDED ANZAC DRAGGED HIMSELF AND, HAVING NO FLAG, STUCK UP HIS BAYONET SURMOUNTED BY HIS HAT. CLOSE BESIDE IT HE DIED AND WAS BURIED, BUT THE HAT AND BAYONET REMAINED THERE FOR DAYS AND THROUGHOUT THE ENEMY COUNTER-ATTACK. THIS AND THE OTHER MODELS SHOWN ARE MADE FROM SOIL AND MATERIALS BROUGHT FROM THE ACTUAL SPOT. INSET IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HAT AND BAYONET.



9.—MODEL SHOWING A NUMBER OF PAINTED DUMMY SOLDIERS WHICH PLAYED A PROMINENT PART IN A FAMOUS RAID ON THE GERMANS, AS FULLY DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE.

battle. One portion of a trench dug-out window comes from Peake Wood, near Contalmaison, another from near Vimy.

Here is a brass cornet from Ypres. The Ypres Town Band gave a concert in the Grand' Place a few days prior to the declaration of war. A multitude of citizens assembled, and the echoes resounded from the Cloth Hall and the noble old buildings surrounding the square, which, within a few months, were all to be levelled in the dust and would echo no more to mortal sounds.

One is shown a pair of wooden shoes from the prison of Ypres. The prisoners on their entry were all given wooden shoes. When the Germans approached there was a jail delivery, and then was seen the spectacle of dozens of prisoners clattering along the paved roads leading to the south and west. The jail was long the only undestroyed building in Ypres, until it, too, fell a victim to the heavy shells.

10.—GERMAN BODY ARMOUR, HELMET, AND CROSSBOW.

One of the most interesting exhibits is a series of eight or ten painted dummy soldiers which played a prominent part in a famous raid on Boche trenches in 1916. These dummies were laid out flat overnight in No Man's Land, fastened by the feet to long heavy strips of wood. The next day a smoke barrage was begun by our batteries, the dummies were suddenly actuated by a string, and the Boche, thinking it was an infantry advance, concentrated his fire on these papier-mâché warriors. Then we crept round and fell upon him heavily, and the trenches were soon filled with dead Boches. All the dummies were destroyed but these, and most of these bear the marks of the enemy fire. Truly, most interesting memorials of a battle! (Fig. 9.)

On every hand are objects with a history—shells and shell-cases of every calibre, flammenwerfers, bombs, grenades, swords, bayonets, revolvers, signalling pistols,

11.—AN EXAMPLE OF GERMANY'S PATRIOTIC COLOUR PRINTS, SUPPLIED TO THE TRENCHES.

wire-cutters, and axes from a hundred battle-fields of this war. There are also to be seen specimens of German body armour and helmets (Fig. 10); a copy of the Hymn of Hate, found in the trenches (Fig. 12); and some interesting examples of German patriotic colour prints (Fig. 11).

But, although the Boche has contributed so much—involuntarily—to this War Museum, the cardinal interest somehow centres about the things other than weapons and accoutrements of war. There are the enemy proclamations on the walls, enemy prints depicting our soldiers and their battles, enemy maps captured in their trenches and often stained with their blood, German officers' note-books and sketch-books—yet it is not upon these that the imagination is riveted. It is rather upon the scores of wooden trench-signs famous to tens of thousands of our soldiers in the Somme, the Arras region, or the Ypres salient. (Fig. 1.)

These once pointed the way to victory or death. There is "Mametz and Beyond," from Devil's Wood, where so many gallant fellows went—beyond; "Gommecourt Fork," "Brighton House," from Crucifix Corner; "Suicide Corner," from Kemmel; "10th Street," from Courcelette; "Heart's Delight," from the Newfoundland trenches; "Mouquet Farm," and many Piccadillys and Regent Streets. On one we are told that the "Wind is Dangerous," on another to "Keep to the Trench in Daylight." Here are the blue enamel street signs from Ypres. As to German signs, the most notable is the egregious "Nicht Argern nur Wundern," from the wrecked Town Hall of Peronne; there is a "Nach Vimy" and a "Nach Grevillers," on which one of our men afterwards inscribed: "This road is for aeroplane only." There is a signboard "Soldaten

Aus dem

Haßgesang gegen England.

Was schiert uns Russe und Franzos',
Schuß wider Schuß und Stoß um Stoß.
Wir lieben sie nicht, wir hassen sie nicht,
wir schützen Weichsel und Wasgaupaß, —
wir haben nur einen einzigen Haß.
Wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
wir haben nur einen einzigen Feind,
den ihr alle wißt, den ihr alle wißt:
Er sitzt geduckt hinter der grauen Flut,
voll Neid, voll Wut, voll Schläue, voll List,
durch Wasser getrennt, die sind dicker als Blut.

Wir wollen treten in ein Gericht,
einen Schwur zu schwören, Gesicht in Gesicht,
einen Schwur von Erz, den verbläst kein Wind,
einen Schwur für Kind und für Kindeskind,
vernehmt das Wort, sagt nach das Wort,
es wälze sich durch ganz Deutschland fort:
Wir wollen nicht lassen von unserm Haß,
wir haben alle nur einen Haß,
wir lieben vereint, wir hassen vereint,
wir haben alle nur einen Feind:

England!

Ernst Lissauer.

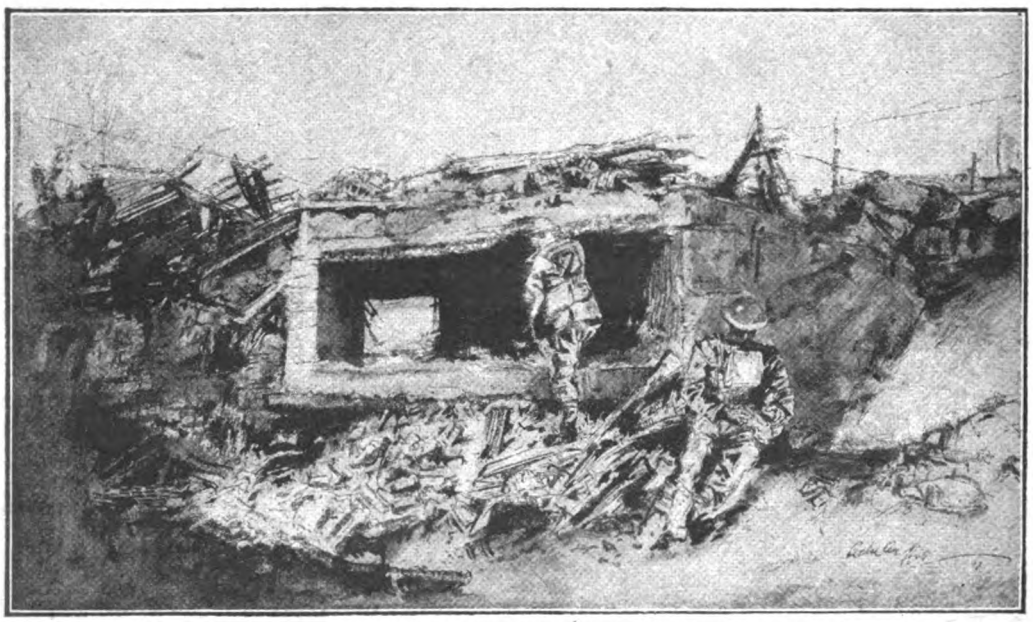
12.—COPY OF THE "HYMN OF HATE" FOUND IN THE TRENCHES.

Heim," from a German canteen near Nesle. When we captured this place a prisoners' cage was set up and some wag transferred the "Soldiers' Home" hither—much to the indignation of a fat German colonel, who denounced the joke as an outrage.

Then there are the trophies generously presented to the Museum by our French comrades-in-arms. There is the first German trench-mortar captured in the brilliant counter-attack at Verdun, there is a French flag from the Citadel, and three notable Proclamations signed by General Pétain himself. This iron sign, "To Verdun, one kilometre," stood at the cross-roads, strongholds (Fig. 13), and the very miniature houses and trees are fragments of Vimy brick and timber. So of Messines and Thiepval—all exactly to scale.

One should mention some special souvenirs of the Tanks, especially those veterans of the Somme Battle a year and a half ago—the "Creme de Menthe" and "Cordon Rouge." And there are numerous fascinating trophies of the Royal Flying Corps.

Altogether, one recognizes after seeing it that the British Army has done well in rescuing these striking memorials from the battle-field. It is a curious thing that the soldier himself is the one



13.—A MODEL OF A GERMAN CONCRETE EMPLACEMENT MADE FROM FRAGMENTS OF ONE OF THESE BOCHE STRONGHOLDS.

and was precipitated to earth by a German shell. Here is the plaque from the Citadel, painted by order of the Commandant—"On ne passe pas," together with the Verdun medal and the signed document bestowing it. Nor must we forget the seven signed Ordres du Jour of Marshal Joffre relative to the British Army, presented by the great soldier to the Museum.

Realistic models of the battle-fields here displayed have one further peculiarity—they are actually constructed from local materials. A model of Vimy Ridge is made from the very grey soil of the famous ridge, the tiny concrete emplacements are fragments of the Boche most interested in the trophies and souvenirs of war. He is the first to marvel at a curiously-shaped weapon or implement, or a relic of a valorous deed. Moreover, objects familiar in one sector are strange to another.

Now that this collection has come to London it will certainly afford a more direct and intimate glimpse than even the reams of newspaper and official despatches, the kindliness and the ferocity, the poetry and the brutality, the humour and the tragedy of war; and, too, all those thousand little unrecorded acts which made, and, alas! still make, up for millions of Britons the daily life in the trenches and billets of France and Flanders.

CHANCE, THE JUGGLER.

By WILLIAM CAINE.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

SHORTLY after Mendoza had entered into possession of that tiny house in Swan Walk, Chelsea, which for two or three years was his London home, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation of Cleveland, Ohio, asked him to design a poster for it, to be used in the colossal campaign of advertisement by means of which it proposed to drive all British makers of safes into the Bankruptcy Court and place at its mercy every British householder who should, in future, find himself in need of a burglar-proof and private lock-up for his valuables. Mendoza being perfectly willing to further this laudable project upon the terms which were offered him, the matter was quickly settled, and a day or two later a magnificent dark green safe with brilliant brass embellishments was unloaded at his door, carried by strong men into his dining-room, and deposited in the corner by the window. The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation was a bloated and ruthless corporation, but (or, perhaps, because) it did its business in a large and generous way. And so you are to understand that, while Mendoza had asked for nothing but the loan of a model for his picture, the corporation had met this request by a presentation. "No," Mr. Abbott, the manager of its London branch, had said—"no, Signor Mendoza, we don't do things that way, *believe me*. It will be a very real pleasure to us to know that we're taking care of the jewellery of the wife of the gentleman whose Art will have helped us to scalp all these old dodos who profess to build safes on this side; and we shall consider that pleasure real cheap at the cost of one of our very newest and best Thesauri. I will send a man along to your home this afternoon, and I shall be grateful if you will tell him what precise shade of what exact colour you wish it painted, so as it may harmonize perfectly with its future surroundings. For, take it from *me*, my dear Signor Mendoza, when that Thesaurus comes into your house, it comes to *stay*."

Though Mendoza had no wife and no jewellery and no conceivable use for a safe, he could not summon up the courage to decline a present thus handsomely and imperiously inflicted upon him; and so it came to pass as Mr. Abbott had predicted. The safe arrived and it stayed. Mendoza amused himself for a half-hour or so in learning, from the book of instructions, how to do the two varieties of Chinese puzzle which opened and locked the thing; and then he lost all interest in it, save that which it held for him as a model. He locked it up for the last time, put the key in a pot on the chimney-piece, stretched a piece of paper, and sat down to make a rough sketch for his poster.

Mendoza was only one of a small army of people whom the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation was employing in its assault upon the British safe-making industry, and the reproductions of his poster which were to appear upon all the hoardings and blank walls of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland may be described as but one species among a countless variety of high-

explosive shells with which the invader proposed to batter down the obsolete defences of his effete and superannuated rivals. Many other artists had been enlisted under the American flag, and there was besides a whole host of writing-people and advertising agents and canvassers and other energetic persons of the sort. But we are not here concerned with these activities. It is for the history alone of Mendoza's poster that I desire to engage your sympathies.

This picture represented—it could not very well do otherwise—the defeat of a burglar by one of Mr. Abbott's impenetrable Thesauri.

Mendoza's cracksman was a man of rather more than middle age. Thus was indicated the person of experience, the virtuoso, the perfect master of his profession, whom to baffle was a task for no ordinary Thesaurus. Again, he was none of your low-browed, broken-nosed, square-jawed Bill Sikes in moleskins, with a life-preserver sticking out of one pocket and the butt of a revolver sticking out of the other. Such a type would be a foe hardly worthy of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation's steel-plates.

No, the criminal whom Mendoza had imagined was a most decent-looking character, with a domed, philosophical brow, large spectacles, and a keen, intellectual face, to which a pair of mutton-chop whiskers added the last refinement of respectability. In his hands was no vulgar jemmy, but a complicated chemical apparatus, which emitted a fierce little jet of white flame. He was seated on the floor beside a superb green Thesaurus, the paint of which had, to be sure, yielded to the application of his instrument, but which remained otherwise as intact as on the day when it had issued from its native manufactory. Upon the burglar's face was an expression of profound despair, and under the composition was the legend, "Foiled at Last." These words, I may say, were the choice of Mr. Abbott.

Mendoza was satisfied with his design, but no more. This was the kind of job which he was quite ready to undertake, at a price; but the advertisements that he was always being commissioned to do seldom yielded him any extraordinary pleasure, for upon such work his genius was always, necessarily, hampered by commercial considerations. But, for what it was, he decided that it was pretty good, and he sent it off to Mr. Abbott without any fear that he had not properly earned his money. Then he dismissed the whole matter from his thoughts and turned his attention to other things.

He was justified in his confidence. Mr. Abbott wrote enthusiastically about the poster, and indeed he had good reason to do so, for the thing was to the last degree arresting and provocative of comment, with its bold spaces of bright green and black and white, its very unusual burglar, and his very remarkable safe-breaking tool.

Time passed and one day Mendoza's burglar was, suddenly, everywhere to be seen. At once he was rolling his desperate eyes over the streets of every town in the British Islands. The news of his defeat at the hands of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation became public property simultaneously everywhere between Penzance and Thurso, Lowestoft and Valentia.

It was a colossal triumph of Transatlantic Organization.

Two days later Mendoza received the following letter:—

SKINNERS' INN.

DEAR SIR,—Our client, Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, of Streatham, has directed our attention to your poster design which has lately been issued and placed upon the hoardings of the United Kingdom by the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Company. Mr. Jeffrey is unable to conceive your object in thus pillorying him in the character of a burglar, nor can he imagine how—since he has not the honour of your acquaintance—you have succeeded in producing a likeness of him so entirely unmistakable. But that is not his concern.

Since, however, he is a gentleman of spotless reputation, a deacon of his Congregational church, and the superintendent of its band of hope, a member of the local vigilance association, a vestryman of ten years' standing, and honorary treasurer of the Streatham Vale branch of the Society for the Discouragement of Crime, he feels that his duty to himself imperatively demands that this unprovoked and heartless libel should be punished and that in an exemplary fashion.

He has therefore instructed us to issue writs against yourself, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, the printers of the poster, and all the firms of bill-stickers who have placed it on the walls and hoardings of the Metropolis and other cities and towns of the United Kingdom. He has also directed us to apply for an injunction against the further use of the poster; but this is probably a matter of no interest to yourself.

We shall be happy to hear from you whether, and if so where and when, you will accept service of the writ, or with the name of your solicitors, should you prefer that we should serve it upon them.

We are, dear sir, yours truly,

BENJAMIN, BENJAMIN, AND BENJAMIN.

Mendoza forced himself to finish his breakfast, and then repaired to the office of his friend, Frederick Wetherby, junior partner of that well-known firm of West-end solicitors Crumpton and Co.

Wetherby, when he had read the letter of Messrs. Benjamin, said: "I needn't ask if

you have ever seen this Mr. Jeffrey or heard of him before in your life?"

"You needn't," said Mendoza. "It is pretty obvious, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Wetherby; "you mean that the mere fact of your having drawn him as a burglar in this way proves conclusively that this resemblance of which he complains is an accident. Unfortunately such a proof won't help you very much in a court of law. Mr. Jeffrey's got you on the hip, my poor bloke—that is to say, if he can establish this likeness; and if he couldn't you'd never have got this letter. These Benjamins are pretty wideawake people, but they're not blackmailers. Mr. Jeffrey's case is certainly a good one. I can only advise you to throw up your hands and let me make the best terms I may for you. It'll save you a world of trouble and extra expense."

"Don't you think, Freddie," said Mendoza, "that we'd better, perhaps, first go along and see what these Maddison people have to say about it?"

Wetherby agreed, and they went to the offices of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Abbott, solemnly, after the introduction had been made by Mendoza, "this is a very pretty little affair, don't you think? Of course I don't even ask Signor Mendoza if there's anything in the claim of this Mr. Jeffrey. The likeness is, of course, a pure accident. But it's quite undeniable. Look at this," and he laid before them a photograph. "That," he said, "is Mr. Jeffrey. Messrs. Benjamin enclosed it in their letter to us. The original poster, Mr. Wetherby, is on the wall behind you."

Mendoza and Wetherby looked from the photograph to the poster and from the poster to the photograph, but they might look till their eyes dropped out and they could discover nothing which did not confirm the likeness between the two.

Photograph and poster must, to any ordinary eye, appear to have had the same original.

"Was there ever such a bit of bad luck?" said Mendoza. "If the man had sat to me I couldn't have made that burglar more like him. Mr. Wetherby," he added, "advises me to settle. I suppose you will do the same? We stand no chance at all, it seems."

"Settle!" cried Mr. Abbott. "Settle a case that will be discussed in every town throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands! Take down our half a million of posters before the country has had a chance to talk about them! My *very* dear sirs! Let me tell you that the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation is going to fight this injunction to the House of Lords. By that time, however it goes, the existence of my company and its goods will have been rubbed, don't you think, pretty thoroughly into the consciousness of the British nation. And then there will be the libel actions, with every bill-sticker in the four countries a defendant. Hully Gee! I tell you, gentlemen, that my only regret in this whole affair is that this Mr. Jeffrey's apearance on the scene is not due to my own forethought. I tell you, gentlemen, that till this moment I believed myself to be possessed of a sort of gift for procuring publicity, but by the side of Madame Chance I don't know enough to come in out of the rain. No, sir! No, Signor Mendoza! You are not going to settle. You are going to *fight*, sir, and the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation is going to fight alongside of you. Have no fear of the consequences to yourself. The whole resources of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation are behind this war; and if this Mr. Jeffrey—this gift of heaven—should happen to win a paltry ten or twenty thousand dollars' damages from you, why! it is the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation that is going to see you through."

Messrs. Benjamin had, in their letter to Mendoza, rather under than over-estimated their client's respectability. When the injunction case came on for trial Mr. Robertson Jeffrey produced affidavits sworn by himself and a perfect cloud of unimpeachable witnesses to prove his moral superiority to the rest of mankind. It transpired that over and above the Congregational deaconship and other worthy offices which Messrs. Benjamin had mentioned, he held the honorary treasurership of a slum mission-hall and the honorary secretaryships of at least four charitable committees. He was a subscriber to several hospitals, guarantor of a lads' club, president of a branch of the Foresters, and past worshipful master of a lodge of Freemasons. He was also, it was shown, an amateur investigator in chemistry and physics, with a considerable reputation among the people who follow those branches of learning.

This illustrious man, to continue, appeared in court and was there compared with Mendoza's poster. His lordship observed that the likeness was remarkable—very.

Six expensive barristers did their best for

the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others, but in vain. His lordship granted the injunction; thereby laying upon the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation the obligation of causing its half-million posters to be removed from the walls and hoardings of the British Islands.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others, by the lips and voice of Sir Horace Bloodgood, K.C., M.P., gave notice of appeal.

So terminated this preliminary skirmish of the opposing forces.

The British Islands now began to buzz with the names of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, and Mendoza. Soon there was hardly a British eye which had not rested curiously upon Mendoza's poster, hardly a British tongue which had not learned to pronounce

"MENDOZA AND WETHERBY LOOKED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH TO THE POSTER AND FROM THE POSTER TO THE PHOTOGRAPH."

the name of the American company. Within a week at least thirty writers of music-hall songs had prepared facetious ditties which had for their refrain those remarkable words, "Foiled at Last," in anticipation of the day when the cause of Jeffrey *v.* The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others should no longer be *sub judice*. Meanwhile "Foiled at Last" became a household phrase.

Mr. Abbott was enchanted. Had the injunction been refused he must have cut his throat. Instead, he got, in the company of two of his junior counsel, his own solicitor, Wetherby, and Mendoza, slightly drunk.

This party began at the Café Royal, was continued at Mr. Abbott's club, and was concluded in Mr. Abbott's Knightsbridge flat. Mendoza did not get away until after three in the morning. He and Wetherby walked down Sloane Street together to Wetherby's house in Sloane Gardens; and then Mendoza went on to Swan Walk alone. When, finally, he passed through his garden gate it was ten minutes to four and a dark, foggy morning.

He put his hand into his pocket and discovered that he had not brought his latch-key out with him.

Now Mendoza was a kind-hearted creature, and the annoyance which this discovery occasioned him was entirely due to his unwillingness to disturb the slumbers of his small domestic staff and cause one of them to leave his or her warm bed and come down through the cold house to let him in. For himself it was nothing to stand on the doorstep for a few minutes; but for Mrs. Bond, his housekeeper, or Ellen, his parlourmaid, or Anfitrion, his valet, such a resurrection and descent must be horrible.

"I wonder," he thought, "if I can open a window anywhere."

Yes, he had his penknife.

He went quietly over the grass of the lawn to the side of the house where was the French window of the dining-room. The intention to commit a burglary, even if it is of his own establishment, inevitably induces caution in a man's movements, and Mendoza went along like a cat. But, as he approached the window, it was like a shadow that he moved, for a thin ray of subdued light had flashed for a moment between its slightly-open wings, and to his ears there had come the sound of a man's stifled curse.

Mendoza's hand went behind him and next moment a tiny revolver was in it. During a long experience of nocturnal Paris he had acquired the habit of carrying this weapon, a habit of which he had never been able to gain sufficient confidence in the police of London to break himself. Now this unlawful conduct was to find its justification. His other hand descended into the pocket of his overcoat and emerged holding an electric torch.

Then softly, softly, he stole up to the window and laid an eye to the chink. This is what he saw.

Vague against the dark background of the room, a man knelt on the floor beside the safe, which was open. Its door concealed his head, but the back of his neck was visible, through a large round hole, which showed where the locks had been cut out from the heavy steel. In one hand he held an electric torch and by its light he was exploring the interior. On the floor, beside his feet, lay an apparatus not unlike that with which Mendoza had equipped the burglar of his poster. It comprised, among other things, a small steel cylinder and a flexible pipe with a sharp metal nozzle.

Mendoza wasted no time. He slipped the barrels of his revolver and his torch through the window and said: "I have you covered. Put up your hands. High."

The man gave a slight start, but obeyed at once. His hands rose, with grotesque effect, above the door of the safe. At the same moment his torch went out. But Mendoza's continued to burn brightly.

"I have one myself, you see," he said as, with a finger, he widened the opening of the window until he could get his knee into it. "And now," he went on, pressing the wings apart and stepping into the room, "let's have a look at you."

Upon this the man, with admirable docility, raised his head above the door of the safe. Mendoza's eyes grew large.

"Carramba!" he said. "Carramba!"

Philosophical brow, spectacles, mutton-chop whiskers, and all, the grossly injured plaintiff in the case of Jeffrey *v.* The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others was before him!

To his exclamation there succeeded a short but pregnant silence, during which Mendoza continued to stare at Mr. Jeffrey while Mr. Jeffrey, his hands in the air, blinked mildly through his spectacles into the vivid beam of the torch. His face was composed. No trace of shame or rage or any other emotion convulsed it. Only a faint astonishment was discoverable there.

He looked just as some innocent elderly enthusiast might have looked whose absorption

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tion and others, but in vain. His
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hoardings of the British Island
The Maddison Domestic T

HIS TORCH
HIGH.

in his collection of butterflies or postage-stamps should suddenly have been broken.

"Admirable, Mr. Jeffrey," said Mendoza; "were this matter only between ourselves, I swear that I would let you go. For your nerve is surely the most colossal that has yet been witnessed upon earth, and you excite my sympathies enormously. You have a sense of humour that I cannot but respect. Yet I may not let you go. This is obviously not your first safe, and I must, as a responsible citizen, see to it that it is your last for some years to come. But what do you suppose they will say in Streatham, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Why, my dear sir," said the other, "they must, of course, say what they please. But from what I know of the canting fools, it will not savour too much of charity. And now, do you not think you had better tie my hands behind my back without more ado? For a man of my years, it is rather troublesome to hold his arms in the air for very long at a time, as Moses, you may remember, discovered long ago."

"Delighted to oblige, Mr. Jeffrey," said Mendoza. "Stand up, please. Turn your back to me, lower your hands behind you. Cross your wrists. So! And now stand perfectly still. I will not answer for the consequences of a movement on your part. May I trouble you for your handkerchief? Thank you."

He twitched out the silk handkerchief which protruded so conveniently from Mr. Jeffrey's sleeve, made a slip-knot in it, and next moment its owner's hands were secured.

"Now," he said, "sit down in that chair, if you will be so good." Mr. Jeffrey obeyed. Mendoza turned on a light by the fireplace. "With your permission," he said, "I will have a whisky-and-soda. I have never before caught a burglar, and the experience, I find, has taken it out of me a little. May I mix one for you, Mr. Jeffrey? I shall be delighted to hold it for you."

"Not for me, thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey. "I have been a teetotaller all my life. In my business it is wonderfully advantageous to be a teetotaller."

"You smoke, at least? A cigar, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey; "I should enjoy a cigar."

Mendoza cut a long Corona and placed it between his guest's teeth, held a match to it, and Mr. Jeffrey was accommodated.

Mendoza mixed a whisky-and-soda and sat down.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that I am very sorry that this has happened. I would much rather have come home to find you gone. But as it is, you see yourself that I have no choice in the matter. It is one thing to admire a man's sense of humour, but it is another to betray that Society without whose protection one's life would be that of a beast in a jungle."

"Quite so," said Mr. Jeffrey. "I'm not blaming you in the least. I'm only blaming myself for being such a fool. It's ten years since I did anything of this kind, and I might have known that to start it again would prove rather too strong a temptation to Providence. When I was a young man, Mr. Mendoza, I was very successful in this line of business. I made altogether between fifty and sixty thousand pounds at it. And I was never caught—not once. And I never came across a safe that I couldn't open. That was my undoing. The challenge of that poster of yours was more than I could resist. And as it came out in court that the safe in your poster had been drawn from one which the Maddison Corporation had given to you—why, there was simply nothing else for it. Yours was the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus that had to be opened, obviously."

"Obviously," said Mendoza. "And opened it was."

"Yes," said Mr. Jeffrey, with a smile; "that will always be a comfortable thought for me, even though this safe of yours was the emptiest I ever had to do with; but if you'd interrupted me three minutes earlier I should not have had quite such *complete* satisfaction. For, of course, I should have known that I could have finished the job. Nothing can stand against that gas of mine. I invented it myself, long ago, and I've never given the secret away. The flame cuts through any steel like cheese. A beautiful little apparatus, Mr. Mendoza. Just that small cylinder of compressed gas—you can carry it in your overcoat pocket—and a yard or two of flexible pipe. That's all. But it's an Open Sesame, if ever there was one. It's done the business of precisely four hundred and thirty-three unbreakable safes. And, by the way, this won't be a very good advertisement for the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, will it? They won't be very grateful to you, Mr. Mendoza, I'm afraid."

"I can't help that," said Mendoza. "They are a company and, having no conscience, they would probably be quite happy to compound your felony on the terms of your

abandoning your actions; but I am a private citizen and I have to do my duty."

"Yes," said Mr. Jeffrey, as he puffed reflectively at his cigar. "Yes, I'm not blaming you. But, Mr. Mendoza," he went on, after a short pause, "though I don't dream of asking you to let me off, there's one favour that I would like you to grant me."

"What's that?" Mendoza asked.

"Why, simply this. Supposing things should so fall out that you found yourself able to keep silence about what has happened in this room to-night, would you do so?"

"I don't understand," said Mendoza. "How could they?"

"I don't say they could or that they couldn't. But if they *did?* You see," he went on, "it's about my wife that I'm thinking. Thank God I haven't any children. She knows nothing about how I made my money. I accounted for my occasional absences from home at night by telling her that I was attending the meeting of some scientific society, or that I had a temperance address to make somewhere. She is a very simple woman and a very good one, and this will certainly kill her. And so, if it *should* happen that you find yourself able to keep silence——"

"Well," said Mendoza, "I don't mind promising you that. But I don't see——"

"No," said Mr. Jeffrey, "perhaps you don't. It's only in case. Then I've your promise?"

"You have, if it's any good to you."

Mr. Jeffrey heaved a sigh of relief. "Thank you," he said. "That's all I ask. And now, shall we be moving along to the police-station, Mr. Mendoza?"

Mendoza also sighed. "I suppose so," he said, as he got up. "Come along."

"Age before honesty, I presume," said Mr. Jeffrey, with a little laugh. He rose and preceded Mendoza to the window, cigar in mouth and hands fastened behind his back. They passed through the garden into Swan Walk.

The house was at the Embankment end of the street and Mr. Jeffrey turned at once in the direction of the river. "There's a constable at the bridge," he said. "He'll take me over from you and then you can put your revolver away. I don't like those things at all. I never carried one. They're apt to go off when you don't mean them to."

"Oh," said Mendoza, "if it inconveniences you——" and he put the thing in his pocket.

"Thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey, "you're very obliging." At the same time he thrust out a foot in front of Mendoza, who tripped, stumbled, and fell sprawling on the pavement.

He was up again in a second, but Mr. Jeffrey had the start of him. For so old a man—indeed, for anybody whose hands were tied behind him—he moved with prodigious speed. Mendoza was pretty quick on his feet, but the course they ran was a short one, and Mr. Jeffrey beat him to his goal by a couple of yards. That goal was the wall of the Embankment.

Mendoza saw him leap high in the air, land on the top, and, without a second's pause, spring outwards. He uttered no cry. He simply disappeared.

Mendoza, reaching the wall, thrust his head over into the murky blackness. A few yards below him the swollen river, just at the beginning of the ebb, swung chuckling down to the sea. He snatched his torch from his pocket and, running with the stream, threw a ray over the water. Something down there rolled once heavily to the surface. He saw a white face, eyes that glared through shining spectacles. And then the water closed finally over that which it had taken to itself.

Thus it came about that Mendoza was privileged some days later to read in the columns of the *Evening Wire* that which follows:—

An inquest was held this afternoon upon the body of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, late of Streatham, which, it will be remembered, was found by some boys floating in the Thames off Rotherhithe. The deceased gentleman was the plaintiff in the remarkable case of Jeffrey *v.* The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation (of Cleveland, Ohio) and others, which was lately reported in these columns. It will be recalled that a poster which this company had issued represented a burglar in the act of endeavouring to open a safe, and that, by a remarkable coincidence, the features of this burglar were identical with those of Mr. Jeffrey.

Mr. Jeffrey was a gentleman of property, a man of unblemished character, a scientist of wide reputation, a person, lastly, who, during his whole life, had been actively engaged in works of a religious and charitable nature.

It is supposed that the reflection upon himself which the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation's poster thus occasioned must have preyed upon the unfortunate gentleman's mind to such an extent that he was at last driven to self-destruction; he appears to have secured his hands behind his back with his own handkerchief, first tied in a slip-knot, then drawn tight, and finally knotted and reknotted until it was impossible for him to release them (a feat which is not so difficult as it may perhaps at first seem), and then to have thrown himself, thus incapacitated from making any effort to escape death, into the river.

This afternoon the coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide whilst of unsound mind.

Mr. Jeffrey leaves a widow, with whom general sympathy must be felt.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation,

with that strong generosity which characterizes all its dealings, has undertaken to suppress the poster whose publication has had so tragic an issue. The appeal and the libel actions pending as a result of such publication have accordingly all been abandoned.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation desires to express its unbounded regret that an action, on its part wholly innocent, should have led to so terrible a disaster.

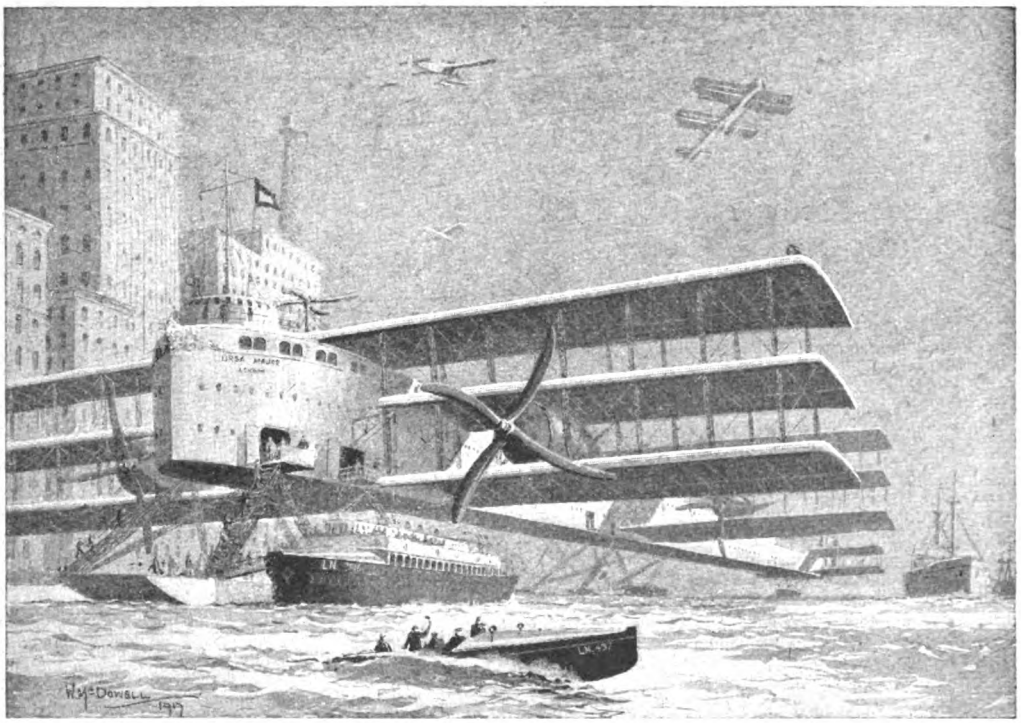
But as the Premier Safe-Making Company of the World, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation scorns to be satisfied with a mere expression of regret. It has therefore presented the widow of Mr. Jeffrey with five thousand pounds of its ordinary stock, in the hope that this attempt at making compensation to her for the sad loss which she has sustained may do something towards softening her resentment against the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation for what, is, after all, a purely accidental injury, however terrible a one it may be.

There is something large and fine and American about such conduct on the part of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, and the British public will, we doubt not, properly appreciate it.

It is interesting also to note that henceforward every advance in the prosperity of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation will be reflected instantaneously in the improved circumstances of the widow of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey.

"So it will," said Mendoza to himself, with a grin. "Now, I wonder what the insertion of this half-column cost my friend Mr. Abbott?"

"HE SNATCHED HIS TORCH FROM HIS POCKET AND THREW A RAY OVER THE WATER. HE SAW A WHITE FACE, EYES THAT GLARED THROUGH SHINING SPECTACLES."



THE DRAWING SHOWS THE "URSA MAJOR" EMBARKING PASSENGERS AT THE PORT OF LONDON IN A.D. 2017, PREPARATORY TO HER DAILY FLIGHT TO NEW YORK (CAPE CLEAR TO SANDY HOOK, THREE AND A QUARTER HOURS). NOTE THE MOTOR-TENDER AND THE BEACON-LIGHT WHICH GUIDES THE GIANT MULTIPLANES TO THEIR MOORINGS ON THE RETURN VOYAGE.

DRAWN BY W. McDOWELL.

WHEN SHALL WE TRAVEL BY FLYING TRAINS?

The Opinions of Men Who Ought to Know.

A few years ago the idea that we might travel by aircraft as regularly as we travel by railways and steamships would have been dismissed as the chimera of dreamers and visionaries. To-day it has become the definite plan of serious business men who are prepared to stake their money and their reputation on its practicability. M. Louis Paulhan, the winner of the "Daily Mail" ten thousand pounds prize for what now seems the insignificant feat of flying from London to Manchester, has ventured on the prediction that aeroplane passenger services will be in regular operation by 1920. With a view to ascertaining to what extent this optimism is shared by the men who ought to know we have consulted a number of representative experts, both writers and artists, on the question.

MR. G. HOLT THOMAS.

IN the first place I had a fairly long conversation, at his offices in Victoria Street, with Mr. G. Holt Thomas, the managing director of several aircraft companies, who was referred to by Lord Cowdray the other day as the Napoleon of the aeronautic industry. I found Mr. Thomas frankly optimistic on the subject, firmly convinced that as soon as things settle down after the war we shall see airships taking their place with railways and motor vehicles as a means of transit.

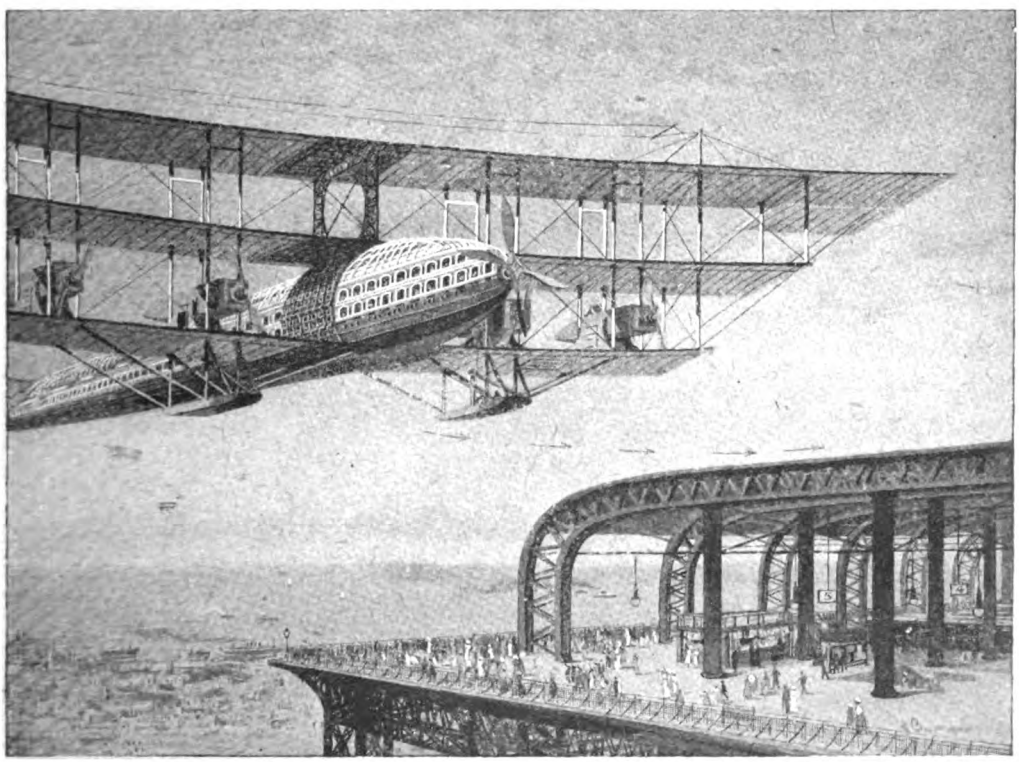
"I have three main reasons for this belief," said Mr. Thomas. "In the first place aviation is faster than any other means of transport. Secondly, in my judgment it is safe. Thirdly, it is not too costly as a commercial proposition.

"I suppose no one is prepared to contest my

first reason. But let me give one or two illustrations of the great superiority of flying in point of speed. We have practical machines to-day which will easily do over a hundred miles an hour, travelling, you must remember, from point to point as the crow flies, which neither railway trains nor motor-cars can do. Let us assume a flying speed, however, of only eighty miles an hour. This brings Paris within three hours of London, as compared with seven or eight by train; Rome, twelve and a half hours, as compared with forty-two; Marseilles, eight hours, as compared with twenty-three, and so on. New York becomes two days' distance from London, Ceylon two and three-quarter days, Vancouver three days, Cape Town three and a half days, Tokio four and a half days, and Sydney five days.

"As to the second point—safety. There is an element of danger, of course, in all forms of travelling, whether by lift, motor-car, or railway train. It is my opinion that flying, under proper conditions and with proper safeguards, need not be specially dangerous. Of course, in the early days of flying there were many fatalities, just as there were in the early days of motoring. If you eliminate casualties due to dangerous machines, inexperienced or reckless pilots, trick flying, etc., the balance of unavoidable accidents is not so great as to justify the idea that flying is necessarily dangerous to an extent that other forms of locomotion are not.

"Of course, before people generally could travel by air certain arrangements would have to be made to provide against such contingencies as storms and fogs. My own idea is that it will be necessary to have landing places say at ten miles apart, so that in the event of storms or fogs suddenly arising a pilot will always be able to land without mishap. With searchlights at every ten miles the difficulty of night flying will also be overcome. As regards sea-passages, we might have ships, not necessarily anchored, but always cruising, say every fifty miles, from land to land. In point of fact, good pilots can now fly in practically any winds, and winds of troublesome force are of much rarer occurrence than might be supposed. The statistics of the Meteorological Office, for instance, show that at Holyhead—the windiest place in the United Kingdom—there are only thirteen days in the year, on the average, when the wind reaches a velocity of thirty-nine miles. And again with fog, even London has only twenty-two days and the south coast only twelve days



THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THIS TRANSATLANTIC TRIPLANE IS THE CENTRAL ALL-ONE-PIECE FRAMEWORK FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, HOLDING THE IMMENSE PLANES AND THE FUSELAGE OR THE BODY OF THE CRAFT IN PERFECT RIGIDITY. IT IS SHOWN ENCIRCLING THE "HULL" IN A BROAD BAND, AND FROM ITS VARIOUS BRACKETS SPRING THE THREE PLANES ON EITHER SIDE.

DRAWN BY G. BRON.

explosive shells with which the invader proposed to batter down the obsolete defences of his effete and superannuated rivals. Many other artists had been enlisted under the American flag, and there was besides a whole host of writing-people and advertising agents and canvassers and other energetic persons of the sort. But we are not here concerned with these activities. It is for the history alone of Mendoza's poster that I desire to engage your sympathies.

This picture represented—it could not very well do otherwise—the defeat of a burglar by one of Mr. Abbott's impenetrable Thesauri.

Mendoza's cracksman was a man of rather more than middle age. Thus was indicated the person of experience, the virtuoso, the perfect master of his profession, whom to baffle was a task for no ordinary Thesaurus. Again, he was none of your low-browed, broken-nosed, square-jawed Bill Sikes in moleskins, with a life-preserver sticking out of one pocket and the butt of a revolver sticking out of the other. Such a type would be a foe hardly worthy of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation's steel-plates.

No, the criminal whom Mendoza had imagined was a most decent-looking character, with a domed, philosophical brow, large spectacles, and a keen, intellectual face, to which a pair of mutton-chop whiskers added the last refinement of respectability. In his hands was no vulgar jemmy, but a complicated chemical apparatus, which emitted a fierce little jet of white flame. He was seated on the floor beside a superb green Thesaurus, the paint of which had, to be sure, yielded to the application of his instrument, but which remained otherwise as intact as on the day when it had issued from its native manufactory. Upon the burglar's face was an expression of profound despair, and under the composition was the legend, "Foiled at Last." These words, I may say, were the choice of Mr. Abbott.

Mendoza was satisfied with his design, but no more. This was the kind of job which he was quite ready to undertake, at a price; but the advertisements that he was always being commissioned to do seldom yielded him any extraordinary pleasure, for upon such work his genius was always, necessarily, hampered by commercial considerations. But, for what it was, he decided that it was pretty good, and he sent it off to Mr. Abbott without any fear that he had not properly earned his money. Then he dismissed the whole matter from his thoughts and turned his attention to other things.

He was justified in his confidence. Mr. Abbott wrote enthusiastically about the poster, and indeed he had good reason to do so, for the thing was to the last degree arresting and provocative of comment, with its bold spaces of bright green and black and white, its very unusual burglar, and his very remarkable safe-breaking tool.

Time passed and one day Mendoza's burglar was, suddenly, everywhere to be seen. At once he was rolling his desperate eyes over the streets of every town in the British Islands. The news of his defeat at the hands of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation became public property simultaneously everywhere between Penzance and Thurso, Lowestoft and Valentia.

It was a colossal triumph of Transatlantic Organization.

Two days later Mendoza received the following letter:—

SKINNERS' INN.

DEAR SIR,—Our client, Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, of Streatham, has directed our attention to your poster design which has lately been issued and placed upon the hoardings of the United Kingdom by the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Company. Mr. Jeffrey is unable to conceive your object in thus pillorying him in the character of a burglar, nor can he imagine how—since he has not the honour of your acquaintance—you have succeeded in producing a likeness of him so entirely unmistakable. But that is not his concern.

Since, however, he is a gentleman of spotless reputation, a deacon of his Congregational church, and the superintendent of its band of hope, a member of the local vigilance association, a vestryman of ten years' standing, and honorary treasurer of the Streatham Vale branch of the Society for the Discouragement of Crime, he feels that his duty to himself imperatively demands that this unprovoked and heartless libel should be punished and that in an exemplary fashion.

He has therefore instructed us to issue writs against yourself, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, the printers of the poster, and all the firms of bill-stickers who have placed it on the walls and hoardings of the Metropolis and other cities and towns of the United Kingdom. He has also directed us to apply for an injunction against the further use of the poster; but this is probably a matter of no interest to yourself.

We shall be happy to hear from you whether, and if so where and when, you will accept service of the writ, or with the name of your solicitors, should you prefer that we should serve it upon them.

We are, dear sir, yours truly,

BENJAMIN, BENJAMIN, AND BENJAMIN.

Mendoza forced himself to finish his breakfast, and then repaired to the office of his friend, Frederick Wetherby, junior partner of that well-known firm of West-end solicitors Crumpton and Co.

Wetherby, when he had read the letter of Messrs. Benjamin, said: "I needn't ask if

you have ever seen this Mr. Jeffrey or heard of him before in your life?"

"You needn't," said Mendoza. "It is pretty obvious, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Wetherby; "you mean that the mere fact of your having drawn him as a burglar in this way proves conclusively that this resemblance of which he complains is an accident. Unfortunately such a proof won't help you very much in a court of law. Mr. Jeffrey's got you on the hip, my poor bloke—that is to say, if he can establish this likeness; and if he couldn't you'd never have got this letter. These Benjamins are pretty wideawake people, but they're not blackmailers. Mr. Jeffrey's case is certainly a good one. I can only advise you to throw up your hands and let me make the best terms I may for you. It'll save you a world of trouble and extra expense."

"Don't you think, Freddie," said Mendoza, "that we'd better, perhaps, first go along and see what these Maddison people have to say about it?"

Wetherby agreed, and they went to the offices of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Abbott, solemnly, after the introduction had been made by Mendoza, "this is a very pretty little affair, don't you think? Of course I don't even ask Signor Mendoza if there's anything in the claim of this Mr. Jeffrey. The likeness is, of course, a pure accident. But it's quite undeniable. Look at this," and he laid before them a photograph. "That," he said, "is Mr. Jeffrey. Messrs. Benjamin enclosed it in their letter to us. The original poster, Mr. Wetherby, is on the wall behind you."

Mendoza and Wetherby looked from the photograph to the poster and from the poster to the photograph, but they might look till their eyes dropped out and they could discover nothing which did not confirm the likeness between the two.

Photograph and poster must, to any ordinary eye, appear to have had the same original.

"Was there ever such a bit of bad luck?" said Mendoza. "If the man had sat to me I couldn't have made that burglar more like him. Mr. Wetherby," he added, "advises me to settle. I suppose you will do the same? We stand no chance at all, it seems."

"Settle!" cried Mr. Abbott. "Settle a case that will be discussed in every town throughout the length and breadth of the British Islands! Take down our half a million of posters before the country has had a chance to talk about them! My *very* dear sirs! Let me tell you that the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation is going to fight this injunction to the House of Lords. By that time, however it goes, the existence of my company and its goods will have been rubbed, don't you think, pretty thoroughly into the consciousness of the British nation. And then there will be the libel actions, with every bill-sticker in the four countries a defendant. Hully Gee! I tell you, gentlemen, that my only regret in this whole affair is that this Mr. Jeffrey's apearance on the scene is not due to my own forethought. I tell you, gentlemen, that till this moment I believed myself to be possessed of a sort of gift for procuring publicity, but by the side of Madame Chance I don't know enough to come in out of the rain. No, sir! No, Signor Mendoza! You are not going to settle. You are going to *fight*, sir, and the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation is going to fight alongside of you. Have no fear of the consequences to yourself. The whole resources of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation are behind this war; and if this Mr. Jeffrey—this gift of heaven—should happen to win a paltry ten or twenty thousand dollars' damages from you, why! it is the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation that is going to see you through."

Messrs. Benjamin had, in their letter to Mendoza, rather under than over-estimated their client's respectability. When the injunction case came on for trial Mr. Robertson Jeffrey produced affidavits sworn by himself and a perfect cloud of unimpeachable witnesses to prove his moral superiority to the rest of mankind. It transpired that over and above the Congregational deaconship and other worthy offices which Messrs. Benjamin had mentioned, he held the honorary treasurership of a slum mission-hall and the honorary secretaryships of at least four charitable committees. He was a subscriber to several hospitals, guarantor of a lads' club, president of a branch of the Foresters, and past worshipful master of a lodge of Freemasons. He was also, it was shown, an amateur investigator in chemistry and physics, with a considerable reputation among the people who follow those branches of learning.

This illustrious man, to continue, appeared in court and was there compared with Mendoza's poster. His lordship observed that the likeness was remarkable—very.

Six expensive barristers did their best for

the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others, but in vain. His lordship granted the injunction; thereby laying upon the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation the obligation of causing its half-million posters to be removed from the walls and hoardings of the British Islands.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others, by the lips and voice of Sir Horace Bloodgood, K.C., M.P., gave notice of appeal.

"MENDOZA AND WETHERBY LOOKED FROM THE PHOTOGRAPH TO THE POSTER AND FROM THE POSTER TO THE PHOTOGRAPH."

So terminated this preliminary skirmish of the opposing forces.

The British Islands now began to buzz with the names of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, and Mendoza. Soon there was hardly a British eye which had not rested curiously upon Mendoza's poster, hardly a British tongue which had not learned to pronounce

the name of the American company. Within a week at least thirty writers of music-hall songs had prepared facetious ditties which had for their refrain those remarkable words, "Foiled at Last," in anticipation of the day when the cause of Jeffrey *v.* The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others should no longer be *sub judice*. Meanwhile "Foiled at Last" became a household phrase.

Mr. Abbott was enchanted. Had the injunction been refused he must have cut his throat. Instead, he got, in the company of two of his junior counsel, his own solicitor, Wetherby, and Mendoza, slightly drunk.

This party began at the Café Royal, was continued at Mr. Abbott's club, and was concluded in Mr. Abbott's Knightsbridge flat. Mendoza did not get away until after three in the morning. He and Wetherby walked down Sloane Street together to Wetherby's house in Sloane Gardens; and then Mendoza went on to Swan Walk alone. When, finally, he passed through his garden gate it was ten minutes to four and a dark, foggy morning.

He put his hand into his pocket and discovered that he had not brought his latch-key out with him.

Now Mendoza was a kind-hearted creature, and the annoyance which this discovery occasioned him was entirely due to his unwillingness to disturb the slumbers of his small domestic staff and cause one of them to leave his or her warm bed and come down through the cold house to let him in. For himself it was nothing to stand on the doorstep for a few minutes; but for Mrs. Bond, his housekeeper, or Ellen, his parlourmaid, or Anfitrion, his valet, such a resurrection and descent must be horrible.

"I wonder," he thought, "if I can open a window anywhere."

Yes, he had his penknife.

He went quietly over the grass of the lawn to the side of the house where was the French window of the dining-room. The intention to commit a burglary, even if it is of his own establishment, inevitably induces caution in a man's movements, and Mendoza went along like a cat. But, as he approached the window, it was like a shadow that he moved, for a thin ray of subdued light had flashed for a moment between its slightly-open wings, and to his ears there had come the sound of a man's stifled curse.

Mendoza's hand went behind him and next moment a tiny revolver was in it. During a long experience of nocturnal Paris he had acquired the habit of carrying this weapon, a habit of which he had never been able to gain sufficient confidence in the police of London to break himself. Now this unlawful conduct was to find its justification. His other hand descended into the pocket of his overcoat and emerged holding an electric torch.

Then softly, softly, he stole up to the window and laid an eye to the chink. This is what he saw.

Vague against the dark background of the room, a man knelt on the floor beside the safe, which was open. Its door concealed his head, but the back of his neck was visible, through a large round hole, which showed where the locks had been cut out from the heavy steel. In one hand he held an electric torch and by its light he was exploring the interior. On the floor, beside his feet, lay an apparatus not unlike that with which Mendoza had equipped the burglar of his poster. It comprised, among other things, a small steel cylinder and a flexible pipe with a sharp metal nozzle.

Mendoza wasted no time. He slipped the barrels of his revolver and his torch through the window and said: "I have you covered. Put up your hands. High."

The man gave a slight start, but obeyed at once. His hands rose, with grotesque effect, above the door of the safe. At the same moment his torch went out. But Mendoza's continued to burn brightly.

"I have one myself, you see," he said as, with a finger, he widened the opening of the window until he could get his knee into it. "And now," he went on, pressing the wings apart and stepping into the room, "let's have a look at you."

Upon this the man, with admirable docility, raised his head above the door of the safe. Mendoza's eyes grew large.

"Carramba!" he said. "Carramba!"

Philosophical brow, spectacles, mutton-chop whiskers, and all, the grossly injured plaintiff in the case of Jeffrey *v.* The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation and others was before him!

To his exclamation there succeeded a short but pregnant silence, during which Mendoza continued to stare at Mr. Jeffrey while Mr. Jeffrey, his hands in the air, blinked mildly through his spectacles into the vivid beam of the torch. His face was composed. No trace of shame or rage or any other emotion convulsed it. Only a faint astonishment was discoverable there.

He looked just as some innocent elderly enthusiast might have looked whose absorption

MR. SLEUTH USES BARRELS OF HIS REVOLVER AND HIS TORCH
SAYS, "I HAVE YOU COVERED. PUT UP YOUR HANDS. HIGH.'"

in his collection of butterflies or postage-stamps should suddenly have been broken.

"Admirable, Mr. Jeffrey," said Mendoza; "were this matter only between ourselves, I swear that I would let you go. For your nerve is surely the most colossal that has yet been witnessed upon earth, and you excite my sympathies enormously. You have a sense of humour that I cannot but respect. Yet I may not let you go. This is obviously not your first safe, and I must, as a responsible citizen, see to it that it is your last for some years to come. But what do you suppose they will say in Streatham, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Why, my dear sir," said the other, "they must, of course, say what they please. But from what I know of the canting fools, it will not savour too much of charity. And now, do you not think you had better tie my hands behind my back without more ado? For a man of my years, it is rather troublesome to hold his arms in the air for very long at a time, as Moses, you may remember, discovered long ago."

"Delighted to oblige, Mr. Jeffrey," said Mendoza. "Stand up, please. Turn your back to me, lower your hands behind you. Cross your wrists. So! And now stand perfectly still. I will not answer for the consequences of a movement on your part. May I trouble you for your handkerchief? Thank you."

He twitched out the silk handkerchief which protruded so conveniently from Mr. Jeffrey's sleeve, made a slip-knot in it, and next moment its owner's hands were secured.

"Now," he said, "sit down in that chair, if you will be so good." Mr. Jeffrey obeyed. Mendoza turned on a light by the fireplace. "With your permission," he said, "I will have a whisky-and-soda. I have never before caught a burglar, and the experience, I find, has taken it out of me a little. May I mix one for you, Mr. Jeffrey? I shall be delighted to hold it for you."

"Not for me, thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey. "I have been a teetotaller all my life. In my business it is wonderfully advantageous to be a teetotaller."

"You smoke, at least? A cigar, Mr. Jeffrey?"

"Thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey; "I should enjoy a cigar."

Mendoza cut a long Corona and placed it between his guest's teeth, held a match to it, and Mr. Jeffrey was accommodated.

Mendoza mixed a whisky-and-soda and sat down.

"I want to tell you," he said, "that I am very sorry that this has happened. I would much rather have come home to find you gone. But as it is, you see yourself that I have no choice in the matter. It is one thing to admire a man's sense of humour, but it is another to betray that Society without whose protection one's life would be that of a beast in a jungle."

"Quite so," said Mr. Jeffrey. "I'm not blaming you in the least. I'm only blaming myself for being such a fool. It's ten years since I did anything of this kind, and I might have known that to start it again would prove rather too strong a temptation to Providence. When I was a young man, Mr. Mendoza, I was very successful in this line of business. I made altogether between fifty and sixty thousand pounds at it. And I was never caught—not once. And I never came across a safe that I couldn't open. That was my undoing. The challenge of that poster of yours was more than I could resist. And as it came out in court that the safe in your poster had been drawn from one which the Maddison Corporation had given to you—why, there was simply nothing else for it. Yours was the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus that had to be opened, obviously."

"Obviously," said Mendoza. "And opened it was."

"Yes," said Mr. Jeffrey, with a smile; "that will always be a comfortable thought for me, even though this safe of yours was the emptiest I ever had to do with; but if you'd interrupted me three minutes earlier I should not have had quite such *complete* satisfaction. For, of course, I should have known that I could have finished the job. Nothing can stand against that gas of mine. I invented it myself, long ago, and I've never given the secret away. The flame cuts through any steel like cheese. A beautiful little apparatus, Mr. Mendoza. Just that small cylinder of compressed gas—you can carry it in your overcoat pocket—and a yard or two of flexible pipe. That's all. But it's an Open Sesame, if ever there was one. It's done the business of precisely four hundred and thirty-three unbreakable safes. And, by the way, this won't be a very good advertisement for the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, will it? They won't be very grateful to you, Mr. Mendoza, I'm afraid."

"I can't help that," said Mendoza. "They are a company and, having no conscience, they would probably be quite happy to compound your felony on the terms of your

"Thank you," said Mr. Jeffrey, "you're obliging." At the same time he thrust

Mr. Jeffrey leaves a widow, with whom general sympathy must be felt.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation,

with that strong generosity which characterizes all its dealings, has undertaken to suppress the poster whose publication has had so tragic an issue. The appeal and the libel actions pending as a result of such publication have accordingly all been abandoned.

The Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation desires to express its unbounded regret that an action, on its part wholly innocent, should have led to so terrible a disaster.

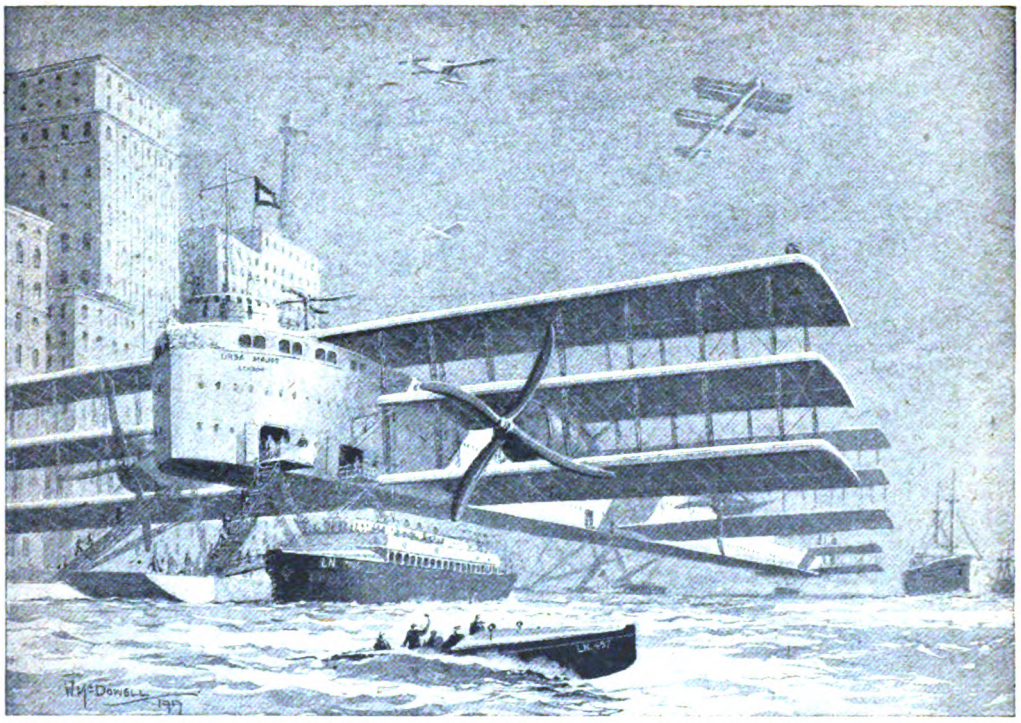
But as the Premier Safe-Making Company of the World, the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation scorns to be satisfied with a mere expression of regret. It has therefore presented the widow of Mr. Jeffrey with five thousand pounds of its ordinary stock, in the hope that this attempt at making compensation to her for the sad loss which she has sustained may do something towards softening her resentment against the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation for what is, after all, a purely accidental injury, however terrible a one it may be.

There is something large and fine and American about such conduct on the part of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation, and the British public will, we doubt not, properly appreciate it.

It is interesting also to note that henceforward every advance in the prosperity of the Maddison Domestic Thesaurus Corporation will be reflected instantaneously in the improved circumstances of the widow of Mr. Robertson Jeffrey.

"So it will," said Mendoza to himself, with a grin. "Now, I wonder what the insertion of this half-column cost my friend Mr. Abbott?"

"HE SNATCHED HIS TORCH FROM HIS POCKET AND THREW A RAY OVER THE WATER. HE SAW A WHITE FACE, EYES THAT GLARED THROUGH SHINING SPECTACLES."



THE DRAWING SHOWS THE "URSA MAJOR" EMBARKING PASSENGERS AT THE PORT OF LONDON IN A.D. 2017, PREPARATORY TO HER DAILY FLIGHT TO NEW YORK (CAPE CLEAR TO SANDY HOOK, THREE AND A QUARTER HOURS). NOTE THE MOTOR-TENDER AND THE BEACON-LIGHT WHICH GUIDES THE GIANT MULTIPLANES TO THEIR MOORINGS ON THE RETURN VOYAGE.

DRAWN BY W. McDOWELL.

WHEN SHALL WE TRAVEL BY FLYING TRAINS?

The Opinions of Men Who Ought to Know.

A few years ago the idea that we might travel by aircraft as regularly as we travel by railways and steamships would have been dismissed as the chimera of dreamers and visionaries. To-day it has become the definite plan of serious business men who are prepared to stake their money and their reputation on its practicability. M. Louis Paulhan, the winner of the "Daily Mail" ten thousand pounds prize for what now seems the insignificant feat of flying from London to Manchester, has ventured on the prediction that aeroplane passenger services will be in regular operation by 1920. With a view to ascertaining to what extent this optimism is shared by the men who ought to know we have consulted a number of representative experts, both writers and artists, on the question.

MR. G. HOLT THOMAS.

IN the first place I had a fairly long conversation, at his offices in Victoria Street, with Mr. G. Holt Thomas, the managing director of several aircraft companies, who was referred to by Lord Cowdray the other day as the Napoleon of the aeronautic industry. I found Mr. Thomas frankly optimistic on the subject, firmly convinced that as soon as things settle down after the war we shall see airships taking their place with railways and motor vehicles as a means of transit.

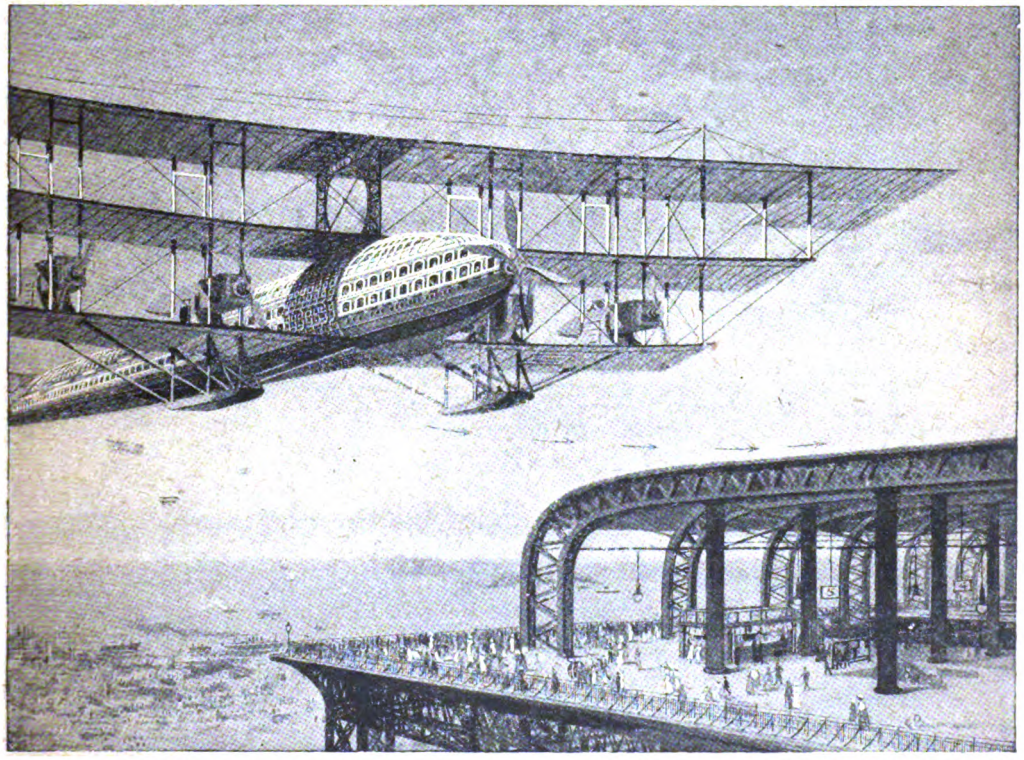
"I have three main reasons for this belief," said Mr. Thomas. "In the first place aviation is faster than any other means of transport. Secondly, in my judgment it is safe. Thirdly, it is not too costly as a commercial proposition.

"I suppose no one is prepared to contest my

first reason. But let me give one or two illustrations of the great superiority of flying in point of speed. We have practical machines to-day which will easily do over a hundred miles an hour, travelling, you must remember, from point to point as the crow flies, which neither railway trains nor motor-cars can do. Let us assume a flying speed, however, of only eighty miles an hour. This brings Paris within three hours of London, as compared with seven or eight by train; Rome, twelve and a half hours, as compared with forty-two; Marseilles, eight hours, as compared with twenty-three, and so on. New York becomes two days' distance from London, Ceylon two and three-quarter days, Vancouver three days, Cape Town three and a half days, Tokio four and a half days, and Sydney five days.

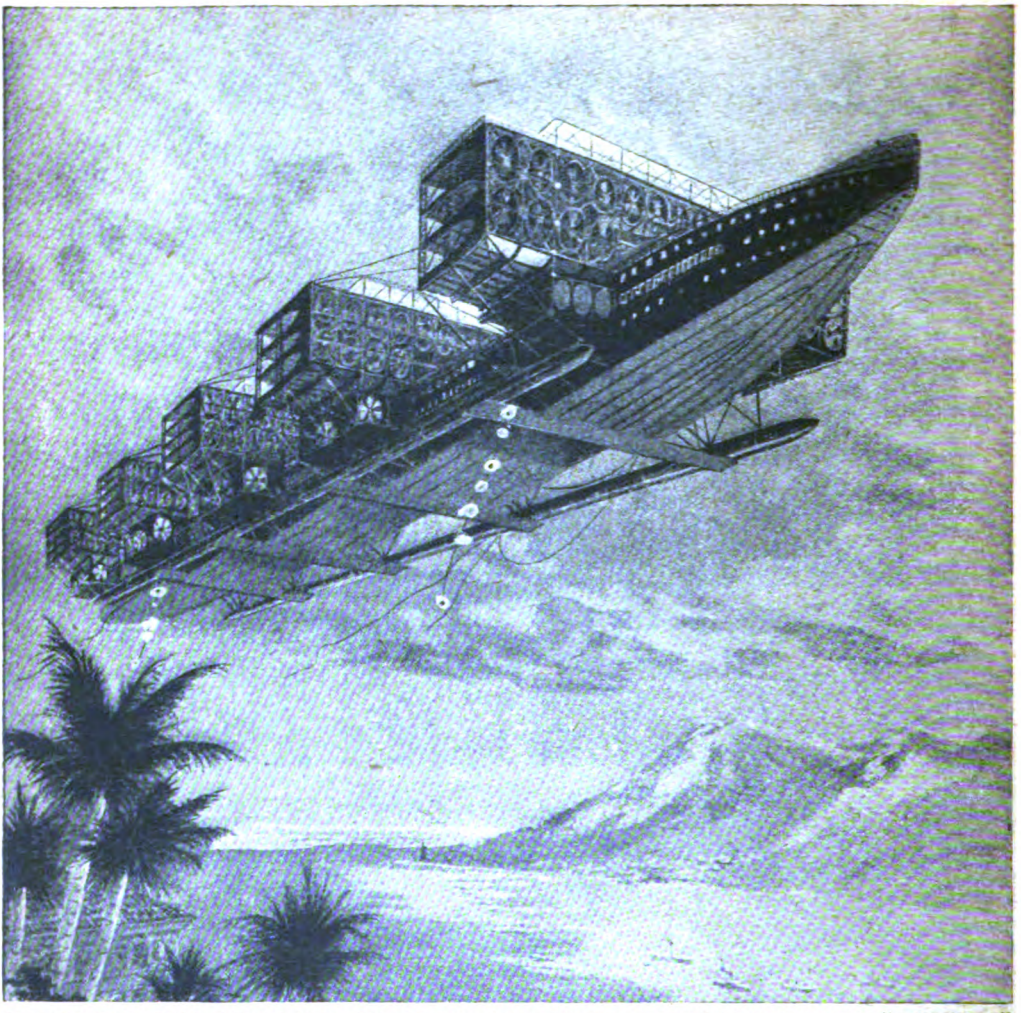
"As to the second point—safety. There is an element of danger, of course, in all forms of travelling, whether by lift, motor-car, or railway train. It is my opinion that flying, under proper conditions and with proper safeguards, need not be specially dangerous. Of course, in the early days of flying there were many fatalities, just as there were in the early days of motoring. If you eliminate casualties due to dangerous machines, inexperienced or reckless pilots, trick flying, etc., the balance of unavoidable accidents is not so great as to justify the idea that flying is necessarily dangerous to an extent that other forms of locomotion are not.

"Of course, before people generally could travel by air certain arrangements would have to be made to provide against such contingencies as storms and fogs. My own idea is that it will be necessary to have landing places say at ten miles apart, so that in the event of storms or fogs suddenly arising a pilot will always be able to land without mishap. With search-lights at every ten miles the difficulty of night flying will also be overcome. As regards sea-passages, we might have ships, not necessarily anchored, but always cruising, say every fifty miles, from land to land. In point of fact, good pilots can now fly in practically any winds, and winds of troublesome force are of much rarer occurrence than might be supposed. The statistics of the Meteorological Office, for instance, show that at Holyhead—the windiest place in the United Kingdom—there are only thirteen days in the year, on the average, when the wind reaches a velocity of thirty-nine miles. And again with fog, even London has only twenty-two days and the south coast only twelve days



THE OUTSTANDING FEATURE OF THIS TRANSATLANTIC TRIPLANE IS THE CENTRAL ALL-ONE-PIECE FRAMEWORK FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, HOLDING THE IMMENSE PLANES AND THE FUSELAGE OR THE BODY OF THE CRAFT IN PERFECT RIGIDITY. IT IS SHOWN ENCIRCLING THE "HULL" IN A BROAD BAND, AND FROM ITS VARIOUS BRACKETS SPRING THE THREE PLANES ON EITHER SIDE.

DRAWN BY G. BRON.



THE ABOVE PICTURE, WHICH APPEARED IN THE WELL-KNOWN AMERICAN PUBLICATION, "AIRCRAFT," IS PARTICULARLY INTERESTING OWING TO ITS HAVING BEEN DRAWN AS LONG AGO AS 1910. THE MOST DISTINCTIVE FEATURE OF THE MACHINE IS THE ENORMOUS NUMBER OF PROPELLERS TO BE SEEN WITHIN THE OVAL-SHAPED OPENINGS OF EACH OF THE FIVE GIGANTIC STRUCTURES WHICH GIVE SUCH A TOP-HEAVY APPEARANCE TO THE CRAFT.

DRAWN BY J. A. COFFIN.

with fog at 7 a.m.—this being the foggiest hour of the day. And at the present time, of course, fog is a hindrance, if not a danger, to other means of transit.

"Now as to cost. I have made very careful estimates on the most conservative basis, and am convinced that, given the superior speed and the comparative safety, travelling by air is commercially possible. Taking the London to Paris trip, for example, let us assume that four machines travel daily each way, each carrying twelve passengers. At a charge of five pounds per passenger there would be a profit of forty-three thousand pounds on a capital expenditure of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds. This, after providing for all possible expenses, including sheds for changing machines at Dover, Calais, and Amiens. If part of the load consisted of mail-bags—as it probably would—the profit would be still larger. And, mind you, I have taken costs as they are to-day, not as they doubtless will be a few years hence, when economies on larger production have been made.

"You must remember that an aerial service will require very little capital expenditure as compared with railways. The comparison is something like sixty thousand pounds per hundred miles for an aerial service and two million four hundred thousand pounds for a railway."

"You have dealt with speed, safety, and cost, Mr. Holt Thomas. What about the comfort of the passengers?"

"Well, at the present time, of course, aeroplanes are not designed from that point of view.

Everything is sacrificed to speed and, in the case of most of the machines now being manufactured, fighting efficiency. But I have gone carefully into this question with expert advisers, and it is quite certain that machines can be designed with cabins in which a number of passengers could travel quite as comfortably as in a train or on a steamboat. Indeed, I can show you a model of the interior of a flying-boat already built which confirms what I say."

"There is one other point you have not referred to, Mr. Thomas—the liability to air-sickness."

"Air-sickness is, I think, getting a more and more remote possibility, *owing* to the speed of the machines. In the early days of aviation, when the engines were of low horse-power, machines were considerably drifted about in a wind, but with modern machines of high speed the effect of moderate winds are hardly felt at all.

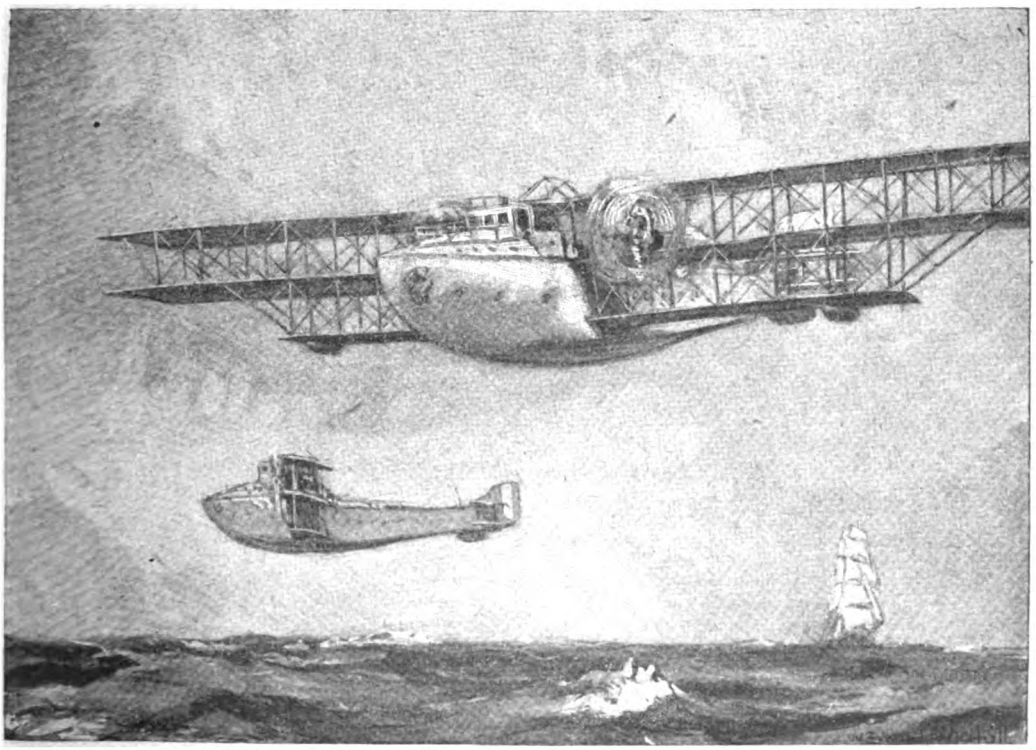
"I was recently a passenger on a machine fitted with a three hundred and fifty horse-power engine, after not having been up for a considerable period, and it was a definite proof to me that aeroplane travelling will be superior to any mode of transit owing to its comfort—that is to say, with, of course, the addition of comfortable fuselages, which will naturally be a product of commercial aeronautics.

"Speed itself has no effect at all on the passengers, so far as I know. Great altitude, in the full meaning of the sense 'great,' will, of course, have an effect on people, especially in descending quickly, but I do not think that for the employment of commercial aeronautics great altitudes will be necessary. At the present time they are only necessary to prevent another machine being above one's own, but I think up to five thousand feet that nobody would experience any ill-effects, rather the reverse, as the altitude is exhilarating."

LORD MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU, C.S.I., F.R.Met.Soc., A.M.I.M.E.

"I agree with Mr. Holt Thomas that after the war an effort will be made by all civilized nations to develop regular postal and commercial communications by means of the air. From this point of view the expenditure of life and treasure, of brains and energy on aviation for destroying human life and wrecking property during the war will prove not unproductive when peace comes. Unlike the expenditure of all kinds on armaments and weapons of destruction, resulting in nothing useful to the human race in the future, the forced development of aviation will, perhaps, be the war's most useful legacy, apart from its political effects.

"For some time flying will be more easy over



TWO VIEWS OF A TRANSATLANTIC MAIL AND PASSENGER TRIPLANE IN MID-OCEAN. THE BODY IS BOAT-SHAPED, WITH PILOT-HOUSE ON THE TOP OF TURTLE-BACK FORWARD. THE MOTIVE POWER IS TWO ENGINES, ARRANGED ONE ON EITHER SIDE OF THE BODY, DRIVING A TRACTOR-SCREW EACH.

DRAWN BY W. E. WIGFULL.

the land than over the sea, owing to the establishment of well-organized landing-places at every ten, fifteen, or twenty miles. Over the sea flying must be more difficult and dangerous to start with until the absolutely reliable engine is available and the movement of storms and the circulation of winds have been studied and their behaviour can be forecasted accurately. Not that I think that the element of wind will, in the long run, prove an adverse factor to the development of flying as a means of travel. In fact, I think that the wind systems of the world can probably be made to serve the purposes of flying exceedingly well, and that instead of winds being a disadvantage to flying, as might at first be thought, they will assist us, if properly understood. In fact, the existence of alternate high and low pressure areas, with their respective and regular circulation of wind, will define far more than geographical conditions the chief air routes of the world. Perhaps this point can be better appreciated if put in another way. A continuous three-mile current in the open sea is uncommon, most regular ocean currents not exceeding more than one-half the speed. Even a three-mile current would only make a difference to a ship of seventy-two miles in twenty-four hours. Yet most courses for ships are laid out to avoid or to use such currents. In the case of flying, even a favourable thirty-mile wind would add seven hundred and twenty miles to the day's run, while a head wind of a like speed would take seven hundred and twenty miles off the distance covered. The difference is so great as to make longer mileage a matter of comparative indifference, and I think it unlikely, therefore, that straight line routes between place and place will be those that will ordinarily be adopted.

"Further, I do not believe continuous flying by night and day will be popular or practical for many years to come. A rest by night will be more popular than a continuance of the journey in the dark. Then the wonderful views of the earth beneath will be one of the greatest inducements to fly by day.

"The pilots must have regularly-defined stages, as engine-drivers have their definite stages on long-distance journeys. For instance, the train from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow is ordinarily drawn by one locomotive from London to Crewe, by a second from Crewe to Carlisle, and by a third from Carlisle to Edinburgh or Glasgow, the distance of four hundred miles being thus broken up into three stages. Similarly, the average pilot will be unable to remain entirely alert and efficient after the strain of, say, six hours' hard flying, even if he has an assistant. In addition, to know the peculiar weather conditions of any six hundred miles stage across the planet's surface, the local liabilities to storms and the prevailing air-currents at different times of the year will need special study in each section. I assume, therefore, that world flying, as far as passenger services are concerned, will be arranged by stages and not be continuous. There are, of course, some oversea routes on which no intermediate stops will be possible, except in fine weather or in conjunction with areas of the oceans artificially protected and made suitable for landing by oil, baulks of timber, or grass mats on a large scale, to abate and subdue heavy and breaking waves. By the Southern Atlantic route to North America the twelve hundred miles of the first stage to the Azores, *viâ* Portugal, will be covered comfortably in one day in ordinary circumstances and rest secured that night, while from there the second day's flight on to St. John's, Newfoundland, will form quite another possible daylight stage."

LORD SYDENHAM.

"The extraordinary progress of aviation during three years of war has already justified two conclusions of the utmost importance:—

"(1) It has become clear that in the air science we possess a new arm, not an adjunct. For naval purposes aircraft have not yet taken the place which is their due. On land they have proved able to play a dominating *rôle*, and in the future superiority in the air will be regarded as an essential condition of success in war.

"(2) Although the evolution of aircraft has followed lines dictated by naval and military requirements, we already know that large planes with great carrying power can be constructed, and that passengers and goods can be conveyed at high speeds over long distances, with a minimum of risk and of interference from weather. The speed and certainty of movement now possible will inevitably be utilized for the conveyance of mails. The employment of aircraft for the transport of passengers and goods is sure to follow. It will, however, depend upon economic conditions which we cannot at present forecast with any accuracy. I have no doubt that gradual progress in other directions will commence when peace returns."

MR. W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.

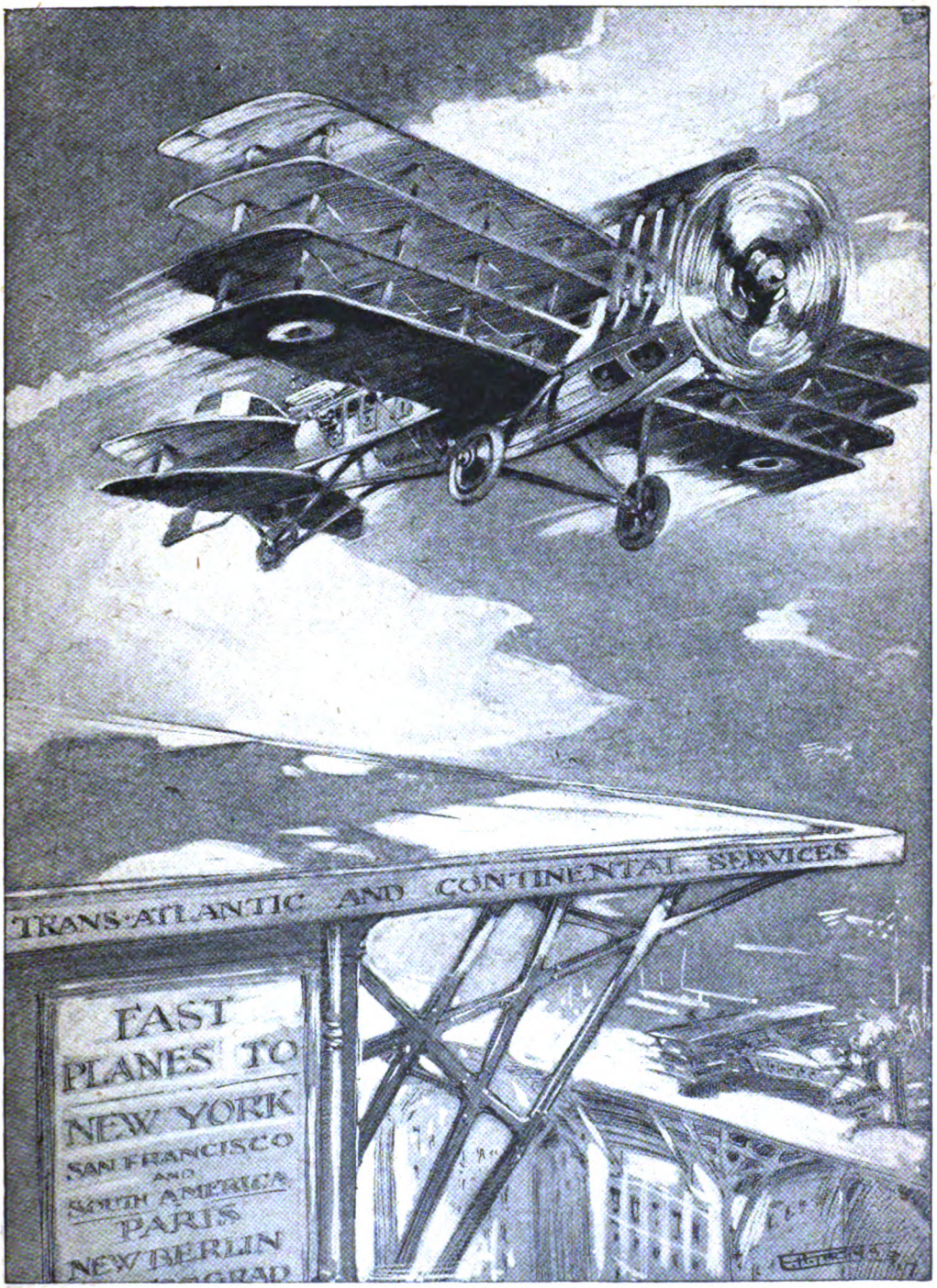
"The question of commercial aviation is a big one, but I have no doubt of its future possibility. If you consider the enormous strides made in the last three years in military aviation, who is there who would limit commercial possibilities?

"I do not imagine for a moment that aeroplanes will be used to bring home the washing, at all events for the first few years, but I imagine that immediately after the war is over there will be a quick postal aerial mail established between London and Paris, and then on to Italy, Switzerland, Spain, etc.

"That will clearly be the first thing to be done.

"This will be followed by larger and slightly slower machines taking express passengers. If these services prove, as I have no reason to doubt, a commercial success, then you will have a vast enlargement of services radiating from London and Paris all over the world.

"As to the means for this questions of finance, questions of stopping places, and international law—all these are being most carefully and assiduously considered by the Government Committee on Civil Aerial Transport, of which,



THE TERRIFIC SPEED WHICH WILL BE ATTAINED BY THE FLYING TRAINS OF THE FUTURE IS ADMIRABLY SUGGESTED BY THE ABOVE SPIRITED DRAWING. INTERESTING ALSO IS THE ARTIST'S IDEA OF THE LANDING STAGES TO BE ERECTED ON THE ROOFS OF THE WORLD'S SKYSCRAPERS.

DRAWN BY E. H. THOMAS.

as I am a member, it would be improper for me to give details."

MR. F. W. LANCHESTER
(Author of "Aerial Flight").

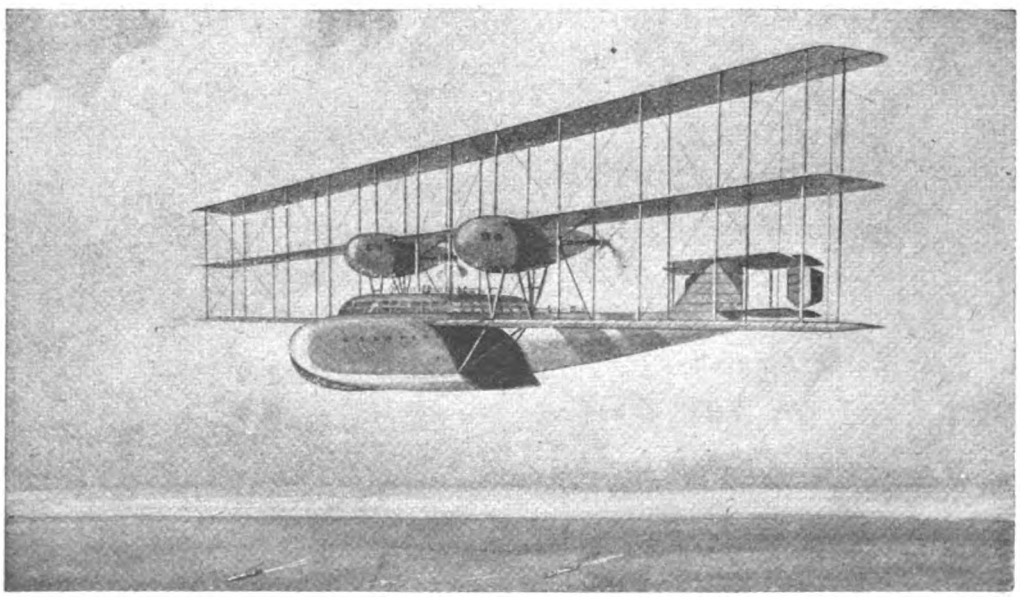
"There has been a tendency to fly to extremes in this question. Some time ago the idea that we should ever travel by air was almost universally ridiculed. Now some people are talking as though in a year or two we should all be taking tickets for journeys by air. I see to-day that on the strength of Captain Laureati's flight from Turin to London one of the newspapers suggests that we shall get a daily supply of fresh fruit and flowers from Italy by aeroplanes. Well, perhaps we may—for the King's table. I take a medium view of the possibilities of commercial aviation.

"In the first place, I think there can be no doubt that aircraft will before long be brought into general use for the carrying of mails. Some of these aeroplanes may also be available for passengers, and I have no doubt that millionaires and other adventurous spirits will adopt this method of travel. But I think it may be a considerable time before you will induce any large number of people to abandon railways and steamships in favour of air travel. There is no doubt, of course, that it has been made much safer. Not very long before the war it was estimated that the mortality amounted to one man for every two thousand miles flown; now I suppose it is something like one to every forty thou and miles. There was a time when an air journey, in the language of the insurance companies, would take off two years from your expectation of life; to-day it would not take off two days. But probably no amount of statistics would convince the general public. They must see for themselves air services in operation over a considerable time with practically no more risk to life and limb than is involved in other methods of travelling. How long this will take I should not like to say.

"From the national point of view the development of commercial aviation is much to be desired. I am not one of those who think that this war is going to be the last war. In my opinion it will be necessary for us, as a safeguard against future wars, to obtain supremacy in the air by the maintenance of enormous fleets of aircraft. It will be much easier for us to do this if some parts of these fleets are made useful for commercial purposes during peace. Aircraft would then be much in the same position as our merchant ships, which are capable of adaptation as auxiliary cruisers in the event of war. Unless commercial uses can be found for them, I doubt very much whether we shall keep aircraft factories and skilled pilots and mechanics in being, as they ought to be kept in the interests of national safety."

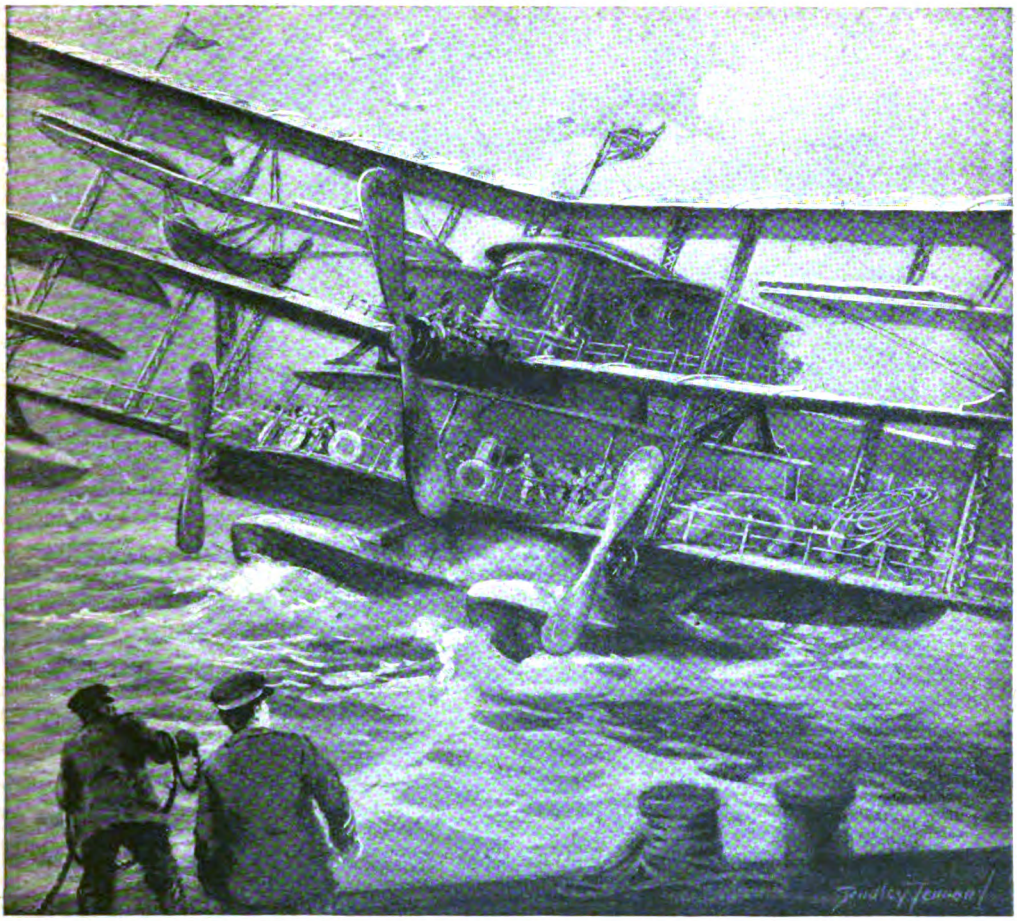
MR. C. G. GREY
(Editor of "The Aeroplane").

"It is not a question," said Mr. Grey, in the course of an interview in his editorial office, "whether, but when, we shall travel by air. In my opinion air travel will have become general within ten years after the end of the war. You must remember that a younger generation are growing up who have never known what the world was like without aeroplanes. They have not the same prejudice as the present



ANOTHER PEEP INTO THE FUTURE, BY AN ARTIST WHOSE DESIGN IS MOST NOTICEABLE FOR ITS SIMPLICITY.

DRAWN BY GEOFFREY WATSON.



A LEVIATHAN OF THE AIR COMING TO HER MOORINGS. THE MACHINE HAS SO MANY POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE TO THE LINER OF TO-DAY AS TO SUGGEST THAT THESE MONSTERS OF THE FUTURE MAY BE KNOWN AS FLYING LINERS RATHER THAN FLYING TRAINS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.

generation against the supposed danger of air travelling. If we had the statistics available I think it could be shown that air travelling under peace conditions and with all the precautions which would be adopted in the case of a passenger service has become quite reasonably safe. The only records which have been kept, so far as I know, are those of the travelling schools. About six months ago I heard unofficially that these records showed one fatality for each seventy-five thousand miles of flying, or three times round the world. Of course, the percentage of accidents is really abnormally high among the pupils at these schools owing to various causes. They may be too reckless by temperament, they may think they know more than they really do, and for the purpose of manœuvring they have to learn hazardous tricks, such as looping the loop. On the other hand, passenger planes would be in charge only of well-tried, experienced pilots, whose one consideration would be safety. Then the machines would be of a large size, specially designed and built from this point of view, and equipped with reserve engines, so that the most frequent cause of accidents—engine trouble—would be eliminated.

" It is quite certain that as soon as the war is over a number of air lines will be promoted—several business men, with ample financial resources, have their plans already made. The first line will probably be from London to Paris. This trip has become quite a familiar one to so many people, officers and others, who during this war have been constantly going to and fro by air. There is a constant stream of traffic, under normal conditions, between the two capitals, and many business men would greatly appreciate the reduction of the journey to three hours. The first time they might go by air out of ' swank,' but afterwards they would prefer it because of its quicker speed and comfort."

" Speed, yes, but comfort ? "

" Yes, comfort. Even now I find an air

journey more comfortable than a railway journey, with the jolting and noise. Under such conditions as would prevail in a London-Paris service the through journey by air would be usually pleasanter than by the train to Dover, a nasty sea-passage, troublesome Customs' examinations, and then another three or four hours in a stuffy train. It would not be necessary to go more than two thousand feet up, and at that height on a large machine, such as the Handley Page, no physical discomfort is experienced. As regards the ascent and descent, with a careful pilot the sensation is no worse than that of going up or down in a lift."

"One more question, Mr. Grey. What has been the principal advance made during the war to bring commercial aviation within the region of practical politics?"

"The introduction of lighter engines. This has not only made an ascent much easier but has also enormously increased the carrying capacity of aircraft."

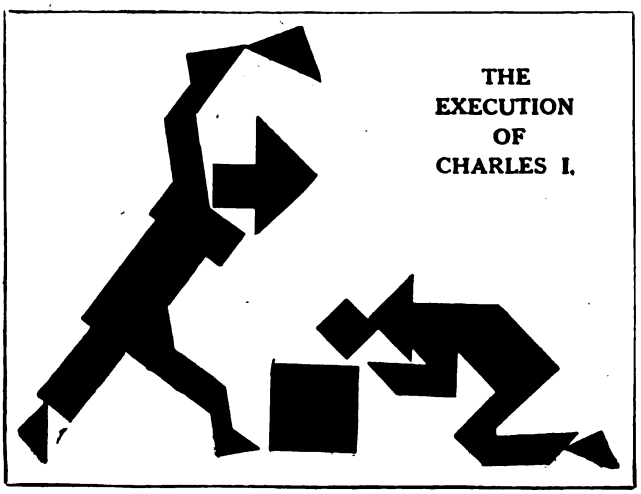
MR. W. EWART CHESTER
(Managing Director of Davidson Aviation Co.).

"I do not think any doubts can even exist in the mind of the public now as to the future of aviation. Manufacturers of aircraft certainly are fully alive to the part the aeroplane will play in the world's work when peace is restored, and they are preparing for it accordingly. We have very large and very powerfully-engined machines now, but the construction and the power of future designs will, in my view, be much larger and faster than the present ones. Lord Montagu has said that the horse-power will be counted in thousands, and I think he is right. One can only generalize in a matter of this kind, and exactly what particular form the mammoth post-war construction, intended for carrying passengers and mails and certain classes of merchandise, will take it would not be safe to predict. There will be little difficulty in planning comfortable accommodation for a limited number of passengers for long-distance work, but it is not so easy to arrange for the correct distribution of the weight of goods. There is without doubt immense scope for the flying boat which, like the big overland flyer operating between all important centres, will create a special trade of its own and which, if properly organized, will earn good profits for their promoters."

MR. J. OWEN
("J.O." of the "Westminster Gazette").

Mr. Owen, who as far back as 1909 forecasted with remarkable accuracy the *rôle* of the aeroplane in war, gave his view as follows:—

"We are now so preoccupied with the use of aircraft for destructive purposes that in my view one of two things must inevitably happen when peace is restored. The Allies will do their best to restrict the functions of the military aeroplane and reduce their numbers to an infinitesimal figure, or they will be compelled by the sheer momentum of progress to build unlimited numbers, in which case the big fighting ship will quietly disappear and land armies will be rendered impotent and decisions—which may mean the obliteration of whole peoples—will be secured in the air. Everything will depend upon the peace terms, and if the aerial question cannot be settled it is quite conceivable that our own air force will mount up to several hundred thousand machines in time. It will be a race for invention as well as numbers, and in this connection the commercial aeroplane may prove to be a means to an end, because the authorities will see to it that the peace designs of aircraft as well as ships are so fashioned that they can be immediately converted for war. Everything points at the moment to the unlimited programme of construction, and no Government or people have hitherto been able to resist progress in invention. It is difficult to see how they can now arrest the unnatural expansion of aerial navigation."



THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

RESULT OF TANGRAM COMPETITION.

In a recent article on "War Tangrams" we offered a prize of Ten Guineas for the best design sent in by any of our readers, composed of not more than four tangrams—i.e., twenty-eight pieces in all. Many excellent pictures were submitted, and after careful consideration the prize has been awarded to B. McClenaghan, Girton College, Cambridge, for the accompanying clever design, entitled "The Execution of Charles I."

MR. VAN HEEL OF VIRGINIA.

By STACY AUMONIER.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

OLD Jamesson was something of a character. The position he held in the firm of Quinson and Beelswright, the famous decorators and furnishers, was unique. It was a known thing that in the eyes of the directors old Jamesson could do no wrong, or, in any case, he could do no radical wrong. All his eccentricities and peccadilloes were easily forgiven. The man had a certain florid force of character, and he was moreover one of the best judges of antique furniture and porcelain in London, and no mean critic of what is called Fine Art. He was a large man with puffy red cheeks and grey curls, and he wore check trousers, white spats, and a tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle. His manners were not always irreproachable. He took snuff, ate and drank prodigiously, had many little affectations, a quick and tempestuous temper, no sense of humour, but a heart of gold. He was a great favourite of Mr. Hugh Quinson's, the managing director of the firm, who understood him entirely, and who would in expansive moments pat him on the back and call him "Johnny." He had been with the firm for nearly twenty years, and for nine years of that period he had been in charge of the antique department, and it was only by exercising the greatest tact that Mr. Quinson had been able to ultimately remove him from that position to one of being a head salesman and sub-manager. The trouble with old Jamesson in the antique department was that, although he was an excellent buyer, he seemed to resent having to sell these rare and beautiful objects he had been at such pains to collect. He liked to walk about among them and touch them with his fat fingers, and breathe heavily upon their cloistered beauty. If a customer showed a disposition to buy one of his favourite pieces, he would instantly depreciate it, and he had, moreover, a native instinct for candour that was not strictly in accordance with the canons of the commercial side of antique dealing. He would say :—

"Yes, sir, it looks a fine piece, but only one leg is genuine, the rest is copied."

Or he would shake his head and remark :—

"No, madam, I don't agree with you. The upper part of this cabinet is fair, but the lower part is quite wrong in style."

Things are not said like that in the antique trade, and so he was gradually relieved of the responsibility of this position, and was only allowed to confine himself to the control of more frankly modern things. The change, though equally remunerative to old Jamesson, and far more remunerative to the firm, cannot be said to have produced in the former any elevated sense of satisfaction. Of course, the work was easy enough. He knew the furnishing trade inside and out, as he explained to everyone, but the modern aspect of it bored him. He left all the details of the jobs he had in hand to his assistant, Shenton. This Shenton was also a source of boredom to him, but at the same time an invaluable young man. He had a thin, cadaverous face, a restless eye, and a very retentive memory. He was always on the make, and conducted goodness knows how many businesses in his spare time. His chief hobby in life seemed to be to "get someone by the short hairs." He was always scheming and planning, and, though old Jamesson despised him, and was bored by him, he realized his merits, and was at times even a little afraid of him.

On a certain morning in June old Jamesson was sent for by Mr. Quinson, who said :—

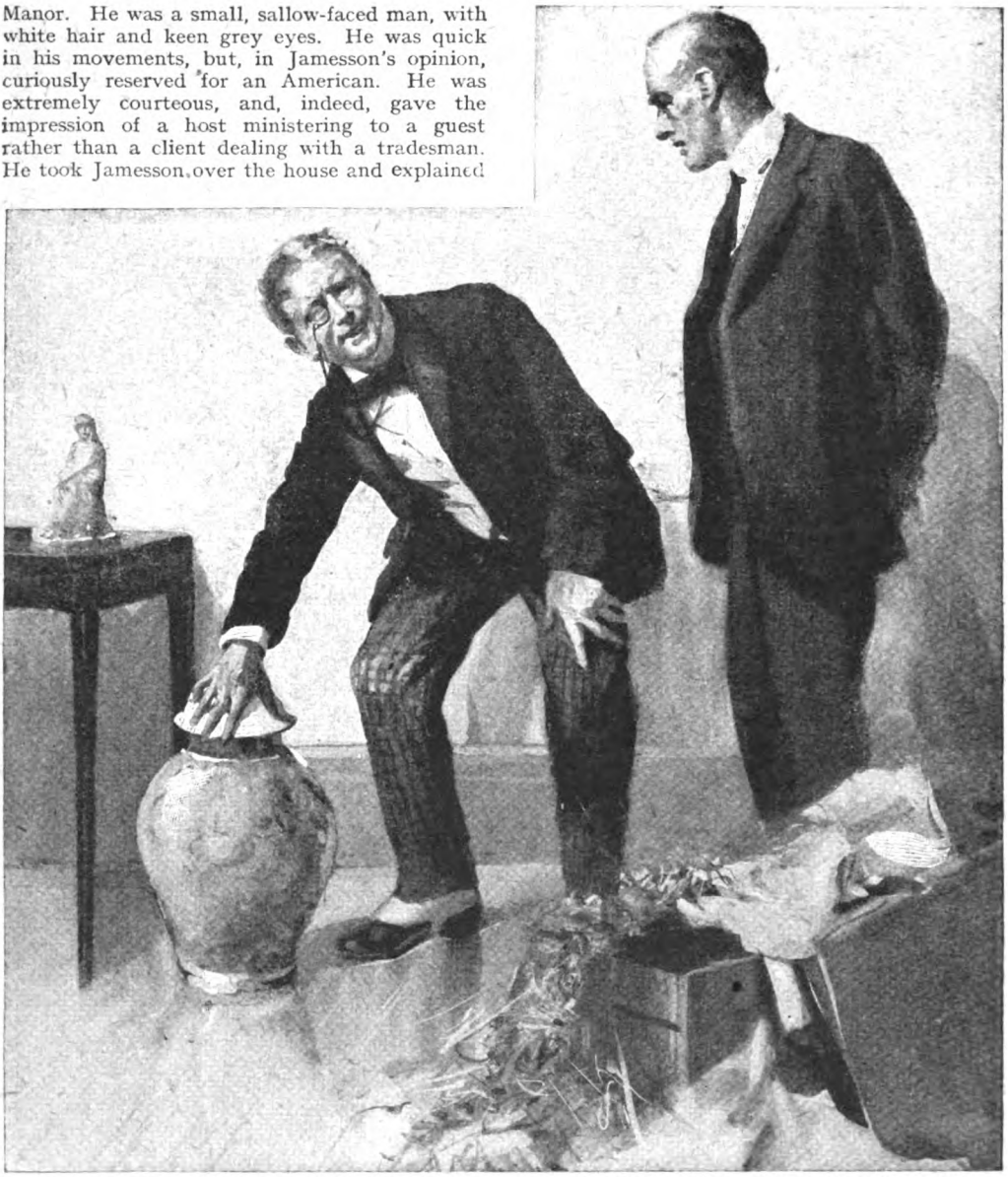
"Ah, Johnny, here is an inquiry you might attend to. It is from an American named Justus Theodore Van Heel. He has bought Gilling's Manor, at Wayneshurst, fifteen miles down the line in Surrey. He wants it done up. I have looked him up in our secret reference list. He is all right. His money is in real estate and gilt-edged securities. Give him any credit he wants."

The prospect of interviewing an American millionaire did not raise the spirits of Mr. Jamesson very considerably, and if it had been a dull day he would probably have sent Shenton off on this expedition; but the day was brilliantly fine, and he was not very busy, so he decided to go himself.

He met Mr. Van Heel on the lawn of Gilling's

Copyright, 1917, by Stacy Aumonier.

Manor. He was a small, sallow-faced man, with white hair and keen grey eyes. He was quick in his movements, but, in Jamesson's opinion, curiously reserved for an American. He was extremely courteous, and, indeed, gave the impression of a host ministering to a guest rather than a client dealing with a tradesman. He took Jamesson over the house and explained



"JAMESSON PASSED HIS FINGERS OVER THE GLAZE SEVERAL TIMES. THEN HE MUTTERED, 'GENUINE MING.'"

his requirements, and asked him his opinion upon every point. It was a charming Queen Anne building in a fair state of repair, although it had not been lived in for some years. His demands were quite simple. He was apparently going to live there alone, but the size of the mansion would necessitate certain renovations, and of the ten bedrooms all except three were to be put in order. For the rest, he wanted everything kept much as it was.

On the way upstairs he murmured: "I have a few pieces of old furniture," and Jamesson's interest quickened perceptibly.

One packing-case had arrived, and was lying on the floor on the first landing. The lid had been removed, and a pot was standing on the floor and a small statuette on a side-table. As they passed, Jamesson stooped and passed his fingers over the glaze several times. Then he muttered:—

"Genuine Ming."

He then looked closely at the statuette, and said:—

"Tanagra."

The American looked at his visitor with one of his quick glances, and said:—

"You know something about—works of art, Mr. ——?"

"Jamesson. Yes, I know a little."

They passed on in silence, each feeling a little more drawn towards the other. Mr. Van Heel said, at last:—

"I shall hope you will do me the favour of giving me your opinion upon all my other goods when they arrive."

"It will be a great pleasure," Jamesson panted, following heavily in the wake of his more nimble companion.

When they had been all over the house, Mr. Van Heel led him into the garden. On the east side of the house the ground was level for about a hundred yards, and then ended in an abrupt embankment. This embankment, which extended for some distance, was probably the normal elevation of the land, but at some time the ground below had been levelled, and had been converted into a lawn and fruit garden. Mr. Van Heel, for some reason or other, seemed a little agitated. He coughed, and said:—

"Will you be so good as to come this way?"

When they arrived at the embankment, he pointed to it, and continued:—

"I have the idea to make a squash-racket court here."

It would not have been surprising if old Jamesson had expressed astonishment at this request, but he had been in the furnishing trade for over thirty-five years, and he knew that it was not his business to be surprised at any suggestion made by a client, particularly a wealthy one.

He said: "Yes, sir. Do you wish it cut out of the embankment?"

The American's idea was quite simple. It was to be as it were sunk into the embankment, with concrete walls and a concrete base, a small gallery upstairs netted in, a flat skylight, and two powerful arc lights giving almost the effect of daylight, so that his guests could, if they liked, play after dinner or in the winter when it got dark early.

Jamesson listened to Mr. Van Heel's instructions, and took down one or two notes in his pocket-book, and came to a mental decision that this would be a very good job for Shenton to see through. He mildly wondered once or twice at such an elderly gentleman as Mr. Van Heel requiring a squash-racket court, and being so keen and determined about all the details; he also wondered why he should insist on its being built so far away from the house when there was an excellent site for it in a yard which adjoined the servants' quarters. But he did not give the matter much attention at the time. His mind was more occupied with the Ming pot on the staircase and the Tanagra statuette. The hour was also approaching when he was in the habit of having a long and refreshing drink, and he knew he had nearly a two-miles' walk to the station. When they arrived back at the house, however, all his apprehensions on this score were set at rest, for Mr. Van Heel immediately led into the dining-room, and said:—

"You must allow me to offer you a little refreshment before your journey."

A bumper glass of Jamesson's favourite beverage was set before him, and a cigar the like of which he had never imagined existed found its way between his teeth. He observed that his host only drank Vichy water. He was a peculiarly mild and gentle little man. Jamesson had never met an American who talked so little. He was no great talker himself, and the silences would have been almost embarrassing but for the fact that he felt strangely drawn towards this unusual client. When it became time for Jamesson to go, Mr. Van Heel stood up, and said:—

"My automobile is here. It will take you to the station. Perhaps, Mr. Jamesson, you will do me the favour of meeting me at my flat in town, when we can discuss the disposition of the various pieces of furniture. I have some François premier work which may interest you."

This was a job after Jamesson's own heart, and he readily assented, and returned to town in better spirits than he had been for some time. He handed the instructions to Shenton, with the remark:—

"Here, get out an estimate for this lot."

On the following Wednesday Jamesson met Mr. Van Heel by appointment at a flat in Westminster, and he spent a most entrancing day. He arrived there at twelve and stayed till a quarter to six. The two men lunched on whisky and sandwiches. In the whole course of his career Jamesson had never come across such a fine private collection of old furniture, paintings, and *objets d'art*. Mr. Van Heel became garrulous. It was obviously the hobby of his life, the one thing he was really interested in. Jamesson responded with warmth. He had met a kindred spirit. It was a glorious time. He had never met anyone before with such a sympathetic passion for old "pieces." So interested did they become in discussing their antiquity, their beauty, their proportions, the slightly doubtful authenticity of certain sections, that they quite forgot the original idea of the visit, which was to determine where the different pieces were to be placed in Gilling's Manor. Consequently a further visit had to be arranged. When Jamesson arrived home that night he felt that a new light had come into his life. A kindred spirit. He was very cheerful. He lived with his wife, two daughters, and a son in a high and rather ugly house in Kensington. It was a pleasant innocuous *ménage*, where all sorts of allowances were made for "the eccentricity of papa." But when "papa" was in a good temper, the general standard of happiness and comfort was equal perhaps to that of any other middle-class family in the neighbourhood. On this particular evening, when his wife commented on his buoyant frame of mind, he remarked:—

"I met a very charming man in business today, my dear, very charming indeed."

During the ensuing month Jamesson went about his work with a kind of stolid zest. He

did not hurry or behave with any outward sign of excitement, but he worked quietly and well. He would sometimes hum an unrecognizable tune under his breath, and he showed a disposition to be kind to everyone, and even tolerant to Shenton. The work at Gilling's Manor proceeded, and he met Mr. Van Heel three or four times in town and twice in the country. It could not be said that they became friends, but they became peculiarly sympathetic on the one theme. Jamesson was conscious that Van Heel had taken to him. He liked to have him to talk to and to listen to; but he was also conscious that there was an unbridgeable reserve between the American and himself. He noted that if the discussion threatened to develop beyond the bounds of this subject which absorbed them, Mr. Van Heel drew back. He did not seem disposed to talk about himself or his life or his thoughts. And Jamesson, realizing this, respected the other man's mental attitude, and made a point of also avoiding the personal equation.

Nevertheless, the wells of their mutual interest were inexhaustible. They went to Christie's together, and Mr. Van Heel bought a Diaz at Jamesson's suggestion. And they went to the South Kensington Museum and the National Gallery, and even poked about among antique shops in Soho. They talked Spode and Worcester, cloisonné, Limoges, Heppelwhite, Chinese lacquer, Daubigny, the French transition period, Della Robbia, the quinquecentists, everything that really matters in this life. Jamesson found a revived interest in the society of his newly-found acquaintance.

It was not till the renovations at Gilling's Manor had been nearly completed that a sudden intrusion came to disturb this pleasant intimacy. It happened one evening in September. Jamesson had been working late, and he had adjourned to the bar of the Green Turtle to enjoy a well-merited tankard of ale before returning home, when Shenton came into the bar. He was looking strangely excited. He had apparently been drinking. His upper lip quivered, and his eyes had a restless, furtive expression. He came straight over to Jamesson and leered at him.

Jamesson blinked at his assistant, and said :—

"What's the matter with you?"

Shenton nervously licked the end of a cigarette, and called for some whisky. He was very mysterious. He nodded and winked, and glanced apprehensively round the bar. He had been staying down at Wayneshurst for a few days, superintending the Gilling's Manor job, and had just returned. Jamesson got impatient at these antics, and he said, irritably :—

"Is the job going all right?"

Shenton nodded, and then leant a little closer. Suddenly he whispered thickly :—

"Say, who is this 'ere Van Heel? What do you know about 'im, eh?"

Jamesson bridled somewhat, and said :—

"What do you mean, 'What do I know about 'im'? He's all right, isn't he?"

Shenton loomed with things of tremendous importance. He winked again, and drained his glass. Then he pulled Jamesson by the coat-sleeve a little farther away from a group of men talking earnestly about ratting. And suddenly he made a series of most surprising suggestions to Jamesson. He said :—

"*Van* Heel? *Von* Heel, I should say!" Then he leaned forward and whispered: "'Ere, what's an old man like that want a squash-racket court for? What about the concrete foundations as a base for a big howitzer, eh? What about Wayneshurst? Fifteen miles from South London, eh? A big gun from there could raze Kennington, Streatham, and Brixton to the ground in half an hour, eh? What's 'e want these 'ere powerful arc lights for at night, throwing a light straight up at the sky from the top of an embankment? What sort of name is Van Heel? What nationality would you call 'im, eh?"

An expression of surprise and disgust came over Jamesson's face. He exclaimed :—

"Mr. Van Heel is a gentleman; one of the best!"

Shenton leered, and called for another whisky.

"Well, you can guess what *I* think, and I'm on 'is track."

As Jamesson looked at his assistant at that moment, he realized for the first time that he had the thin pointed face of a sleuth-hound. He hated the man. It was abominable. He would not hear a word of such nonsense. He muttered, angrily :—

"Rubbish! Go and hold your silly head under a tap!"

But Shenton was quite unperturbed by this insult. He was too full of importance, and whisky. He had found his right *métier*. A 'tec! He had indeed been dwelling upon this idea for some time, and coming up in the train he had visualized his own portrait on the front page of the *Daily Photo*. "Mr. James Shenton, the smart young furniture salesman, whose clever dispositions in the first place led to the discovery." Phew! it was going to be exciting. Recognition, fame, and a fat cheque from some official quarter, and then to the deuce with the furnishing trade! Jamesson could read something of these vivid anticipations on the face of his assistant, and his only desire was to escape from him. And he did so by deliberately turning his back on him and walking out of the bar.

But he spent a restless night. Of course, the suggestions were absurd, preposterous! He would have none of them. A man like Mr. Van Heel, who loved Limoges enamels, and could tell the date of any piece of furniture at a glance, a spy! There was nothing of the spy about him, except his reserve. Yes, certainly he was very reserved about his private life. But so were many others. The squash-racket court was peculiar but not unreasonable. And the arc lights that made the court like daylight? Well, if people wanted to play the silly game at night, they must see. There was nothing in this. Of course, as Shenton said, the position was peculiarly good for—what he hinted at. It

was at the crest of a long, gently-rising slope. It commanded South London. But this was merely coincidence. The name? Well, a name meant nothing. At its worst it was only Dutch. He would dismiss the whole thing from his mind. And he would take Shenton away from this job and see it through himself.

But in this latter resolution he reckoned without his host. Shenton was prepared for this, and he was rather too clever for him. He had all the details at his finger-ends, and when Jamesson tried to take it up, he soon got into a muddle. In disgust, he handed it back to Shenton again, and told him "to get on with it, and not have quite so much of the Sherlock Holmes."

Shenton accepted this gibe without a word, and soon made it his business to go down to Wayneshurst again and stay the night. In the meantime Jamesson once more went out with Mr. Van Heel, and they visited more exhibitions and sales together. He thought the American seemed a little more nervous and abstracted than usual, but perhaps this was only his imagination. The squash-racket court was completed before the rest of the work. Shenton then stayed down there for several nights at the local inn. It is difficult to know what might have been the outcome of what he called his "dispositions," if the old tag, "*in vino veritas*," had not exerted its influence on his behaviour. For he came up to town one evening a little "the worse for wear," as someone described him in the bar of the Green Turtle, and in the excitement of his mood he blabbed his scheme into the ear of Jamesson.

"To-morrow night," he said, "I'm going to get Mr. Herr von Heel by the short 'airs. I'm going to fix 'im all right."

And then he explained that for the last week, every night after dinner, Mr. Van Heel had

"SHENTON LEANED FORWARD AND WHISPERED: ''ERE, WHAT'S AN OLD MAN LIKE THAT WANT A SQUASH-RACKET COURT FOR?''"

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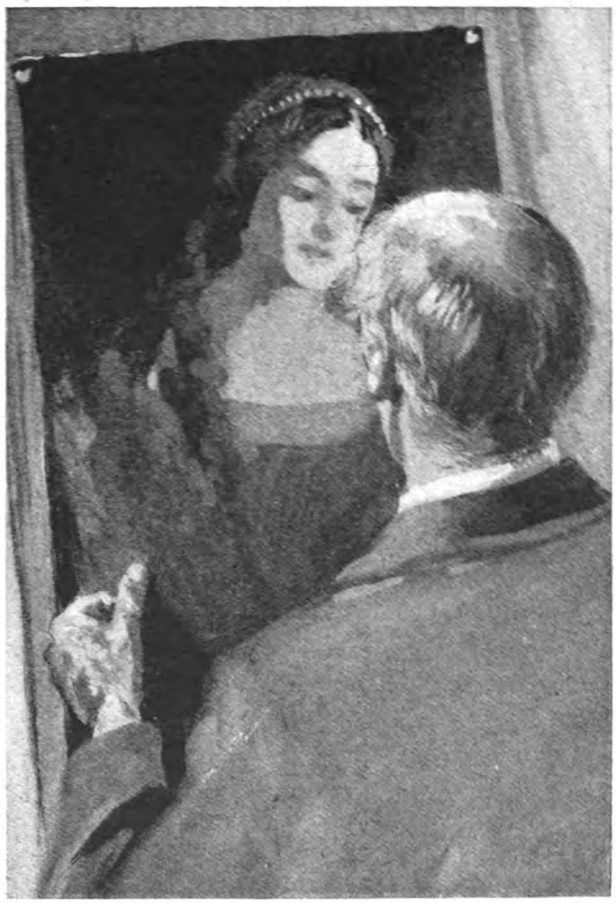
with his own internal fires. He wanted to get away from Shenton and think this thing out. At the inn he said good night abruptly and went up to his room. But it was many hours before Jamesson found his well-earned sleep. He lay there racked by the contemplation of this preposterous crime. It was incredible, amazing, and yet—it was a crime he could appreciate and even sympathize with. He had heard the "Santa Maria" appraised at the value of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Van Heel was a very rich man. He had not stolen it for its money value. He would not in any case be able to sell it. Why had he taken it? How had he managed it? Ought Jamesson to give him away? These questions kept revolving restlessly through his brain. Jamesson was a simple-minded man. His sins were always placed jauntily in the shop window. He had a reputation for candour and straight-dealing, but he was not necessarily matter-of-fact. The romance of the furnishing trade was a favourite theme of his. And on that still night there occurred to him that in all his career he had never encountered quite such a romantic experience as this, no episode which so dove-tailed with his own peculiar sensuous aspirations. It was tremendous! How the man must love Art. Fancy risking his whole life and reputation to acquire a picture so that he might secretly call it his very own. Imagine the fierce moods of exultation he would enjoy as he stole into the private chamber night after night and gloated over the beauty of the thing he had torn from the vulgar gaze of the public! What a risk the man must have run! What a passion it must have been that stirred him to this desperate action. And so—the squash-racket court with its concrete floors and its windowless walls, and the powerful arc lights that made the room at night "like daylight"!



"THEN HE UNROLLED SOMETHING AND PINNED IT UP ON THE BOARD."

And that fool Shenton! The great bulk of Jamesson shook the bed with laughter when he thought of his discomfited assistant. Thank God he hadn't recognized the work. He wouldn't know one painting from another, the chicken-headed tyke!

Jamesson returned to town next day, but he became restless and abstracted in his work. He could not determine his own course of action. The affair obsessed him. And he desired passionately to share his secret knowledge with someone. At last he acted in a manner that was characteristic of him. He wrote to Mr. Van Heel and asked for an appointment in town. He went to the flat in Westminster, and when he was alone with his client he said quietly, but deliberately:—

"I have seen your 'Santa Maria.'"

The effect of this remark was electrical. He saw the little American start from his chair, his face change colour, and his hand automatically slip towards a hip-pocket. Jamesson proceeded in level tones:—

"I have no intention of betraying your—secret."

Mr. Van Heel stood wildly gazing at him, his breath coming quickly, and his thin hands clutching the table for support. He made a curious choking noise in his throat, and then swayed and sank back to the chair and buried his face in his hands.

Jamesson, feeling uncomfortable and embarrassed, looked down at his hat, and then proceeded to take out and fill his pipe. The American did not speak. At length Jamesson managed to say, thickly:—

"I must apologize for intruding. My assistant—an interfering young devil, but he knows nothing. You must not be disturbed. It is a matter which concerns no one but yourself. I should not dream—perhaps I can understand.

crept out to the squash-racket court and shut himself in for about half an hour, and had then returned to the house. Shenton could not see what took place there, for a dark green blind was drawn over the skylight, but he could see that the powerful lights were on inside. But now the astute salesman had arranged a little device of his own. The framework of the skylight was supported by a double brick wall, but Shenton, with his own hands, had loosened one of the outer bricks at the back of the ventilator. To-morrow night he was going to lie in wait for Mr. Van Heel. He would lie on his face on the top of the embankment and remove the brick before Mr. Van Heel came, and then when he entered the court, Shenton would be able to observe him comfortably through the ventilator without being seen himself. He was consumed with his brilliant cunning, and simply could not keep his excitement to himself. Jamesson scowled blackly, but made no comment.

But to Shenton's disgust, on the following day he was just sitting down to an early chop and a whisky and soda in the Bull Inn, at Wayneshurst, when the big man came in. Shenton started and said :—

"Halloa! what are you here for?"

Jamesson replied casually :—

"Oh, I'm just down for a change of scenery. I'm going out for a stroll with you after you've finished making a beast of yourself."

Shenton was very annoyed. He cursed his alcoholic mood of the previous evening which had led him into blabbing the truth. He didn't want anyone else in this. This was *his* show. He'd done all the work and made all the "dispositions." He didn't fancy having Jamesson's photograph alongside his own in all the illustrated weeklies. He wanted all the glory to himself. It was most unfair. And he said as much; but Jamesson was adamant. Shenton could not see how he was to prevent his heavily-built senior from accompanying him, for nothing apparently but physical force could stop him, and Shenton had it not. He sulked, and tried to lie, but Jamesson stolidly smoked a pipe and waited.

After Shenton's meal they started out together in silence. It was a dark October night and inclined to rain. They walked the two miles to Gilling's Manor without exchanging comments, and approached the embankment from the back. Shenton soon found the shallow brick wall which enclosed the framework of the skylight. He felt along it with his hand, and his teeth were chattering unaccountably. Jamesson felt cold and wretched but determined. He detested spying; it was no business of h[illegible] Mr. Van Heel did in his own racket-c[illegible] he had come to see that Shenton did [illegible] a fool of himself, and he meant to h[illegible] him at all costs.

Shenton produced a screwdrive[illegible] strip of steel, and the brick [illegible] easily. And then they wai[illegible] lights in the house, away [illegible] showed that activity of son[illegible] gress. A dog barked and [illegible]

They seemed to wait an interminable time, but at length Shenton muttered :—

"He's coming."

They saw a dark figure come quietly up the gravel path that had been cut up to the court. It moved quickly and deliberately, and soon they heard a key turn in the outer door, which was of wood, and then the door slammed. There was a narrow vestibule between the outer door and the door of the court, which was of iron and fitted flush to the walls. In a few seconds they heard the iron door open, and then the court was flooded with light. The two salesmen had to have their faces unpleasantly close together to obtain any view at all, and for some minutes they believed they were not going to see anything. They could just observe the top of Mr. Van Heel's head as he moved about in the court. But at last he produced a long deal board and placed it against the wall. Then he unrolled something and pinned it up on the board. They could see the object very distinctly, but they could only see the back of Mr. Van Heel's head, and then he sat down and they could not see him at all.

Now, when these two watchers observed this thing pinned upon the board it produced in them two very diverse emotions. In Shenton it produced a feeling of utter disappointment and disgust. To Jamesson it was the most amazing moment of his life. To Shenton it was just a portrait of a girl painted in oils, but to Jamesson it was something which sent his heart beating violently against his ribs, for he recognized it at once. It was nothing less than the famous "Santa Maria" by Leonardo da Vinci, which had five years previously been cut out of its frame in the Académie des Beaux Arts in Paris, and had never been heard of since! Van Heel! His friend Van Heel had stolen it!

Jamesson was glad of the darkness. He dr[illegible] back and wiped his brow. He heard Shenton mutter :—

"It's a dirty wash-out!"

Jamesson managed to pull himself togeth[illegible] sufficiently to whisper :—

"You've made a blanketty fool of yours[illegible] Let's get back."

But Shenton insisted on remaining. [illegible] wanted to see what his intended victim mea[illegible] to do. He could not believe that an oil pain[illegible] alone could be the motive for these noctur[illegible] visits. He would not be robbed so easily [illegible] his bombs and flashlight signals. And so th[illegible] both continued peeping through the gr[illegible] But [illegible] as they could see, Mr. Van Heel [illegible] sit ther[illegible] at the port[illegible] [illegible]sappo[illegible] the end of a[illegible] the [illegible] ut, the [illegible] hea[illegible] an retu[illegible]

with his own internal fires. He wanted to get away from Shenton and think this thing out. At the inn he said good night abruptly and went up to his room. But it was many hours before Jamesson found his well-earned sleep. He lay there racked by the contemplation of this preposterous crime. It was incredible, amazing, and yet—it was a crime he could appreciate and even sympathize with. He had heard the "Santa Maria" appraised at the value of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Van Heel was a very rich man. He had not stolen it for its money value. He would not in any case be able to sell it. Why had he taken it? How had he managed it? Ought Jamesson to give him away? These questions kept revolving restlessly through his brain. Jamesson was a simple-minded man. His sins were always placed jauntily in the shop window. He had a reputation for candour and straight-dealing, but he was not necessarily matter-of-fact. The romance of the furnishing trade was a favourite theme of his. And on that still night there occurred to him that in all his career he had never encountered quite such a romantic experience as this, no episode which so dove-tailed with his own peculiar sensuous aspirations. It was tremendous! How the man must love Art. Fancy risking his whole life and reputation to acquire a picture so that he might secretly call it his very own. Imagine the fierce moods of exultation he must enjoy as he stole into the private chamber [illegible] night and gloated over the beauty of [illegible] had torn from the vulgar gaze of the [illegible] a risk the man must have run! [illegible] must have been that stirred [illegible]rate action. And so—the [illegible]with its concrete floors and [illegible]nd the powerful arc lights [illegible]t night "like daylight"!

"THEN HE UNROLLED SOMETHING AND PINNED IT UP ON THE BOARD."

And that fool Shenton! The great bulk of Jamesson shook the bed with laughter when he thought of his discomfited assistant. Thank God he hadn't recognized the work. He wouldn't know one painting from another, the chicken-headed tyke!

Jamesson returned to town next day, but he became restless and abstracted in his work. He could not determine his own course of action. The affair obsessed him. And he desired passionately to share his secret knowledge with someone. At last he acted in a manner that was characteristic of him. He wrote to Mr. Van Heel and asked for an appointment in town. He went to the flat in Westminster, and when he was alone with his client he said quietly, but deliberately:—

"I have seen your 'Santa Maria.'"

The effect of this remark was electrical. He saw the little American start from his chair, his face change colour, and his hand automatically slip towards a hip-pocket. Jamesson proceeded in level tones:—

"I have no intention of betraying your—secret."

Mr. Van Heel stood wildly gazing at him, his breath coming quickly, and his thin hands clutching the table for support. He made a curious choking noise in his throat, and then swayed and sank back to the chair and buried his face in his hands.

Jamesson, feeling uncomfortable and embarrassed, looked down at his hat, and then proceeded to take out and fill his pipe. The American did not speak. At length Jamesson managed to say, thickly:—

"I must apologize for intruding. My assistant—an interfering young devil, but he knows nothing. You must not be disturbed. It is a matter which concerns no one but yourself. I should not dream—perhaps I can understand."

as I am a member, it would be improper for me to give details."

MR. F. W. LANCHESTER
(Author of "Aerial Flight").

"There has been a tendency to fly to extremes in this question. Some time ago the idea that we should ever travel by air was almost universally ridiculed. Now some people are talking as though in a year or two we should all be taking tickets for journeys by air. I see to-day that on the strength of Captain Laureati's flight from Turin to London one of the newspapers suggests that we shall get a daily supply of fresh fruit and flowers from Italy by aeroplanes. Well, perhaps we may—for the King's table. I take a medium view of the possibilities of commercial aviation.

"In the first place, I think there can be no doubt that aircraft will before long be brought into general use for the carrying of mails. Some of these aeroplanes may also be available for passengers, and I have no doubt that millionaires and other adventurous spirits will adopt this method of travel. But I think it may be a considerable time before you will induce any large number of people to abandon railways and steamships in favour of air travel. There is no doubt, of course, that it has been made much safer. Not very long before the war it was estimated that the mortality amounted to one man for every two thousand miles flown; now I suppose it is something like one to every forty thou and miles. There was a time when an air journey, in the language of the insurance companies, would take off two years from your expectation of life; to-day it would not take off two days. But probably no amount of statistics would convince the general public. They must see for themselves air services in operation over a considerable time with practically no more risk to life and limb than is involved in other methods of travelling. How long this will take I should not like to say.

"From the national point of view the development of commercial aviation is much to be desired. I am not one of those who think that this war is going to be the last war. In my opinion it will be necessary for us, as a safeguard against future wars, to obtain supremacy in the air by the maintenance of enormous fleets of aircraft. It will be much easier for us to do this if some parts of these fleets are made useful for commercial purposes during peace. Aircraft would then be much in the same position as our merchant ships, which are capable of adaptation as auxiliary cruisers in the event of war. Unless commercial uses can be found for them, I doubt very much whether we shall keep aircraft factories and skilled pilots and mechanics in being, as they ought to be kept in the interests of national safety."

MR. C. G. GREY
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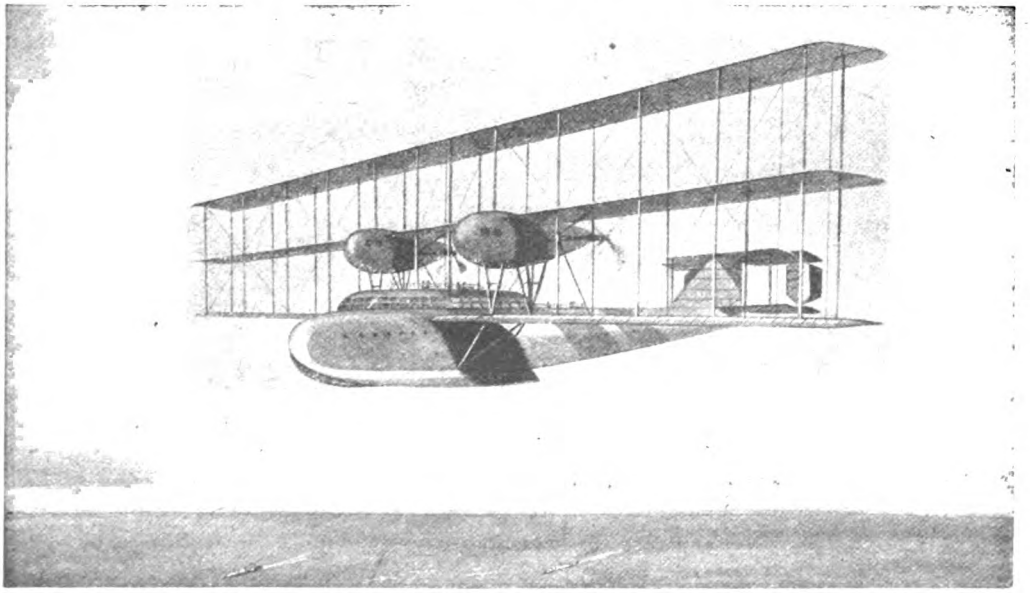
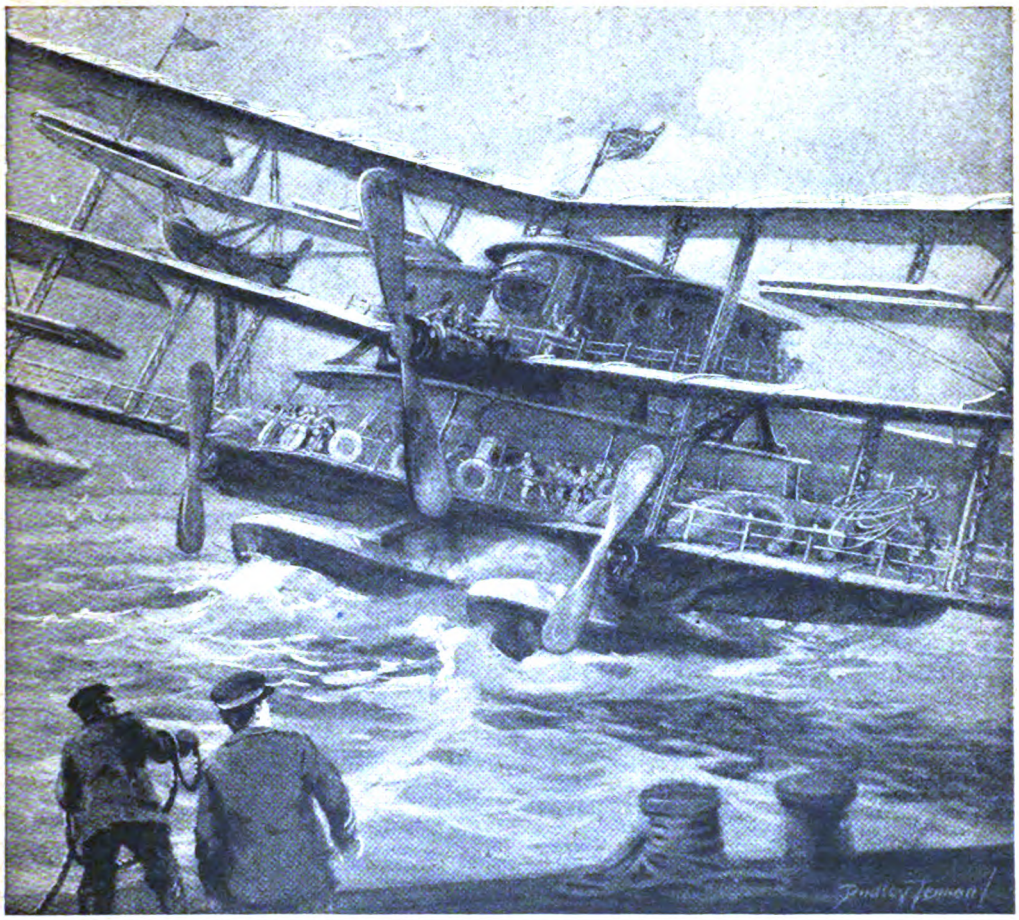
"It is not a question," said Mr. Grey, in the course of an interview in his editorial office, "whether, but when, we shall travel by air. In my opinion air travel will have become general within ten years after the end of the war. You must remember that a younger generation are growing up who have never known what the world was like without aeroplanes. They have not the same prejudice as the present



ANOTHER PEEP INTO THE FUTURE, BY AN ARTIST WHOSE DESIGN IS MOST NOTICEABLE FOR ITS SIMPLICITY.

DRAWN BY GEOFFREY WATSON.



A LEVIATHAN OF THE AIR COMING TO HER MOORINGS. THE MACHINE HAS SO MANY POINTS OF RESEMBLANCE TO THE LINER OF TO-DAY AS TO SUGGEST THAT THESE MONSTERS OF THE FUTURE MAY BE KNOWN AS FLYING LINERS RATHER THAN FLYING TRAINS.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY TENNANT.

generation against the supposed danger of air travelling. If we had the statistics available I think it could be shown that air travelling under peace conditions and with all the precautions which would be adopted in the case of a passenger service has become quite reasonably safe. The only records which have been kept, so far as I know, are those of the travelling schools. About six months ago I heard unofficially that these records showed one fatality for each seventy-five thousand miles of flying, or three times round the world. Of course, the percentage of accidents is really abnormally high among the pupils at these schools owing to various causes. They may be too reckless by temperament, they may think they know more than they really d[illegible] for the purpose of man[illegible]ring they [illegible] hazardous tri[illegible]loopi[illegible] the other h[illegible]plan[illegible]arge only [illegible]rie[illegible] one con-[illegible]pe[illegible] mach[illegible]

would be of a large size, specially designed and built from this point of view, and equipped with reserve engines, so that the most frequent cause of accidents—engine trouble—would be eliminated.

"It is quite certain that as soon as the war is over a number of air lines will be promoted—several business men, with ample financial resources, have their plans already made. The first line will probably be from London to Paris. This trip has become quite a familiar one to so many people, officers and others, who during this war have been constantly going to and fro by air. There is a constant stream of traffic, under normal conditions, between the two capitals, and many business men would greatly appreciate the reduction of the journey to three hours. The first time they might go by air out of 'swank,' but afterwards they would prefer it because of its quicker speed and comfort."

"Speed, yes, but comfort?"

"Yes, comfort. Even now I find an air

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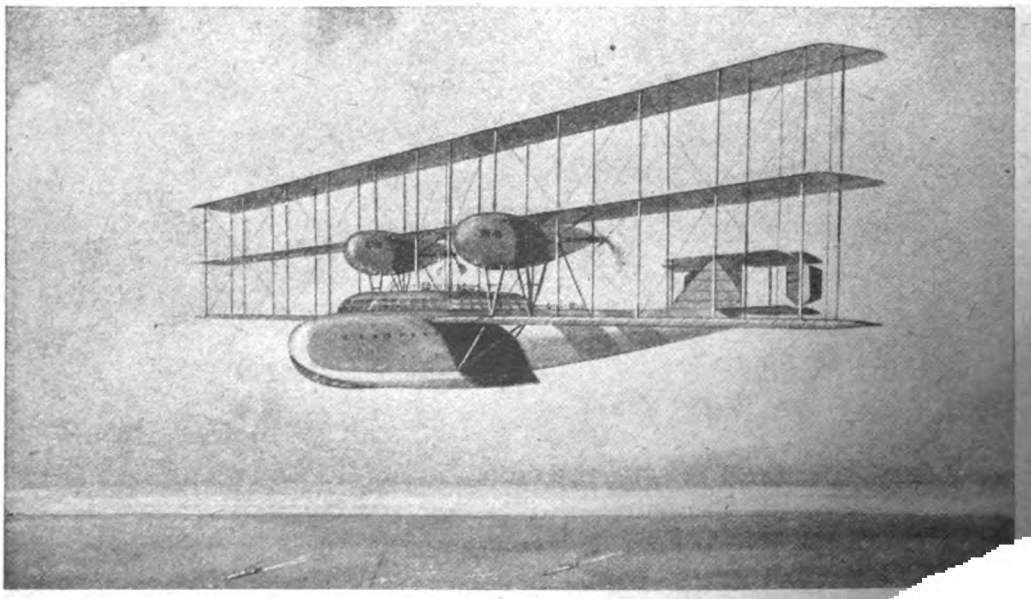

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would be of a large [illegible] built from the [illegible] with [illegible] cause of [illegible] eliminated.

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journey more comfortable than a railway journey, with the jolting and noise. Under such conditions as would prevail in a London-Paris service the through journey by air would be usually pleasanter than by the train to Dover, a nasty sea-passage, troublesome Customs' examinations, and then another three or four hours in a stuffy train. It would not be necessary to go more than two thousand feet up, and at that height on a large machine, such as the Handley Page, no physical discomfort is experienced. As regards the ascent and descent, with a careful pilot the sensation is no worse than that of going up or down in a lift."

"One more question, Mr. Grey. What has been the principal advance made during the war to bring commercial aviation within the region of practical politics?"

"The introduction of lighter engines. This has not only made an ascent much easier but has also enormously increased the carrying capacity of aircraft."

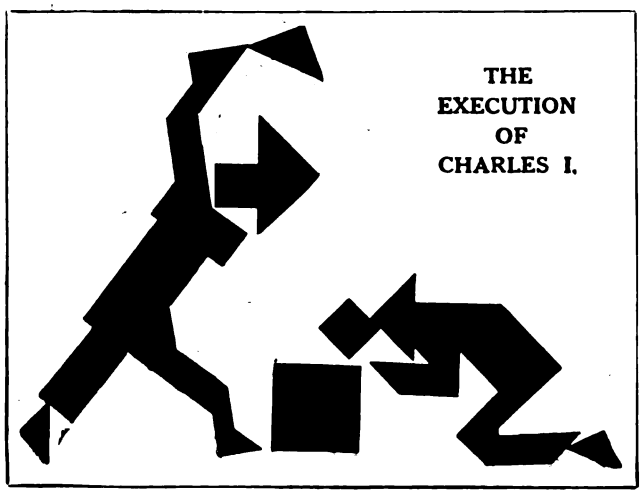
MR. W. EWART CHESTER
(Managing Director of Davidson Aviation Co.).

"I do not think any doubts can even exist in the mind of the public now as to the future of aviation. Manufacturers of aircraft certainly are fully alive to the part the aeroplane will play in the world's work when peace is restored, and they are preparing for it accordingly. We have very large and very powerfully-engined machines now, but the construction and the power of future designs will, in my view, be much larger and faster than the present ones. Lord Montagu has said that the horse-power will be counted in thousands, and I think he is right. One can only generalize in a matter of this kind, and exactly what particular form the mammoth post-war construction, intended for carrying passengers and mails and certain classes of merchandise, will take it would not be safe to predict. There will be little difficulty in planning comfortable accommodation for a limited number of passengers for long-distance work, but it is not so easy to arrange for the correct distribution of the weight of goods. There is without doubt immense scope for the flying boat which, like the big overland flyer operating between all important centres, will create a special trade of its own and which, if properly organized, will earn good profits for their promoters."

MR. J. OWEN
("J.O." of the "Westminster Gazette").

Mr. Owen, who as far back as 1909 forecasted with remarkable accuracy the *rôle* of the aeroplane in war, gave his view as follows:—

"We are now so preoccupied with the use of aircraft for destructive purposes that in my view one of two things must inevitably happen when peace is restored. The Allies will do their best to restrict the functions of the military aeroplane and reduce their numbers to an infinitesimal figure, or they will be compelled by the sheer momentum of progress to build unlimited numbers, in which case the big fighting ship will quietly disappear and land armies will be rendered impotent and decisions—which may mean the obliteration of whole peoples—will be secured in the air. Everything will depend upon the peace terms, and if the aerial question cannot be settled it is quite conceivable that our own air force will mount up to several hundred thousand machines in time. It will be a race for invention as well as numbers, and in this connection the commercial aeroplane may prove to be a means to an end, because the authorities will see to it that the peace designs of aircraft as well as ships are so fashioned that they can be immediately converted for war. Everything points at the moment to the unlimited programme of construction, and no Government or people have hitherto been able to resist progress in invention. It is difficult to see how they can now arrest the unnatural expansion of aerial navigation."



THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES I.

RESULT OF TANGRAM COMPETITION.

In a recent article on "War Tangrams" we offered a prize of Ten Guineas for the best design sent in by any of our readers, composed of not more than four tangrams—i.e., twenty-eight pieces in all. Many excellent pictures were submitted, and after careful consideration the prize has been awarded to B. McClenaghan, Girton College, Cambridge, for the accompanying clever design, entitled "The Execution of Charles I."

MR. VAN HEEL OF VIRGINIA.

By STACY AUMONIER.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

OLD Jamesson was something of a character. The position he held in the firm of Quinson and Beelswright, the famous decorators and furnishers, was unique. It was a known thing that in the eyes of the directors old Jamesson could do no wrong, or, in any case, he could do no radical wrong. All his eccentricities and peccadilloes were easily forgiven. The man had a certain florid force of character, and he was moreover one of the best judges of antique furniture and porcelain in London, and no mean critic of what is called Fine Art. He was a large man with puffy red cheeks and grey curls, and he wore check trousers, white spats, and a tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle. His manners were not always irreproachable. He took snuff, ate and drank prodigiously, had many little affectations, a quick and tempestuous temper, no sense of humour, but a heart of gold. He was a great favourite of Mr. Hugh Quinson's, the managing director of the firm, who understood him entirely, and who would in expansive moments pat him on the back and call him "Johnny." He had been with the firm for nearly twenty years, and for nine years of that period he had been in charge of the antique department, and it was only by exercising the greatest tact that Mr. Quinson had been able to ultimately remove him from that position to one of being a head salesman and sub-manager. The trouble with old Jamesson in the antique department was that, although he was an excellent buyer, he seemed to resent having to sell these rare and beautiful objects he had been at such pains to collect. He liked to walk about among them and touch them with his fat fingers, and breathe heavily upon their cloistered beauty. If a customer showed a disposition to buy one of his favourite pieces, he would instantly depreciate it, and he had, moreover, a native instinct for candour that was not strictly in accordance with the canons of the commercial side of antique dealing. He would say :—

"Yes, sir, it looks a fine piece, but only one leg is genuine, the rest is copied."

Or he would shake his head and remark :—

"No, madam, I don't agree with you. The upper part of this cabinet is fair, but the lower part is quite wrong in style."

Things are not said like that in the antique trade, and so he was gradually relieved of the responsibility of this position, and was only allowed to confine himself to the control of more frankly modern things. The change, though equally remunerative to old Jamesson, and far more remunerative to the firm, cannot be said to have produced in the former any elevated sense of satisfaction. Of course, the work was easy enough. He knew the furnishing trade inside and out, as he explained to everyone, but the modern aspect of it bored him. He left all the details of the jobs he had in hand to his assistant, Shenton. This Shenton was also a source of boredom to him, but at the same time an invaluable young man. He had a thin, cadaverous face, a restless eye, and a very retentive memory. He was always on the make, and conducted goodness knows how many businesses in his spare time. His chief hobby in life seemed to be to "get someone by the short hairs." He was always scheming and planning, and, though old Jamesson despised him, and was bored by him, he realized his merits, and was at times even a little afraid of him.

On a certain morning in June old Jamesson was sent for by Mr. Quinson, who said :—

"Ah, Johnny, here is an inquiry you might attend to. It is from an American named Justus Theodore Van Heel. He has bought Gilling's Manor, at Wayneshurst, fifteen miles down the line in Surrey. He wants it done up. I have looked him up in our secret reference list. He is all right. His money is in real estate and gilt-edged securities. Give him any credit he wants."

The prospect of interviewing an American millionaire did not raise the spirits of Mr. Jamesson very considerably, and if it had been a dull day he would probably have sent Shenton off on this expedition; but the day was brilliantly fine, and he was not very busy, so he decided to go himself.

He met Mr. Van Heel on the lawn of Gilling's

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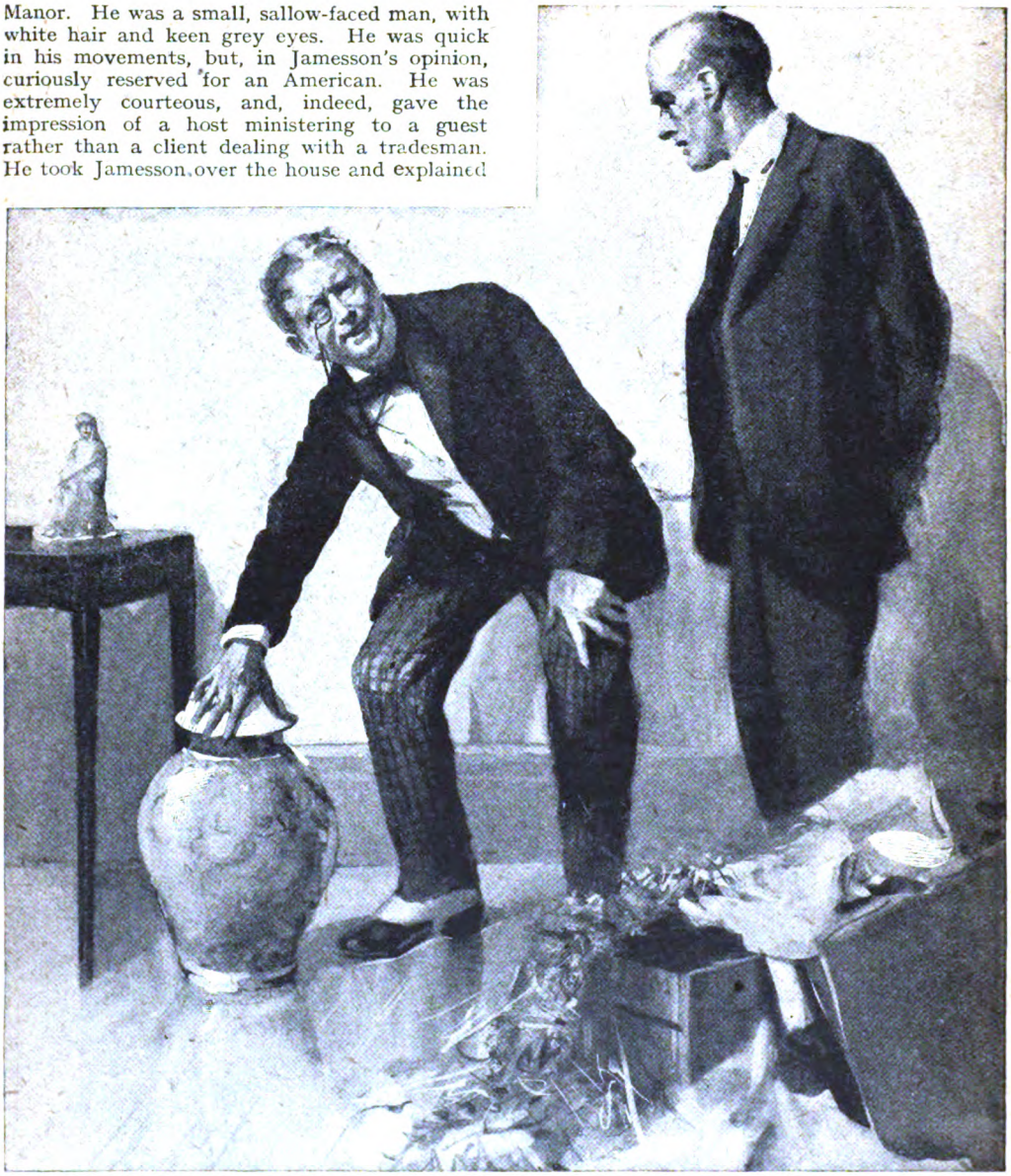
Manor. He was a small, sallow-faced man, with white hair and keen grey eyes. He was quick in his movements, but, in Jamesson's opinion, curiously reserved for an American. He was extremely courteous, and, indeed, gave the impression of a host ministering to a guest rather than a client dealing with a tradesman. He took Jamesson over the house and explained



"JAMESSON PASSED HIS FINGERS OVER THE GLAZE SEVERAL TIMES. THEN HE MUTTERED, 'GENUINE MING.'"

his requirements, and asked him his opinion upon every point. It was a charming Queen Anne building in a fair state of repair, although it had not been lived in for some years. His demands were quite simple. He was apparently going to live there alone, but the size of the mansion would necessitate certain renovations, and of the ten bedrooms all except three were to be put in order. For the rest, he wanted everything kept much as it was.

On the way upstairs he murmured: "I have a few pieces of old furniture," and Jamesson's interest quickened perceptibly.

One packing-case had arrived, and was lying on the floor on the first landing. The lid had been removed, and a pot was standing on the floor and a small statuette on a side-table. As they passed, Jamesson stooped and passed his fingers over the glaze several times. Then he muttered:—

"Genuine Ming."

He then looked closely at the statuette, and said:—

"Tanagra."

The American looked at his visitor with one of his quick glances, and said:—

"You know something about—works of art, Mr. —— ?"

"Jamesson. Yes, I know a little."

They passed on in silence, each feeling a little more drawn towards the other. Mr. Van Heel said, at last :—

"I shall hope you will do me the favour of giving me your opinion upon all my other goods when they arrive."

"It will be a great pleasure," Jamesson panted, following heavily in the wake of his more nimble companion.

When they had been all over the house, Mr. Van Heel led him into the garden. On the east side of the house the ground was level for about a hundred yards, and then ended in an abrupt embankment. This embankment, which extended for some distance, was probably the normal elevation of the land, but at some time the ground below had been levelled, and had been converted into a lawn and fruit garden. Mr. Van Heel, for some reason or other, seemed a little agitated. He coughed, and said :—

"Will you be so good as to come this way ?"

When they arrived at the embankment, he pointed to it, and continued :—

"I have the idea to make a squash-racket court here."

It would not have been surprising if old Jamesson had expressed astonishment at this request, but he had been in the furnishing trade for over thirty-five years, and he knew that it was not his business to be surprised at any suggestion made by a client, particularly a wealthy one.

He said : "Yes, sir. Do you wish it cut out of the embankment ?"

The American's idea was quite simple. It was to be as it were sunk into the embankment, with concrete walls and a concrete base, a small gallery upstairs netted in, a flat skylight, and two powerful arc lights giving almost the effect of daylight, so that his guests could, if they liked, play after dinner or in the winter when it got dark early.

Jamesson listened to Mr. Van Heel's instructions, and took down one or two notes in his pocket-book, and came to a mental decision that this would be a very good job for Shenton to see through. He mildly wondered once or twice at such an elderly gentleman as Mr. Van Heel requiring a squash-racket court, and being so keen and determined about all the details ; he also wondered why he should insist on its being built so far away from the house when there was an excellent site for it in a yard which adjoined the servants' quarters. But he did not give the matter much attention at the time. His mind was more occupied with the Ming pot on the staircase and the Tanagra statuette. The hour was also approaching when he was in the habit of having a long and refreshing drink, and he knew he had nearly a two-miles' walk to the station. When they arrived back at the house, however, all his apprehensions on this score were set at rest, for Mr. Van Heel immediately led into the dining-room, and said :—

"You must allow me to offer you a little refreshment before your journey."

A bumper glass of Jamesson's favourite beverage was set before him, and a cigar the like of which he had never imagined existed found its way between his teeth. He observed that his host only drank Vichy water. He was a peculiarly mild and gentle little man. Jamesson had never met an American who talked so little. He was no great talker himself, and the silences would have been almost embarrassing but for the fact that he felt strangely drawn towards this unusual client. When it became time for Jamesson to go, Mr. Van Heel stood up, and said :—

"My automobile is here. It will take you to the station. Perhaps, Mr. Jamesson, you will do me the favour of meeting me at my flat in town, when we can discuss the disposition of the various pieces of furniture. I have some François premier work which may interest you."

This was a job after Jamesson's own heart, and he readily assented, and returned to town in better spirits than he had been for some time. He handed the instructions to Shenton, with the remark :—

"Here, get out an estimate for this lot."

On the following Wednesday Jamesson met Mr. Van Heel by appointment at a flat in Westminster, and he spent a most entrancing day. He arrived there at twelve and stayed till a quarter to six. The two men lunched on whisky and sandwiches. In the whole course of his career Jamesson had never come across such a fine private collection of old furniture, paintings, and *objets d'art*. Mr. Van Heel became garrulous. It was obviously the hobby of his life, the one thing he was really interested in. Jamesson responded with warmth. He had met a kindred spirit. It was a glorious time. He had never met anyone before with such a sympathetic passion for old "pieces." So interested did they become in discussing their antiquity, their beauty, their proportions, the slightly doubtful authenticity of certain sections, that they quite forgot the original idea of the visit, which was to determine where the different pieces were to be placed in Gilling's Manor. Consequently a further visit had to be arranged. When Jamesson arrived home that night he felt that a new light had come into his life. A kindred spirit. He was very cheerful. He lived with his wife, two daughters, and a son in a high and rather ugly house in Kensington. It was a pleasant innocuous *ménage*, where all sorts of allowances were made for "the eccentricity of papa." But when "papa" was in a good temper, the general standard of happiness and comfort was equal perhaps to that of any other middle-class family in the neighbourhood. On this particular evening, when his wife commented on his buoyant frame of mind, he remarked :—

"I met a very charming man in business today, my dear, very charming indeed."

During the ensuing month Jamesson went about his work with a kind of stolid zest. He

was at the crest of a long, gently-rising slope. It commanded South London. But this was merely coincidence. The name? Well, a name meant nothing. At its worst it was only Dutch. He would dismiss the whole thing from his mind. And he would take Shenton away from this job and see it through himself.

But in this latter resolution he reckoned without his host. Shenton was prepared for this, and he was rather too clever for him. He had all the details at his finger-ends, and when Jamesson tried to take it up, he soon got into a muddle. In disgust, he handed it back to Shenton again, and told him "to get on with it, and not have quite so much of the Sherlock Holmes."

Shenton accepted this gibe without a word, and soon made it his business to go down to Wayneshurst again and stay the night. In the meantime Jamesson once more went out with Mr. Van Heel, and they visited more exhibitions and sales together. He thought the American seemed a little more nervous and abstracted than usual, but perhaps this was only his imagination. The squash-racket court was completed before the rest of the work. Shenton then stayed down there for several nights at the local inn. It is difficult to know what might have been the outcome of what he called his "dispositions," if the old tag, "*in vino veritas*," had not exerted its influence on his behaviour. For he came up to town one evening a little "the worse for wear," as someone described him in the bar of the Green Turtle, and in the excitement of his mood he blabbed his scheme into the ear of Jamesson.

"To-morrow night," he said, "I'm going to get Mr. Herr von Heel by the short 'airs. I'm going to fix 'im all right."

And then he explained that for the last week, every night after dinner, Mr. Van Heel had

"SHENTON LEANED FORWARD AND WHISPERED: ''ERE, WHAT'S AN OLD MAN LIKE THAT WANT A SQUASH-RACKET COURT FOR?''"

crept out to the squash-racket court and shut himself in for about half an hour, and had then returned to the house. Shenton could not see what took place there, for a dark green blind was drawn over the skylight, but he could see that the powerful lights were on inside. But now the astute salesman had arranged a little device of his own. The framework of the skylight was supported by a double brick wall, but Shenton, with his own hands, had loosened one of the outer bricks at the back of the ventilator. To-morrow night he was going to lie in wait for Mr. Van Heel. He would lie on his face on the top of the embankment and remove the brick before Mr. Van Heel came, and then when he entered the court, Shenton would be able to observe him comfortably through the ventilator without being seen himself. He was consumed with his brilliant cunning, and simply could not keep his excitement to himself. Jamesson scowled blackly, but made no comment.

But to Shenton's disgust, on the following day he was just sitting down to an early chop and a whisky and soda in the Bull Inn, at Wayneshurst, when the big man came in. Shenton started and said :—

"Halloa! what are you here for?"

Jamesson replied casually :—

"Oh, I'm just down for a change of scenery. I'm going out for a stroll with you after you've finished making a beast of yourself."

Shenton was very annoyed. He cursed his alcoholic mood of the previous evening which had led him into blabbing the truth. He didn't want anyone else in this. This was *his* show. He'd done all the work and made all the "dispositions." He didn't fancy having Jamesson's photograph alongside his own in all the illustrated weeklies. He wanted all the glory to himself. It was most unfair. And he said as much; but Jamesson was adamant. Shenton could not see how he was to prevent his heavily-built senior from accompanying him, for nothing apparently but physical force could stop him, and Shenton had it not. He sulked, and tried to lie, but Jamesson stolidly smoked a pipe and waited.

After Shenton's meal they started out together in silence. It was a dark October night and inclined to rain. They walked the two miles to Gilling's Manor without exchanging comments, and approached the embankment from the back. Shenton soon found the shallow brick wall which enclosed the framework of the skylight. He felt along it with his hand, and his teeth were chattering unaccountably. Jamesson felt cold and wretched but determined. He detested spying; it was no business of his what Mr. Van Heel did in his own racket-court, but he had come to see that Shenton didn't make a fool of himself, and he meant to hang on to him at all costs.

Shenton produced a screwdriver and a narrow strip of steel, and the brick came away quite easily. And then they waited. A few dim lights in the house, away among the trees, showed that activity of some sort was in progress. A dog barked and then became silent. They seemed to wait an interminable time, but at length Shenton muttered :—

"He's coming."

They saw a dark figure come quietly up the gravel path that had been cut up to the court. It moved quickly and deliberately, and soon they heard a key turn in the outer door, which was of wood, and then the door slammed. There was a narrow vestibule between the outer door and the door of the court, which was of iron and fitted flush to the walls. In a few seconds they heard the iron door open, and then the court was flooded with light. The two salesmen had to have their faces unpleasantly close together to obtain any view at all, and for some minutes they believed they were not going to see anything. They could just observe the top of Mr. Van Heel's head as he moved about in the court. But at last he produced a long deal board and placed it against the wall. Then he unrolled something and pinned it up on the board. They could see the object very distinctly, but they could only see the back of Mr. Van Heel's head, and then he sat down and they could not see him at all.

Now, when these two watchers observed this thing pinned upon the board it produced in them two very diverse emotions. In Shenton it produced a feeling of utter disappointment and disgust. To Jamesson it was the most amazing moment of his life. To Shenton it was just a portrait of a girl painted in oils, but to Jamesson it was something which sent his heart beating violently against his ribs, for he recognized it at once. It was nothing less than the famous "Santa Maria" by Leonardo da Vinci, which had five years previously been cut out of its frame in the Académie des Beaux Arts in Paris, and had never been heard of since! Van Heel! His friend Van Heel had stolen it!

Jamesson was glad of the darkness. He drew back and wiped his brow. He heard Shenton mutter :—

"It's a dirty wash-out!"

Jamesson managed to pull himself together sufficiently to whisper :—

"You've made a blanketty fool of yourself. Let's get back."

But Shenton insisted on remaining. He wanted to see what his intended victim meant to do. He could not believe that an oil painting alone could be the motive for these nocturnal visits. He would not be robbed so easily of his bombs and flashlight signals. And so they both continued peeping through the grille. But so far as they could see, Mr. Van Heel did nothing but sit there and gaze at the portrait. It was most disappointing. At the end of about twenty minutes the lights went out, the doors banged, and they heard the American returning along the gravel path to the house.

The two men stood up, and Shenton became sulkily abusive. He cursed the silly sentimental old fool who had gone to all this trouble "to look at the portrait of some girl he had been in love with." He became violently insulting to Jamesson, but that gentleman was hardly listening to him. He was very much consumed

with his own internal fires. He wanted to get away from Shenton and think this thing out. At the inn he said good night abruptly and went up to his room. But it was many hours before Jamesson found his well-earned sleep. He lay there racked by the contemplation of this preposterous crime. It was incredible, amazing, and yet—it was a crime he could appreciate and even sympathize with. He had heard the "Santa Maria" appraised at the value of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Van Heel was a very rich man. He had not stolen it for its money value. He would not in any case be able to sell it. Why had he taken it? How had he managed it? Ought Jamesson to give him away? These questions kept revolving restlessly through his brain. Jamesson was a simple-minded man. His sins were always placed jauntily in the shop window. He had a reputation for candour and straight-dealing, but he was not necessarily matter-of-fact. The romance of the furnishing trade was a favourite theme of his. And on that still night there occurred to him that in all his career he had never encountered quite such a romantic experience as this, no episode which so dove-tailed with his own peculiar sensuous aspirations. It was tremendous! How the man must love Art. Fancy risking his whole life and reputation to acquire a picture so that he might secretly call it his very own. Imagine the fierce moods of exultation he would enjoy as he stole into the private chamber night after night and gloated over the beauty of the thing he had torn from the vulgar gaze of the public! What a risk the man must have run! What a passion it must have been that stirred him to this desperate action. And so—the squash-racket court with its concrete floors and its windowless walls, and the powerful arc lights that made the room at night "like daylight"!

"THEN HE UNROLLED SOMETHING AND PINNED IT UP ON THE BOARD."

And that fool Shenton! The great bulk of Jamesson shook the bed with laughter when he thought of his discomfited assistant. Thank God he hadn't recognized the work. He wouldn't know one painting from another, the chicken-headed tyke!

Jamesson returned to town next day, but he became restless and abstracted in his work. He could not determine his own course of action. The affair obsessed him. And he desired passionately to share his secret knowledge with someone. At last he acted in a manner that was characteristic of him. He wrote to Mr. Van Heel and asked for an appointment in town. He went to the flat in Westminster, and when he was alone with his client he said quietly, but deliberately:—

"I have seen your 'Santa Maria.'"

The effect of this remark was electrical. He saw the little American start from his chair, his face change colour, and his hand automatically slip towards a hip-pocket. Jamesson proceeded in level tones:—

"I have no intention of betraying your—secret."

Mr. Van Heel stood wildly gazing at him, his breath coming quickly, and his thin hands clutching the table for support. He made a curious choking noise in his throat, and then swayed and sank back to the chair and buried his face in his hands.

Jamesson, feeling uncomfortable and embarrassed, looked down at his hat, and then proceeded to take out and fill his pipe. The American did not speak. At length Jamesson managed to say, thickly:—

"I must apologize for intruding. My assistant—an interfering young devil, but he knows nothing. You must not be disturbed. It is a matter which concerns no one but yourself. I should not dream—perhaps I can understand.

crept out to the squash-racket court and shut himself in for about half an hour, and had then returned to the house. Shenton could not see what took place there, for a dark green blind was drawn over the skylight, but he could see that the powerful lights were on inside. But now the astute salesman had arranged a little device of his own. The framework of the skylight was supported by a double brick wall, but Shenton, with his own hands, had loosened one of the outer bricks at the back of the ventilator. To-morrow night he was going to lie in wait for Mr. Van Heel. He would lie on his face on the top of the embankment and remove the brick before Mr. Van Heel came, and then when he entered the court, Shenton would be able to observe him comfortably through the ventilator without being seen himself. He was consumed with his brilliant cunning, and simply could not keep his excitement to himself. Jamesson scowled blackly, but made no comment.

But to Shenton's disgust, on the following day he was just sitting down to an early ch[illegible] and a whisky and soda in the Bull Inn, [illegible] Wayneshurst, when the big man came [illegible] Shenton started and said :—

"Halloa! what are you here for?"

Jamesson replied casually :—

"Oh, I'm just down for a change of scen[illegible] I'm going out for a stroll with you after y[illegible] finished making a beast of yourself."

Shenton was very annoyed. He cur[illegible] alcoholic mood of the previous evening [illegible] had led him into blabbing the truth [illegible] didn't want anyone else in this. This [illegible] show. He'd done all the work and [illegible] the "dispositions." He didn't fancy [illegible] Jamesson's photograph alongside his [illegible] all the illustrated weeklies. He wa[illegible] the glory to himself. It was most [illegible] And he said as much; but Jamesson [illegible] mant. Shenton could not see how [illegible] prevent his heavily-built senior fro[illegible] panying him, for nothing apparently b[illegible] force could stop him, and Shenton [illegible] He sulked, and tried to lie, but Jame[illegible] smoked a pipe and waited.

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Shenton produced a [illegible] strip of steel, and th[illegible] easily. And then th[illegible] lights in the house [illegible] and that activity [illegible]

[illegible] SADE BACK

[illegible] your kindness [illegible] myself for the

[illegible] at five

o'clock, I will try to let you understand better. I——"

Jamesson stood up and bowed heavily. Then he said :—

"I will agree to come back at five o'clock, and I do not hold you to any explanation. As I have said, I pledge myself to entire secrecy in the matter, but I must make one stipulation."

"What is that?" answered the American, without turning.

"That you hand me that revolver from your hip-pocket."

Mr. Van Heel started and turned, and Jamesson thought he detected a tear on the brink of his eyes. Slowly he drew out his revolver and placed it on the table. Jamesson picked it up and added :—

"And that you promise not to do anything —foolish till I return."

Mr. Van Heel paused, and then bowed his head, and Jamesson withdrew.

When he returned at five o'clock, Mr. Van Heel was alone in the flat. It was a cold, bleak day, and the streets were already lighted. A bright fire was burning in the drawing-room, and his host led him thither.

"Please sit down," he said.

He seemed to have aged since the morning, but his face had a calm, resigned expression. He took a seat facing the fire, with his profile towards Jamesson. He started speaking immediately, as though anxious to relieve himself of some terrible strain.

"You have been very sympathetic to me, Mr. Jamesson, and I am entirely in your hands. I do not deny that I have the picture you mention. I can only tell you my story, and trust to your generosity of heart to treat me as leniently as you think fit. I will be as brief as possible. I come of an old Southern family from Virginia. We were raised on most strictly puritanic—exclusive lines. It was even a great source of annoyance to my parents that I took an interest in Art. I had known my wife since we were children. She also came of an old family, the Lowrys, who were if anything more exclusive than ourselves. In fact, we saw very few other families in our State. It was a sort of understood thing—the Van Heels and the Lowrys had been connected for generations. We were married at twenty-five. We were very happy. We had one daughter, the darling of our lives. Her name was Anna. We lavished on her all our love and care and wealth. We built up splendid dreams for her. She was the most beautiful thing that ever danced in the sun. She had all our Southern pride, but something of the free-moving, independent *nuance* of the North. We enjoyed nearly twenty years of unalloyed family happiness, and then suddenly one day our daughter announced that she had fallen in love with a young sailor—an ordinary seaman working before the mast in a coastal steamer. I need hardly say that my wife and I protested. We forbade her to see him, or him to enter our house. But the affair went on. She saw him secretly, and my wife was furious. There was one terrible interview. We all lost our tempers. My daughter walked out of the house and—I have not seen her since."

Mr. Van Heel paused and pressed his handkerchief against his brow. Then he continued more slowly :—

"For years we believed she would return. In the first flush of anger we destroyed all her portraits and photographs. Then we repented. I wrote to her, but either she did not get the letter, or she was too proud to answer. We heard that she had married the sailor, and had gone to sea, but we heard nothing more. Three years went by, and we became disconsolate, and at length my wife died in my arms."

Mr. Van Heel again paused, and buried his face in his hands, and spoke drearily :—

"I travelled after that. I visited various ports, hoping to meet her. Then I came across to Europe and wandered about England, and Italy, and France. I sank into a low, maudlin state, and I believe to a certain extent my mind became unhinged. I was in Paris one day, and I drifted into the Académie des Beaux Arts. Looking at paintings was the only interest I had in life. Suddenly I came face to face with the 'Santa Maria' of Leonardos. The thing was amazing. Apart from being such a beautiful work, it was incredibly like my daughter Anna! It had her same proud smile, the same queer way of peering at you, even the hair and the colour of the eyes were the same. I gazed at it breathlessly. It was the only thing in the world which recalled her. I had no other record. Every day for weeks I went to the Académie and gazed at this wonderful portrait. I was not happy away from it. The knowledge that it was there seemed to keep me sane. At last the thing became an obsession. I could think of nothing else. I determined to steal it."

Jamesson leaned forward.

"How did you manage that?" he asked, breathlessly.

Mr. Van Heel sighed.

"They say, Mr. Jamesson," he answered, "that money can accomplish anything. I certainly spent a good deal of money acquiring the 'Santa Maria.' And I do not propose to bore you with all the details of it. In fact, I have forgotten many of them myself. I can only say that I ran no risks at all on the score of expense. It involved buying a confectionery business in the Rue d'Abernon, which, as you know, runs at the back of the Académie. I employed two gentlemen of adventurous disposition. One came from Texas, the other was a Frenchman. You may remember that at the time of the robbery two attendants were found asphyxiated in Gallery VII., and the picture was cut neatly out of the frame, while an entrance had apparently been cut through a shutter and a window and had been effected from the iron fire-escape emergency staircase. These things are apparently astonishingly simple if you take enough pains and trouble. My friend from Texas threw a lariat from our roof on to the flagstaff of the Académie at three

journey more comfortable than a railway journey, with the jolting and noise. Under such conditions as would prevail in a London-Paris service the through journey by air would be usually pleasanter than by the train to Dover, a nasty sea-passage, troublesome Customs' examinations, and then another three or four hours in a stuffy train. It would not be necessary to go more than two thousand feet up, and at that height on a large machine, such as the Handley Page, no physical discomfort is experienced. As regards the ascent and descent, with a careful pilot the sensation is no worse than that of going up or down in a lift."

"One more question, Mr. Grey. What has been the principal advance made during the war to bring commercial aviation within the region of practical politics?"

"The introduction of lighter engines. This has not only made an ascent much easier but has also enormously increased the carrying capacity of aircraft."

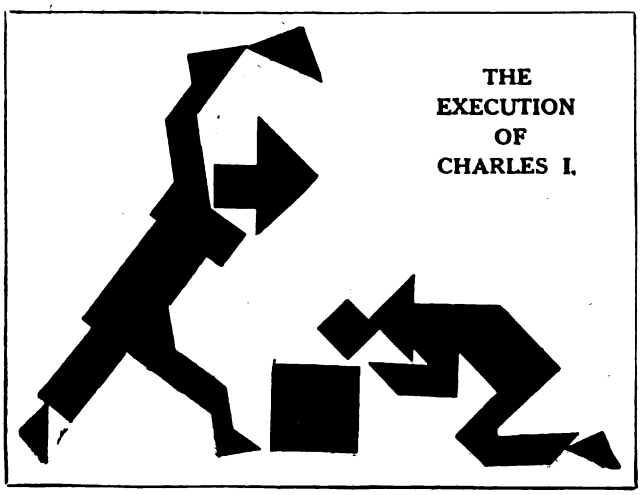
MR. W. EWART CHESTER
(Managing Director of Davidson Aviation Co.).

"I do not think any doubts can even exist in the mind of the public now as to the future of aviation. Manufacturers of aircraft certainly are fully alive to the part the aeroplane will play in the world's work when peace is restored, and they are preparing for it accordingly. We have very large and very powerfully-engined machines now, but the construction and the power of future designs will, in my view, be much larger and faster than the present ones. Lord Montagu has said that the horse-power will be counted in thousands, and I think he is right. One can only generalize in a matter of this kind, and exactly what particular form the mammoth post-war construction, intended for carrying passengers and mails and certain classes of merchandise, will take it would not be safe to predict. There will be little difficulty in planning comfortable accommodation for a limited number of passengers for long-distance work, but it is not so easy to arrange for the correct distribution of the weight of goods. There is without doubt immense scope for the flying boat which, like the big overland flyer operating between all important centres, will create a special trade of its own and which, if properly organized, will earn good profits for their promoters."

MR. J. OWEN
("J.O." of the "Westminster Gazette").

Mr. Owen, who as far back as 1909 forecasted with remarkable accuracy the *rôle* of the aeroplane in war, gave his view as follows:—

"We are now so preoccupied with the use of aircraft for destructive purposes that in my view one of two things must inevitably happen when peace is restored. The Allies will do their best to restrict the functions of the military aeroplane and reduce their numbers to an infinitesimal figure, or they will be compelled by the sheer momentum of progress to build unlimited numbers, in which case the big fighting ship will quietly disappear and land armies will be rendered impotent and decisions—which may mean the obliteration of whole peoples—will be secured in the air. Everything will depend upon the peace terms, and if the aerial question cannot be settled it is quite conceivable that our own air force will mount up to several hundred thousand machines in time. It will be a race for invention as well as numbers, and in this connection the commercial aeroplane may prove to be a means to an end, because the authorities will see to it that the peace designs of aircraft as well as ships are so fashioned that they can be immediately converted for war. Everything points at the moment to the unlimited programme of construction, and no Government or people have hitherto been able to resist progress in invention. It is difficult to see how they can now arrest the unnatural expansion of aerial navigation."



RESULT OF TANGRAM COMPETITION.

In a recent article on "War Tangrams" we offered a prize of Ten Guineas for the best design sent in by any of our readers, composed of not more than four tangrams—i.e., twenty-eight pieces in all. Many excellent pictures were submitted, and after careful consideration the prize has been awarded to B. McClenaghan, Girton College, Cambridge, for the accompanying clever design, entitled "The Execution of Charles I."

MR. VAN HEEL OF VIRGINIA.

By STACY AUMONIER.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

OLD Jamesson was something of a character. The position he held in the firm of Quinson and Beelswright, the famous decorators and furnishers, was unique. It was a known thing that in the eyes of the directors old Jamesson could do no wrong, or, in any case, he could do no radical wrong. All his eccentricities and peccadilloes were easily forgiven. The man had a certain florid force of character, and he was moreover one of the best judges of antique furniture and porcelain in London, and no mean critic of what is called Fine Art. He was a large man with puffy red cheeks and grey curls, and he wore check trousers, white spats, and a tortoiseshell-rimmed monocle. His manners were not always irreproachable. He took snuff, ate and drank prodigiously, had many little affectations, a quick and tempestuous temper, no sense of humour, but a heart of gold. He was a great favourite of Mr. Hugh Quinson's, the managing director of the firm, who understood him entirely, and who would in expansive moments pat him on the back and call him "Johnny." He had been with the firm for nearly twenty years, and for nine years of that period he had been in charge of the antique department, and it was only by exercising the greatest tact that Mr. Quinson had been able to ultimately remove him from that position to one of being a head salesman and sub-manager. The trouble with old Jamesson in the antique department was that, although he was an excellent buyer, he seemed to resent having to sell these rare and beautiful objects he had been at such pains to collect. He liked to walk about among them and touch them with his fat fingers, and breathe heavily upon their cloistered beauty. If a customer showed a disposition to buy one of his favourite pieces, he would instantly depreciate it, and he had, moreover, a native instinct for candour that was not strictly in accordance with the canons of the commercial side of antique dealing. He would say:—

"Yes, sir, it looks a fine piece, but only one leg is genuine, the rest is copied."

Or he would shake his head and remark:—

"No, madam, I don't agree with you. The upper part of this cabinet is fair, but the lower part is quite wrong in style."

Things are not said like that in the antique trade, and so he was gradually relieved of the responsibility of this position, and was only allowed to confine himself to the control of more frankly modern things. The change, though equally remunerative to old Jamesson, and far more remunerative to the firm, cannot be said to have produced in the former any elevated sense of satisfaction. Of course, the work was easy enough. He knew the furnishing trade inside and out, as he explained to everyone, but the modern aspect of it bored him. He left all the details of the jobs he had in hand to his assistant, Shenton. This Shenton was also a source of boredom to him, but at the same time an invaluable young man. He had a thin, cadaverous face, a restless eye, and a very retentive memory. He was always on the make, and conducted goodness knows how many businesses in his spare time. His chief hobby in life seemed to be to "get someone by the short hairs." He was always scheming and planning, and, though old Jamesson despised him, and was bored by him, he realized his merits, and was at times even a little afraid of him.

On a certain morning in June old Jamesson was sent for by Mr. Quinson, who said:—

"Ah, Johnny, here is an inquiry you might attend to. It is from an American named Justus Theodore Van Heel. He has bought Gilling's Manor, at Wayneshurst, fifteen miles down the line in Surrey. He wants it done up. I have looked him up in our secret reference list. He is all right. His money is in real estate and gilt-edged securities. Give him any credit he wants."

The prospect of interviewing an American millionaire did not raise the spirits of Mr. Jamesson very considerably, and if it had been a dull day he would probably have sent Shenton off on this expedition; but the day was brilliantly fine, and he was not very busy, so he decided to go himself.

He met Mr. Van Heel on the lawn of Gilling's

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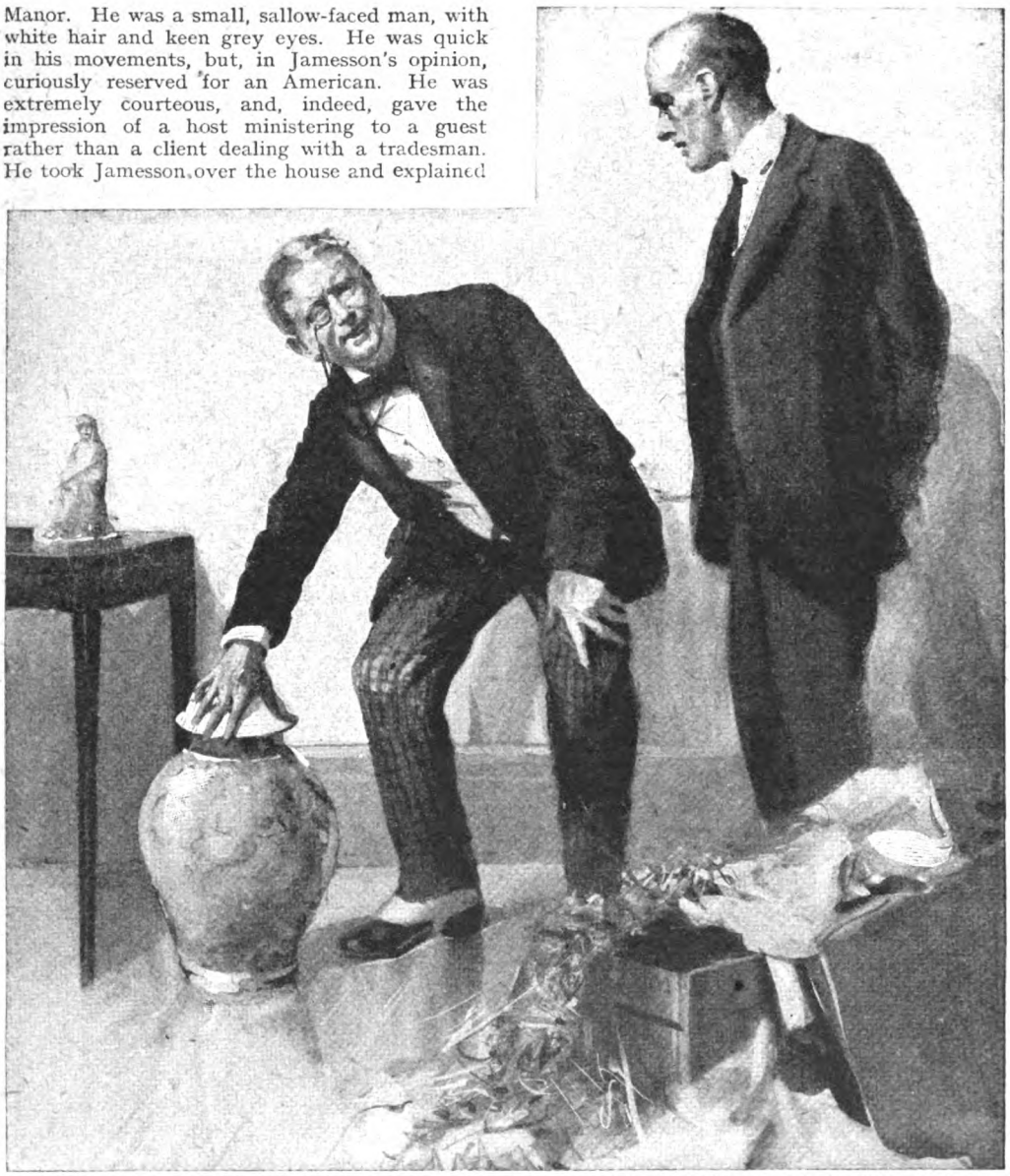
Manor. He was a small, sallow-faced man, with white hair and keen grey eyes. He was quick in his movements, but, in Jamesson's opinion, curiously reserved for an American. He was extremely courteous, and, indeed, gave the impression of a host ministering to a guest rather than a client dealing with a tradesman. He took Jamesson over the house and explained



"JAMESSON PASSED HIS FINGERS OVER THE GLAZE SEVERAL TIMES. THEN HE MUTTERED, 'GENUINE MING.'"

his requirements, and asked him his opinion upon every point. It was a charming Queen Anne building in a fair state of repair, although it had not been lived in for some years. His demands were quite simple. He was apparently going to live there alone, but the size of the mansion would necessitate certain renovations, and of the ten bedrooms all except three were to be put in order. For the rest, he wanted everything kept much as it was.

On the way upstairs he murmured: "I have a few pieces of old furniture," and Jamesson's interest quickened perceptibly.

One packing-case had arrived, and was lying on the floor on the first landing. The lid had been removed, and a pot was standing on the floor and a small statuette on a side-table. As they passed, Jamesson stooped and passed his fingers over the glaze several times. Then he muttered:—

"Genuine Ming."

He then looked closely at the statuette, and said:—

"Tanagra."

The American looked at his visitor with one of his quick glances, and said:—

"You know something about—works of art, Mr. —— ?"

"Jamesson. Yes, I know a little."

They passed on in silence, each feeling a little more drawn towards the other. Mr. Van Heel said, at last :—

"I shall hope you will do me the favour of giving me your opinion upon all my other goods when they arrive."

"It will be a great pleasure," Jamesson panted, following heavily in the wake of his more nimble companion.

When they had been all over the house, Mr. Van Heel led him into the garden. On the east side of the house the ground was level for about a hundred yards, and then ended in an abrupt embankment. This embankment, which extended for some distance, was probably the normal elevation of the land, but at some time the ground below had been levelled, and had been converted into a lawn and fruit garden. Mr. Van Heel, for some reason or other, seemed a little agitated. He coughed, and said :—

"Will you be so good as to come this way ?"

When they arrived at the embankment, he pointed to it, and continued :—

"I have the idea to make a squash-racket court here."

It would not have been surprising if old Jamesson had expressed astonishment at this request, but he had been in the furnishing trade for over thirty-five years, and he knew that it was not his business to be surprised at any suggestion made by a client, particularly a wealthy one.

He said : "Yes, sir. Do you wish it cut out of the embankment ?"

The American's idea was quite simple. It was to be as it were sunk into the embankment, with concrete walls and a concrete base, a small gallery upstairs netted in, a flat skylight, and two powerful arc lights giving almost the effect of daylight, so that his guests could, if they liked, play after dinner or in the winter when it got dark early.

Jamesson listened to Mr. Van Heel's instructions, and took down one or two notes in his pocket-book, and came to a mental decision that this would be a very good job for Shenton to see through. He mildly wondered once or twice at such an elderly gentleman as Mr. Van Heel requiring a squash-racket court, and being so keen and determined about all the details ; he also wondered why he should insist on its being built so far away from the house when there was an excellent site for it in a yard which adjoined the servants' quarters. But he did not give the matter much attention at the time. His mind was more occupied with the Ming pot on the staircase and the Tanagra statuette. The hour was also approaching when he was in the habit of having a long and refreshing drink, and he knew he had nearly a two-miles' walk to the station. When they arrived back at the house, however, all his apprehensions on this score were set at rest, for Mr. Van Heel immediately led into the dining-room, and said :—

"You must allow me to offer you a little refreshment before your journey."

A bumper glass of Jamesson's favourite beverage was set before him, and a cigar the like of which he had never imagined existed found its way between his teeth. He observed that his host only drank Vichy water. He was a peculiarly mild and gentle little man. Jamesson had never met an American who talked so little. He was no great talker himself, and the silences would have been almost embarrassing but for the fact that he felt strangely drawn towards this unusual client. When it became time for Jamesson to go, Mr. Van Heel stood up, and said :—

"My automobile is here. It will take you to the station. Perhaps, Mr. Jamesson, you will do me the favour of meeting me at my flat in town, when we can discuss the disposition of the various pieces of furniture. I have some François premier work which may interest you."

This was a job after Jamesson's own heart, and he readily assented, and returned to town in better spirits than he had been for some time. He handed the instructions to Shenton, with the remark :—

"Here, get out an estimate for this lot."

On the following Wednesday Jamesson met Mr. Van Heel by appointment at a flat in Westminster, and he spent a most entrancing day. He arrived there at twelve and stayed till a quarter to six. The two men lunched on whisky and sandwiches. In the whole course of his career Jamesson had never come across such a fine private collection of old furniture, paintings, and *objets d'art*. Mr. Van Heel became garrulous. It was obviously the hobby of his life, the one thing he was really interested in. Jamesson responded with warmth. He had met a kindred spirit. It was a glorious time. He had never met anyone before with such a sympathetic passion for old "pieces." So interested did they become in discussing their antiquity, their beauty, their proportions, the slightly doubtful authenticity of certain sections, that they quite forgot the original idea of the visit, which was to determine where the different pieces were to be placed in Gilling's Manor. Consequently a further visit had to be arranged. When Jamesson arrived home that night he felt that a new light had come into his life. A kindred spirit. He was very cheerful. He lived with his wife, two daughters, and a son in a high and rather ugly house in Kensington. It was a pleasant innocuous *ménage*, where all sorts of allowances were made for "the eccentricity of papa." But when "papa" was in a good temper, the general standard of happiness and comfort was equal perhaps to that of any other middle-class family in the neighbourhood. On this particular evening, when his wife commented on his buoyant frame of mind, he remarked :—

"I met a very charming man in business today, my dear, very charming indeed."

During the ensuing month Jamesson went about his work with a kind of stolid zest. He

did not hurry or behave with any outward sign of excitement, but he worked quietly and well. He would sometimes hum an unrecognizable tune under his breath, and he showed a disposition to be kind to everyone, and even tolerant to Shenton. The work at Gilling's Manor proceeded, and he met Mr. Van Heel three or four times in town and twice in the country. It could not be said that they became friends, but they became peculiarly sympathetic on the one theme. Jamesson was conscious that Van Heel had taken to him. He liked to have him to talk to and to listen to; but he was also conscious that there was an unbridgeable reserve between the American and himself. He noted that if the discussion threatened to develop beyond the bounds of this subject which absorbed them, Mr. Van Heel drew back. He did not seem disposed to talk about himself or his life or his thoughts. And Jamesson, realizing this, respected the other man's mental attitude, and made a point of also avoiding the personal equation.

Nevertheless, the wells of their mutual interest were inexhaustible. They went to Christie's together, and Mr. Van Heel bought a Diaz at Jamesson's suggestion. And they went to the South Kensington Museum and the National Gallery, and even poked about among antique shops in Soho. They talked Spode and Worcester, cloisonné, Limoges, Heppelwhite, Chinese lacquer, Daubigny, the French transition period, Della Robbia, the quinquecentists, everything that really matters in this life. Jamesson found a revived interest in the society of his newly-found acquaintance.

It was not till the renovations at Gilling's Manor had been nearly completed that a sudden intrusion came to disturb this pleasant intimacy. It happened one evening in September. Jamesson had been working late, and he had adjourned to the bar of the Green Turtle to enjoy a well-merited tankard of ale before returning home, when Shenton came into the bar. He was looking strangely excited. He had apparently been drinking. His upper lip quivered, and his eyes had a restless, furtive expression. He came straight over to Jamesson and leered at him.

Jamesson blinked at his assistant, and said:—

"What's the matter with you?"

Shenton nervously licked the end of a cigarette, and called for some whisky. He was very mysterious. He nodded and winked, and glanced apprehensively round the bar. He had been staying down at Wayneshurst for a few days, superintending the Gilling's Manor job, and had just returned. Jamesson got impatient at these antics, and he said, irritably:—

"Is the job going all right?"

Shenton nodded, and then leant a little closer. Suddenly he whispered thickly:—

"Say, who is this 'ere Van Heel? What do you know about 'im, eh?"

Jamesson bridled somewhat, and said:—

"What do you mean, 'What do I know about 'im'? He's all right, isn't he?"

Shenton loomed with things of tremendous importance. He winked again, and drained his glass. Then he pulled Jamesson by the coat-sleeve a little farther away from a group of men talking earnestly about ratting. And suddenly he made a series of most surprising suggestions to Jamesson. He said:—

"*Van* Heel? *Von* Heel, I should say!" Then he leaned forward and whispered: "'Ere, what's an old man like that want a squash-racket court for? What about the concrete foundations as a base for a big howitzer, eh? What about Wayneshurst? Fifteen miles from South London, eh? A big gun from there could raze Kennington, Streatham, and Brixton to the ground in half an hour, eh? What's 'e want these 'ere powerful arc lights for at night, throwing a light straight up at the sky from the top of an embankment? What sort of name is Van Heel? What nationality would you call 'im, eh?"

An expression of surprise and disgust came over Jamesson's face. He exclaimed:—

"Mr. Van Heel is a gentleman; one of the best!"

Shenton leered, and called for another whisky.

"Well, you can guess what *I* think, and I'm on 'is track."

As Jamesson looked at his assistant at that moment, he realized for the first time that he had the thin pointed face of a sleuth-hound. He hated the man. It was abominable. He would not hear a word of such nonsense. He muttered, angrily:—

"Rubbish! Go and hold your silly head under a tap!"

But Shenton was quite unperturbed by this insult. He was too full of importance, and whisky. He had found his right *métier*. A 'tec! He had indeed been dwelling upon this idea for some time, and coming up in the train he had visualized his own portrait on the front page of the *Daily Photo*. "Mr. James Shenton, the smart young furniture salesman, whose clever dispositions in the first place led to the discovery." Phew! it was going to be exciting. Recognition, fame, and a fat cheque from some official quarter, and then to the deuce with the furnishing trade! Jamesson could read something of these vivid anticipations on the face of his assistant, and his only desire was to escape from him. And he did so by deliberately turning his back on him and walking out of the bar.

But he spent a restless night. Of course, the suggestions were absurd, preposterous! He would have none of them. A man like Mr. Van Heel, who loved Limoges enamels, and could tell the date of any piece of furniture at a glance, a spy! There was nothing of the spy about him, except his reserve. Yes, certainly he was very reserved about his private life. But so were many others. The squash-racket court was peculiar but not unreasonable. And the arc lights that made the court like daylight? Well, if people wanted to play the silly game at night, they must see. There was nothing in this. Of course, as Shenton said, the position was peculiarly good for—what he hinted at. It

was at the crest of a long, gently-rising slope. It commanded South London. But this was merely coincidence. The name? Well, a name meant nothing. At its worst it was only Dutch. He would dismiss the whole thing from his mind. And he would take Shenton away from this job and see it through himself.

But in this latter resolution he reckoned without his host. Shenton was prepared for this, and he was rather too clever for him. He had all the details at his finger-ends, and when Jamesson tried to take it up, he soon got into a muddle. In disgust, he handed it back to Shenton again, and told him "to get on with it, and not have quite so much of the Sherlock Holmes."

Shenton accepted this gibe without a word, and soon made it his business to go down to Wayneshurst again and stay the night. In the meantime Jamesson once more went out with Mr. Van Heel, and they visited more exhibitions and sales together. He thought the American seemed a little more nervous and abstracted than usual, but perhaps this was only his imagination. The squash-racket court was completed before the rest of the work. Shenton then stayed down there for several nights at the local inn. It is difficult to know what might have been the outcome of what he called his "dispositions," if the old tag, "*in vino veritas*," had not exerted its influence on his behaviour. For he came up to town one evening a little "the worse for wear," as someone described him in the bar of the Green Turtle, and in the excitement of his mood he blabbed his scheme into the ear of Jamesson.

"To-morrow night," he said, "I'm going to get Mr. Herr von Heel by the short 'airs. I'm going to fix 'im all right."

And then he explained that for the last week, every night after dinner, Mr. Van Heel had

"SHENTON LEANED FORWARD AND WHISPERED: ''ERE, WHAT'S AN OLD MAN LIKE THAT WANT A SQUASH-RACKET COURT FOR?'"

crept out to the squash-racket court and shut himself in for about half an hour, and had then returned to the house. Shenton could not see what took place there, for a dark green blind was drawn over the skylight, but he could see that the powerful lights were on inside. But now the astute salesman had arranged a little device of his own. The framework of the skylight was supported by a double brick wall, but Shenton, with his own hands, had loosened one of the outer bricks at the back of the ventilator. To-morrow night he was going to lie in wait for Mr. Van Heel. He would lie on his face on the top of the embankment and remove the brick before Mr. Van Heel came, and then when he entered the court, Shenton would be able to observe him comfortably through the ventilator without being seen himself. He was consumed with his brilliant cunning, and simply could not keep his excitement to himself. Jamesson scowled blackly, but made no comment.

But to Shenton's disgust, on the following day he was just sitting down to an early chop and a whisky and soda in the Bull Inn, at Wayneshurst, when the big man came in. Shenton started and said :—

"Halloa! what are you here for?"

Jamesson replied casually :—

"Oh, I'm just down for a change of scenery. I'm going out for a stroll with you after you've finished making a beast of yourself."

Shenton was very annoyed. He cursed his alcoholic mood of the previous evening which had led him into blabbing the truth. He didn't want anyone else in this. This was *his* show. He'd done all the work and made all the "dispositions." He didn't fancy having Jamesson's photograph alongside his own in all the illustrated weeklies. He wanted all the glory to himself. It was most unfair. And he said as much; but Jamesson was adamant. Shenton could not see how he was to prevent his heavily-built senior from accompanying him, for nothing apparently but physical force could stop him, and Shenton had it not. He sulked, and tried to lie, but Jamesson stolidly smoked a pipe and waited.

After Shenton's meal they started out together in silence. It was a dark October night and inclined to rain. They walked the two miles to Gilling's Manor without exchanging comments, and approached the embankment from the back. Shenton soon found the shallow brick wall which enclosed the framework of the skylight. He felt along it with his hand, and his teeth were chattering unaccountably. Jamesson felt cold and wretched but determined. He detested spying; it was no business of his what Mr. Van Heel did in his own racket-court, but he had come to see that Shenton didn't make a fool of himself, and he meant to hang on to him at all costs.

Shenton produced a screwdriver and a narrow strip of steel, and the brick came away quite easily. And then they waited. A few dim lights in the house, away among the trees, showed that activity of some sort was in progress. A dog barked and then became silent. They seemed to wait an interminable time, but at length Shenton muttered :—

"He's coming."

They saw a dark figure come quietly up the gravel path that had been cut up to the court. It moved quickly and deliberately, and soon they heard a key turn in the outer door, which was of wood, and then the door slammed. There was a narrow vestibule between the outer door and the door of the court, which was of iron and fitted flush to the walls. In a few seconds they heard the iron door open, and then the court was flooded with light. The two salesmen had to have their faces unpleasantly close together to obtain any view at all, and for some minutes they believed they were not going to see anything. They could just observe the top of Mr. Van Heel's head as he moved about in the court. But at last he produced a long deal board and placed it against the wall. Then he unrolled something and pinned it up on the board. They could see the object very distinctly, but they could only see the back of Mr. Van Heel's head, and then he sat down and they could not see him at all.

Now, when these two watchers observed this thing pinned upon the board it produced in them two very diverse emotions. In Shenton it produced a feeling of utter disappointment and disgust. To Jamesson it was the most amazing moment of his life. To Shenton it was just a portrait of a girl painted in oils, but to Jamesson it was something which sent his heart beating violently against his ribs, for he recognized it at once. It was nothing less than the famous "Santa Maria" by Leonardo da Vinci, which had five years previously been cut out of its frame in the Académie des Beaux Arts in Paris, and had never been heard of since! Van Heel! His friend Van Heel had stolen it!

Jamesson was glad of the darkness. He drew back and wiped his brow. He heard Shenton mutter :—

"It's a dirty wash-out!"

Jamesson managed to pull himself together sufficiently to whisper :—

"You've made a blanketty fool of yourself. Let's get back."

But Shenton insisted on remaining. He wanted to see what his intended victim meant to do. He could not believe that an oil painting alone could be the motive for these nocturnal visits. He would not be robbed so easily of his bombs and flashlight signals. And so they both continued peeping through the grille. But so far as they could see, Mr. Van Heel did nothing but sit there and gaze at the portrait. It was most disappointing. At the end of about twenty minutes the lights went out, the doors banged, and they heard the American returning along the gravel path to the house.

The two men stood up, and Shenton became sulkily abusive. He cursed the silly sentimental old fool who had gone to all this trouble "to look at the portrait of some girl he had been in love with." He became violently insulting to Jamesson, but that gentleman was hardly listening to him. He was very much consumed

with his own internal fires. He wanted to get away from Shenton and think this thing out. At the inn he said good night abruptly and went up to his room. But it was many hours before Jamesson found his well-earned sleep. He lay there racked by the contemplation of this preposterous crime. It was incredible, amazing, and yet—it was a crime he could appreciate and even sympathize with. He had heard the "Santa Maria" appraised at the value of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Van Heel was a very rich man. He had not stolen it for its money value. He would not in any case be able to sell it. Why had he taken it? How had he managed it? Ought Jamesson to give him away? These questions kept revolving restlessly through his brain. Jamesson was a simple-minded man. His sins were always placed jauntily in the shop window. He had a reputation for candour and straight-dealing, but he was not necessarily matter-of-fact. The romance of the furnishing trade was a favourite theme of his. And on that still night there occurred to him that in all his career he had never encountered quite such a romantic experience as this, no episode which so dove-tailed with his own peculiar sensuous aspirations. It was tremendous! How the man must love Art. Fancy risking his whole life and reputation to acquire a picture so that he might secretly call it his very own. Imagine the fierce moods of exultation he would enjoy as he stole into the private chamber night after night and gloated over the beauty of the thing he had torn from the vulgar gaze of the public! What a risk the man must have run! What a passion it must have been that stirred him to this desperate action. And so—the squash-racket court with its concrete floors and its windowless walls, and the powerful arc lights that made the room at night "like daylight"!

"THEN HE UNROLLED SOMETHING AND PINNED IT UP ON THE BOARD."

And that fool Shenton! The great bulk of Jamesson shook the bed with laughter when he thought of his discomfited assistant. Thank God he hadn't recognized the work. He wouldn't know one painting from another, the chicken-headed tyke!

Jamesson returned to town next day, but he became restless and abstracted in his work. He could not determine his own course of action. The affair obsessed him. And he desired passionately to share his secret knowledge with someone. At last he acted in a manner that was characteristic of him. He wrote to Mr. Van Heel and asked for an appointment in town. He went to the flat in Westminster, and when he was alone with his client he said quietly, but deliberately:—

"I have seen your 'Santa Maria.'"

The effect of this remark was electrical. He saw the little American start from his chair, his face change colour, and his hand automatically slip towards a hip-pocket. Jamesson proceeded in level tones:—

"I have no intention of betraying your—secret."

Mr. Van Heel stood wildly gazing at him, his breath coming quickly, and his thin hands clutching the table for support. He made a curious choking noise in his throat, and then swayed and sank back to the chair and buried his face in his hands.

Jamesson, feeling uncomfortable and embarrassed, looked down at his hat, and then proceeded to take out and fill his pipe. The American did not speak. At length Jamesson managed to say, thickly:—

"I must apologize for intruding. My assistant—an interfering young devil, but he knows nothing. You must not be disturbed. It is a matter which concerns no one but yourself. I should not dream—perhaps I can understand.

"HE MADE A CURIOUS CHOKING NOISE IN HIS THROAT, AND THEN SWAYED AND SANK BACK TO THE CHAIR AND BURIED HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS."

But still Mr. Van Heel was silent. At last he rose and walked unsteadily to the fireplace. With his back to Jamesson, he said in a low, clear voice :—

"Mr. [illegible]n, you have been very considerate to me. I appreciate your kindness. I am very—I cannot express myself for the moment."

Then he paused and added :—

"If you will return this afternoon at five

o'clock, I will try to let you understand better. I——"

Jamesson stood up and bowed heavily. Then he said :—

"I will agree to come back at five o'clock, and I do not hold you to any explanation. As I have said, I pledge myself to entire secrecy in the matter, but I must make one stipulation."

"What is that?" answered the American, without turning.

"That you hand me that revolver from your hip-pocket."

Mr. Van Heel started and turned, and Jamesson thought he detected a tear on the brink of his eyes. Slowly he drew out his revolver and placed it on the table. Jamesson picked it up and added :—

"And that you promise not to do anything —foolish till I return."

Mr. Van Heel paused, and then bowed his head, and Jamesson withdrew.

When he returned at five o'clock, Mr. Van Heel was alone in the flat. It was a cold, bleak day, and the streets were already lighted. A bright fire was burning in the drawing-room, and his host led him thither.

"Please sit down," he said.

He seemed to have aged since the morning, but his face had a calm, resigned expression. He took a seat facing the fire, with his profile towards Jamesson. He started speaking immediately, as though anxious to relieve himself of some terrible strain.

"You have been very sympathetic to me, Mr. Jamesson, and I am entirely in your hands. I do not deny that I have the picture you mention. I can only tell you my story, and trust to your generosity of heart to treat me as leniently as you think fit. I will be as brief as possible. I come of an old Southern family from Virginia. We were raised on most strictly puritanic—exclusive lines. It was even a great source of annoyance to my parents that I took an interest in Art. I had known my wife since we were children. She also came of an old family, the Lowrys, who were if anything more exclusive than ourselves. In fact, we saw very few other families in our State. It was a sort of understood thing—the Van Heels and the Lowrys had been connected for generations. We were married at twenty-five. We were very happy. We had one daughter, the darling of our lives. Her name was Anna. We lavished on her all our love and care and wealth. We built up splendid dreams for her. She was the most beautiful thing that ever danced in the sun. She had all our Southern pride, but something of the free-moving, independent *nuance* of the North. We enjoyed nearly twenty years of unalloyed family happiness, and then suddenly one day our daughter announced that she had fallen in love with a young sailor—an ordinary seaman working before the mast in a coastal steamer. I need hardly say that my wife and I protested. We forbade her to see him, or him to enter our house. But the affair went on. She saw him secretly, and my wife was furious. There was one terrible interview. We all lost our tempers. My daughter walked out of the house and—I have not seen her since."

Mr. Van Heel paused and pressed his handkerchief against his brow. Then he continued more slowly :—

"For years we believed she would return. In the first flush of anger we destroyed all her portraits and photographs. Then we repented. I wrote to her, but either she did not get the letter, or she was too proud to answer. We heard that she had married the sailor, and had gone to sea, but we heard nothing more. Three years went by, and we became disconsolate, and at length my wife died in my arms."

Mr. Van Heel again paused, and buried his face in his hands, and spoke drearily :—

"I travelled after that. I visited various ports, hoping to meet her. Then I came across to Europe and wandered about England, and Italy, and France. I sank into a low, maudlin state, and I believe to a certain extent my mind became unhinged. I was in Paris one day, and I drifted into the Académie des Beaux Arts. Looking at paintings was the only interest I had in life. Suddenly I came face to face with the 'Santa Maria' of Leonardos. The thing was amazing. Apart from being such a beautiful work, it was incredibly like my daughter Anna! It had her same proud smile, the same queer way of peering at you, even the hair and the colour of the eyes were the same. I gazed at it breathlessly. It was the only thing in the world which recalled her. I had no other record. Every day for weeks I went to the Académie and gazed at this wonderful portrait. I was not happy away from it. The knowledge that it was there seemed to keep me sane. At last the thing became an obsession. I could think of nothing else. I determined to steal it."

Jamesson leaned forward.

"How did you manage that?" he asked, breathlessly.

Mr. Van Heel sighed.

"They say, Mr. Jamesson," he answered, "that money can accomplish anything. I certainly spent a good deal of money acquiring the 'Santa Maria.' And I do not propose to bore you with all the details of it. In fact, I have forgotten many of them myself. I can only say that I ran no risks at all on the score of expense. It involved buying a confectionery business in the Rue d'Abernon, which, as you know, runs at the back of the Académie. I employed two gentlemen of adventurous disposition. One came from Texas, the other was a Frenchman. You may remember that at the time of the robbery two attendants were found asphyxiated in Gallery VII., and the picture was cut neatly out of the frame, while an entrance had apparently been cut through a shutter and a window and had been effected from the iron fire-escape emergency staircase. These things are apparently astonishingly simple if you take enough pains and trouble. My friend from Texas threw a lariat from our roof on to the flagstaff of the Académie at three

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"Please sit down," he said.

He seemed to have aged since the morning, but his face had a calm, resigned expression. He took a seat facing the fire, with his profile towards Jamesson. He started speaking immediately, as though anxious to relieve himself of some terrible strain.

"You have been very sympathetic to me, Mr. Jamesson, and I am entirely in your hands. I do not deny that I have the picture you mention. I can only tell you my story, and trust to your generosity of heart to treat me as leniently as you think fit. I will be as brief as possible. I come of an old Southern family from Virginia. We were raised on most strictly puritanic—exclusive lines. It was even a great source of annoyance to my parents that I took an interest in Art. I had known my wife since we were children. She also came of an old family, the Lowrys, who were if anything more exclusive than ourselves. In fact, we saw very few other families in our State. It was a sort of understood thing—the Van Heels and the Lowrys had been connected for generations. We were married at twenty-five. We were very happy. We had one daughter, the darling of our lives. Her name was Anna. We lavished on her all our love and care and wealth. We built up splendid dreams for her. She was the most beautiful thing that ever danced in the sun. She had all our Southern pride, but something of the free-moving, independent *nuance* of the North. We enjoyed nearly twenty years of unalloyed family happiness, and then suddenly one day our daughter announced that she had fallen in love with a young sailor—an ordinary seaman working before the mast in a coastal steamer. I need hardly say that my wife and I protested. We forbade her to see him, or him to enter our house. But the affair went on. She saw him secretly, and my wife was furious. There was one terrible interview. We all lost our tempers. My daughter walked out of the house and—I have not seen her since."

Mr. Van Heel paused and pressed his handkerchief against his brow. Then he continued more slowly :—

"For years we believed she would return. In the first flush of anger we destroyed all her portraits and photographs. Then we repented. I wrote to her, but either she did not get the letter, or she was too proud to answer. We heard that she had married the sailor, and had gone to sea, but we heard nothing more. Three years went by, and we became disconsolate, and at length my wife died in my arms."

Mr. Van Heel again paused, and buried his face in his hands, and spoke drearily :—

"I travelled after that. I visited various ports, hoping to meet her. Then I came across to Europe and wandered about England, and Italy, and France. I sank into a low, maudlin state, and I believe to a certain extent my mind became unhinged. I was in Paris one day, and I drifted into the Académie des Beaux Arts. Looking at paintings was the only interest I had in life. Suddenly I came face to face with the 'Santa Maria' of Leonardos. The thing was amazing. Apart from being such a beautiful work, it was incredibly like my daughter Anna! It had her same proud smile, the same queer way of peering at you, even the hair and the colour of the eyes were the same. I gazed at it breathlessly. It was the only thing in the world which recalled her. I had no other record. Every day for weeks I went to the Académie and gazed at this wonderful portrait. I was not happy away from it. The knowledge that it was there seemed to keep me sane. At last the thing became an obsession. I could think of nothing else. I determined to steal it."

Jamesson leaned forward.

"How did you manage that?" he asked, breathlessly.

Mr. Van Heel sighed.

"They say, Mr. Jamesson," he answered, "that money can accomplish anything. I certainly spent a good deal of money acquiring the 'Santa Maria.' And I do not propose to bore you with all the details of it. In fact, I have forgotten many of them myself. I can only say that I ran no risks at all on the score of expense. It involved buying a confectionery business in the Rue d'Abernon, which, as you know, runs at the back of the Académie. I employed two gentlemen of adventurous disposition. One came from Texas, the other was a Frenchman. You may remember that at the time of the robbery two attendants were found asphyxiated in Gallery VII., and the picture was cut neatly out of the frame, while an entrance had apparently been cut through a shutter and a window and had been effected from the iron fire-escape emergency staircase. These things are apparently astonishingly simple if you take enough pains and trouble. My friend from Texas threw a lariat from our roof on to the flagstaff of the Académie at three

o'clock in the morning. It is a matter of twenty-five yards or so. It was then an affair of rope-ladders and rubber piping. The Frenchman was a chemist—a charming person, with anarchical tendencies but a kind heart. From a series of large cylinders in the top room of the confectionery business in the Rue d'Abernon we pumped quantities of a very penetrating but quite innocuous gas through the ventilators of five galleries in the Académie. We knew that these galleries were separated from the rest of the building at night by iron fireproof doors, but we could not, of course, be sure in which one the attendants might be at the time. So we gassed them all. The result was entirely successful. The two men were found sleeping peacefully in Gallery VII., although I might add that a pack of cards was found between them and also a bottle of beer. M. Touquet was even thoughtful enough to remove these incriminating objects before we left, after we had cut the picture from its frame. We did not want the men to get into trouble. I was amazed at the simplicity and success of the whole scheme. I paid M. Touquet and Len Pollard ten thousand dollars each. Pollard is now running a big ranch in Arizona and is the father of five splendid children, and Touquet, I believe, is in Russia, 'working politically,' he tells me.

"I left Paris soon afterwards and came to England, smuggling the picture through the false bottom of a trunk. It has been a source of endless comfort to me, my one connecting link with those I loved. But I have always been haunted by the fear of discovery. In hotels nothing is sacred. And even in a private house there are always servants. Rooms have to be cleaned out. I did not want to arouse suspicion. It was one day in the Royal Automobile Club here that the idea of a squash-racket court occurred to me. I thought that anything to do with sport would probably not arouse suspicion in this country. And the court has no windows, and I am undisturbed at night. I keep the picture in the locker which you made for rackets and balls, and of which no one has the key but myself. That is all my story. I do not attempt to extenuate my crime, for crime it undoubtedly is, and I place myself entirely at your disposal. My only plea is my unhappiness. I am unhappy—unhappy—unhappy."

It would be difficult to express the exact effect that this amazing story had upon Jamesson. He could not reconcile the opposing motives of pride and sentimentality which had prompted the Southern States man to act in the way he had. He was to a certain extent disappointed. It shattered his dream of that splendid sin which appealed to him far more—the sin of a man whose passion for Art was so great that he had fallen in love with the thing itself—had risked his life for it. Jamesson could not for the moment concentrate. His slow-moving mind became only conscious of the fact that he was in the presence of a fellow-being who was suffering intensely. He fumbled with his hat, and could only keep repeating:

"Please do not disturb yourself. It is understandable. I shall not betray you."

He did not know how he escaped from the presence of Mr. Van Heel. He went about his work for days as though in a dream. Everyone found him abstracted and apt to be quarrelsome, and at home "the eccentricity of papa" became a nuisance to all his family. The job at Gilling's Manor was completed, and the account sent in and paid for by return of post.

It was, in fact, several months later before any further development took place. And then one Friday he received a telegram:—

"Will you come down and see me to-morrow? Car will call for you at three.—VAN HEEL."

It was a clear April day when Jamesson once more alighted at the front porch of Gilling's Manor. On either side of the porch two beds of crimson tulips struck a note of gaiety. The lawn was rolled and cut and in good condition. There was indeed about the whole establishment an air of brightness that did not seem to characterize it before. As he was about to enter the hall a girl in a white frock, carrying a basket and a pair of garden scissors, came singing out of the house. She looked at Jamesson and smiled and passed on, and the large salesman stood there spellbound. The girl appeared to him the reincarnation of the "Santa Maria."

He had not time to recover from his astonishment when he found himself ushered into the white-panelled library. Mr. Van Heel, looking years younger and with his face flushed with some innate excitement, sprang to his feet and shook his hand. At the same time he cried out:—

"Mr. Jamesson, I'm very pleased to see you. Allow me to introduce you to my son-in-law, Captain David Stoddard."

A tall, good-looking man with iron-grey hair rose from his seat and shook Jamesson's hand. He was in the uniform of a United States naval officer. He said:—

"Mr. Jamesson, I'm pleased to meet you."

Mr. Van Heel added:—

"I've been telling my son-in-law all about you, Mr. Jamesson. And I propose that we three go and have a game of squash-rackets."

And he laughed gaily.

The three of them strolled out into the garden and up towards the embankment.

When they entered the court, Mr. Van Heel locked the door on the inside and opened the locker. He produced the painting and pinned it on the board.

"Now!" he said.

Captain Stoddard looked at it and remarked:—

"Gee! It's certainly like her, though it's not very flattering."

Mr. Van Heel laughed, and Jamesson blew his nose violently. Then the owner of the house said:—

"Mr. Jamesson, I've made a full confession of my crime to my son-in-law, as I did to you. We are the only three men who know the truth about the 'Santa Maria.' You were good enough to say you would preserve my secret, and my

son-in-law, with a generosity which I do not deserve, has also forgiven me and promises to keep silent. There only remains now the disposition of the picture, which I no longer require. I cannot take it back and I cannot destroy it. I therefore propose to ask you to take it and to do with it whatever you think fit, and please do not think I wish to be patronizing if I ask you to accept this little present as a recognition of your trouble and the kindness of heart you showed me in peculiarly trying circumstances."

Jamesson returned to town by train. Between his teeth he thoughtfully chewed a cigar which cost sixpence. On the rack above him was a cylindrical-shaped brown paper parcel containing an object which he had reason to believe was worth twenty thousand pounds.

"The furnishing trade is a very romantic business," he kept thinking to himself.

When he arrived home, he told his wife that he had some letters to write, so he went up to a little room at the top of the house, which he

"A GIRL IN A WHITE FROCK, CARRYING A BASKET AND A PAIR OF GARDEN SCISSORS, CAME SINGING OUT OF THE HOUSE."

And he handed the astonished Jamesson a cheque for five hundred pounds.

On the lawn outside they met Anna, with her basket full of flowers. She smiled and said :—

"What have you three been doing ?"

"We've been playing squash-rackets, my dear."

"You don't look very hot," she remarked, and then her cheeks dimpled roguishly as she added, "I believe you keep a canteen in that funny little house."

called his den. Then he unwrapped the brown-paper parcel and gazed lovingly at the picture. And strange moods and temptations came to him. How romantic *that* would be ! For one man to have secretly this—perhaps the finest work of art in the world—to creep up every night alone and revel in its absorbing beauty ! Not to steal it for its gain, or even for its sentiment, but for joy in the thing itself ! Jamesson sighed and lighted his pipe. A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. He sat there a long time looking at the picture. At last he packed it up

again and locked it in a cupboard and went to bed.

In the morning he was up earlier than usual. He wrote out a label in Roman lettering :—

AU PATRON,
ACADÉMIE DES BEAUX ARTS,
PARIS.

He was no French scholar, and he felt a little uncertain about the "patron," but he knew the owner of an hotel was a patron, so why not an academy? In any case the Académie officials would get it.

Then he strolled out at his usual time and went to an obscure post-office where he was not known.

"Will you register this, please?" he said, to the girl.

He was handed the receipt and sighed and went out into the street. He hummed to himself a passage of a phrase that was meant to be an excerpt from an Italian opera.

When he arrived at Quinson and Beelswright's he found Shenton standing in his office with his hat and coat on.

"I'm through with this hole," said the assistant.

"What do you mean?" said Jamesson.

"I'm fed up. D'you understand?" Shenton exclaimed, somewhat hysterically. "I've sent in my resignation to the boss and I'm going. This place is dull—dull—dull! It may be all right for old buffers like you, but it's not romantic enough for me. I'm off to Australia. Nothing ever happens here. It's simply killing me."

Jamesson blew out his cheeks.

"I see," he said.

"They can have my next week's salary," continued Shenton. "I'm going now." And he held out his hand. Jamesson took it.

"So you're going to Australia?" He raised his eyebrows and thought ponderously. Then he said :—

"Well, perhaps you're right. Australia ought to be just the place for a bright boy like you."

He fumbled with his pocket-book, and suddenly produced two five-pound notes.

"Don't think I bear you any animosity, Shenton," he said. "Here is a little something towards your expenses. Perhaps you'll think considerately of me at times."

He gazed heavily at a small pile of letters on his desk.

"They say," he remarked, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss. Well, I suppose that's true, but we all have to roll a bit to find the right sort of moss that suits us. But when you find the moss, Shenton, freeze on to it. Do one thing decently well. It pays in the end."

He hung up his hat and coat.

"If you take my advice," he added, "you'll avoid the detective business. Stick to trade. Even trade has its romance if you only look for it."

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 39.

Now is the time when, though the weather freeze,
Our hearts are warm :
To all our friends we offer cheerful *these*,
In spite of storm.

1. This never prospers in the end, 'tis said,
Though without most of it we are not fed.
2. It should belong to us with head removed,
And when it shines it ought to be improved,
3. This ceremony may indeed be right,
But you'd be wrong if right you did it write.
4. A parish, so I reckon, whereunto
Those men should haste who wish no work to do.
5. Take this, and to become so you've a chance :
Bereft of head, you find it all in France.
6. 'Tis all in places where they sing and play,
And it is all in Italy, they say.
7. A fruit, that most to masticate would haste,
If rearranged has quite another taste.
8. Most eager. Plus a head, a giant see,
Or, minus head, a brother giant he.
9. Of weighty but of fishy character,
They might be called a musical affair.

QUÆSTOR.

Answers to Acrostic No. 39 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on January 9th.*

Two answers may be sent to every light.

ANSWER TO No. 37.

1.	G	u l	L
2.	O	b l i q	U
3.	O	p t i	C
4.	D	r u n	K

NOTES.—Light 2. Oblique. 3. Optic, topic, anagrams.

ANSWER TO No. 38.

1.	A	r m	S
2.	C	u c k o	O
3.	R	c e	L
4.	O	v e r m	U
5.	S	c e n	T
6.	T	r i p o l	I
7.	I	n t	O
8.	C	r o w	N

NOTES.—Light 4. Overmuch. 6. Trip. 7. In, to, nto.

The result of the sixth series will be published in next month's number.

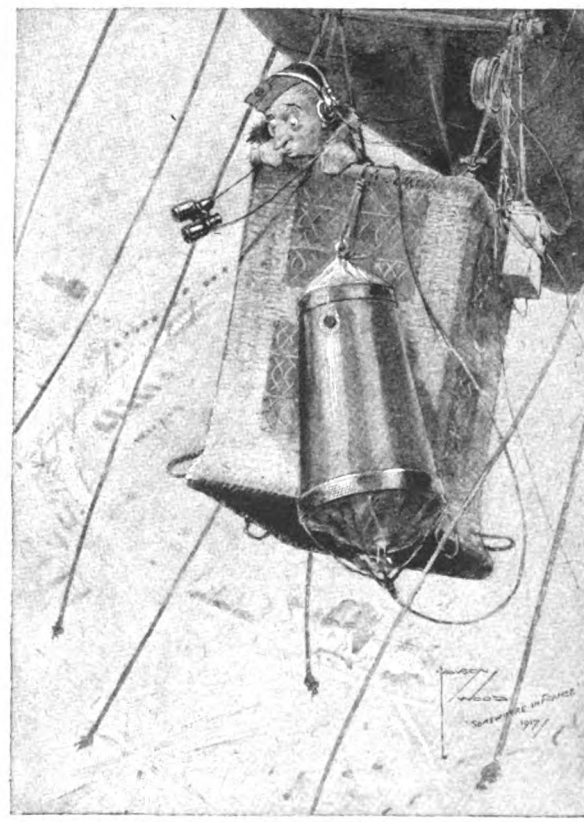
The Humour of Lawson Wood

AT no time has the value of humour been more appreciated than at present. It acts as a useful tonic to the tired nerves of a war-worn people. Mr. Lawson Wood may justly be acclaimed as one of the laughter-makers of the world, his humorous drawings, sketches, and paintings being as well known and appreciated in Paris, New York, San Francisco, and even in Japan, as they are at home.

Lawson Wood is the third in succession of a generation of artists, being the eldest son of Mr. Pinhorn Wood, the landscape painter, and grandson of the late Mr. L. J. Wood, so well known for his drawings of architectural subjects. Little wonder, then, that the son of the one and grandson of the other should show such early talent. It may be mentioned in passing that Lawson Wood was born at Highgate in August, 1878, thus making him thirty-nine years old at the present day—young indeed to have attained his position in the world of illustrative art.

At the age of eighteen he received his first appointment, obtaining a position on the staff of C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.; and he remained in their studios for six years, gaining such valuable knowledge of a practical kind as only one of the large publishing firms can impart. It may be considered certain that here he laid the groundwork of that strong businesslike capacity to which he owes so much of his success in after-life.

At the present time, like so many artists of the younger generation, Lawson Wood is serving his King and Country in the Army, the first picture of this series being a capital caricature of himself "spotting" for the artillery from a captive balloon, while serving with the Royal Flying Corps. His feelings at finding himself alone with the Hun shells, and his parachute as his only means of escape



"A BALLOONATIC IN FRANCE."

"HOT STUFF."

if hit, may be gathered from his title," A Balloonatic in France."

He early volunteered under the Derby Scheme, joined the Army Service Corps on 10th December, 1915, as a cadet at Aldershot, soon afterwards obtaining his commission. After a short training with the Army Service Corps he transferred to the Flying Corps, passed all the tests successfully, and finally was sent across the Channel, where he is now "Doing his Bit," at the same time sending over a drawing or two as time and the enemy permit.

His early life was spent in the little rural village of Shere, in Surrey, so well-beloved of artists, and it may be wondered if the picture "Hot Stuff" is a reminiscence of his school-days, though no one would for one moment suggest that it is the young Wood playing the principal *rôle*.

Lawson Wood's early studies were pursued at the Slade School of Art, at Heatherley's, and later he attended a few night classes at Frank Calderon's School of Animal Painting, though he frankly confesses to being really a self-made artist, as his attendances were somewhat intermittent and extended in all over a period of barely three years.

Quite early in his career he realized the utmost value of really suitable titles to his pictures, as may be judged from "A Fearful Accident." What could better convey the feelings of the gentleman from the other side of the Tweed than these three fatal words as he sees with dismay the loss of his best friend? Or, again, in his title "Pinched," beneath an unusual composition, showing the acute distress of the small boy caught in the act of purloining his neighbour's goods.

This question of titles is a very important one, being, in many cases, the turning factor in the success or failure of a picture from a publishing point of view.

This is only one instance of the painstaking care with which Lawson Wood puts out his work.

"*Method*" is his watchword!

Go into his studio, and the first thing that strikes one is the orderliness of everything. There are racks to hold the guns and weapons he is so fond of collecting, and which appear so often in his sketches—books of reference on every conceivable subject ranged where they

"A FEARFUL ACCIDENT."
"If 'a' ha'ed a squir-rt a' might steel save it!"

can be of use at any moment. Nothing is allowed on these shelves that is not of practical use.

Industrious to a degree, he has many a notebook filled from cover to cover with little interesting sketches in pencil, which are often introduced as backgrounds to his pictures. Sometimes it may be a village street of quaint houses, again a rustic bridge, or, perhaps, even a fence and stile with a tangle of hedge whose outlines appeal to him. For none knows better than Lawson Wood that it is just these touches of reality that help to make the whole picture convincing, though he generally depends on the humour of his figures to carry his story to the public.

His first step on the road to fame was gained with his prehistoric subjects, well exemplified in this article with "Blind Man's Buff," showing one of his skittish antediluvian monsters, who certainly does *not* play the game, as he draws on one side the bandage from his eyes, much to the terror of his victim. "Where's My Egg?" another example of Lawson Wood's early work, clearly point to the danger and apprehension of the first collector of birds' eggs. The other "prehistoric,"

"PINCHED."

"BLIND MAN'S BUFF: AN EYE TO BUSINESS."

entitled "Come Out, You Coward," showing one more of these fearsome beasts run amok amid the early bathing-machines, is an excellent example of his combined gifts of artistic sense and humour.

Another of Lawson Wood's whimsicalities, and one he is keen to develop, is pictured in "First Advances." To his mind, the monkey tribe opens up a very big field for humour, as by depicting them clothed in human attire, with all the follies and frailties of the man and woman of to-day, they offer an endless scope for satire.

Many have asked the question, "Does Lawson Wood use models?" He does, and he does not! To explain such a contradiction, he uses models more for detail than the actual posing of the complete figure; as he says, his real models are in the world around him: in omnibuses, streets, and trains, wherever he may be; in fact, in all places and at all times he is gathering into his mental note-book types to be reproduced later, though in, perhaps, a somewhat exaggerated form. But how often one sees a figure which instantly suggests a type from one of his pictures!

"FIRST ADVANCES."

Take his burly policemen. Lawson Wood is beloved of the "Force," and yet he has satirized them in every conceivable form, but with one outstanding feature of the work—that he is always humorous and yet never unkind or cruel.

The simplicity of treatment in his pictures is distinctly deceiving; taking one of these seemingly spontaneous sketches, it seems incredible that much time can have been spent on the work, and yet it is just the most careful study given to the preliminary stages that enables the artist to compose his picture with certainty and ease, as it is only by having a complete command of the details that one is able to know just how much to *leave out*—perhaps the most difficult part to decide in making a picture of this kind.

His sketches have been published at some time or other in every illustrated paper in London, and many of his posters have appeared with striking effect on the hoardings.

His rendering of "Dignity and Impudence," which appears on the opposite page under the title "A Friendly Hint," is typical of that facility of expression which makes the real Lawson Wood picture. It is difficult sometimes to say what it is in his humorous compositions which so irresistibly appeals to one; but it must be conceded that it is the note of broad farce combined

"WHERE'S MY EGG?"

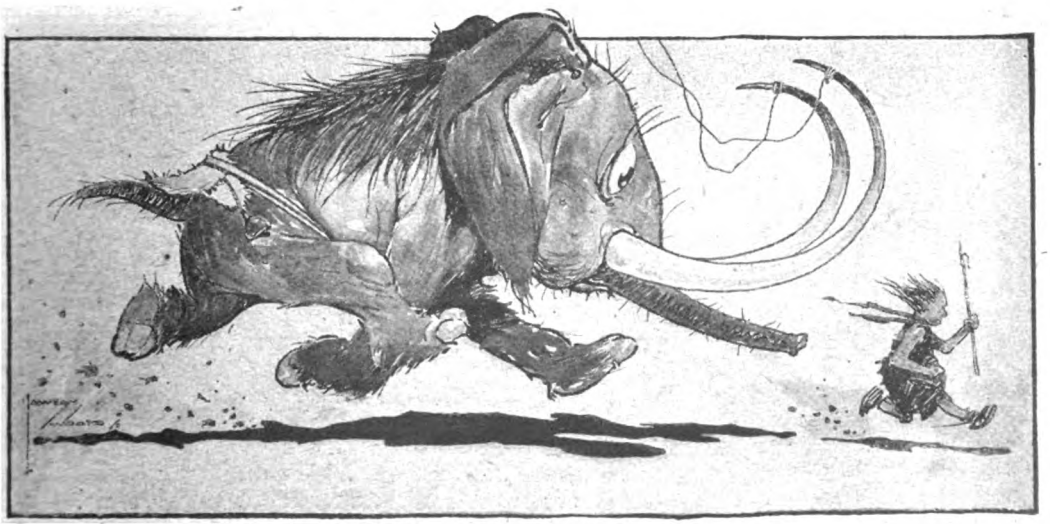
"COME OUT, YOU COWARD!"

"A FRIENDLY HINT."

SMALL BOY: "'Old yer chest back a bit, colonel, or yer won't 'it the drum in the middle!"

with the sense of reality with which he depicts his subjects and which he imparts to the expressions of his characters.

Like most artists, Lawson Wood has his serious moments, and is never happier than when painting pictures with pathos and intense feeling; but once having been accepted as a humorous painter, the public expect laughter-making pictures, and will have nothing else.



"THE GREAT DRIVE."

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

"'I REALLY MUST PROTEST,' SAID MR. QUILLIAN. 'THE SLIGHT MARKS ON MY LEFT CHEEK ARE NOT SCRATCHES, BUT WERE CAUSED—AS THEY SAY AT THE INQUESTS—BY SOME BLUNT INSTRUMENT, TO WIT, A SAFETY RAZOR.'"

No. 2.—THE KISS PROBLEM.

MR. PUSELY-SMYTHE'S air of saturnine melancholy was pronounced as he took the chair at the forty-fourth monthly meeting of the Problem Club.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "the waiters are supposed to have left the room, but in view of the nature of the problem before us to-night you would probably wish to be quite sure on the point. Will somebody kindly examine the screen by the waiters' entrance?"

Mr. Quillian, K.C., reported that no waiter was concealed, and further that the door was locked.

"Thank you, my learned friend. Leonard—admirable as a head-waiter, ingenious and generally innocuous as the inventor of our problems—has on this occasion undergone a moral lapse. I will give you the words of this lamentable problem: 'It is required within the space of one hour to kiss upon the cheek ten females of the age of courtship and not cousins or any nearer relative of the kisser, without giving offence to any one of them.

"Major Byles protested against this problem on the ground that it gave an unfair advantage to the young and unattached. The Rev. Septimus Cunliffe seconded the protest on the ground that, broad-minded though he was, after all there was a limit. A vote being taken, it was found—to the eternal shame of the club, if I may say so—that there was a considerable majority in favour of the problem being retained."

Every member being well aware that the chairman himself had voted with the majority, there was some hilarious interruption.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, severely, "this is not the spirit in which to approach stories of wrecked homes and blasted reputations, and these stories we must now hear. I observe that Mr. Quillian has had his face

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scratched recently, doubtless the work of outraged modesty, but before I——"

"I really must protest," said Mr. Quillian. "The slight marks on my left cheek are not scratches, but were caused—as they say at the inquests—by some blunt instrument, to wit, a safety razor."

"Well," the chairman continued, "you will have an opportunity later to explain how the girl got hold of the razor. I will begin with some of our younger Lotharios. What have you to tell us, Mr. Feldane?"

The Hon. James Feldane put down his cigarette, and spoke wearily: "It's like this, you know. I claim to have won unless my score's beaten. Ten in an hour is an impossible demand on the part of our friend Leonard, and I doubt if bogey would be more than four. May I take it that I win, if I am nearest to Leonard's figure?"

"That is so. Continue your loathsome confessions."

"It's strictly masonic and all that, ain't it?"

"Mr. Feldane may be assured that his hideous secret will die with us," said the chairman. "The club rule of secrecy has never yet been broken."

"That being so, I'll get on. I'd planned it all for a dance I was going to, and I'd put in a deal of conscientious preliminary work, getting certain girls up to a certain mark, if you understand what I mean. On the appointed night a perfectly dear old thing with two daughters some years older than myself called to take me on to that dance. They've known me all my life. They knew me when I'd got golden curls and played with a wool rabbit. They're no sort of relation, and so they count for the purpose of this competition. Well, I've always kissed them when we met, and I kissed them that time as soon as I boarded the car. So when we got to the house where the dance was I was three up and still had fifty-three minutes to go."

Here Feldane was interrupted by an appeal to the chairman. It was made by his friend Hesseltine, a tall and dark young man, as good-looking as Feldane himself, though of a very different type.

"Mr. Chairman," said Hesseltine, "before Jimmy goes any further I should like to ask for your ruling. The mother of those two girls is to my certain knowledge sixty-two years of age. I claim that Jimmy cannot score her, as she is above the age of courtship."

"Sorry, Mr. Hesseltine, but your claim is disallowed. It has been well observed that a man is as old as he feels but that a woman is rather younger than she doesn't look. There is no historical instance of any woman being over the age of courtship."

"Then I'm pipped," said Hesseltine, gloomily. "Go on, Jimmy."

"I kissed four more in the time left me, but one of them told me that she would never speak to me again, and so I can't count her, though it's what she always says. I was done by the time limit. You can't in decency kiss a girl and then do an immediate bunk. You must keep on telling her how maddeningly beautiful she is for a few minutes. Besides, at a dance you can't always find the girl you want at the moment you want her. Still, I claim a score of six."

"The claim is allowed. And what was your sad experience, Mr. Hesseltine?"

"Much the same as Jimmy's. I went to the same dance. I also played the friends-of-my-childhood, but I could only raise five of them. So Jimmy's one ahead. If you had disallowed his old lady we should have tied. I might add that, being rather carried away, I got engaged to two different girls in the course of the hour, and though it's all right now, I don't monkey with a buzz-saw again. The next kiss problem will find little Bobby seated with the spectators."

"Possibly," said the chairman, "the finesse and experience of riper years will have accomplished more than the attractions of untutored youth. May I interrupt your secretarial duties, Sir Charles?"

Sir Charles laid down his pencil, smiled, and shook his head. "This time you must place me also with the spectators," he said, and quoted an apt line of Horace.

"It is seldom that you miss. I wish, Mr. Harding Pope, that I could say the same of you. What have you done this time to redeem yourself?"

"What could I do?" said Mr. Pope, with an oratorical gesture. "I represent a Nonconformist constituency which is not tolerant of the least laxity in the private life of its member. The mere suspicion that I had taken part in a competition of this kind might end my political career."

"Possibly. Failure to take part in the next competition will actually end your career as a member of this club, as you will see if you refer to rule eleven. The club does not regard onlookers as sportsmen. I suppose, Major Byles, since you protested against the problem, that for the first time in your membership you have failed to compete."

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

"'I REALLY MUST PROTEST,' SAID MR. QUILLIAN. 'THE SLIGHT MARKS ON MY LEFT CHEEK ARE NOT SCRATCHES, BUT WERE CAUSED—AS THEY SAY AT THE INQUESTS—BY SOME BLUNT INSTRUMENT, TO WIT, A SAFETY RAZOR.'"

No. 2.—THE KISS PROBLEM.

MR. PUSELY-SMYTHE'S air of saturnine melancholy was pronounced as he took the chair at the forty-fourth monthly meeting of the Problem Club.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "the waiters are supposed to have left the room, but in view of the nature of the problem before us to-night you would probably wish to be quite sure on the point. Will somebody kindly examine the screen by the waiters' entrance?"

Mr. Quillian, K.C., reported that no waiter was concealed, and further that the door was locked.

"Thank you, my learned friend. Leonard—admirable as a head-waiter, ingenious and generally innocuous as the inventor of our problems—has on this occasion undergone a moral lapse. I will give you the words of this lamentable problem: 'It is required within the space of one hour to kiss upon the cheek ten females of the age of courtship and not cousins or any nearer relative of the kisser, without giving offence to any one of them.

"Major Byles protested against this problem on the ground that it gave an unfair advantage to the young and unattached. The Rev. Septimus Cunliffe seconded the protest on the ground that, broad-minded though he was, after all there was a limit. A vote being taken, it was found—to the eternal shame of the club, if I may say so—that there was a considerable majority in favour of the problem being retained."

Every member being well aware that the chairman himself had voted with the majority, there was some hilarious interruption.

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, severely, "this is not the spirit in which to approach stories of wrecked homes and blasted reputations, and these stories we must now hear. I observe that Mr. Quillian has had his face

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scratched recently, doubtless the work of outraged modesty, but before I——"

"I really must protest," said Mr. Quillian. "The slight marks on my left cheek are not scratches, but were caused—as they say at the inquests—by some blunt instrument, to wit, a safety razor."

"Well," the chairman continued, "you will have an opportunity later to explain how the girl got hold of the razor. I will begin with some of our younger Lotharios. What have you to tell us, Mr. Feldane?"

The Hon. James Feldane put down his cigarette, and spoke wearily: "It's like this, you know. I claim to have won unless my score's beaten. Ten in an hour is an impossible demand on the part of our friend Leonard, and I doubt if bogey would be more than four. May I take it that I win, if I am nearest to Leonard's figure?"

"That is so. Continue your loathsome confessions."

"It's strictly masonic and all that, ain't it?"

"Mr. Feldane may be assured that his hideous secret will die with us," said the chairman. "The club rule of secrecy has never yet been broken."

"That being so, I'll get on. I'd planned it all for a dance I was going to, and I'd put in a deal of conscientious preliminary work, getting certain girls up to a certain mark, if you understand what I mean. On the appointed night a perfectly dear old thing with two daughters some years older than myself called to take me on to that dance. They've known me all my life. They knew me when I'd got golden curls and played with a wool rabbit. They're no sort of relation, and so they count for the purpose of this competition. Well, I've always kissed them when we met, and I kissed them that time as soon as I boarded the car. So when we got to the house where the dance was I was three up and still had fifty-three minutes to go."

Here Feldane was interrupted by an appeal to the chairman. It was made by his friend Hesseltine, a tall and dark young man, as good-looking as Feldane himself, though of a very different type.

"Mr. Chairman," said Hesseltine, "before Jimmy goes any further I should like to ask for your ruling. The mother of those two girls is to my certain knowledge sixty-two years of age. I claim that Jimmy cannot score her, as she is above the age of courtship."

"Sorry, Mr. Hesseltine, but your claim is disallowed. It has been well observed that a man is as old as he feels but that a woman is rather younger than she doesn't look. There is no historical instance of any woman being over the age of courtship."

"Then I'm pipped," said Hesseltine, gloomily. "Go on, Jimmy."

"I kissed four more in the time left me, but one of them told me that she would never speak to me again, and so I can't count her, though it's what she always says. I was done by the time limit. You can't in decency kiss a girl and then do an immediate bunk. You must keep on telling her how maddeningly beautiful she is for a few minutes. Besides, at a dance you can't always find the girl you want at the moment you want her. Still, I claim a score of six."

"The claim is allowed. And what was your sad experience, Mr. Hesseltine?"

"Much the same as Jimmy's. I went to the same dance. I also played the friends-of-my-childhood, but I could only raise five of them. So Jimmy's one ahead. If you had disallowed his old lady we should have tied. I might add that, being rather carried away, I got engaged to two different girls in the course of the hour, and though it's all right now, I don't monkey with a buzz-saw again. The next kiss problem will find little Bobby seated with the spectators."

"Possibly," said the chairman, "the finesse and experience of riper years will have accomplished more than the attractions of untutored youth. May I interrupt your secretarial duties, Sir Charles?"

Sir Charles laid down his pencil, smiled, and shook his head. "This time you must place me also with the spectators," he said, and quoted an apt line of Horace.

"It is seldom that you miss. I wish, Mr. Harding Pope, that I could say the same of you. What have you done this time to redeem yourself?"

"What could I do?" said Mr. Pope, with an oratorical gesture. "I represent a Nonconformist constituency which is not tolerant of the least laxity in the private life of its member. The mere suspicion that I had taken part in a competition of this kind might end my political career."

"Possibly. Failure to take part in the next competition will actually end your career as a member of this club, as you will see if you refer to rule eleven. The club does not regard onlookers as sportsmen. I suppose, Major Byles, since you protested against the problem, that for the first time in your membership you have failed to compete."

"That is so, but my protest had very little to do with it. Matter of fact, I had a superstitious idea that it might change my luck if I gave a miss this time."

"Then I will turn to Dr. Alden. What was your adventure, doctor?"

"Mine was more a tragedy than an adventure," said the doctor. "On the evening of Sunday the twelfth, acting on information received, I presented myself at the residence of my married sister. She said that I must have forgotten that she was entertaining the girls of her Tennyson Club that night, and that she had never wanted me less, but that as I was there I could stop. I stopped, that being what I had come for. Her suggestion that her husband and myself, the only two males present, should go off to the billiard-room after supper, was negatived by both of us. In accordance with plan I then directed the conversation to the subject of face-powder, condemning it on scientific grounds and maintaining that it deceived nobody. My sister said that it was not intended to deceive, but that as a matter of fact no man would ever detect it unless it had been put on with a shovel. I said that on the contrary, given a certain condition, any man with a scientific training could detect it with his eyes shut.

"Several of the girls asked me how. This was not unexpected.

"I replied that he would only have to touch with his lips a cheek on which there was face-powder and he would know it instantly and infallibly.

"My sister said she did not believe a word of it.

"My answer was that I could easily prove it. Let them blindfold me. Then twelve times in succession let a cheek touch my lips. In each case I would state whether or not face-powder had been used, and would employ no other means of detection. I was so certain of it that I would gladly contribute a guinea to the charitable fund of the Tennyson Club for every mistake that I made.

"My sister said that it was very easy to make an impossible offer that could not be accepted. Somewhat to my surprise the prettiest girl there said that she did not think it an impossible offer at all. It was a scientific experiment and might benefit a very good cause. I would never know the identity of the twelve who took part in the experiment. Its very publicity made it innocuous. But I should have to give them a little time to settle which were the twelve to be sacrificed and the order in which they were to present themselves. To this I at once agreed.

"I was put in a chair and blindfolded—really blindfolded. I need hardly tell the members of this club that my claim to be able to detect the presence of face-powder in the way indicated was a piece of monumental spoof. This did not alarm me. I could not lose more than twelve guineas, and I was out to win our prize of one hundred and ten pounds. I could assign my mistakes to the fact that I had just smoked a cigarette, thus spoiling the delicacy of my perception.

"I heard a sound of whispering and suppressed laughter as the girls held their consultation, and then the experiment began in silence broken only by the rustle of feminine garments. Twelve times in succession I felt a gentle touch upon my lips, and never once did I fail to take advantage of it. I gave six decisions for face-powder and six against, and was just thinking how I would spend the hundred and ten pounds when I heard a roar of laughter. I tore off the bandage and asked what was the matter.

"As soon as they could speak they told me. The only person that I had kissed on all twelve occasions was my own sister. Sometimes she had touched my lips with her cheek, on which there was face-powder, and sometimes with the back of her hand, on which there was none. And nine times I had been mistaken in my diagnosis. The treasurer of the charitable fund—she was the pretty girl of whom I have spoken—collected the money. Then they all resumed their merriment, and no excuse for my mistakes was ever heard.

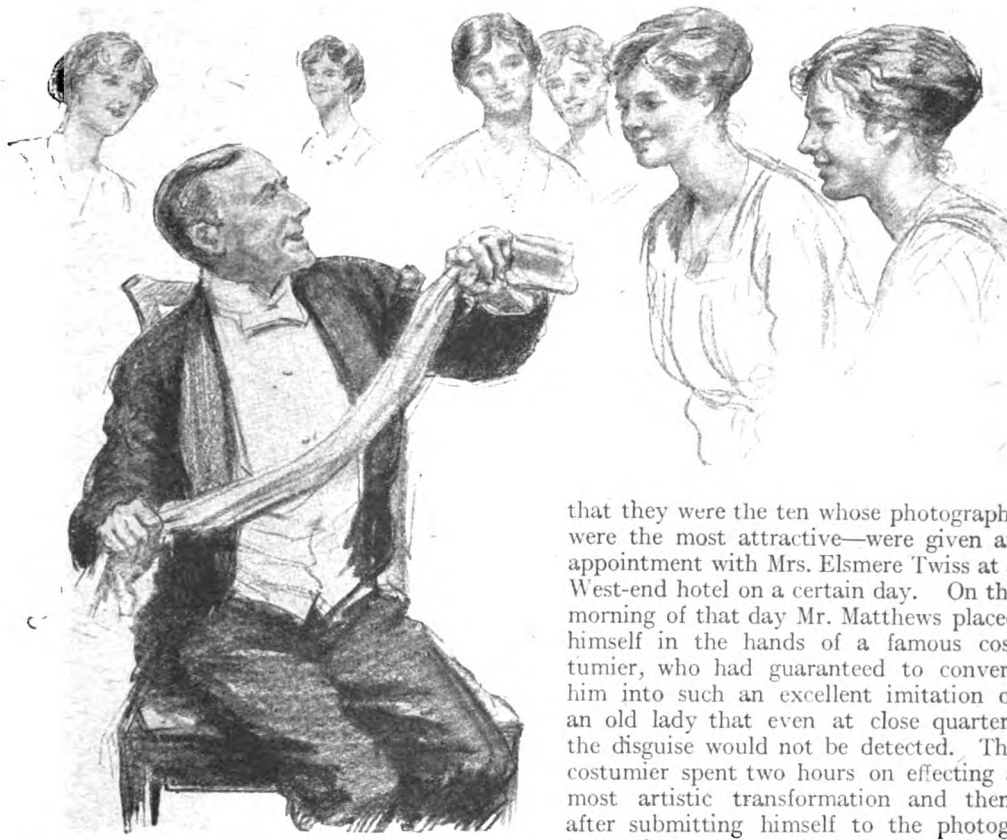
"All things considered, I think I have a fair claim for a consolation prize."

"The club does not give prizes of that description," said the chairman. "But I can offer you our sympathy, which is more valuable than mere money. I will now call upon Mr. Quillian."

Mr Quillian adjusted his pince-nez. "I will ask the chairman's permission to argue that the whole of this competition is null and void, and that the prize should be added to that for the next competition."

"I will hear you, Mr. Quillian, but you must be brief and to the point. You are not in court now, you know."

"If you please, I submit that a kiss has a psychical as well as a physical side, and that kisses for competition purposes are so deficient on the psychical or emotional side that they cannot be considered as kisses in the ordinary sense of the word."



"I TORE OFF THE BANDAGE AND ASKED WHAT WAS THE MATTER."

"I do not admit that. Possibly the competition kiss does not come up to the standard demanded by a voluptuary like my learned friend, but it is still a kiss. If he kissed this match-box, it would be a kiss and could not be described otherwise, although presumably the emotional side would be absent. Enough of these legal quibbles. I will now ask Mr. Matthews if he has been as successful in the part of Lothario as he invariably is in that of Lucullus."

Mr. Matthews, the club epicure, said that a decent upbringing had caused him to fail in a shameful enterprise, and gave his account of it.

He advertised in the name of Mrs. Elsmere Twiss, giving an accommodation address, for a companion to an elderly lady. The salary offered was magnificent, and it was intimated that accomplishments would be less valued than youthful charm and an affectionate nature. Applicants were to enclose photographs.

Ten of the applicants—and it is to be feared that they were the ten whose photographs were the most attractive—were given an appointment with Mrs. Elsmere Twiss at a West-end hotel on a certain day. On the morning of that day Mr. Matthews placed himself in the hands of a famous costumier, who had guaranteed to convert him into such an excellent imitation of an old lady that even at close quarters the disguise would not be detected. The costumier spent two hours on effecting a most artistic transformation and then, after submitting himself to the photographer in attendance, Mr. Matthews drove off to the hotel. A passer-by who had happened to glance into the cab might have observed a sweet-looking old lady smoking a large cigar.

He now proceeded to interview the selected ten, it being his abominable intention to kiss each applicant as he said good-bye to her.

The first applicant to be brought in from the waiting-room was Miss Grace Porter. Everything went well until the moment came for the affectionate good-bye. But then it chanced that Miss Porter dropped her handkerchief.

Now Mr. Matthews had from the nursery upwards been taught habits of politeness, and his decent upbringing now proved his undoing. Forgetting that he was supposed to be an elderly lady and the girl's prospective employer, he flew to pick up that handkerchief. And as he stooped his hat and wig fell off. For a few awful moments he remained stooping, waiting for Miss Porter's scream. But no scream came. She had realized that Mrs. Elsmere Twiss wore a wig, but not that she was a man. And the tactful Miss Porter had retired from the room.

Mr. Matthews was safe, but his nerve was gone. He replaced the hat and wig, and sent a waiter with a message to the remaining applicants.

When Mr. Matthews had finished his story two other members narrated how they had conspired together to get the game of kiss-in-the-ring played at a rectory garden-party and had failed miserably.

"Now the only member left," said the chairman, "is Mr. Cunliffe, and as he protested against the problem, and will not have competed——"

"Pardon me," said the sonorous and ecclesiastical voice of the Rev. Septimus Cunliffe. "I have not only competed, but I claim to be the winner."

"One moment. This is a shock, and some restorative seems indicated." The chairman fetched himself a brandy-and-soda from the side-table and resumed. "Now, if the reverend gentleman will continue the account of his exploits——"

"It has pained me to hear to-night aspersions on the character of our admirable Leonard. I admit that when I first heard the problem I was myself inclined to misjudge him. But on examining it more closely I saw that never had he risen to a higher pitch of austere, though cynical, morality. I saw that he intended that this prize should be won by the most high-minded member of the Club—by the man whose mind was the least obsessed by thoughts of frivolity or flirtation."

"Might I suggest," said the chairman, "that you should stop throwing bouquets to yourself, and tell us about these ten women that you've kissed?"

"That is precisely my point. Leonard does not say women. He does not say girls. He says females. My aunt is interested in smoke-grey Persian cats. She breeds them and deals in them on behalf of a charity, and you will generally find thirty or forty of them at her house. It is unhygienic to kiss cats, but I kissed ten of them, and my aunt was greatly pleased at this unusual demonstration of affection for her pets. Some of them seemed slightly bored, but not one was offended. When a cat is offended it tells you so. They were of an age for courtship—by males of their own species. Briefly, the cats and I conformed in all respects with the requirements of the problem."

"A PASSER-BY WHO HAD HAPPENED TO GLANCE INTO THE CAB MIGHT HAVE OBSERVED A SWEET-LOOKING OLD LADY SMOKING A LARGE CIGAR."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman, "the subtlety of our theologian has overcome you. Our cheque for one hundred and ten pounds will be drawn to the order of Mr. Septimus Cunliffe.

"I will now read out the problem which will next engage your attention. It is entitled 'The Free Meal Problem.' It is required within the space of twenty-four consecutive hours to be the guest of one person at breakfast, of another at luncheon, and of a third at dinner, the host being in each case a person whom the competitor has not to his knowledge seen, and with whom he has held no communication previous to the sunrise preceding the meal. No direct request for a meal may be made and no remuneration may be given in return for any meal.

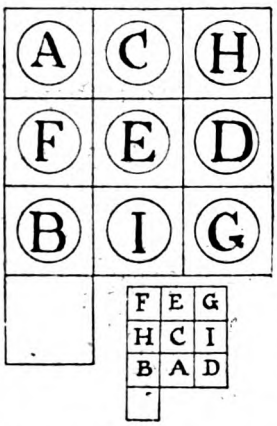
"The adjudicator will be my learned friend Mr. Quillian."

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

385.—THE GERMAN PRISONER PUZZLE.

ON a recent occasion some German prisoners on being brought in were found to be in a half-starved condition, and our men served them out a generous ration. One of the Huns was so gratified that he exclaimed, "Ach! Fed big!" Whether he meant to imply that he had had a "big feed," or that he considered himself a "fed pig," is not known. The interesting point is that those three words are formed from the first nine letters of the alphabet, and probably no other sentence can be formed from them. So I find it convenient to use them in this little puzzle.



Place nine counters, marked respectively A, B, C, D, E, F, G, H, and I, in the positions shown in the smaller diagram, and then move them one at a time from square to square until you have them in the position shown in the larger diagram. Of course, no diagonal moves are allowed. Thus, the first move must be with B, then A or H may move to the vacant square, and so on. The point is to do it in twenty-eight moves. You will quickly do it in a larger number, but it requires a little judgment and patience to bring about the arrangement in the minimum number of moves.

386.—SHARING A BICYCLE.

A CORRESPONDENT informs me that two brothers of his acquaintance had to go a journey and arrive at the same time. They had only a single bicycle, which they rode in turns, each rider leaving it in the hedge when he dismounted for the one walking behind to pick up, and walking ahead himself, to be again overtaken. What, he asks, was their best way of arranging their distances? As he states that their walking and riding speeds were the same, it is extremely easy. Simply divide the route into any *even* number of equal stages and drop the bicycle at every stage, using the cyclometer. Each man would then walk half-way and ride half-way.

But here is a case that will require a little more thought. Anderson and Brown have to go twenty miles and arrive at exactly the same time. They have only one bicycle. Anderson can only walk four miles an hour, while Brown can walk five miles an hour, but Anderson can ride ten miles an hour to Brown's eight miles an hour. How are they to arrange the journey? Each man always either walks or rides at the speeds mentioned, without any rests.

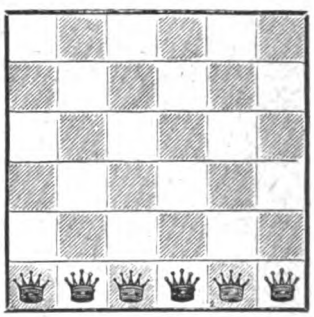
387.—A CRYPTIC LANGUAGE.

CAN you interpret the following? It is a beautiful language, and if you have never heard it, you are to be pitied. If you recognize it, it will produce pleasurable emotions, and you will be able to appreciate this remarkable record—the cleverest and most exact that has ever been made. Try to read this aloud as quickly as possible in something between a whisper and a whistle :—

Tioû, tioû, tioû, tioû—Spe, tioû, squa—Tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tiô, tix—Coutio, coutio, coutio, coutio—Squô, squô, squô, squô—Tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzu, tzi—Corror, tiou, squa, pipîqui—Zozozozozozozozozozozozo, zirrhading—Tsissisi, tsissisisisisisisis—Dzorre, dzorre, dzorre, tzatu, dzi—Dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo, dlo—Quio, trrrrrrrrr itz—Lu, lu, lu, lu, ly, ly, ly, ly, liê, liê, liê, liê—Quio didl li lulylie—Hagurr, gurr, quipio—Coui, coui, coui, coui, qui, qui, qui, gai, gui, gui, gui—Goll, goll, goll, goll, goll guia hadadoi—Conigui, horr, ha diadia dill si—Hezezezezezezezezezezezezezezezeze couar ho dze hoi—Quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, quia, ti Ki, ki, ki, ïo, ïo, ïo, ioioioio ki—Lu ly li le lai la leu lo, didl ïo, quia—Kigaigaigaigaigaigaigai guiagaigaigai couior dzio dzio pi.

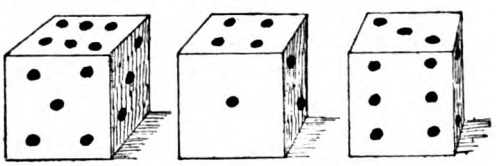
388.—THE SIX QUEENS.

HERE is a queer little puzzle. When once you have hit on the idea, which you will probably do in a very few minutes, the carrying of it out successfully will be found quite entertaining. Place six queens on the reduced chessboard, as shown. Now, the six queens have in turn to occupy in a straight line every row, every column, and each of the two long diagonals, revisiting the row upon which they at present stand, in as few queen moves as possible. How many moves do you require?



389.—THE THREE DICE.

MASON and Jackson were playing with three dice. The player won whenever the numbers thrown added up to one of two numbers he selected at the beginning of the game. As a matter of fact, Mason selected



seven and thirteen, and one of his winning throws is shown in the illustration. What were his chances of winning a throw? And what two other numbers should Jackson have selected for his own throws to make his chances of winning exactly equal?

390.—AN ARITHMETICAL CHARADE.

I AM a word of five letters. Multiply my fifth by two and you have my first. Divide my first by twenty and you have my third. Divide my third by five and you have my second and fourth.

391.—BURIED GEOGRAPHY.

In every one of the following sentences is buried something geographical, such as a town or country. Thus, in the sentence, "Grandpa*pa rises* at seven every morning," Paris is buried, as indicated by the italicized letters.

I should be proud to entertain such a guest.
We eat the melon, but the rind gets thrown to the pigs.
From wax tapers I anticipate a saving of gas.
His overwrought exasperation filled the enemy with dismay.
The escaping prisoners crossed the river on a raft.
I must go somewhere for dinner.
Wine I hope, but water I expect.
We must feed our cows with hay till next June.
He must cross the Atlantic or keep quiet.
When the war began I ceased to engage in sport.
To a man under age no agreement is binding.
I met my great aunt on the tube railway.
The wounded were brought in in nine vehicles.

Puzzles from a Secret Drawer.

Solutions to Last Month's Posers.

AN ELEGANT CHARADE.

"*In* my first, my second *sat*, my third and fourth *I ate*." The italicized words give the answer—"Insatiate."

LADY ANNE'S RIBBON.

Lady Anne's share of the ten yards was 6¼ yards, and the three-fifths of this length required by the daughter was 3¾ yards.

STEALING THE BELL-ROPES.

Call the two ropes A and B. First tie the ends of A and B securely together. Then climb A and cut off B, leaving sufficient to tie a loop. Hanging with your arm through this loop, cut off A as high as you can reach, pull the severed A through the loop until you come nearly to the knot joining B, and descend by the doubled rope. Then pull through the loop and you have secured the greatest possible length of both ropes. If any reader should attempt to make use of this information for criminal purposes we can only hope that he will accidentally let fall the rope A after he has cut it through!

THE TWO TINDER-BOXES.

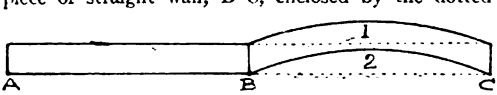
It should be perfectly clear that as the man made no extra profit by selling the second box, he must be selling it at cost price. Therefore, the difference between ninepence and fifteen pence—sixpence—must be the price that each box cost him.

MRS. HEMBROW'S RIDDLE.

The word is LACE. L is fifty and an ace is one.

THE BRICKLAYER'S TASK.

A glance at the illustration will show that if you could cut off the portion of wall marked 1 and place it in the position indicated by 2, you would have a piece of straight wall, B C, enclosed by the dotted



lines, exactly similar to the wall A B. Therefore, both men were wrong, and the price should be the same for the portion of wall that went over the hill as for the part on the level. Of course, the reader will see at a glance that this will only apply within a certain limitation. But Betty Marchant gave us an actual drawing of the wall to go upon.

THE CARPET AND THE CUP.

That Eastern monarch was a sly dog. He simply rolled up the carpet until he was able to reach the cup!

PICTORIAL ARITHMETIC.

The seven things illustrated are as follows, arranged conveniently, with the items to be added in the first column and the items to be subtracted in the second column:—

POST	—	POT
HOE	—	SHOE
WIG	—	TWIG
TENT		

Now, if you deduct POT from POST, you have an S remaining in the first column. Add this S to HOE and one SHOE deducted from the other leaves nothing. Then if we deduct the last three letters in TWIG from WIG, we have a T left over in the second column to subtract from TENT, which clearly leaves us TEN as the required answer.

THE MILLER'S TOLL.

There must have been one bushel and one-ninth before the toll was taken. One-tenth of this is one-ninth of a bushel, which, on being deducted, would leave one bushel as stated.

MISSIONARIES AND CANNIBALS.

Call the three missionaries M m m, and the three cannibals C c c, the capitals denoting the missionary and the cannibal who can row the boat. Then C c row across; C returns with the boat; C c row across; C returns; M m row across; M c return; M C row across; M c return; M m row across; C returns; C c row across; C returns; C c row across; and all have crossed the river within the conditions stated.

THE SEDGEMOOR FESTIVITIES.

There must have been nine hundred persons in all. One hundred wagons started off with nine persons in each wagon. After ten wagons had broken down, there would be ten persons in every wagon—"one more." As fifteen more wagons had to be withdrawn on the home journey, each of the remaining seventy-five wagons would carry twelve persons—"three more than when they started out in the morning."

WORD REVERSALS.

LEVER-REVEL, LEPER-REPEL, DEVIL-LIVED, LIAR-RAIL, ROOD-DOOR, MOOD-DOOM.

WEIGHING THE FRUIT.

Since the lower scales told us that one apple and six plums equalled in weight one pear, we can substitute one apple and six plums for the pear in the upper scales, without disturbing the balance. Now we can remove six plums from each pan of the upper scales and find that four apples equal four plums. Consequently, one apple equals one plum, and if we substitute a plum for the apple in the lower scales, as they originally stood, we see that seven plums equal in weight one pear. As the old books say, Q. E. D.—quite easily done!

PETER PARKER'S PIN PUZZLE.

Fourteen pins is the greatest number that can be stuck into the dots without there being two pins on any line. Stick eight of the pins in the top outside row and six in the bottom outside row, leaving the two bottom corners vacant. There are two hundred and fifty-six different ways of sticking in the pins, but every pin must be on an outside dot, if we are to get in as many as fourteen.

JANE FINDING HERSELF.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

N Jane's set (if you can have a "set" that refuses to have you) the name of "Jane" was a handicap to begin with.

All the other girls were Dorises and Gladyses and Irenes, and that sort of thing; or if their parents had been blessed with soaring imagination, they were Maryllas, Darynes, or Carolas. At worst they were Margarets and Katharines. There was no other Jane than Jane Craik.

Ivy Dolan said that the name "Jane Craik" gave you the creeps in your teeth, just like the scraping of a bad slate-pencil on a cheap slate. And at the same time she said something even worse: that the name just suited Jane herself.

Jane had two pretty sisters. She was the youngest, but looked the oldest, because Constance was dark and dimpled and plump, and Lilian was plump and dimpled and fair. They both had pink cheeks, and their hair curled naturally. Jane was very tall, very thin, and neither dark nor fair. She had straight, rust-brown hair, and no colour in her cheeks, except when she was angry. But this was not often. Her family suppressed her too firmly, these tall, thin girls being more easy to suppress, in a short family, than you would think. Once they're made to feel themselves celery-stalks in a bed of grass-pinks the work is done. They stoop, to conceal their height. They poke their chins, become awkward, unhappy, and self-conscious. Then they are lost as personalities—unless there should be some violent upheaval. And this is the story of an upheaval.

Father and mother Craik were not rich, though they lived in London, where if you do not get on you had better get out. Father Craik corrected printers' proofs in the office of an old-fashioned publisher. He had done this for many years, having married too young to venture out of safe ways. He had grown elderly in "printer's pie." It was, he often observed, pleasanter than being in the soup.

"Mother's" husband had given her that name for the first time at the age of twenty-two, when the pair became parents of a baby boy. There had been seven babies since, and, though four had died in an epidemic, mother had kept too busy being a mother to do outside work; otherwise she felt that she might have been a famous musician and coined money. As there was no piano in the flat the family could not dispute this statement.

Each of the girls went to school till she was nearly seventeen, whereupon it was time to assume the burden of life and support herself. Luckily, supporting herself did not turn out a burden for Con or Lil. Con was ambitious. She had taken up shorthand and typing while at school, and had become expert. She found a place as stenographer in the publishing house where her father worked, earned good money, and didn't think it selfish to spend her salary on clothes. In her position, one had to look nice!

Lil was telephone girl in a fashionable hotel. She began behind the scenes, doing unobtrusive duty when people 'phoned from their rooms. But she had something about her which was bound to get to the front. Before long she could be seen seated behind a polished mahogany shelf on which men leaned, often looking at her instead of looking up numbers in the telephone book. She, like Con, earned good money, had presents of chocolates, and went four nights a week to the cinema.

Jane it was who had no luck.

Not having luck began when she was christened. They named the child after a maiden aunt of mother's, who had grown rich dress-making, and had been annoyed because none of her niece's elder offspring were named in her honour. But out of sheer spite, or because she'd always meant to, she left everything when she died to an orphan asylum in her town. So there was Jane, stranded as Jane, with nothing to show for it!

Jane's family was a handsome family, and they were sorry for her because she grew up plain. She had to wear her sisters' made-over clothes, which were unbecoming. Con was wonderful in orange, bottle green, royal blue, and scarlet. Lil was adorable in mauve, pale pink, and the tint of forget-me-nots. Both admitted that poor Jane was shocking in all, but it couldn't

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be helped. They were not going to choose their clothes to suit her! With her colourless face, rather large features, dark-circled light eyes, and tall, lanky form (you couldn't call it a figure), she was totally unlike any other girl in school. She made no friends, and the boys all avoided her—would have been ashamed to be seen with such a gawk. Jane knew this, and was miserably depressed and humble about herself. When the time came to leave school and earn her own living she was willing to take what she could get. It was not for the like of her to pick and choose, as Con and Lil had done, for she had no vocation. At least, she had none she would have dared to mention. The secret of her heart was that she wanted to go on the stage. But if she had so much as suggested such a notion, her sisters—though good-natured girls—would have come near dying with laughter. They wouldn't have said so, perhaps, but they would have thought she'd make a more successful scarecrow than an actress.

She was considered fortunate, after months of searching and a year of failures, to get a place as dresser for mannequins at Silsby and Burns. Con and Lil would have felt it a humiliating job to put other women into pretty clothes for still other women to criticize—"almost like being a lady's-maid"—though nothing better could be expected for poor old Jane, who had no looks and no talents. They had a sort of dim idea, however, at the back of their minds that among other things she had not were feelings. But they did not know Jane. Nobody knew Jane, not even herself. She went on existing from seventeen to twenty-one, taking it for granted that she was just the big, white, frightened rabbit of a creature, with no particular character and no power to interest anyone, which she was supposed to be by those who thought about her at all.

There was one thing, however, which she knew about herself that nobody else knew. She knew that she could feel. She felt everything intensely, painfully. And then to cap the climax she fell in love.

It was just Jane's luck to go and fall in love with someone she couldn't possibly hope to marry. But then, what type of man *could* she have hoped to marry? So perhaps it wasn't important where she bestowed her love.

Burns was the man—Thomas Burns, Junior, of Silsby and Burns.

Old Thomas Burns was still in the firm when Jane Craik was engaged to dress mannequins; but at the end of her first year he died, and his son Tom was recalled from the Continent to step into the partnership. Tom, it seemed, had gone to France to drive an ambulance, directly after leaving college, and he hated coming back to "keep a shop." He had to do so, however, according to his father's will, and a promise he had made, so gossip said. Besides, Silsby was growing old; Burns, Senior, had been ailing for some time, and young blood was needed in the firm. It was rather a famous firm, and many men would proudly have accepted membership. But Tom Burns didn't care a hang for clothes, except when they happened to be worn by some pretty woman he knew and liked.

Silsby and Burns had their own ateliers, as the French would say, for "confectioning" the costumes, blouses, lingerie, hats, and mantles which had made their fame. "English Clothing for English Women" was their motto and advertising war-cry. They would not employ even the inventive talent of foreigners. English men and women made every design shown by the mannequins in beautiful salons whose grey walls were mirror-panelled. Silsby and Burns's designs were called "exclusive." If a hat, dress, blouse, or cloak were sold to a lady, she could be assured that it would not be duplicated by the firm for any other customer. Or, on the other hand, if a buyer from some provincial house came and gave an order, he or she could have as many "repeats" of a model as were desired—in record time.

Jane Craik was in these beautiful salons only on sufferance, so to speak. Unlike the little girls who were to be "seen but not heard," she was not there to be seen. She helped to dress the mannequins in a room adjoining the salons, but she entered with them to watch that all went well, to hand hats, and replace one mantle for another. It was hardly an existence; but she saw Tom Burns sometimes when he walked in with a buyer, as he occasionally did.

Before the new junior partner appeared on the scene she had admired Mr. Northbrook, whose precise duty in the salons was a mystery to her, because she had never had courage to question anyone about him. All she understood was that he came with important ladies and murmured introductory things to Miss Greville, the head saleswoman, who was then especially attentive to the clients. He was still a young man, well dressed, with fine dark eyes which he knew how to use (he used them in leisure moments on the prettiest mannequins, but never on Jane) and a perfect figure. He had been a high ideal to Jane until Tom Burns appeared, and then Mr. Arthur Northbrook ceased to live for her, which was queer, perhaps, because he really had a handsome face and Tom Burns had not. But Tom Burns looked a man. Somehow you thought of out-of-doors and wide spaces and adventure and fighting and soldiers, not of salons or shops, when you saw him. He was big and grey-eyed, and Jane thought there was sadness in the eyes, though he had a nice smile which made his brown face almost gay for a minute. Of course, his father had died. Yet to Jane that couldn't quite account for the "far-away expression," as she called it. But he had been close to the war, and had seen thrilling things over there in France. Perhaps that was it!

As a matter of fact, that was it. One of the thrilling things he had seen over there was an actress. He had loved her, and she had loved someone else. Jane worshipped him, from her distance, more and more every day, till life became a delicious torture. He didn't know that she existed, nor did it seem likely that he ever would know. Jane realized that this was

just as well, because, if he knew, he would not be interested; perhaps he would even be disgusted. Better his eyes should never meet hers than turn away in distaste.

One morning everything had gone wrong with Jane from the moment she got out of bed. It was hot summer weather; the family was cross; the mannequins and manageress were cross. An important client was dissatisfied with a dress copied from a model, and threatened a law suit. The cleverest designer of blouses had married suddenly and left at a day's notice, just when advance autumn styles should be ready to show. A strike of skirt hands was threatened, and altogether the atmosphere behind scenes was heavy with storm. Luckily for jangled nerves the dress salon was rather quiet. Such customers as came were fussy and hard to please (they were always like that on days of high temperature), but there was no crowd. Jane had dressed Ivy Dolan, the red-haired mannequin generally chosen to show off pale green or black, and was "standing by" with a box of pins while a fat *ingénue* of thirty suggested changes to give an evening gown a "more youthful look." Jane was not thinking about the pins, or Ivy, or the customer. She was thinking of Tom Burns, *le prince lointain*, wondering whether he were away, as he had not been in for a long time, when suddenly he appeared.

He was with a lady, an extraordinary-looking lady. At first glance Jane thought she was one of the plainest as well as queerest-looking women she'd ever seen, almost as plain and queer as herself, if it weren't for marvellous clothes. But with the second glance (coming back from a stolen one at Burns) she was not sure of the plainness. There was something that struck you about the towering figure, the dead-white face, the glittering fire-red hair. And, anyhow, there was no doubt about the clothes. They were chic as the inmost heart of Paris.

Tom Burns never came with ordinary customers, only with important wholesale buyers from provincial houses. His present companion was unlike any buyer ever seen at Silsby and Burns. When Tom had found her a comfortable and becoming chair near a mirror he sought Miss Greville.

She was busy. Her job was to persuade the *ingénue* of thirty that the dancing frock on Ivy Dolan could be made "young enough" with little change. But the look on Burns's face caused her to call a colleague next in authority, as if to ask advice. Then, while it was being given, she slipped away.

"I'd have 'phoned if I'd had time," hastily explained Tom, "but *she* didn't give me time. She burst on me like a bombshell, and insisted on my bringing her straight from my office here."

"She?" echoed Miss Greville.

"I thought maybe you'd spotted who she is. You've heard of Elsa de Windt?"

"I should say I had! The woman who buys for Martin Fall, and gets three thousand a year! Everybody in the business knows about her. She's always in the papers. But she never buys except in Paris."

"She's going to this time, if we can suit her fancy. I met her in Paris—not in business. She—I—she'd put a niece on the stage over there who was rather a friend of mine. This morning she appeared like a bolt from the blue, and said our 'all English' stunt might be worth her while working up, the way she felt about the sea ('nasty big wet thing,' she called it!), if we had anything fit to be seen. But she's an awful crank. I'm scared out of my life—scared as if I were driving a new make of motor I didn't understand, along a road with Jack Johnsons bursting at the rate of three a minute."

"My!" breathed Miss Greville. "Well, we must do our best, Mr. Burns."

"We must. If she buys at all, she'll buy big. She wants something of everything, so far as I can gather; not dresses only, but blouses and mantles, even hats. She's a sort of 'Universal Provider' for Martin Fall. He trusts her taste as if she had him hypnotized. Now I'll introduce you, Miss Greville. We mustn't keep her waiting."

Miss Elsa de Windt, leaning back in a Chesterfield chair of grey velvet, was polite in the manner of a queen to a subject. Kate Greville was impressed, in spite of herself, but she "sensed" that the condescending royalty would turn out a tough proposition.

"What do I want?" Elsa echoed a question, fastening green eyes upon the head saleswoman. "Oh, everything—or nothing. Except tailor-mades! Don't show me those. I'm in a picturesque mood—morning gowns, afternoon gowns, evening gowns, house gowns, street gowns, *négligées*, *sant de lits*, and so on *ad lib*—if they're right. But they must be *just* right. If you disappoint me at the start, I warn you I shall lose patience."

"Shall we begin with dance frocks?" suggested Miss Greville, her spine cold despite the heat. "We have some exclusive picture models just in from our atelier."

"If you wish," agreed the distinguished one, looking like a tawny tigress with little appetite but willing to be tempted.

The *ingénue* had bought the apple-green gown displayed by the red-haired mannequin, consequently—and fortunately, it seemed to Miss Greville—Ivy Dolan was free. Those copper curls should appeal to Elsa de Windt, whose own locks were blatant carrot colour.

Underneath the green tulle Ivy was clad in a thin, well-fitting robe that resembled a delicate lining. Jane quickly put the plump form into a foam of cream and roses, and the result was paraded before Miss de Windt. Meanwhile Jane was busy again, dressing Lina Wernher in vieux rose; Dolly Partridge in clematis purple with gold fringe; Emmeline Eaves in elephant's-breath grey, with silver lace; and getting ready an emerald gauze for Ivy's next turn. Busy! Yes, she was busy indeed. The fastenings were intricate. There wasn't a second to waste. Jane knew that something was at stake for her hero; the girls, as she gowned

them, were gossiping about what they'd heard from Miss Greville—gossiping more to each other than to Jane, for they all looked down on the dresser. She wasn't of their world, and never would be. Nothing worth while could ever happen, possibly, to that big beanstalk!

Yet the beanstalk was quivering as if in the electric wind of a rising thunderstorm. She was working to make each mannequin look her ravishing best, to please Burns; and she was completely absorbed, completely unself-conscious, when a high voice smote—literally smote—her ears.

"No, don't send her back again in a green dress, nor a black one either. Don't send her back in *any* dress. Nor any of those other girls—young ladies, if they like it better. I've no wish to hurt their feelings. They're pretty enough. They're too pretty. That's what's the matter. That's the difference between London and Paris. I've never bought anywhere but in Paris. I might have realized it would be useless to try. I don't blame you, Burns. I should have known from the kind of magazine covers plastered all over the bookstalls what kind of types London shops would choose for their mannequins to show off frocks. Pretty—pretty! Christmas cards! Valentines! I tell you I simply can't judge clothes on these red-cheeked, big-busted specimens!"

"Miss Dolan and Miss Eaves are considered

"HER JOB WAS TO PERSUADE THE 'INGÉNUE' OF THIRTY THAT THE DANCING FROCK ON IVY DOLAN COULD BE MADE 'YOUNG ENOUGH' WITH LITTLE CHANGE."

tall," ventured Miss Greville. "And surely Miss Wernher is thin——"

"If you call *them* tall and *her* thin, what do you call *me?*" demanded the famous buyer.

Miss Greville was not in a state to call Miss de Windt anything; and Tom Burns sprang into the breach. "I've been long enough in Paris to understand what you mean," he said. "Over there—Aubrey Beardsley hasn't gone out of fashion yet. Red cheeks and plump figures aren't considered chic——"

"They are *not* chic," corrected Miss de Windt.

"Quite so. They're not chic," Tom echoed. And he could speak with a certain sincerity because Miss de Windt's niece, whom he had loved, was a girl shaped and coloured after her aunt's heart. He had never seen anyone like her in London. "Surely we have some taller models other than Miss Eaves or Miss Dolan—someone—er—more in—in—the Aubrey Beardsley line?"

Miss Greville's nerves were vibrating past the patience point. Besides, she thought Mr. Burns and *that* Miss de Windt believed she didn't know who Aubrey Beardsley was. She'd *show* them!

"Our only young lady approaching the Aubrey Beardsley ideal—if you *consider* it an ideal," she remarked, icily, "is—is *not* one of our young ladies."

"That sounds a paradox!" Tom laughed.

Though Miss Greville did know about Aubrey Beardsley, she was unable, at short notice, to define a paradox.

"She is not a mannequin," was a safe explanation.

"What is she, then?" asked Burns.

"I don't believe she exists in any form, in this shop or any other!" wailed Miss de Windt. "If the creature were here she'd have been produced by this time."

The head saleswoman was at bay. "Miss Dolan," she requested, "kindly tell Miss Craik to come to me."

Ivy, who had returned in the green dress a second before the fiat against her had gone forth, was flabbergasted. "*Jane* Craik?" she incredulously repeated.

"Jane Craik!" Elsa de Windt pronounced after her. "That's what I call a *name*. It has character. That's the sort of name smart young women in Paris choose when they're to appear in light revue or light opera. Mary Hett—my niece, Bridger Shaw, for instance. Jane Craik—sounds too good to be true."

Miss Greville and the mannequins were dumbfounded. When the former had recovered she said again, "Fetch Jane Craik."

If anyone had told Ivy Dolan yesterday that she would be told to "fetch Jane Craik" she would have laughed. But she did not laugh now. What is more, she passed between the slightly-parted grey curtains into the room where Jane Craik stood and gasped, "Miss Greville wants you."

Jane knew this, for she had heard all. She was terrified but not petrified. Her wish to serve Tom Burns prevented her from turning into a pillar of salt or anything else immovable.

"If you come cringing in like a frump you'll be no use to him," instinct braced her as with a whip. "Remember you've always wanted to be an *actress*. Now's your time to be one without waiting to get on the stage."

With a mighty effort of heart and nerves Jane threw up her chin, squared her shoulders, and despite the plainness of her frock (the skimpy black garb of the invisible ones) she sailed into the salon with the gait of a cinema queen.

"There! *That's* something like!" cried Miss de Windt. She stared at Jane Craik. Everyone stared at Jane Craik, among others Tom Burns. Jane quivered, but did not collapse. The test of supreme anguish (it *was* anguish not to know if she were being ridiculed before *him*) made her beautiful. They saw that she was beautiful.

Tom Burns wondered about her, where they had hidden her till now, this tall, marble statue of a girl with straight, rust-coloured hair, compressed red lips, and blazing grey-green eyes like Bridget Shaw's.

"Why did you wait for me to get mad as a hatter before bringing *this* out?" inquired Miss de Windt.

"Miss Craik helps to dress the mannequins," explained Miss Greville.

"If this was *my* place, they'd help dress *her*," snorted the celebrity.

"I don't know whether our model frocks will fit a figure of her exceptional height," apologized the saleswoman.

"Perhaps her exceptional slimness may make the difference," suggested Burns.

"Slimness!" *He* had applied that exquisite word to her! At home she was dubbed "skinny" or "lean." Jane flushed, a faint rose colour, her small ears turning deep pink, like coral. To have pink ears and a pale face is permissible even in Paris. Miss de Windt, spontaneously or from sheer contrariness, waxed enthusiastic over Jane Craik.

"If I had the handling of you, in three months you'd beat Bridget Shaw for looks," she said, and immediately became thoughtful, for Bridget had been her pet *protégée*. She had spent money on Bridget, and Bridget's marriage to a poet-aviator had been a grievance.

Jane was hustled hastily back into the room behind the curtains, where her crude frock was torn off like a plaster, a filmy lining found to fit, and an imperious call obeyed—"Put her into *black!*"

In a strange serpent-gown with a short gold skirt and a long black tail, Jane was pushed into prominence once more. "Splendid!" pronounced Miss de Windt. "She looks like Cleopatra, with those features and that snake-straight hair. Who told you, my dear, to drag your hair back and bundle it into a hard smart knot according to the *latest* Paris chic?"

Miss Greville and the girls had thought Jane's early-alarm-clock while-you-wait way of doing her waveless hair the *limit*. But they could see by Miss de Windt's face that she was in earnest. The world of women's looks turned

"JANE SAILED INTO GAIT OF A CINEMA QUEEN. THING LIKE!' CRIED

upside down for them. And they turned with it, for against all conviction, possibilities in Jane's hair, Jane's profile, Jane's figure, dimly dawned on their intelligence. The great Elsa would have no other model, even for blouses, hats, and mantles. "The aim of my life," she explained to the silent Burns, "is to create types, not to pander to those which exist. All artistic geniuses have done that. Do you suppose, to begin with, women had those immense eyes and simpering mouths and bottle-necked shoulders you see in the old 'Books of Beauty?' Not at all. The painters made females believe that was the ideal, and they set to work to *be* it. Good heavens, hadn't Kneller, and those other Charles II. chaps done the arched brow, almond-eye stunt two centuries before? It's my mission to turn the London girl of to-day into the Paris girl of to-morrow. I've been doing it successfully these last three years. I suspected I'd got 'em ahead of London. Now I know it. I have to buy clothes that suit the new girl, not the old, or I should fall down hard. Rather than that, I'll risk another Channel trip. But I begin to think, thanks to this Jane Craik, that you and I, Tom, can do business."

Nearly everything that Jane tried on, and quite everything that suited her, Miss de Windt bought. She bought fifty hats, six dozen blouses, and model gowns for every occasion, almost beyond counting, or so it began to seem to tired Jane. To say nothing of coats and evening mantles!

Jane was not sure whether her exhaustion were due to physical fatigue or excitement, but she had never been so happy—had never dreamed of being so happy—in her life. She felt that if she told her story at home the family would not believe a word of it. But that did not matter.

THE SALON WITH THE 'THERE! "THAT'S" SOMEMISS DE WINDT."

She knew it was true. She knew that she had sprung into a new, strange importance, as miraculous to her as if she'd been changed by the wand of Cinderella's godmother. When it was over and the buyer had enough, Jane prepared to return into obscurity, like the stick of a spent rocket. But the memory of her magnificence and the thought that she had served Burns would light future darkness. She was passing behind the curtains when a sharp "Jane Craik!" stopped her short.

"You remind me of a niece I left in Paris," said Miss de Windt. "Isn't that so, Tom? Don't you see a likeness to Bridget Shaw?"

Burns straightened himself to account for a start. "Why—er—yes, perhaps," he mumbled. For an instant he looked Jane straight in the face. It was true. He had a girl in his employ who looked like Bridget Shaw, and he must have seen her many times without even knowing that she existed! He wondered where his eyes had been. The girl not only looked like Bridget Shaw, she looked like *herself*. She was individual. Also she was brave. He realized that she had endured a trying ordeal, with all eyes upon her (some not friendly), and she had passed through it with extreme tact and patience. To do that needed character. And she had been the means of selling for him several thousand pounds' worth of stuff. He wished he knew how to reward her, but didn't see exactly how to do it—he being a young man and she a young woman. Of course, she would be promoted and become one of the mannequins. That was obvious. But it would be for the good of the shop, as well as of Jane Craik. There ought to be something more special, yet something which couldn't be misunderstood. He would ask Elsa's advice.

"Come round and call on me this evening after business hours, say at six-thirty. I'm staying at the Carlton," Miss de Windt was saying to Jane. Then, taking the girl's assent for granted, she turned to Tom. "I'm not planning to steal the young woman from the firm," she assured him. "My interest's p e r s o n a l. Partly on account of Bridget, partly on account of herself."

"Shall you go?" asked Miss Greville, later, when Miss de Windt and Burns had taken their departure.

"Oh, I must go," Jane replied, blushing. "It'd be so ungrateful not to, wouldn't it?"

"Ye-es, it would seem so—if Miss de Windt remembers. But I sha'n't be surprised if she forgets, and when you get there you find she's out."

Jane was so much afraid of Miss de Windt that she half hoped the cattish Miss Greville might be right. The lady was at home, however, and expecting Miss Craik.

"Good gracious, girl, you're a guy in that gown!" was the disconcerting welcome. "Is that your own taste?"

Jane nearly fainted. But she braced herself with the tonic memory of Burns's kind toleration. He had called her "slim." He had looked at her almost with gratitude. She could now bear anything.

"It's my sister's taste," she explained, with a faint twinkle in her frightened eyes. "I inherit my sister's dresses. I'd have gone home before coming to you, and put on my Sunday best, only you might have thought it worse, and——"

"'GOOD GRACIOUS, GIRL, YOU'RE A GUY IN THAT GOWN,' WAS THE DISCONCERTING WELCOME. 'IS THAT YOUR OWN TASTE?'"

"Heaven preserve me from your Sunday best," sighed Miss de Windt. "If this is a frying-pan, that would be the fire. I see I must take you in hand. Would you like me to?"

"Yes," said Jane, as a shy dog yields to the offered caress of a strange hand. "Only, I'm nobody, and——"

"You'll be somebody before I've done with you," the other cut in. "You're my sort of girl. And I always was impulsive. I've made several successful discoveries—never one that was a failure. I'm not going to take you away from Silsby and Burns—at present. But I'm going to give you a *chance* there, and I'm going to watch you."

She did not say that Thomas Burns would watch the girl too. Yet she had it slyly in her mind that he would—since her hint of a likeness to Bridget Shaw. And she meant to give him something worth watching, if Jane Craik would live up to first impressions.

Tom had asked her advice how to reward the young person without being misunderstood, and Elsa had looked at him for a second without answering. Then she had said, "I don't think Miss Craik is a person you can reward."

That had interested him. She had thought it would.

"She'll be made a mannequin, of course," Elsa had gone on.

"Of course. I sha'n't appear to have a hand in that business. But I thought, if there were anything I could do——"

"There isn't anything. Except watch. Watch and see what happens."

This had interested Tom still more. He

thought of Jane Craik and Bridget Shaw together.

Meanwhile the news of the rout of the mannequins had flown from department to department of Silsby and Burns, as secret tidings fly through the bazaars of India. The story grew and grew. Mr. Northbrook was annoyed with himself for not having discovered this Jane Craik.

It did not surprise anyone that the young woman should receive promotion, though it would have surprised Jane had she not been prepared by Miss de Windt. In fact, her body as well as her mind was prepared. The lady who knew Paris talked to Jane about herself, and gave advice how to make the best of that self.

"There's an old proverb," said she, "that it's better to be good than pretty. The new proverb I tack on to the old is: 'It can be better also to be *queer* than pretty.'"

She flew impulsively at Jane and did her hair in a new way with braided loops over the ears. Her gift of advice she followed with gifts of clothes. She showed Jane how to wear them, and how to walk, and altogether almost created a new Jane.

Suddenly to learn that she had attractions and a charm of her own was to Jane like discovering that she was a royal princess. To be a "beanstalk" was distinguished, not disgraceful! And courage came to Jane, as she found herself, to stand upright, to hold high the once bent head, to shuffle no longer, but to walk with long, free steps.

She was hated at first by her fellow-mannequins after promotion came, but somehow it was as difficult to hate the new Jane as it had been to remember the existence of the old one. She was so ingenuously happy, so expansively kind in her happiness, that, as Miss Greville said, she was "like a child at Christmas." Besides, she did not "grab" Mr. Northbrook, though she had a chance to do so. The salon became proud of Jane Craik the day that her portrait—her unmistakable portrait—appeared on the cover of *The Cosmic*, painted by the famous Fabian Finlay. She had not breathed a word of this coming honour to the girls, though she must have given sittings, therefore the news about the picture burst upon them from outside. The family had known from the first, of course; but it had been a changed family since the night when Miss de Windt brought Jane home in a taxi, and was introduced to mother, Con, and Lil. Many weeks passed after that, before the appearance of the portrait, but it was ever new, each day that dawned, to realize that the ugly duckling was in reality a shining swan.

The Fabian Finlay episode (due to Miss de Windt) led to others. Pretty ladies came to stare at the tall "*Cosmic* Cover Girl" in real life. She who had been lean was slender. Her hair, the red-brown hue of rust, was brilliantined to that of the copper-beech leaf. Her "queer" personality, in colours or black and white, with artists' signatures, accompanied advertisements of shoes, of sewing-machines, and cereals.

All this Miss de Windt had foreseen, and even set going, because she had told Finlay and one or two others the story of Jane Craik. The rest had followed as an avalanche follows the fall of a stone. By and by theatrical managers began to "take notice"; and Miss de Windt had expected that too. She had got out of Jane that silly, secret longing to "go on the stage"; and, though she had promised not to steal Silsby and Burns's new mannequin, she did not see why others shouldn't make bids. Admiration is a becoming background for a woman, and Elsa de Windt while holiday-making chuckled over the letters she had bidden Jane write to her "dear benefactress" from London.

"Telegraph if any theatrical man comes into the offing," she had said; and at last Jane telegraphed:—

"Have offer from Hasselstein appear 'Show Girl' in Mannequin March, new revue. Good money, good opening, but intend decline, as don't wish leave Silsby and Burns. Wouldn't trouble you, but you asked me to wire."

"Silsby and Burns!" laughed the great Elsa, when she received this message. She thought for awhile and then answered: "Have reason to think Burns would prefer your leaving firm. Advise you to give him notice personally."

When Jane read this her heart almost broke. She had hoped that her idol was pleased with her, that she had brought him customers, perhaps even a little kudos. Occasionally he had spoken a pleasant word to her. He had looked at her kindly in passing. Yet Miss de Windt hinted that he wanted to get rid of her, and Miss de Windt must know.

She had not the courage to take Elsa's advice and try to see him personally, but she gave notice to the manager of her department that she wished to resign. Within an hour Mr. Burns sent word that he would be obliged if Miss Craik would step into his office for a moment.

Jane went, trembling. Though she had found her level, it still seemed to her far, far below that of Thomas Burns.

He rose from the chair in front of his desk to greet her.

"I hear you are going to leave us," he said. "I've wondered often this last year that you haven't done so. I know you have had plenty of chances. I don't blame you, Miss Craik, for bettering yourself. Only—I want to tell you—I've often wanted to tell you that I am grateful."

"You—grateful!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. Burns! If I hadn't thought you wanted me to go I would never——"

"You thought I wanted you to go?"

"Miss de Windt—but I didn't mean to tell!"

"You must tell me now. Miss de Windt put this into your head?"

"You see, Mr. Burns, I promised to wire her if I had a theatrical offer. She knew I used to long for the stage. I telegraphed, I said I didn't mean to accept. But she answered that—that you——"

391.—BURIED GEOGRAPHY.

IN every one of the following sentences is buried something geographical, such as a town or country. Thus, in the sentence, "Grandpa*pa ris*es at seven every morning," Paris is buried, as indicated by the italicized letters.

I should be proud to entertain such a guest.
We eat the melon, but the rind gets thrown to the pigs.
From wax tapers I anticipate a saving of gas.
His overwrought exasperation filled the enemy with dismay.
The escaping prisoners crossed the river on a raft.
I must go somewhere for dinner.
Wine I hope, but water I expect.
We must feed our cows with hay till next June.
He must cross the Atlantic or keep quiet.
When the war began I ceased to engage in sport.
To a man under age no agreement is binding.
I met my great aunt on the tube railway.
The wounded were brought in in nine vehicles.

Puzzles from a Secret Drawer.

Solutions to Last Month's Posers.

AN ELEGANT CHARADE.

"*In* my first, my second *sat*, my third and fourth *I ate*." The italicized words give the answer—"Insatiate."

LADY ANNE'S RIBBON.

LADY ANNE'S share of the ten yards was 6¼ yards, and the three-fifths of this length required by the daughter was 3¾ yards.

STEALING THE BELL-ROPES.

CALL the two ropes A and B. First tie the ends of A and B securely together. Then climb A and cut off B, leaving sufficient to tie a loop. Hanging with your arm through this loop, cut off A as high as you can reach, pull the severed A through the loop until you come nearly to the knot joining B, and descend by the doubled rope. Then pull through the loop and you have secured the greatest possible length of both ropes. If any reader should attempt to make use of this information for criminal purposes we can only hope that he will accidentally let fall the rope A after he has cut it through!

THE TWO TINDER-BOXES.

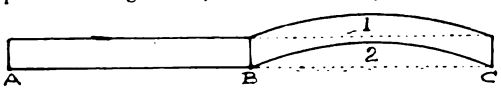
IT should be perfectly clear that as the man made no extra profit by selling the second box, he must be selling it at cost price. Therefore, the difference between ninepence and fifteen pence—sixpence—must be the price that each box cost him.

MRS. HEMBROW'S RIDDLE.

THE word is LACE. L is fifty and an ace is one.

THE BRICKLAYER'S TASK.

A GLANCE at the illustration will show that if you could cut off the portion of wall marked 1 and place it in the position indicated by 2, you would have a piece of straight wall, B C, enclosed by the dotted



lines, exactly similar to the wall A B. Therefore, both men were wrong, and the price should be the same for the portion of wall that went over the hill as for the part on the level. Of course, the reader will see at a glance that this will only apply within a certain limitation. But Betty Marchant gave us an actual drawing of the wall to go upon.

THE CARPET AND THE CUP.

THAT Eastern monarch was a sly dog. He simply rolled up the carpet until he was able to reach the cup!

PICTORIAL ARITHMETIC.

THE seven things illustrated are as follows, arranged conveniently, with the items to be added in the first column and the items to be subtracted in the second column :—

POST	—	POT
HOE	—	SHOE
WIG	—	TWIG
TENT		

Now, if you deduct POT from POST, you have an S remaining in the first column. Add this S to HOE and one SHOE deducted from the other leaves nothing. Then if we deduct the last three letters in TWIG from WIG, we have a T left over in the second column to subtract from TENT, which clearly leaves us TEN as the required answer.

THE MILLER'S TOLL.

THERE must have been one bushel and one-ninth before the toll was taken. One-tenth of this is one-ninth of a bushel, which, on being deducted, would leave one bushel as stated.

MISSIONARIES AND CANNIBALS.

CALL the three missionaries M m m, and the three cannibals C c c, the capitals denoting the missionary and the cannibal who can row the boat. Then C c row across; C returns with the boat; C c row across; C returns; M m row across; M c return; M C row across; M c return; M m row across; C returns; C c row across; C returns; C c row across; and all have crossed the river within the conditions stated.

THE SEDGEMOOR FESTIVITIES.

THERE must have been nine hundred persons in all. One hundred wagons started off with nine persons in each wagon. After ten wagons had broken down, there would be ten persons in every wagon—"one more." As fifteen more wagons had to be withdrawn on the home journey, each of the remaining seventy-five wagons would carry twelve persons—"three more than when they started out in the morning."

WORD REVERSALS.

LEVER-REVEL, LEPER-REPEL, DEVIL-LIVED, LIAR-RAIL, ROOD-DOOR, MOOD-DOOM.

WEIGHING THE FRUIT.

SINCE the lower scales told us that one apple and six plums equalled in weight one pear, we can substitute one apple and six plums for the pear in the upper scales, without disturbing the balance. Now we can remove six plums from each pan of the upper scales and find that four apples equal four plums. Consequently, one apple equals one plum, and if we substitute a plum for the apple in the lower scales, as they originally stood, we see that seven plums equal in weight one pear. As the old books say, Q. E. D.—quite easily done!

PETER PARKER'S PIN PUZZLE.

FOURTEEN pins is the greatest number that can be stuck into the dots without there being two pins on any line. Stick eight of the pins in the top outside row and six in the bottom outside row, leaving the two bottom corners vacant. There are two hundred and fifty-six different ways of sticking in the pins, but every pin must be on an outside dot, if we are to get in as many as fourteen.

JANE FINDING HERSELF.

By MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

N Jane's set (if you can have a "set" that refuses to have you) the name of "Jane" was a handicap to begin with.

All the other girls were Dorises and Gladyses and Irenes, and that sort of thing; or if their parents had been blessed with soaring imagination, they were Marylias, Darynes, or Carolas. At worst they were Margarets and Katharines. There was no other Jane than Jane Craik.

Ivy Dolan said that the name "Jane Craik" gave you the creeps in your teeth, just like the scraping of a bad slate-pencil on a cheap slate. And at the same time she said something even worse: that the name just suited Jane herself.

Jane had two pretty sisters. She was the youngest, but looked the oldest, because Constance was dark and dimpled and plump, and Lilian was plump and dimpled and fair. They both had pink cheeks, and their hair curled naturally. Jane was very tall, very thin, and neither dark nor fair. She had straight, rust-brown hair, and no colour in her cheeks, except when she was angry. But this was not often. Her family suppressed her too firmly, these tall, thin girls being more easy to suppress, in a short family, than you would think. Once they're made to feel themselves celery-stalks in a bed of grass-pinks the work is done. They stoop, to conceal their height. They poke their chins, become awkward, unhappy, and self-conscious. Then they are lost as personalities—unless there should be some violent upheaval. And this is the story of an upheaval.

Father and mother Craik were not rich, though they lived in London, where if you do not get on you had better get out. Father Craik corrected printers' proofs in the office of an old-fashioned publisher. He had done this for many years, having married too young to venture out of safe ways. He had grown elderly in "printer's pie." It was, he often observed, pleasanter than being in the soup.

"Mother's" husband had given her that name for the first time at the age of twenty-two, when the pair became parents of a baby boy. There had been seven babies since, and, though four had died in an epidemic, mother had kept too busy being a mother to do outside work; otherwise she felt that she might have been a famous musician and coined money. As there was no piano in the flat the family could not dispute this statement.

Each of the girls went to school till she was nearly seventeen, whereupon it was time to assume the burden of life and support herself. Luckily, supporting herself did not turn out a burden for Con or Lil. Con was ambitious. She had taken up shorthand and typing while at school, and had become expert. She found a place as stenographer in the publishing house where her father worked, earned good money, and didn't think it selfish to spend her salary on clothes. In her position, one had to look nice!

Lil was telephone girl in a fashionable hotel. She began behind the scenes, doing unobtrusive duty when people 'phoned from their rooms. But she had something about her which was bound to get to the front. Before long she could be seen seated behind a polished mahogany shelf on which men leaned, often looking at her instead of looking up numbers in the telephone book. She, like Con, earned good money, had presents of chocolates, and went four nights a week to the cinema.

Jane it was who had no luck.

Not having luck began when she was christened. They named the child after a maiden aunt of mother's, who had grown rich dress-making, and had been annoyed because none of her niece's elder offspring were named in her honour. But out of sheer spite, or because she'd always meant to, she left everything when she died to an orphan asylum in her town. So there was Jane, stranded as Jane, with nothing to show for it!

Jane's family was a handsome family, and they were sorry for her because she grew up plain. She had to wear her sisters' made-over clothes, which were unbecoming. Con was wonderful in orange, bottle green, royal blue, and scarlet. Lil was adorable in mauve, pale pink, and the tint of forget-me-nots. Both admitted that poor Jane was shocking in all, but it couldn't

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just as well, because, if he knew, he would not be interested; perhaps he would even be disgusted. Better his eyes should never meet hers than turn away in distaste.

One morning everything had gone wrong with Jane from the moment she got out of bed. It was hot summer weather; the family was cross; the mannequins and manageress were cross. An important client was dissatisfied with a dress copied from a model, and threatened a law suit. The cleverest designer of blouses had married suddenly and left at a day's notice, just when advance autumn styles should be ready to show. A strike of skirt hands was threatened, and altogether the atmosphere behind scenes was heavy with storm. Luckily for jangled nerves the dress salon was rather quiet. Such customers as came were fussy and hard to please (they were always like that on days of high temperature), but there was no crowd. Jane had dressed Ivy Dolan, the red-haired mannequin generally chosen to show off pale green or black, and was "standing by" with a box of pins while a fat *ingénue* of thirty suggested changes to give an evening gown a "more youthful look." Jane was not thinking about the pins, or Ivy, or the customer. She was thinking of Tom Burns, *le prince lointain*, wondering whether he were away, as he had not been in for a long time, when suddenly he appeared.

He was with a lady, an extraordinary-looking lady. At first glance Jane thought she was one of the plainest as well as queerest-looking women she'd ever seen, almost as plain and queer as herself, if it weren't for marvellous clothes. But with the second glance (coming back from a stolen one at Burns) she was not sure of the plainness. There was something that struck you about the towering figure, the dead-white face, the glittering fire-red hair. And, anyhow, there was no doubt about the clothes. They were chic as the inmost heart of Paris.

Tom Burns never came with ordinary customers, only with important wholesale buyers from provincial houses. His present companion was unlike any buyer ever seen at Silsby and Burns. When Tom had found her a comfortable and becoming chair near a mirror he sought Miss Greville.

She was busy. Her job was to persuade the *ingénue* of thirty that the dancing frock on Ivy Dolan could be made "young enough" with little change. But the look on Burns's face caused her to call a colleague next in authority, as if to ask advice. Then, while it was being given, she slipped away.

"I'd have 'phoned if I'd had time," hastily explained Tom, "but *she* didn't give me time. She burst on me like a bombshell, and insisted on my bringing her straight from my office here."

"She?" echoed Miss Greville.

"I thought maybe you'd spotted who she is. You've heard of Elsa de Windt?"

"I should say I had! The woman who buys for Martin Fall, and gets three thousand a year! Everybody in the business knows about her. She's always in the papers. But she never buys except in Paris."

"She's going to this time, if we can suit her fancy. I met her in Paris—not in business. She—I—she'd put a niece on the stage over there who was rather a friend of mine. This morning she appeared like a bolt from the blue, and said our 'all English' stunt might be worth her while working up, the way she felt about the sea ('nasty big wet thing,' she called it!), if we had anything fit to be seen. But she's an awful crank. I'm scared out of my life—scared as if I were driving a new make of motor I didn't understand, along a road with Jack Johnsons bursting at the rate of three a minute."

"My!" breathed Miss Greville. "Well, we must do our best, Mr. Burns."

"We must. If she buys at all, she'll buy big. She wants something of everything, so far as I can gather; not dresses only, but blouses and mantles, even hats. She's a sort of 'Universal Provider' for Martin Fall. He trusts her taste as if she had him hypnotized. Now I'll introduce you, Miss Greville. We mustn't keep her waiting."

Miss Elsa de Windt, leaning back in a Chesterfield chair of grey velvet, was polite in the manner of a queen to a subject. Kate Greville was impressed, in spite of herself, but she "sensed" that the condescending royalty would turn out a tough proposition.

"What do I want?" Elsa echoed a question, fastening green eyes upon the head saleswoman. "Oh, everything—or nothing. Except tailor-mades! Don't show me those. I'm in a picturesque mood—morning gowns, afternoon gowns, evening gowns, house gowns, street gowns, *négligées*, *sant de lits*, and so on *ad lib*—if they're right. But they must be *just* right. If you disappoint me at the start, I warn you I shall lose patience."

"Shall we begin with dance frocks?" suggested Miss Greville, her spine cold despite the heat. "We have some exclusive picture models just in from our atelier."

"If you wish," agreed the distinguished one, looking like a tawny tigress with little appetite but willing to be tempted.

The *ingénue* had bought the apple-green gown displayed by the red-haired mannequin, consequently—and fortunately, it seemed to Miss Greville—Ivy Dolan was free. Those copper curls should appeal to Elsa de Windt, whose own locks were blatant carrot colour.

Underneath the green tulle Ivy was clad in a thin, well-fitting robe that resembled a delicate lining. Jane quickly put the plump form into a foam of cream and roses, and the result was paraded before Miss de Windt. Meanwhile Jane was busy again, dressing Lina Wernher in vieux rose; Dolly Partridge in clematis purple with gold fringe; Emmeline Eaves in elephant's-breath grey, with silver lace; and getting ready an emerald gauze for Ivy's next turn. Busy! Yes, she was busy indeed. The fastenings were intricate. There wasn't a second to waste. Jane knew that something was at stake for her hero; the girls, as she gowned

them, were gossiping about what they'd heard from Miss Greville - gossiping more to each other than to Jane, for they all looked down on the dresser. She wasn't of their world, and never would be. Nothing worth while could ever happen, possibly, to that big beanstalk!

Yet the beanstalk was quivering as if in the electric wind of a rising thunderstorm. She was working to make each mannequin look her ravishing best, to please Burns; and she was completely absorbed, completely unself-conscious, when a high voice smote—literally smote—her ears.

"No, don't send her back again in a green dress, nor a black one either. Don't send her back in *any* dress. Nor any of those other girls—young ladies, if they like it better. I've no wish to hurt their feelings. They're pretty enough. They're too pretty. That's what's the matter. That's the difference between London and Paris. I've never bought anywhere but in Paris. I might have realized it would be useless to try. I don't blame you, Burns. I should have known from the kind of magazine covers plastered all over the bookstalls what kind of types London shops would choose for their mannequins to show off frocks. Pretty—pretty! Christmas cards! Valentines! I tell you I simply can't judge clothes on these red-cheeked, big-busted specimens!"

"Miss Dolan and Miss Eaves are considered

"HER JOB WAS TO PERSUADE THE 'INGÉNUE' OF THIRTY THAT THE DANCING FROCK ON IVY DOLAN COULD BE MADE 'YOUNG ENOUGH' WITH LITTLE CHANGE."

tall," ventured Miss Greville. "And surely Miss Wernher is thin——"

"If you call *them* tall and *her* thin, what do you call *me?*" demanded the famous buyer.

Miss Greville was not in a state to call Miss de Windt anything; and Tom Burns sprang into the breach. "I've been long enough in Paris to understand what you mean," he said. "Over there—Aubrey Beardsley hasn't gone out of fashion yet. Red cheeks and plump figures aren't considered chic——"

"They are *not* chic," corrected Miss de Windt.

"Quite so. They're not chic," Tom echoed. And he could speak with a certain sincerity because Miss de Windt's niece, whom he had loved, was a girl shaped and coloured after her aunt's heart. He had never seen anyone like her in London. "Surely we have some taller models other than Miss Eaves or Miss Dolan—someone—er—more in—in—the Aubrey Beardsley line?"

Miss Greville's nerves were vibrating past the patience point. Besides, she thought Mr. Burns and *that* Miss de Windt believed she didn't know who Aubrey Beardsley was. She'd *show* them!

"Our only young lady approaching the Aubrey Beardsley ideal—if you *consider* it an ideal," she remarked, icily, "is—is *not* one of our young ladies."

"That sounds a paradox!" Tom laughed.

Though Miss Greville did know about Aubrey Beardsley, she was unable, at short notice, to define a paradox.

"She is not a mannequin," was a safe explanation.

"What is she, then?" asked Burns.

"I don't believe she exists in any form, in this shop or any other!" wailed Miss de Windt. "If the creature were here she'd have been produced by this time."

The head saleswoman was at bay. "Miss Dolan," she requested, "kindly tell Miss Craik to come to me."

Ivy, who had returned in the green dress a second before the fiat against her had gone forth, was flabbergasted. "*Jane* Craik?" she incredulously repeated.

"Jane Craik!" Elsa de Windt pronounced after her. "That's what I call a *name*. It has character. That's the sort of name smart young women in Paris choose when they're to appear in light revue or light opera. Mary Hett—my niece, Bridger Shaw, for instance. Jane Craik—sounds too good to be true."

Miss Greville and the mannequins were dumbfounded. When the former had recovered she said again, "Fetch Jane Craik."

If anyone had told Ivy Dolan yesterday that she would be told to "fetch Jane Craik" she would have laughed. But she did not laugh now. What is more, she passed between the slightly-parted grey curtains into the room where Jane Craik stood and gasped, "Miss Greville wants you."

Jane knew this, for she had heard all. She was terrified but not petrified. Her wish to serve Tom Burns prevented her from turning into a pillar of salt or anything else immovable.

"If you come cringing in like a frump you'll be no use to him," instinct braced her as with a whip. "Remember you've always wanted to be an *actress*. Now's your time to be one without waiting to get on the stage."

With a mighty effort of heart and nerves Jane threw up her chin, squared her shoulders, and despite the plainness of her frock (the skimpy black garb of the invisible ones) she sailed into the salon with the gait of a cinema queen.

"There! *That's* something like!" cried Miss de Windt. She stared at Jane Craik. Everyone stared at Jane Craik, among others Tom Burns. Jane quivered, but did not collapse. The test of supreme anguish (it *was* anguish not to know if she were being ridiculed before *him*) made her beautiful. They saw that she was beautiful.

Tom Burns wondered about her, where they had hidden her till now, this tall, marble statue of a girl with straight, rust-coloured hair, compressed red lips, and blazing grey-green eyes like Bridget Shaw's.

"Why did you wait for me to get mad as a hatter before bringing *this* out?" inquired Miss de Windt.

"Miss Craik helps to dress the mannequins," explained Miss Greville.

"If this was *my* place, they'd help dress *her*," snorted the celebrity.

"I don't know whether our model frocks will fit a figure of her exceptional height," apologized the saleswoman.

"Perhaps her exceptional slimness may make the difference," suggested Burns.

"Slimness!" *He* had applied that exquisite word to her! At home she was dubbed "skinny" or "lean." Jane flushed, a faint rose colour, her small ears turning deep pink, like coral. To have pink ears and a pale face is permissible even in Paris. Miss de Windt, spontaneously or from sheer contrariness, waxed enthusiastic over Jane Craik.

"If I had the handling of you, in three months you'd beat Bridget Shaw for looks," she said, and immediately became thoughtful, for Bridget had been her pet *protégée*. She had spent money on Bridget, and Bridget's marriage to a poet-aviator had been a grievance.

Jane was hustled hastily back into the room behind the curtains, where her crude frock was torn off like a plaster, a filmy lining found to fit, and an imperious call obeyed—"Put her into *black!*"

In a strange serpent-gown with a short gold skirt and a long black tail, Jane was pushed into prominence once more. "Splendid!" pronounced Miss de Windt. "She looks like Cleopatra, with those features and that snake-straight hair. Who told you, my dear, to drag your hair back and bundle it into a hard smart knot according to the *latest* Paris chic?"

Miss Greville and the girls had thought Jane's early-alarm-clock while-you-wait way of doing her waveless hair the *limit*. But they could see by Miss de Windt's face that she was in earnest. The world of women's looks turned

"JANE SAILED INTO
GAIT OF A CINEMA QUEEN.
THING LIKE!' CRIED

upside down for them. And they turned with it, for against all conviction, possibilities in Jane's hair, Jane's profile, Jane's figure, dimly dawned on their intelligence. The great Elsa would have no other model, even for blouses, hats, and mantles. "The aim of my life," she explained to the silent Burns, "is to create types, not to pander to those which exist. All artistic geniuses have done that. Do you suppose, to begin with, women had those immense eyes and simpering mouths and bottle-necked shoulders you see in the old 'Books of Beauty?' Not at all. The painters made females believe that was the ideal, and they set to work to *be* it. Good heavens, hadn't Kneller, and those other Charles II. chaps done the arched brow, almond-eye stunt two centuries before? It's my mission to turn the London girl of to-day into the Paris girl of to-morrow. I've been doing it successfully these last three years. I suspected I'd got 'em ahead of London. Now I know it. I have to buy clothes that suit the new girl, not the old, or I should fall down hard. Rather than that, I'll risk another Channel trip. But I begin to think, thanks to this Jane Craik, that you and I, Tom, can do business."

Nearly everything that Jane tried on, and quite everything that suited her, Miss de Windt bought. She bought fifty hats, six dozen blouses, and model gowns for every occasion, almost beyond counting, or so it began to seem to tired Jane. To say nothing of coats and evening mantles!

Jane was not sure whether her exhaustion were due to physical fatigue or excitement, but she had ne[illegible]en so happy—had never dreamed of being so happy—in her life. She felt that if she[illegible]y at home the family would not believe a word of it. But that did not matter.

THE SALON WITH THE 'THERE! "THAT'S" SOMEMISS DE WINDT."

She knew it was true. She knew that she had sprung into a new, strange importance, as miraculous to her as if she'd been changed by the wand of Cinderella's godmother. When it was over and the buyer had enough, Jane prepared to return into obscurity, like the stick of a spent rocket. But the memory of her magnificence and the thought that she had served Burns would light future darkness. She was passing behind the curtains when a sharp "Jane Craik!" stopped her short.

"You remind me of a niece I left in Paris," said Miss de Windt. "Isn't that so, Tom? Don't you see a likeness to Bridget Shaw?"

Burns straightened himself to account for a start. "Why—er—yes, perhaps," he mumbled. For an instant he looked Jane straight in the face. It was true. He had a girl in his employ who looked like Bridget Shaw, and he must have seen her many times without even knowing that she existed! He wondered where his eyes had been. The girl not only looked like Bridget Shaw, she looked like *herself*. She was individual. Also she was brave. He realized that she had endured a trying ordeal, with all eyes upon her (some not friendly), and she had passed through it with extreme tact and patience. To do that needed character. And she had been the means of selling for him several thousand pounds' worth of stuff. He wished he knew how to reward her, but didn't see exactly how to do it—he being a young man and she a young woman. Of course, she would be promoted and become one of the mannequins. That was obvious. But it would be for the good of the shop, as well as of Jane Craik. There ought to be something more special, yet something which couldn't be misunderstood. He would ask Elsa's advice.

thought of Jane Craik and Bridget Shaw together.

Meanwhile the news of the rout of the mannequins had flown from department to department of Silsby and Burns, as secret tidings fly through the bazaars of India. The story grew and grew. Mr. Northbrook was annoyed with himself for not having discovered this Jane Craik.

It did not surprise anyone that the young woman should receive promotion, though it would have surprised Jane had she not been prepared by Miss de Windt. In fact, her body as well as her mind was prepared. The lady who knew Paris talked to Jane about herself, and gave advice how to make the best of that self.

"There's an old proverb," said she, "that it's better to be good than pretty. The new proverb I tack on to the old is: 'It can be better also to be *queer* than pretty.'"

She flew impulsively at Jane and did her hair in a new way with braided loops over the ears. Her gift of advice she followed with gifts of clothes. She showed Jane how to wear them, and how to walk, and altogether almost created a new Jane.

Suddenly to learn that she had attractions and a charm of her own was to Jane like discovering that she was a royal princess. To be a "beanstalk" was distinguished, not disgraceful! And courage came to Jane, as she found herself, to stand upright, to hold high the once bent head, to shuffle no longer, but to walk with long, free steps.

She was hated at first by her fellow-mannequins after promotion came, but somehow it was as difficult to hate the new Jane as it had been to remember the existence of the old one. She was so ingenuously happy, so expansively kind in her happiness, that, as Miss Greville said, she was "like a child at Christmas." Besides, she did not "grab" Mr. Northbrook, though she had a chance to do so. The salon became proud of Jane Craik the day that her portrait—her unmistakable portrait—appeared on the cover of *The Cosmic*, painted by the famous Fabian Finlay. She had not breathed a word of this coming honour to the girls, though she must have given sittings, therefore the news about the picture burst upon them from outside. The family had known from the first, of course; but it had been a changed family since the night when Miss de Windt brought Jane home in a taxi, and was introduced to mother, Con, and Lil. Many weeks passed after that, before the appearance of the portrait, but it was ever new, each day that dawned, to realize that the ugly duckling was in reality a shining swan.

The Fabian Finlay episode (due to Miss de Windt) led to others. Pretty ladies came to stare at the tall "*Cosmic* Cover Girl" in real life. She who had been lean was slender. Her hair, the red-brown hue of rust, was brilliantined to that of the copper-beech leaf. Her "queer" personality, in colours or black and white, with artists' signatures, accompanied advertisements of shoes, of sewing-machines, and cereals.

All this Miss de Windt had foreseen, and even set going, because she had told Finlay and one or two others the story of Jane Craik. The rest had followed as an avalanche follows the fall of a stone. By and by theatrical managers began to "take notice"; and Miss de Windt had expected that too. She had got out of Jane that silly, secret longing to "go on the stage"; and, though she had promised not to steal Silsby and Burns's new mannequin, she did not see why others shouldn't make bids. Admiration is a becoming background for a woman, and Elsa de Windt while holiday-making chuckled over the letters she had bidden Jane write to her "dear benefactress" from London."

"Telegraph if any theatrical man comes into the offing," she had said; and at last Jane telegraphed:—

"Have offer from Hasselstein appear 'Show Girl' in Mannequin March, new revue. Good money, good opening, but intend decline, as don't wish leave Silsby and Burns. Wouldn't trouble you, but you asked me to wire."

"Silsby and Burns!" laughed the great Elsa, when she received this message. She thought for awhile and then answered: "Have reason to think Burns would prefer your leaving firm. Advise you to give him notice personally."

When Jane read this her heart almost broke. She had hoped that her idol was pleased with her, that she had brought him customers, perhaps even a little kudos. Occasionally he had spoken a pleasant word to her. He had looked at her kindly in passing. Yet Miss de Windt hinted that he wanted to get rid of her, and Miss de Windt must know.

She had not the courage to take Elsa's advice and try to see him personally, but she gave notice to the manager of her department that she wished to resign. Within an hour Mr. Burns sent word that he would be obliged if Miss Craik would step into his office for a moment.

Jane went, trembling. Though she had found her level, it still seemed to her far, far below that of Thomas Burns.

He rose from the chair in front of his desk to greet her.

"I hear you are going to leave us," he said. "I've wondered often this last year that you haven't done so. I know you have had plenty of chances. I don't blame you, Miss Craik, for bettering yourself. Only—I want to tell you—I've often wanted to tell you that I am grateful."

"You—grateful!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. Burns! If I hadn't thought you wanted me to go I would never——"

"You thought I wanted you to go?"

"Miss de Windt—but I didn't mean to tell!"

"You must tell me now. Miss de Windt put this into your head?"

"You see, Mr. Burns, I promised to wire her if I had a theatrical offer. She knew I used to long for the stage. I telegraphed, I said I didn't mean to accept. But she answered that—that you——"

"TOM BURNS OPENED A DRAWER OF HIS DESK AND TOOK OUT A FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH. 'WHOM DOES THAT LOOK LIKE?' HE ASKED. 'ANSWER HONESTLY.'"

"I think I see," said Tom, slowly. "I think—Elsa meant me to see. Then, you have had a theatrical offer, Miss Craik?"

Jane explained, still stammering, still apologetic, under his eyes. "But I'd rather be a mannequin with Silsby and Burns all my days than—than——

He cut her short again. "I don't want you to be a mannequin all your days. It's better for you to leave your present place. But I don't want you to go to Hasselstein, unless you wish to very much. Wait, though, before you say you do or you don't, until I've told you something! It's a kind of—confession."

Jane gasped slightly, but didn't interrupt.

Tom Burns opened a drawer of his desk and took out a framed photograph.

"Whom does that look like?" he asked. "Answer honestly."

"A little—like me, perhaps."

"That was what I thought the first day I saw you—thanks to Miss de Windt. This photograph's a picture of her niece, Bridget Shaw. Now, I've almost forgotten the likeness. I think of you only as yourself. And—I've thought of you a good deal. I wanted to know you. I wanted to make it come round that we should be friends. I wanted it very much. But just because you were, in a way, under my care—an *employée* of the firm—I was such a fool I never quite knew how to set to work without your misunderstanding. Elsa had scared me. Being scared made me think about you, and want your—friendship—more. I see now that she knew it would be so. If you had been out of Silsby and Burns's place things would have been easier. I could have made your acquaintance without fear of hurting you, with gossips. But Elsa has known how to bring things to a head. Miss Craik, I don't want you to go to Hasselstein because I'm in love with you. I've been in love with you a long time, since I began to realize you had twice the character and sweetness of Bridget Shaw. Will you marry me?"

"I—I've loved you since *before* you saw me," said Jane.

Half unconsciously she realized that finding love had helped her to find herself, as Elsa de Windt alone could never have done.

How I Broke Into the Pictures.

By

CHARLIE CHAPLIN.

Essanay Film Service, Ltd.

WHEN I began work in the motion-picture field I did not expect to become permanently connected with the industry. In fact, motion-picture production at that time was regarded by even the boldest operators as a rather hazardous investment—the sort of enterprise that might only be briefly profitable. Nobody had the foresight to recognize that the world's greatest baby had been born and was being boarded round in one house and another like any common foundling.

I launched my first picture efforts in Los Angeles, which from the very beginnings of the picture industry has been a sort of production centre. Motion-picture people call Los Angeles "headquarters," just as men and women of the stage do London or New York. The Keystone Company offered me an opportunity to go on, and I was glad of the chance to acquire experience because of certain plans that I had in mind. My companion, when I applied for the job at the Keystone studio, was Albert Austin, who is still a member of my company and who came over with me from England at the time that I made my first vaudeville tour of the United States during the previous season. Our second tour of the United States occurred in 1911, and it was in that year that my first picture engagement was secured.

Austin and I had been appearing in Fred Karno's musical vaudeville skit called "A Night in a London Music-Hall." My salary with that concern was ten pounds a week "and pay your own hotel bills."

One of my stunts in Karno's show was to play a drunken man. In the course of that skit I had to do a good deal of staggering about, and that was the first time I found out that footwork—hopping backward on one leg and acting like a man with locomotor ataxia—was funny to the onlooker. The fellows in our company thought it was great stuff, and certainly it always got a laugh.

I put on the big shoes at the suggestion of Austin, who thought they would emphasize the shuffling walk I used in my first production. There was no particular name to that show, if I recall. It was just a mess of

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I soon discovered that I had been needlessly alarmed. The philanthropic societies all had my address!

I have stuck to comedy because I am convinced that my public is better satisfied with that than with any other kind of production. I essayed the "straight drama" once or twice, and cannot say that my efforts in that direction were very highly appreciated. Any time that I appear without my original make-up there is discontent. It originates with the children, who are my best friends; is endorsed by the women, who are my second best friends; and so far as the men are concerned, they talk as though I had been sentenced for life to the same suit of clothes, and howl their heads off if there's a button changed.

The odd thing about my success in the pictures is that it developed out of unvalued assets. I learned that big-foot shuffle and the ataxic walk from an old cab-horse tout in London, who used to hold horses outside the Elephant and Castle while the drivers were inside getting a drink. The old man was a physical wreck, but he had that comic walk and it used to amuse me, so I imitated it for the amusement of a few of my friends. I'm glad I did. If it hadn't been for poor old Bill and his funny shuffle I should probably be knocking out twenty pounds a week or so as a vaudeville performer "doing the provinces," as we say in England; or perhaps I might have hooked up with light opera in the United States. As it is I think I shall remain in the motion-picture field indefinitely. It is good enough for me.

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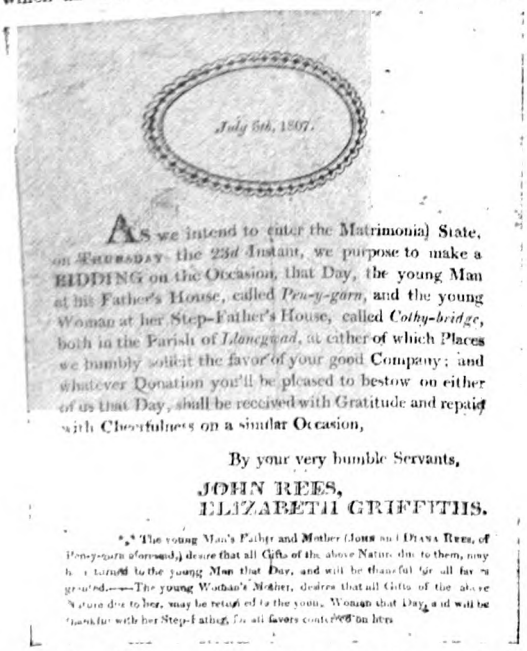
CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

CURIOUS OLD WEDDING CUSTOM.

THE custom set forth in this "bidding" invitation is elucidated by a passage in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for May, 1784, which says: "It is peculiar to some parts of Wales and still practised at the marriages of servants, tradesfolks, and little farmers. Before the wedding an entertainment is provided to which all the friends of each party are bid or invited,



July 6th, 1807.

AS we intend to enter the Matrimonial State, on THURSDAY the 23d Instant, we purpose to make a BIDDING on the Occasion, that Day, the young Man at his Father's House, called *Pen-y-garn*, and the young Woman at her Step-Father's House, called *Cothy-bridge*, both in the Parish of *Llanegwad*, at either of which Places we humbly solicit the favor of your good Company; and whatever Donation you'll be pleased to bestow on either of us that Day, shall be received with Gratitude and repaid with Cheerfulness on a similar Occasion,

By your very humble Servants,

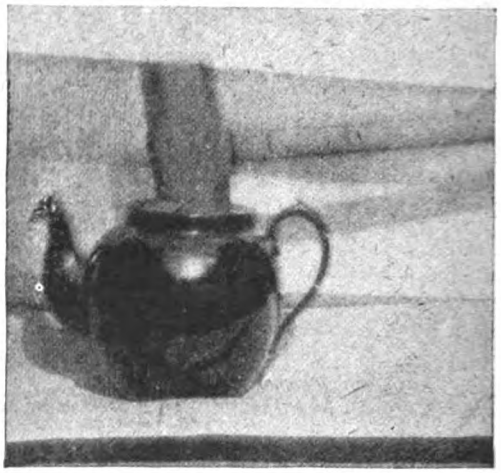
JOHN REES,
ELIZABETH GRIFFITHS.

*** The young Man's Father and Mother (JOHN and DIANA REES, of Penygarn aforesaid,) desire that all Gifts of the above Nature due to them, may be returned to the young Man that Day, and will be thankful for all favors granted.——The young Woman's Mother, desires that all Gifts of the above Nature due to her, may be returned to the young Woman that Day, and will be thankful with her Step-Father, for all favors conferred on her.

and to which none fail to bring or send some contribution, from a cow or calf down to half a crown or a shilling. An account of each is kept, and if the young couple do well it is expected that they should do as much at any future bidding of their generous guests." The "biddings" were distributed by a herald bearing a crook or wand adorned with ribbons.—Mr. C. Van Noorden, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

THIS photograph was taken in the one-thousandth part of a second, and shows a teapot in the process of being demolished by a sledge-hammer. It may be noticed that the handle, although cracked in two places, has not yet fallen, whilst several large cracks have appeared in the body. The lid has been driven into the teapot, and a small chip of it is seen in front of the hammer. The print is absolutely



untouched in any way, and was taken to test the capabilities of an instantaneous camera of my own design; the teapot was selected as the victim owing to a flaw in the spout rendering it unsafe for further use.—Mr. W. A. Dovaston, 14, Madeley Road, Ealing, W.5.

Bridge Problem.

BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

Hearts—8, 6.
Clubs—7, 6, 5.
Diamonds—8, 6.
Spades—None.

Hearts—Knave, 10, 7, 5.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Knave, 10.
Spades—Ace.

Hearts—9.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—9, 7.
Spades—Knave, 9, 8, 6.

Hearts—Queen.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Ace, 2.
Spades—Queen, 10, 7, 4.

Clubs are trumps, and A has the lead. A B are to win all the seven tricks, against any possible defence.

[The solution will appear next month.]

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VOL 55

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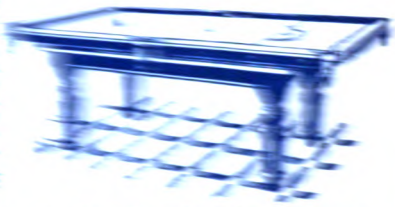

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[illegible] SIT DOWN. I AM VERY MUCH OCCUPIED. [illegible] TO GO AWAY I SHOOT YOU. SO!"

(See page [illegible])

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. FEBRUARY, 1918. No. 326.

A SOURCE OF IRRITATION.

By STACY AUMONIER.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

TO look at old Sam Gates you would never suspect him of having nerves. His sixty-nine years of close application to the needs of the soil had given him a certain earthy stolidity. To observe him hoeing, or thinning out a broad field of turnips, hardly attracted one's attention. He seemed so much part and parcel of the whole scheme. He blended into the soil like a glorified turnip. Nevertheless, the half-dozen people who claimed his acquaintance knew him to be a man who suffered from little moods of irritability.

And on this glorious morning a little incident annoyed him unreasonably. It concerned his niece Aggie. She was a plump girl with clear blue eyes and a face as round and inexpressive as the dumplings for which the county was famous. She came slowly across the long sweep of the downland, and, putting down the bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief which contained his breakfast and dinner, she said:—

"Well, uncle, is there any noos?"

Now this may not appear to the casual reader to be a remark likely to cause irritation, but it affected old Sam Gates as a very silly and unnecessary question. It was, moreover, the constant repetition of it which was beginning to anger him. He met his niece twice a day. In the morning she brought his bundle of food at seven, and when he passed his sister's cottage on the way home to tea at five she was invariably hanging about the gate. And on each occasion she always said, in exactly the same voice:—

"Well, uncle, is there any noos?"

"Noos"! What "noos" should there be? For sixty-nine years he had never lived farther than five miles from Halvesham. For nearly sixty of those years he had bent his back above the soil. There were, indeed, historic occasions. Once, for instance, when he had married Annie Hachet. And there was the birth of his daughter. There was also a famous occasion when he had visited London. Once he had been to a flower-show at Market Roughborough. He either went or didn't go to church on Sundays. He had had many interesting chats with Mr. James at The Cowman, and three years ago had sold a pig to Mrs. Way. But he couldn't always have interesting "noos" of this sort up his sleeve. Didn't the silly lass know that for the last three weeks he had been hoeing and thinning out turnips for Mr. Hodge on this very same field? What "noos" could there be?

He blinked at his niece, and didn't answer. She undid the parcel, and said:—

"Mrs. Goping's fowl got out again last night."

He replied "Ah!" in a non-committal manner and began to munch his bread and bacon. His niece picked up the handkerchief and, humming to herself, walked back across the field.

It was a glorious morning, and a white sea-

Copyright, 1918, by Stacy Aumonier.

"AND THEN SOMET… CAME TO IRRI-
TATE HIM. IT WA… …SE DRATTED
AIRY…

mist added to the promise of a hot day. He sat there munching, thinking of nothing in particular, but gradually subsiding into a mood of placid content. He noticed the back of Aggie disappear in the distance. It was a mile to the cottage, and a mile and a half to Halvesham. Silly things, girls! They were all alike. One had to make allowances. He dismissed her from his thoughts and took a long swig of tea out of a bottle. Insects buzzed lazily. He tapped his pocket to assure himself that his pouch of shag was there, and then he continued munching. When he had finished he lighted his pipe and stretched himself comfortably. He looked along the line of turnips he had thinned, and then across the adjoining field of swedes. Silver streaks appeared on the sea below the mist. In some dim way he felt happy in his solitude amidst this sweeping immensity of earth and sea and sky.

And then something else came to irritate him. It was one of "these dratted airy-planes." "Airyplanes" were his pet aversion. He could find nothing to be said in their favour. Nasty, noisy, disfiguring things that seared the heavens and made the earth dangerous. And every day there seemed to be more and more of them. Of course, "this old war" was responsible for a lot of them, he knew. The war was a "plaguey noosance." They were short-handed on the farm. Beer and tobacco were dear. And Mrs. Steven's nephew had been and got wounded in the foot.

He turned his attention once more to the turnips. But an "airyplane" has an annoying genius for gripping one's attention. When it appears on the scene, however much we dislike it, it has a way of taking the stage-centre. We cannot help constantly looking at it. And so it was with old Sam Gates. He spat on his hands and blinked up at the sky. And suddenly the aeroplane behaved in a very extraordinary manner. It was well over the sea, when it seemed to lurch drunkenly and skimmed the water. Then it shot up at a dangerous angle and zigzagged. It started to go farther out, and then turned and made for the land. The engines were making a …rious grating noise. It rose once more, and …n suddenly dived downwards and came …p down right in the middle of Mr. Hodge's

And then, as if not content with this desecration, it ran along the ground, ripping and tearing up twenty-five yards of good swedes, and then came to a stop.

Old Sam Gates was in a terrible state. The aeroplane was more than a hundred yards away, but he waved his arms, and called out :—

" Hi ! you there, you mustn't land in they swedes ! They're Mister Hodge's."

The instant the aeroplane stopped a man leapt out and gazed quickly round. He glanced at Sam Gates, and seemed uncertain whether to address him or whether to concentrate his attention on the flying-machine. The latter arrangement appeared to be his ultimate decision. He dived under the engine and became frantically busy. Sam had never seen anyone work with such furious energy. But all the same, it was not to be tolerated. It was disgraceful ! Sam started out across the field, almost hurrying in his indignation. When he appeared within earshot of the aviator he cried out again :—

" Hi ! You mustn't rest your old airy-plane here. You've kicked up all Mr. Hodge's swedes. A nice thing you've done ! "

He was within five yards when suddenly the aviator turned and covered him with a revolver ! And, speaking in a sharp staccato voice, he said :—

" Old grandfather, you must sit down. I am very much occupied. If you interfere or attempt to go away I shoot you. So ! "

Sam gazed at the horrid glittering little barrel and gasped. Well, he never ! To be threatened with murder when you're doing your duty in your employer's private property ! But still, perhaps the man was mad. A man must be more or less mad to go up in one of those crazy things. And life was very sweet on that summer morning, in spite of sixty-nine years. He sat down among the swedes.

The aviator was so busy with his cranks and machinery that he hardly deigned to pay him any attention, except to keep the revolver handy. He worked feverishly, and Sam sat watching him. At the end of ten minutes he appeared to have solved his troubles with the machine, but he still seemed very scared. He kept on glancing round and out to sea. When his repairs were complete he straightened his back and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was apparently on the point of springing back into the machine and going off, when a sudden mood of facetiousness, caused by relief from the strain he had endured, came to him. He turned to old Sam and smiled, at the same time remarking :—

" Well, old grandfather, and now we shall be all right, isn't it ? "

He came close up to Sam, and then suddenly started back.

" Gott ! " he cried. " Paul Jouperts ! "

Sam gazed at him bewildered, and the madman started talking to him in some foreign tongue. Sam shook his head.

" You no right," he remarked, " to come bargin' through they swedes of Mr. Hodge's."

And then the aviator behaved in a most peculiar manner. He came up and examined his face very closely, and gave a sudden tug at his beard and hair, as if to see whether it were real or false.

" What is your name, old man ? " he said.

" Sam Gates."

The aviator muttered some words that sounded something like " mare vudish," and then turned to his machine. He appeared to be dazed and in a great state of doubt. He fumbled with some cranks, but kept glancing at old Sam. At last he got into the car and strapped himself in. Then he stopped, and sat there deep in thought. At last he suddenly unstrapped himself and sprang out again, and approaching Sam he said, very deliberately :—

" Old grandfather, I shall require you to accompany me."

Sam gasped.

" Eh ? " he said. " What be talkin' about ? 'Company ? I got these here lines o' tarnips—I be already behoind."

The disgusting little revolver once more flashed before his eyes.

" There must be no discussion," came the voice. " It is necessary that you mount the seat of the car without delay. Otherwise I shoot you like the dog you are. So ! "

Old Sam was hale and hearty. He had no desire to die so ignominiously. The pleasant smell of the Norfolk downland was in his nostrils. His foot was on his native heath. He mounted the seat of the car, contenting himself with a mutter :—

" Well, that be a noice thing, I must say ! Flyin' about the country with all they tarnips on'y half thinned ! "

He found himself strapped in. The aviator was in a fever of anxiety to get away. The engines made a ghastly splutter and noise. The thing started running along the ground. Suddenly it shot upwards, giving the swedes a last contemptuous kick. At twenty minutes to eight that morning old Sam found himself being borne right up above his fields and out

Essanay Film Service, Ltd.

motion. I hooked a string of sausages with my cane, and the sausage-man chased me out of the picture. There were some girls in the story, but I don't recall what it was all about.

That was the first picture I ever saw myself in. It gave me ideas. For more than a week I observed all sorts of audiences viewing that picture. They all seemed to laugh at my feet and the hookey cane. The little low-crowned Derby hat I was wearing seemed to be popular too. It's good policy never to throw away a laugh, so I saved all those I had and set about inventing some more. The loose trousers followed, and the too-small cut-away coat. The present Chaplin make-up was assembled by degrees, but it hasn't been changed much for a year or two because the public resents any change.

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My friends won't have me in any sort of character but the one in which they first adopted me. Once I appeared in my own person—a dress-suit and all that. There was such a frost that I shall never forget it.

My first week's pay with the Keystone, which at that time released through the Mutual, was twenty-five pounds, but the pay-envelope contained thirty pounds a week after that. They began to like me.

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Nobody

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knew very much about picturization in the early days. People were pretty well satisfied if they saw plenty of motion on the screen. It was a novelty to see dogs, cats, roosters, and geese moving about in a picture. For a brief season nearly anything on the screen was good enough, but it wasn't long before there came a demand for plot and story. I consider that there is more real art now involved in motion-pictures than there is in staging plays for the speaking stage. Enormous difficulties have been overcome, and more are being overcome every day. There is no limit to the ultimate possibilities.

After two and a half years with the Keystone Company I became associated with the Essanay for a period, and then signed up with President John R. Freuler, of the Mutual Film Corporation, on a contract to produce twelve pictures in a year at a salary of £134,000.

Of course, I may have appeared calm and collected to Mr. Freuler when I signed the contract. I know the money is earned through the success of my productions, but it was difficult to accustom myself to the idea of being responsible for so much money. I remember I used to try to recall the names of worthy philanthropic societies to which I might send part of the wealth that promised to overwhelm me.

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I soon discovered that I had been needlessly alarmed. The philanthropic societies all had my address!

I have stuck to comedy because I am convinced that my public is better satisfied with that than with any other kind of production. I essayed the "straight drama" once or twice, and cannot say that my efforts in that direction were very highly appreciated. Any time that I appear without my original make-up there is discontent. It originates with the children, who are my best friends; is endorsed by the women, who are my second best friends; and so far as the men are concerned, they talk as though I had been sentenced for life to the same suit of clothes, and howl their heads off if there's a button changed.

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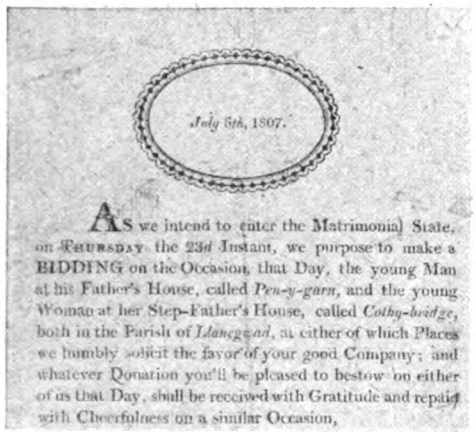

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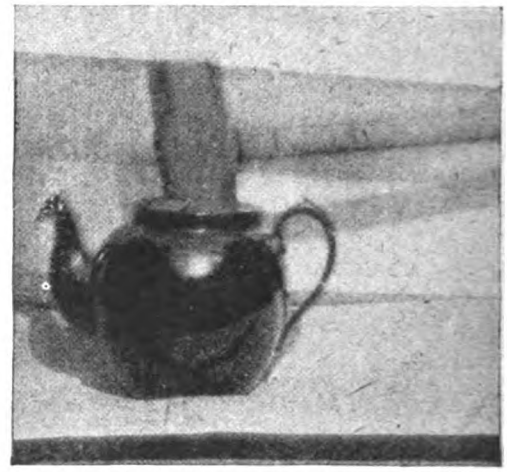
and to which none fail to bring or send some contribution, from a cow or calf down to half a crown or a shilling. An account of each is kept, and if the young couple do well it is expected that they should do as much at any future bidding of their generous guests." The "biddings" were distributed by a herald bearing a crook or wand adorned with ribbons.—Mr. C. Van Noorden, 35, Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.2.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

THIS photograph was taken in the one-thousandth part of a second, and shows a teapot in the process of being demolished by a sledge-hammer. It may be noticed that the handle, although cracked in two places, has not yet fallen, whilst several large cracks have appeared in the body. The lid has been driven into the teapot, and a small chip of it is seen in front of the hammer. The print is absolutely



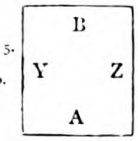
untouched in any way, and was taken to test the capabilities of an instantaneous camera of my own design; the teapot was selected as the victim owing to a flaw in the spout rendering it unsafe for further use.—Mr. W. A. Dovaston, 14, Madeley Road, Ealing, W.5.

Bridge Problem.

BY ERNEST BERGHOLT.

Hearts—8, 6.
Clubs—7, 6, 5.
Diamonds—8, 6.
Spades—None.

Hearts—Knave, 10, 7, 5.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Knave, 10.
Spades—Ace.



Hearts—9.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—9, 7.
Spades—Knave, 9. 8, 6.

Hearts—Queen.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Ace, 2.
Spades—Queen, 10, 7, 4.

Clubs are trumps, and A has the lead. A B are to win all the seven tricks, against any possible defence.

[The solution will appear next month.]

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COCOA—
BEVERAGE,
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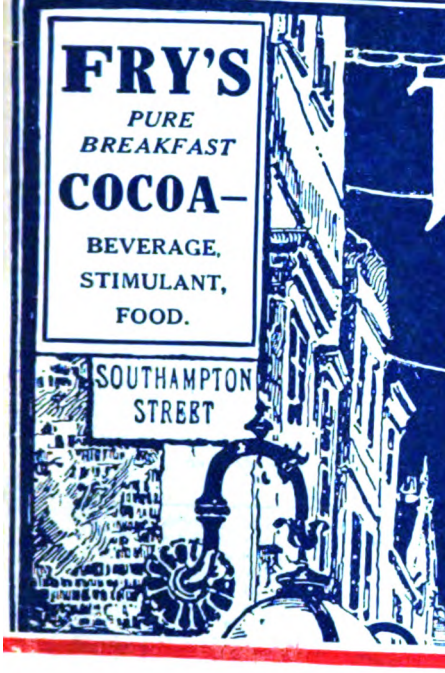

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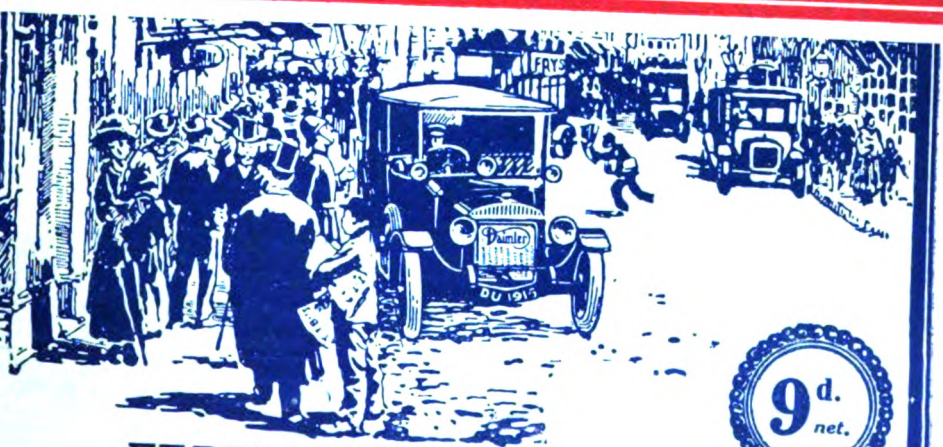

No. 326
VOL 55

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FEBRUARY, 1918.

Published

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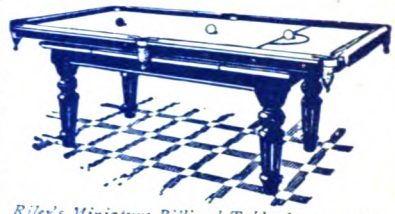

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(*See page* 101.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. FEBRUARY, 1918. No. 326.

A SOURCE OF IRRITATION.

By STACY AUMONIER.

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

TO look at old Sam Gates you would never suspect him of having nerves. His sixty-nine years of close application to the needs of the soil had given him a certain earthy stolidity. To observe him hoeing, or thinning out a broad field of turnips, hardly attracted one's attention. He seemed so much part and parcel of the whole scheme. He blended into the soil like a glorified turnip. Nevertheless, the half-dozen people who claimed his acquaintance knew him to be a man who suffered from little moods of irritability.

And on this glorious morning a little incident annoyed him unreasonably. It concerned his niece Aggie. She was a plump girl with clear blue eyes and a face as round and inexpressive as the dumplings for which the county was famous. She came slowly across the long sweep of the downland, and, putting down the bundle wrapped in a red handkerchief which contained his breakfast and dinner, she said:—

"Well, uncle, is there any noos?"

Now this may not appear to the casual reader to be a remark likely to cause irritation, but it affected old Sam Gates as a very silly and unnecessary question. It was, moreover, the constant repetition of it which was beginning to anger him. He met his niece twice a day. In the morning she brought his bundle of food at seven, and when he passed his sister's cottage on the way home to tea at five she was invariably hanging about the gate. And on each occasion she always said, in exactly the same voice:—

"Well, uncle, is there any noos?"

"Noos"! What "noos" should there be? For sixty-nine years he had never lived farther than five miles from Halvesham. For nearly sixty of those years he had bent his back above the soil. There were, indeed, historic occasions. Once, for instance, when he had married Annie Hachet. And there was the birth of his daughter. There was also a famous occasion when he had visited London. Once he had been to a flower-show at Market Roughborough. He either went or didn't go to church on Sundays. He had had many interesting chats with Mr. James at The Cowman, and three years ago had sold a pig to Mrs. Way. But he couldn't always have interesting "noos" of this sort up his sleeve. Didn't the silly lass know that for the last three weeks he had been hoeing and thinning out turnips for Mr. Hodge on this very same field? What "noos" could there be?

He blinked at his niece, and didn't answer. She undid the parcel, and said:—

"Mrs. Goping's fowl got out again last night."

He replied "Ah!" in a non-committal manner and began to munch his bread and bacon. His niece picked up the handkerchief and, humming to herself, walked back across the field.

It was a glorious morning, and a white sea-

Copyright, 1918, by Stacy Aumonier.

'AND THEN SOMETHING ELSE CAME TO IRRITATE HIM. IT WAS ONE OF 'THESE DRATTED AIRYPLANES.' "

mist added to the promise of a hot day. He sat there munching, thinking of nothing in particular, but gradually subsiding into a mood of placid content. He noticed the back of Aggie disappear in the distance. It was a mile to the cottage, and a mile and a half to Halvesham. Silly things, girls! They were all alike. One had to make allowances. He dismissed her from his thoughts and took a long swig of tea out of a bottle. Insects buzzed lazily. He tapped his pocket to assure himself that his pouch of shag was there, and then he continued munching. When he had finished he lighted his pipe and stretched himself comfortably. He looked along the line of turnips he had thinned, and then across the adjoining field of swedes. Silver streaks appeared on the sea below the mist. In some dim way he felt happy in his solitude amidst this sweeping immensity of earth and sea and sky.

And then something else came to irritate him. It was one of "these dratted airyplanes." "Airyplanes" were his pet aversion. He could find nothing to be said in their favour. Nasty, noisy, disfiguring things that seared the heavens and made the earth dangerous. And every day there seemed to be more and more of them. Of course, "this old war" was responsible for a lot of them, he knew. The war was a "plaguey noosance." They were short-handed on the farm. Beer and tobacco were dear. And Mrs. Steven's nephew had been and got wounded in the foot.

He turned his attention once more to the turnips. But an "airyplane" has an annoying genius for gripping one's attention. When it appears on the scene, however much we dislike it, it has a way of taking the stage-centre. We cannot help constantly looking at it. And so it was with old Sam Gates. He spat on his hands and blinked up at the sky. And suddenly the aeroplane behaved in a very extraordinary manner. It was well over the sea, when it seemed to lurch drunkenly and skimmed the water. Then it shot up at a dangerous angle and zigzagged. It started to go farther out, and then turned and made for the land. The engines were making a curious grating noise. It rose once more, and then suddenly dived downwards and came plump down right in the middle of Mr. Hodge's field of swedes!

And then, as if not content with this desecration, it ran along the ground, ripping and tearing up twenty-five yards of good swedes, and then came to a stop.

Old Sam Gates was in a terrible state. The aeroplane was more than a hundred yards away, but he waved his arms, and called out :—

" Hi ! you there, you mustn't land in they swedes ! They're Mister Hodge's."

The instant the aeroplane stopped a man leapt out and gazed quickly round. He glanced at Sam Gates, and seemed uncertain whether to address him or whether to concentrate his attention on the flying-machine. The latter arrangement appeared to be his ultimate decision. He dived under the engine and became frantically busy. Sam had never seen anyone work with such furious energy. But all the same, it was not to be tolerated. It was disgraceful ! Sam started out across the field, almost hurrying in his indignation. When he appeared within earshot of the aviator he cried out again :—

" Hi ! You mustn't rest your old airy-plane here. You've kicked up all Mr. Hodge's swedes. A nice thing you've done ! "

He was within five yards when suddenly the aviator turned and covered him with a revolver ! And, speaking in a sharp staccato voice, he said :—

" Old grandfather, you must sit down. I am very much occupied. If you interfere or attempt to go away I shoot you. So ! "

Sam gazed at the horrid glittering little barrel and gasped. Well, he never ! To be threatened with murder when you're doing your duty in your employer's private property ! But still, perhaps the man was mad. A man must be more or less mad to go up in one of those crazy things. And life was very sweet on that summer morning, in spite of sixty-nine years. He sat down among the swedes.

The aviator was so busy with his cranks and machinery that he hardly deigned to pay him any attention, except to keep the revolver handy. He worked feverishly, and Sam sat watching him. At the end of ten minutes he appeared to have solved his troubles with the machine, but he still seemed very scared. He kept on glancing round and out to sea. When his repairs were complete he straightened his back and wiped the perspiration from his brow. He was apparently on the point of springing back into the machine and going off, when a sudden mood of facetiousness, caused by relief from the strain he had endured, came to him. He turned to old Sam and smiled, at the same time remarking :—

" Well, old grandfather, and now we shall be all right, isn't it ? "

He came close up to Sam, and then suddenly started back.

" Gott ! " he cried. " Paul Jouperts ! "

Sam gazed at him bewildered, and the madman started talking to him in some foreign tongue. Sam shook his head.

" You no right," he remarked, " to come bargin' through they swedes of Mr. Hodge's."

And then the aviator behaved in a most peculiar manner. He came up and examined his face very closely, and gave a sudden tug at his beard and hair, as if to see whether it were real or false.

" What is your name, old man ? " he said.

" Sam Gates."

The aviator muttered some words that sounded something like " mare vudish," and then turned to his machine. He appeared to be dazed and in a great state of doubt. He fumbled with some cranks, but kept glancing at old Sam. At last he got into the car and strapped himself in. Then he stopped, and sat there deep in thought. At last he suddenly unstrapped himself and sprang out again, and approaching Sam he said, very deliberately :—

" Old grandfather, I shall require you to accompany me."

Sam gasped.

" Eh ? " he said. " What be talkin' about ? 'Company ? I got these here lines o' tarnips—I be already behoind."

The disgusting little revolver once more flashed before his eyes.

" There must be no discussion," came the voice. " It is necessary that you mount the seat of the car without delay. Otherwise I shoot you like the dog you are. So ! "

Old Sam was hale and hearty. He had no desire to die so ignominiously. The pleasant smell of the Norfolk downland was in his nostrils. His foot was on his native heath. He mounted the seat of the car, contenting himself with a mutter :—

" Well, that be a noice thing, I must say ! Flyin' about the country with all they tarnips on'y half thinned ! "

He found himself strapped in. The aviator was in a fever of anxiety to get away. The engines made a ghastly splutter and noise. The thing started running along the ground. Suddenly it shot upwards, giving the swedes a last contemptuous kick. At twenty minutes to eight that morning old Sam found himself being borne right up above his fields and out

to sea! His breath came quickly. He was a little frightened.

"God forgive me!" he murmured.

The thing was so fantastic and sudden, his mind could not grasp it. He only felt in some vague way that he was going to die, and he struggled to attune his mind to the change. He offered up a mild prayer to God, Who he felt must be very near, somewhere up in these clouds. Automatically he thought of the vicar at Halvesham, and a certain sense of comfort came to him at the reflection that on the previous day he had taken a "cooking of runner beans" to God's representative in that village. He felt calmer after that, but the horrid machine seemed to go higher and higher. He could not turn in his seat, and he could see nothing but sea and sky. Of course, the man was mad—mad as a March hare. Of what earthly use could *he* be to anyone? Besides, he had talked pure gibberish, and called him Paul something, when he had already told him that his name was Sam. The thing would fall down into the sea soon and they would both be drowned. Well, well, he had reached the three-score years and ten.

He was protected by a screen, but it seemed very cold. What on earth would Mr. Hodge say? There was no one left to work the land but a fool of a boy named Billy Whitehead at Dene's Cross. On, on, on they went at a furious pace. His thoughts danced disconnectedly from incidents of his youth, conversations with the vicar, hearty meals in the open, a frock his sister wore on the day of the postman's wedding, the drone of a psalm, the illness of some ewes belonging to Mr. Hodge. Everything seemed to be moving very rapidly, upsetting his sense of time. He felt outraged, and yet at moments there was something entrancing in the wild experience. He seemed to be living at an incredible pace. Perhaps he was really dead and on his way to the Kingdom of God? Perhaps this was the way they took people?

After some indefinite period he suddenly caught sight of a long strip of land. Was this a foreign country, or were they returning? He had by this time lost all feeling of fear. He became interested, and almost disappointed.

The "airyplane" was not such a fool as it looked. It was very wonderful to be right up in the sky like this. His dreams were suddenly disturbed by a fearful noise. He thought the machine was blown to pieces. It dived and ducked through the air, and things were bursting all round it and making an awful din, and then it went up higher and higher. After a while these noises ceased and he felt the machine gliding downwards. They were right above solid land, trees, and fields, and streams, and white villages. Down, down, down they glided. This was a foreign country. There were straight avenues of poplars and canals. This was not Halvesham. He felt the thing glide gently and bump into a field. Some men ran forward and approached them, and the mad aviator called out to them. They were mostly fat men in grey uniforms, and they all spoke this foreign gibberish. Someone came and unstrapped him. He was very stiff and could hardly move. An exceptionally gross-looking man punched him in the ribs and roared with laughter. They all stood round and laughed at him, while the mad aviator talked to them and kept pointing at him. Then he said:—

"Old grandfather, you must come with me."

He was led to an iron-roofed building and shut in a little room. There were guards outside with fixed bayonets. After a while the mad aviator appeared again accompanied by two soldiers. He beckoned Sam to follow. They marched through a quadrangle and entered another building. They went straight into an office where a very important-looking man covered with medals sat in an easy chair. There was a lot of saluting and clicking of heels. The aviator pointed at Sam and said something, and the man with the medals started at sight of him and then came up and spoke to him in English.

"What is your name? Where do you come from? Your age? The name and birthplace of your parents?"

He seemed intensely interested, and also pulled Sam's hair and beard to see if they came off. So well and naturally did he and the aviator speak English that, after a voluble examination, they drew apart and continued the conversation in that language. And the extraordinary conversation was of this nature:—

"It is a most remarkable resemblance," said the man with medals. "*Unglaublich!* But what do you want me to do with him, Hausemann?"

"The idea came to me suddenly, Excellency," replied the aviator, "and you may consider it worthless. It is just this. The resemblance is so amazing. Paul Jouperts has given us more valuable information than anyone at present in our service. And the English know that. There is an award of five thousand francs on his head. Twice

they have captured him, and each time he escaped. All the company commanders and their staff have his photograph. He is a serious thorn in their flesh."

"Well?" replied the man with the medals.

The aviator whispered confidentially:—

"Suppose, your Excellency, that they found the dead body of Paul Jouperts?"

"Well?" replied the big man.

"My suggestion is this. To-morrow, as you know, the English are attacking Hill 701, which we have for tactical reasons decided to evacuate. If after the attack they find the dead body of Paul Jouperts in, say, the second lines, they will take no further trouble in the matter. You know their lack of thoroughness. Pardon me, I was two years at Oxford University. And consequently Paul Jouperts will be able to—prosecute his labours undisturbed."

The man with the medals twirled his moustache and looked thoughtfully at his colleague.

"Where is Paul at the moment?" he asked.

"He is acting as a gardener at the Convent of St. Eloise at Mailleton-en-haut, which, as you know, is one hundred metres from the headquarters of the British Central Army staff."

The man with the medals took two or three rapid turns up and down the room. Then he said:—

"Your plan is excellent, Hausemann. The only point of difficulty is that the attack started this morning."

"This morning?" exclaimed the other.

"Yes. The English attacked unexpectedly at dawn. We have already evacuated the first line. We shall evacuate the second line at eleven-fifty. It is now ten-fifteen. There may be just time."

He looked suddenly at old Sam in the way that a butcher might look at a prize heifer at an agricultural show, and remarked, casually:—

"Yes, it is a remarkable resemblance. It seems a pity not to—do something with it."

Then, speaking in German, he added:—

"It is worth trying. And if it succeeds the higher authorities shall hear of your lucky accident and inspiration, Herr-Hausemann. Instruct Ober-leutnant Schutz to send the old fool by two orderlies to the east extremity of trench thirty-eight. Keep him there till the order of evacuation is given. Then shoot him, but don't disfigure him; and lay him out face upwards."

The aviator saluted and withdrew, accompanied by his victim. Old Sam had not understood the latter part of the conversation, and he did not catch quite all that was said in English, but he felt that somehow things were not becoming too promising and it was time to assert himself. So he remarked when they got outside:—

"Now, look'ee here, mister; when am I goin' to get back to my tarnips?"

And the aviator replied, with a pleasant smile:—

"Do not be disturbed, old grandfather; you shall—get back to the soil quite soon."

In a few moments Sam found himself in a large grey car, accompanied by four soldiers. The aviator left him. The country was barren and horrible, full of great pits and rents, and he could hear the roar of artillery and the shriek of shells. Overhead aeroplanes were buzzing angrily. He seemed to be suddenly transported from the Kingdom of God to the Pit of Darkness. He wondered whether the vicar had enjoyed the runner beans. He could not imagine runner beans growing here—runner beans, aye! or anything else. If this was a foreign country, give him dear old England!

Gr-r-r! Bang! Something exploded just at the rear of the car. The soldiers ducked, and one of them pushed Sam in the stomach and swore.

"An ugly-looking lout!" he thought. "If I was twenty years younger I'd give him a punch in the eye that 'ud make him sit up!"

The car came to a halt by a broken wall. The party hurried out and dived behind a mound. He was pulled down a kind of shaft, and found himself in a room buried right underground, where three officers were drinking and smoking. The soldiers saluted and handed a typewritten despatch. The officers looked at him drunkenly, and one came up and pulled his beard and spat in his face, and called him "an old English swine." He then shouted out some instructions to the soldiers, and they led Sam out into the narrow trench. One walked behind him and occasionally prodded him with the butt-end of a gun. The trenches were half-full of water and reeked of gases, powder, and decaying matter. Shells were constantly bursting overhead, and in places the trenches had crumbled and were nearly blocked up. They stumbled on, sometimes falling, sometimes dodging moving masses, and occasionally crawling over the dead bodies of men. At last they reached a deserted-looking trench, and one of the soldiers pushed him into the corner of it and growled something, and then disappeared round the angle. Old Sam was exhausted.

"WHEN HE WAS WITHIN FIVE YARDS THE SOLDIER RAISED HIS RIFLE AND POINTED IT HIMSELF FORWARD

He lay panting against the mud wall, expecting every minute to be blown to pieces by one of those infernal things that seemed to be getting more and more insistent. The din went on for nearly twenty minutes, and he was alone in the trench. He fancied he heard a whistle amidst the din. Suddenly one of the soldiers who had accompanied him came stealthily round the corner. And there was a look in his eye old Sam did not like. When he was within five yards the soldier raised his rifle and pointed it at Sam's body. Some instinct impelled the old man at that instant to throw himself forward on his face. As he did so he was conscious of a terrible explosion, and he had just time to observe the soldier falling in a heap near him, and then he lost consciousness.

His consciousness appeared to return to him with a snap. He was lying on a plank in a building and he heard someone say:—

"I believe the old boy's English."

He looked round. There were a lot of men lying there, and others in khaki and white overalls were busy amongst them. He sat up and rubbed his head, and said:—

"Hi! mister, where be I now?"

Someone laughed, and a young man came up and said:—

"Well, old thing, you were very nearly in Hell. Who the devil are you?"

Someone came up and two of them were discussing him. One of them said:—

"He's quite all right. He was only knocked out. Better take him in to the colonel. He may be a spy."

The other came up and touched his shoulder, and remarked:—

"Can you walk, uncle?"

He replied:—

"Aye, I can walk all right."

"That's an old sport!"

The young man took his arm and helped him out of the room into a courtyard. They entered another room, where an elderly, kind-faced officer was seated at a desk. The officer looked up and exclaimed:—

"Good heavens, Bradshaw, do you know whom you've got there?"

The younger one said:—

"No. Who, sir?"

"By heavens, it's Paul Jouperts!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Paul Jouperts! Great Scot!"

AT SAM'S BODY. SOME INSTINCT IMPELLED THE OLD MAN AT THAT INSTANT TO THROW ON HIS FACE."

The elder officer addressed himself to Sam. He said:—

"Well, we've got you once more, Paul. We shall have to be a little more careful this time."

The young officer said:—

"Shall I detail a squad, sir?"

"We can't shoot him without a court-martial," replied the kind-faced senior.

Then Sam interpolated:—

"Look'ee here, sir. I'm fair sick of all this. My name bean't Paul. My name's Sam. I was a-thinnin' a line o' tarnips——"

Both officers burst out laughing, and the younger one said:—

"Good—very good! Isn't it amazing, sir, the way they not only learn the language, but even take the trouble to learn a dialect?"

The older man busied himself with some papers.

"Well, Sam," he remarked, "you shall be given a chance to prove your identity. Our methods are less drastic than those of your Boche masters. What part of England are you supposed to come from? Let's see how much you can bluff us with your topographical knowledge."

"Oi was a-thinnin' a loine o' tarnips this mornin' at 'alf-past seven on Mr. Hodge's farm at Halvesham, when one o' these 'ere airyplanes come roight down among the swedes. I tells 'ee to get clear o' that, when the feller what gets out o' the car 'e drahs a revowlver and 'e says, 'You must 'company I——'"

"Yes, yes," interrupted the senior officer; "that's all very good. Now tell me—where is Halvesham? What is the name of the local vicar? I'm sure you'd know that."

Old Sam rubbed his chin.

"I sits under the Reverend David Pryce, mister, and a good God-fearin' man he be. I took him a cookin' o' runner beans on'y yesterday. I works for Mr. Hodge what owns Greenway Manor, and 'as a stud-farm at Newmarket, they say."

"Charles Hodge?" asked the younger officer.

"Aye, Charlie Hodge. You write and ask 'un if he knows old Sam Gates."

The two officers looked at each other, and the older one looked at Sam more closely.

"It's very extraordinary," he remarked.

"Everybody knows Charlie Hodge," added the younger officer.

It was at that moment that a wave of genius swept over old Sam. He put his hand to his head, and suddenly jerked out :—

"What's more, I can tell 'ee where this yere Paul is. He's actin' as gardener in a convent at——" He puckered up his brows and fumbled with his hat, and then got out : "Mighteno."

The older officer gasped.

"Mailleton-en-haut ! Good heavens ! What makes you say that, old man ? "

Sam tried to give an account of his experience and the things he had heard said by the German officers. But he was getting tired, and he broke off in the middle to say :—

"Ye haven't a bite o' somethin' to eat, I suppose, mister, or a glass o' beer ? I usually 'as my dinner at twelve o'clock."

Both the officers laughed, and the older said :—

"Get him some food, Bradshaw, and a bottle of beer from the mess. We'll keep this old man here. He interests me."

While the younger man was doing this the chief pressed a button and summoned another junior officer.

"Gateshead," he remarked, "ring up the G.H.Q. and instruct them to arrest the gardener in that convent at the top of the hill, and then to report."

The officer saluted and went out, and in a few minutes a tray of hot food and a large bottle of beer were brought to the old man, and he was left alone in the corner of the room to negotiate this welcome compensation. And in the execution he did himself and his county credit. In the meanwhile the officers were very busy. People were coming and going and examining maps, and telephone bells were ringing furiously. They did not disturb old Sam's gastric operations. He cleaned up the mess-tins and finished the last drop of beer. The senior officer found time to offer him a cigarette, but he replied :—

"Thank'ee kindly, sir, but I'd rather smoke my pipe."

The colonel smiled, and said :—

"Oh, all right ! Smoke away."

He lighted up, and the fumes of the shag permeated the room. Someone opened another window, and the young officer who had addressed him at first suddenly looked at him and exclaimed :—

"Innocent, by gad ! You couldn't get shag like that anywhere but in Norfolk ! "

It must have been an hour later when another officer entered and saluted.

"Message from the G.H.Q., sir," he said.

"Well ? "

"They have arrested the gardener at the convent of St. Eloise, and they have every reason to believe that he is the notorious Paul Jouperts."

The colonel stood up and his eyes beamed. He came over to old Sam and shook his hand.

"Mr. Gates," he said, "you are an old brick ! You will probably hear more of this. You have been the means of delivering something very useful into our hands. Your own honour is vindicated. A loving Government will probably award you five shillings, or a Victoria Cross, or something of that sort. In the meantime, what can I do for you ? "

Old Sam scratched his chin.

"Oi want to get back 'ome," he said.

"Well, even that might be arranged."

"Oi want to get back 'ome in toime for tea."

"What time do you have tea ? "

"Foive o'clock or thereabouts."

"I see." A kindly smile came into the eyes of the colonel. He turned to another officer standing by the table and said, "Raikes, is anyone going across this afternoon with despatches ? "

"Yes, sir," replied the other officer. "Commander Jennings is leaving at three o'clock."

"You might ask him if he could see me."

Within ten minutes a young man in a flight-commander's uniform entered.

"Ah, Jennings," said the colonel. "Here is a little affair which concerns the honour of the British Army. My friend here, Sam Gates, has come over from Halvesham, in Norfolk, in order to give us valuable information. I have promised him that he shall get home to tea at five o'clock. Can you take a passenger ? "

The young man threw back his head and laughed.

"Lord ! " he exclaimed. "What an old sport ! Yes, I expect I could manage it. Where is the God-forsaken place ? "

A large ordnance-map of Norfolk (which had been captured from a German officer) was produced, and the young man studied it closely.

At three o'clock precisely, old Sam, finding himself something of a hero and quite glad to escape from the embarrassment which this position entailed, once more sped skywards in an "airyplane."

At twenty minutes to five he landed once more amongst Mr. Hodge's swedes. The

breezy young airman shook hands with him and departed inland. Old Sam sat down and surveyed the field.

"A noice thing, I must say!" he muttered to himself, as he looked along the lines of unthinned turnips. He still had twenty minutes, and so he went slowly along and completed a line which he had commenced in the morning. He then deliberately packed up his dinner-things and his tools, and started out for home.

As he came round the corner of Stillway's meadow and the cottage came in view his niece stepped out of the copse with a basket on her arm.

"Well, uncle," she said, "is there any noos?"

It was then that old Sam really lost his temper.

"Noos!" he said. "Noos! Drat the girl! what noos should there be? Sixty-nine year I live in these here parts, hoein' and weedin' and thinnin', and mindin' Charlie Hodge's sheep. Am I one o' these here story-book folk havin' noos 'appen to me all the time? Ain't it enough, ye silly dab-faced zany, to earn enough to buy a bite o' some'at to eat, and a glass o' beer, and a place to rest a's head o'night, without always wantin' noos, noos, noos? I tell 'ee it's this that leads 'ee to 'alf the troubles in the world. Devil take the noos!"

And turning his back on her, he went fuming up the hill.

"MY FRIEND HERE, SAM GATES, HAS COME OVER FROM HALVESHAM, IN NORFOLK, IN ORDER TO GIVE US VALUABLE INFORMATION."

LEST YOU FORGET!

DO not forget that THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may now be sent* POST FREE *to British soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. All you need do is to hand your copies, without wrapper or address, over the counter at any post-office in the United Kingdom, and they will be sent by the authorities wherever they will be most welcome.*

SPORTING THRILLS.

By W. C. P. FORD

(Author of "Some Fancy Leaps," "Supreme Sporting Efforts," etc.).

READERS of THE STRAND MAGAZINE need hardly be reminded that the mimic fray of Sport has from time to time produced sensational episodes fully as stirring as any pertaining to the real fray of War.

The Turf has provided many such episodes. A notable instance was that of a race at Newcastle-under-Lyme some years back between four horses handicapped by Dr. Bellyse—the Admiral Rous of his day—when two of them—Sir William Wynne's Taragon and Mr. Mytton's Handel—*dead-heated three times*. In their third attempt the two horses ran on till they reeled about like drunken men and could scarcely carry their riders to the scales. Sir John Egerton's Astbury, who had only been beaten by the dead-heaters by a short neck in heat one, finally won. It is believed the Turf cannot produce another incident like this.

En passant, it may be mentioned that dead-heats between two competitors in any event, although improbable, have frequently happened, but it is rarely that three competitors dead-heat. One of the most astonishing cases that ever happened was that at Southampton on July 23rd, 1907. In a yacht race for twenty-four-footers there were six starters, and three of them, *Susu*, *Anitra*, and *Endric*, finished dead level. In 1857 Prioress, El Hakim, and Queen Bess dead-heated in the Cesarewitch.

The historic match between those equine champions, Lord Eglinton's Flying Dutchman and Lord Zetland's Voltigeur, is still talked of with bated breath up North. It took place on the Knavesmere at the York Spring Meeting, May 13th, 1851, and more money probably rested on the issue than in any other match in the annals of horse-racing. The tussle from pillar to post was terrific, and when the animals passed the stand stride for stride excitement reached fever-heat.

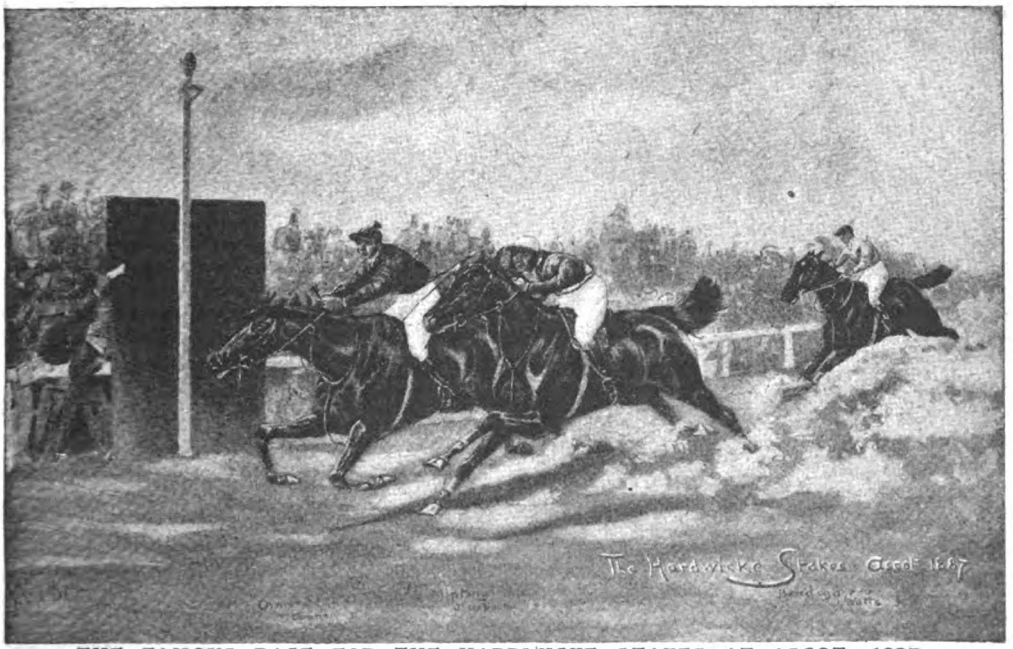
When Flying Dutchman got the best of a great finish by a bare length the enthusiasm of the enormous crowd of genuine Yorkshiremen reached its climax.

The "superb groan" of Lord George Bentinck, in connection with the Derby of 1848, has now become historical. Like a later politician, Lord Rosebery, it was one of his ambitions to win a Derby, and only by a sensational stroke of bad luck was he denied the honour. In order that he might devote his whole attention to some special Parliamentary work he parted with his stud of horses, and among those disposed of was Surplice, who shortly afterwards won the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Except his pride, he had nothing to console him. "All my life I have been trying for this," he remarked, "and for what have I sacrificed it?"* Lord Beaconsfield testified to his deep dejection for many years afterwards.

Lord George was also connected with the most famous Turf quarrel of the nineteenth century. From his lofty aristocratic pedestal he deigned to look down upon Squire Osbaldeston, and the latter, a little, tempestuous, plain-spoken man, squirmed under such patronage. They seemed bound to clash, and the occasion came at the Heaton Park Meeting, immediately following the St. Leger Meeting of 1835. The Squire possessed a horse named Rush, which he backed heavily for the big race on the last day. As he walked his horse by the grand stand on his way to the starting-post, Lord George shouted out in a loud voice, "Two hundred to one against Rush." "Done," shouted back Osbaldeston; "put it down to me." Rush won easily, but for some reason or the other Lord George hesitated to pay up. At the Craven Meeting of the next year the Squire came across his lordship in front of the Jockey Club rooms and said, curtly, "You have had plenty of time to digest your loss. I want that two hundred pounds I won of you at Heaton Park." Drawing himself up, Lord George replied, "You want the two hundred pounds you *swindled* me out of, you mean." But he paid the bet, and, turning abruptly away, the Squire shouted, "The matter shall not end here, my lord." The sequel was a duel. The opponents drew lots as to who was to fire first, and Lord George won, but unaccountably his pistol missed fire. Quite coolly, although he knew he was facing almost certain death—the Squire was a deadly shot—he remarked, "Now, Squire, it's two to one on you." "Is it?" retorted his opponent; "then the bet's off," and fired in the air. The quarrel was made up five years later, and the men lived on terms of amiability for the rest of their lives.

At Nairobi, in 1905, *when in his fifty-ninth year*, Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny accomplished a sensational riding feat by doing the

* His resolutions in favour of the Colonial interest, after all his trouble and labours, had been negatived by the House of Commons Committee two days before the Derby.



THE FAMOUS RACE FOR THE HARDWICKE STAKES AT ASCOT, 1887.
"THE FURORE AS ORMONDE'S GREAT STRIDE GOT HIM HOME BY A NECK WAS ABSOLUTELY INDESCRIBABLE."
From a print published by Messrs. Fores.

"hat-trick" at the East Africa Turf Club Meeting. He won three races in succession, equivalent to their Derby, Ascot Cup, and Grand National, and was only beaten by a short head in his fourth race!

What will ever be known as "Hermit's Year" recalls another sensational Derby episode. There probably was never a race in which more people were *unwilling* winners than on this occasion. When Hermit was reported to have gone utterly to the bad weeks before the race it was found impossible to hedge any money that had been invested on him earlier, and so thousands of backers most unexpectedly found themselves winners in the end, and, as it were, in spite of themselves. The sequel is now a matter of sporting history—Mr. (now Viscount) Chaplin's immense monetary gain and Lord Hastings's dramatic suicide.* Hermit subsequently became a veritable gold mine to his popular owner for breeding purposes.

The race when Ormonde, the unbeaten, Minting, the good but unlucky one, and Bendigo, the hero of a hundred fights and a popular idol, met on that famous Ascot Friday will always rank as a red-letter one. The attendance was enormous, the pent-up excitement well-nigh unbearable towards the finish, and the furore as Ormonde's great stride got him home by a neck only from Minting absolutely indescribable. The winner was sold later to a foreign purchaser for twelve thousand pounds, but before he died an American owner was content to pay thirty-one thousand two hundred and fifty pounds for the Derby winner of 1886.

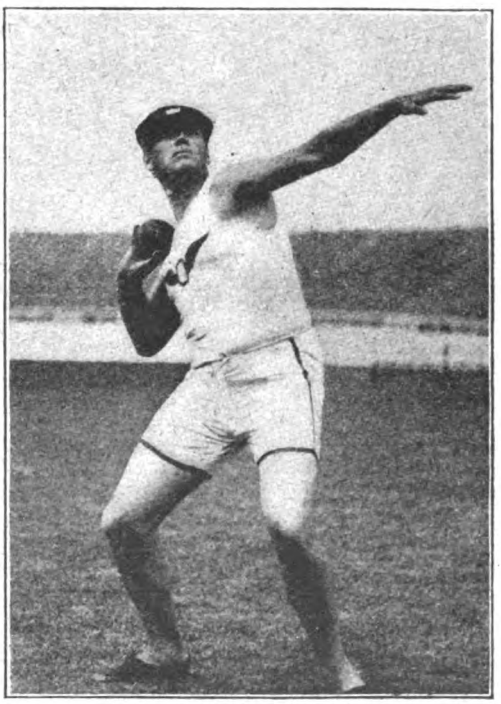
In these days, when psychology has attained a new and deserved importance, the late Mr. Henry Thompson's "ghostly tip" incident is worth recalling. It caused a sensation at the time, and is vouched for by his brother, Lieut.-Col. R. F. Meysey-Thompson. The famous horseman had under his charge the favourite for the coming Goodwood Stakes, which was sent from Yorkshire some days before the meeting commenced, as there were few trains at that time, and race-horses had frequently to travel by road. It was therefore necessary that they should arrive a few days before a race to recover from the fatigue of the journey. Mr. Thompson followed a few days later, and, having heard there was a famous spirit-rapper in London, he decided to go and see his performance before his coach left for Sussex. He did so, and when the company were asked if anyone would like to communicate with any particular spirit, he invoked the great trainer, Bill Scott. So Bill was called up. The very vigorous and characteristic language that was rapped out convinced Mr. Thompson* that the shade of the trainer was really present. He asked, "Who will win the Goodwood Stakes?" and at once got the reply, "You won't." Much taken aback, he asked why, and swiftly came the response, "*Because he has broken down.*" As nobody knew his identity, or his connection with the horse, he was sufficiently impressed by the

* He lost over a hundred thousand pounds on this race alone.

* Mr. Thompson was not only very famous for his powers as a mesmerist, but to-day would have been as interested as Sir Oliver Lodge in psychical research.

information to go at once to Tattersall's, before starting for Goodwood, and hedge all his money he had put on the favourite. Upon reaching the stables the trainer exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad you have come." "I know why," replied Mr. Thompson; "because the horse has broken down." The trainer was dumbfounded, and said, "How do you know? There wasn't a soul in the saddle-room this morning, and I've kept him there ever since we got back." "Ah," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "I have a tout you know nothing about," and then related his spirit-rapping experiences.

Hunting has been responsible for innumerable sensational incidents, notably that fearful catastrophe on February 4th, 1869, when six followers of the York and Ainsty Hounds were drowned when crossing in a ferry-boat not far from Newby Weir. The boat was foolishly overloaded, and no sooner did it get into the stream than the water rushed over its sides. So closely packed were men and horses that it swayed once or twice badly and then capsized. It was a case of *sauve qui peut*, and, unfortunately, Sir Charles Slingsby and five of his hunting colleagues lost their lives, as well as nine out of eleven valuable horses. Yorkshire long mourned some of the best horsemen imaginable, and in Sir Charles probably the very best gentleman-huntsman who has ever lived.



MR. RALPH ROSE,
THE AMERICAN WEIGHT-PUTTER, WHO ESTABLISHED A WORLD'S RECORD IN 1904.
Photo, Sport and General.

Closely allied to hunting is steeplechasing. Sensational leaps have been accomplished by several noted steeplechase horses. Mr. Frank Barchard's Sailor once cleared thirty feet on Bullingdon Common, near Oxford, in order to settle a dinner-wager made over "the walnuts and wine." And it is pretty certain that Emblem cleared thirty-six feet over water, with a stiff hedge on the take-off side, a fortnight or so before winning the Grand National in 1863. But Major William Peel's Chandler is credited with having cleared thirty-nine feet at Warwick a few years later. Thirteen yards seems an impossible feat for anything but a leopard or a kangaroo, yet the feat is generally accepted as a record, despite the incredulity of various experts to this day.

Mr. James R. Keene's wonderful trotting horse Sam Purday figured in a tragical episode in America some few years ago. He was down with colic, and, as no "vet" was within reach, several ordinary physicians were called upon to give him relief. They all declined on the score of the dignity of their profession. As a last resource, and in the hope that a strong physical effort might remove the cause of the colic, Sam Purday was literally dragged to the nearest track. The fire of his racing blood was evidently rekindled at the sight of the oval. The game horse forgot his sufferings and, with the determination of a Christian martyr, lifted his head and raced as he had rarely raced before. But the machinery cracked as he proudly swept down the home stretch. At the judge's stand he stopped as if a bullet had pierced his brain, and when the group of watchers reached him he was stone dead. Thus died a horse whose trainer, Major Daingerfield, subsequently declared was worth more to the State of Virginia than the whole body of medical men put together.

Athletics proper have resulted in many sensational episodes from time to time. A case in point was the one hundred and thirty-five yards running match between A. Postle, the great Australian sprinter, and the well-known trotting horse Fred Stockman, on April 15th, 1908. A long and heated controversy had been raging as regards the respective speed of man and horse under equal conditions, and this probably accounted for the immense interest taken in this novel contest. Long odds were wagered on the horse, but Postle got a magnificent start and ran clean away from him. This appeared decisive. The controversy raged even louder subsequently, however, and all kinds of different tests were demanded, but without response.

In 1904 a new American weight-putter, Mr. Ralph Rose, created a mild sensation by easily beating all existing records with a "put" of forty-eight feet three and a half inches—which established a world's record. The young Pennsylvania University student was a veritable son of Anak—as will be seen from the accompanying photograph—standing six feet six inches in his shoes and scaling over twelve stone at the age of nineteen. As he had frequently got near

to fifty feet in practice, it was hoped he would be the first athlete to reach that mark; but, alas! death claimed him before he could do so. If report be correct, Mr. Rose was once the hero of an unrehearsed hammer-throw by which he nearly killed one of the onlookers. But the incident is by no means unique. Mr. T. Upcher, of O.U.A.C. hurdle fame, did almost the same thing on the old Marston Ground in the 'seventies. In his eccentric energies with the hammer the St. John's College man badly broke his own scout's* arm.

A propos of Oxford athleticism, the brothers N. G. and C. M. Chavasse, twin sons of the Bishop of Liverpool, and both distinguished Blues, used to create endless excitement while together at Trinity College. They were alike as two peas, honest rivalry was ultra-keen between them on the track, and they were splendidly matched at any distance from the "hundred" to the "quarter." Whenever they met in a race they invariably finished closely locked together, and were the despair of judges and referees alike. Oftener than not a serious consultation had to take place ere a verdict could be arrived at. On one occasion when it had been given to "N. G.," the very judge who had been positive about his success was observed heartily congratulating "C. M." upon getting the better of a great finish! As in sport, so in war: these noble brothers also excelled later in the greatest of all games.

President P. J. Baker (C.U.A.C.) was the hero of a striking episode at the 1910 Inter-'Varsity Sports. He won both the mile and the half-mile races, the latter while practically a cripple. After victory in the longer race and his return to the dressing-room it was found that his foot had swollen considerably, so he at once gave up any idea of competing in the "half," which was the last event of the programme. So keenly were these sports contested, however, that it happened victory or defeat rested upon that very race. Upon hearing this Mr. Baker insisted upon running, medical and other expert advice despite. He did so, and won amidst wild enthusiasm, but his final spurt must have caused him much agony. It was afterwards found he had ruptured every tendon in his foot! As the outcome the King's College man had to go on crutches for over a month.

THE TWIN BROTHERS, N. G. AND C. M. CHAVASSE, THE FAMOUS OXFORD ATHLETES.

"THEY WERE ALIKE AS TWO PEAS AND WERE THE DESPAIR OF JUDGES AND REFEREES."

Photos. Sport and Genera'.

Sensational shooting feats have been many and varied. A man named Topperwein, who hailed from Texas, once accomplished the task of shooting at hand-thrown targets for ten days continuously. He used two ·22-bore rifles, firing five hundred shots with each in turn, and the marks were two and a half inch wood cubes, which were thrown up from a point twenty feet away from the marksman. He fired seventy-two thousand five hundred shots in the ten days, and

* Oxford College servants are called "scouts," those at Cambridge "gyps."

only missed nine times! At one stage he shot several series of over thirteen thousand without missing once. The feat was almost as remarkable for the endurance shown as for the marksmanship, as he shot without a break for eight hours each day.

The Roberts *v.* Stevenson match of eighteen thousand up, in 1905, probably produced the most sensational vicissitudes yet recorded in the history of billiards. The game was for a stake of five hundred pounds, and Roberts conceded a start of two thousand. Seats during the play were invariably at a premium. Peers, M.P.s, High Court judges, and notabilities in every sphere of life were present; while the general public anxiously followed the progress of the fight by means of voluminous newspaper accounts. During the first session Roberts was quite outplayed. At the end of the third Stevenson was leading by two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five points, and his supporters would not hear of his defeat. But they reckoned without the superb generalship of the (then) champion. He shortly afterwards "staggered humanity" by scoring one thousand two hundred and ninety-one points while his rival was amassing four hundred and thirty-four. When he took the lead on the second Tuesday afternoon a scene of wild enthusiasm was witnessed, and, theoretically, his victory appeared certain. Recovering his nerve and form in wonderful fashion, however, at only two of the subsequent sessions did Stevenson fail to again out-point his great rival. Leading by seven hundred and fifty-nine points at the last, he finally won an historic match by one thousand five hundred and twenty points.

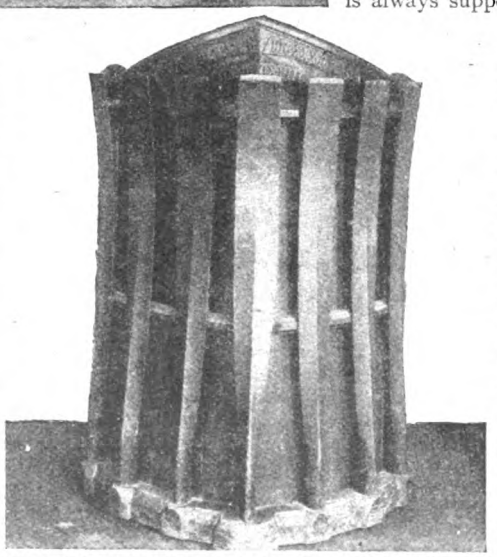
THE REV. SIDNEY SWANN,
THE FAMOUS CAMBRIDGE BLUE, WHO ROWED ACROSS THE CHANNEL IN RECORD TIME WHEN FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

In June, 1879, Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the professional sculler, created a world-wide sensation by easily defeating all the recognized champions of the day in rapid succession. It was almost bewildering to see him dispose of Edward Trickett, the Australian champion—then supposed to be worth backing against anybody in the world—with the utmost ease. On several occasions he got so far ahead of his opponents as to be able to stop, read a paper, and then row on to victory with unruffled coolness. By some he was accused of trickery, one critic going so far as to say he had hidden machinery somewhere in his boat, but he smiled at such insinuations, as he had smiled at his rivals' attempts to beat him. The secret of his amazing success was vigour of style coupled with a perfect knowledge of sliding-seat rowing, then in its infancy. No other sculler has ever created such a furore in aquatic circles as did this wiry, spare-set Canadian.

That ever-famous old Cambridge rowing Blue, the Rev. Sidney Swann, Vicar of Holbrook, Derby, in 1911 accomplished the wondrous feat of rowing across the Channel, from Dover to Sangatte, east of Calais, in faster time by far than had ever been done before—*i.e.*, three hours fifty minutes. The value of his performance can best be estimated when a Frenchman, M. Charles Ovium, who rowed from Boulogne to Folkestone in seven hours fifteen minutes, is said to have held the record previously. Mr. Swann was *fifty years of age* when he made this record! He had many drawbacks to contend with, notably a good idea of wash from a large East India liner for some distance, but, rowing a powerful stroke at an average of twenty-seven per minute, he safely grounded his boat on the French beach, where he received a warm reception.

Mr. Swann, who has performed similar doughty deeds in other countries and in many sports, must be dubbed one of the very best all-round athletes of this or any other age. When in Japan he "won most things started for on land and sea," as "Who's Who" tells us: "rowing

hurdling, cycling, running, pole-jumping, weight-putting, and hammer-throwing." And he was the first to cycle round Syria. For the rest, in a truly eventful career he has cycled from Land's End to John o' Groats, rowed a home-made boat from Crosby Vicarage down the rapids of Eden to the sea, represented his University against Oxford at rowing and cycling, and only in September last, *at the age of fifty-five*, beat Lieutenant J. P. Muller's land-and-water record by the big margin of two minutes fifty-nine seconds. The task was to cycle, walk, paddle a canoe, scull, and swim half a mile each inside half an hour. Lieutenant Muller's time only a few days previously was twenty-nine minutes nineteen and two-fifths seconds. Outside all this, Mr. Swann has built several flying machines, and during the present war driven a motor-ambulance in Belgium.



TWO VIEWS OF THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOATING CLUB.

THIS CHAIR WAS MADE FROM THE BOAT WHICH CARRIED THE FAMOUS "SEVEN-OARED" EIGHT TO VICTORY IN THE MOST SENSATIONAL BOAT-RACE ON RECORD. *Photos* [*Gilman.*

The most sensational Boat Race was undoubtedly that between Oxford and Cambridge decided over the Henley course in 1843. The Cambridge Subscription Rooms' rowers, who in 1842–43 had proved superior to the Cambridge University Boating Club crew, refused to allow a substitute for Mr. F. Menzies, the Oxford stroke, who had fallen ill at the eleventh hour, in the final of the Grand Challenge race, so the Oxonians decided to do their best *with seven oars*. Number seven was moved to stroke, and bow to Number seven, the bow thwart being left vacant. Before Remenham was reached it was seen the Dark Blues were holding their own, and ultimately they won by nearly a length, as an old-time ditty had it, "like thoroughbred Oxford men." The scene at the finish was unparalleled even for Henley in those days.

Mr. George Hughes, the stroke of this famous "seven-oared" eight, was perhaps one of the best all-round athletes and scholars that Oxford has ever produced. He took a double-first in the "Schools," gained his colours for rowing and cricket, and in his decadence, after going down from the 'Varsity, he was so badly bitten with the golf mania, and so severely affected, that in 1870 he won the All England Championship. These feats doubtless qualified him to become a J.P. for Herefordshire. His brother and biographer was the author of the immortal "Tom Brown."

The boat which carried this ever-famous crew had a history of its own, unique as the race which immortalized her. She won all her races for two years, and was then laid by in dignified repose. In later years she was purchased by Mr. Alderman Randall, of Oxford, who presented to the Oxford University Boating Club a chair made of that section of her which carried the coxswain's seat. This and other aquatic relics are still to be seen in the Oxford University Barge on the Isis.* The 1877 Inter-'Varsity race, which Oxford is always supposed to have won comfortably, was the most sensational *finish* in its history.

Mr. B. H. Howell, the American-Cambridge sculler and English champion in 1898–99, provided as big a sensation as has ever been witnessed in the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Pitted in the final heat of 1900 against Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, University College, Oxford, a terrific race was won by the latter, but only after a final spurt by Howell which fairly electrified the spectators. Such a one will probably never be witnessed again at the Royal meeting. The winner, now the celebrated King's

* These relics include the leaders of the seven victorious oars and the Sèvres vases given for a four-oared race on the Seine in 1867 by the Empress Eugénie, won by a crew of Old Etonians.

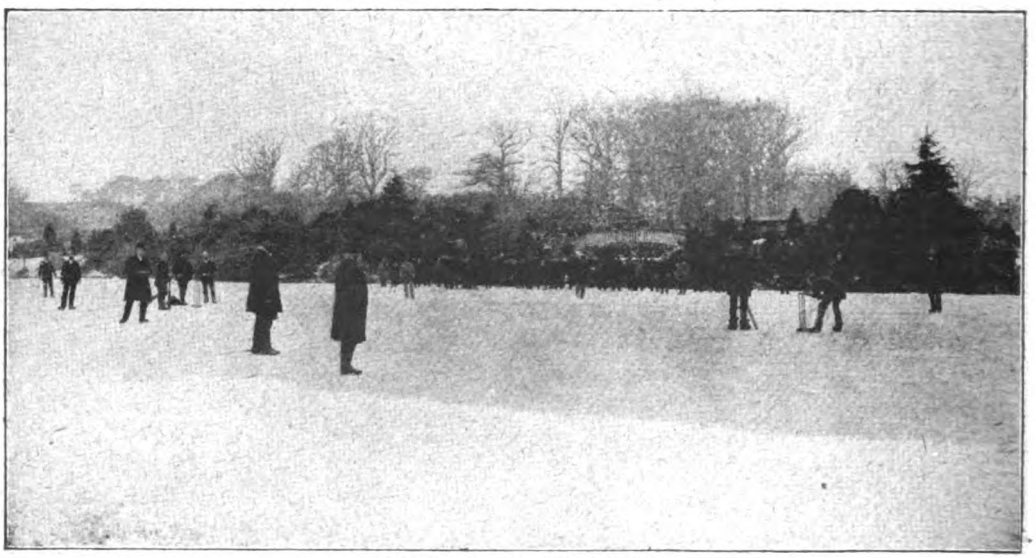
Counsel and M.P., was, however, fully equal to the occasion.

For the same race in 1889 Mr. Guy Nickalls and Mr. Psotta, the Canadian champion, provided another sensation. The Oxonian caught a bad crab soon after the start, which almost upset him. By a great effort he kept afloat, but by that time Psotta had gone away. Nickalls went after him in hot pursuit, and pulled so grandly that he was soon on equal terms again. Then the Canadian feared his fate. Opposite Remenham Rectory he stole a glance at his rival, and then he knew. Almost at once he began to roll, he dropped his head, and was a beaten man. The sculler who "caught a crab" and almost had to swim for it, finally won by something like a hundred yards!

Those readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who believe in omens may, perhaps, look upon the final heat of the Stewards' Cup of 1914—the last Henley meeting before the war—as an auspicious one. The Leander four, stroked by Mr. R. C. Bourne, was pitted against the far heavier and better-trained German crew, representing the Mayence Rowing Club. The visitors had won innumerable trophies on the Continent, including the so-called "Championship of Europe," and for some time, at least, they looked all over the winners. They were a good length ahead at the half-distance. Bourne then spurted in characteristic style and came up so fast that Leander were practically level at the bottom of Phyllis Court, at which point Number three in the German boat collapsed, and the Englishmen won a truly titanic struggle. Will the same wearing-down tactics prevail in the grimmer struggle between the same nations now being fought out?

Many people will remember, with a shiver and a shudder, the long, sad, and severe winter of 1878-79, commencing as it did in October, 1878, and continuing, with more or less severity, up to the middle of May. But they may not know that cricketers were swift to take opportunity by the hand even thus. Dozens of games were played on the ice daily. In one of them, at Partington Carrs, Mr. D. Hearfield scored a hundred and five (not out). In another, at Eridge Park, Lord Henry Neville carried out his bat for seventy—a remarkably good innings. Two years later a great game was played at Sheffield Park by some well-known Sussex cricketers, who distinguished themselves greatly. Owing to a thaw, however, it could not be finished.

Lawn-tennis has produced endless sensations, but rarely one so profound as the Championship Final at Wimbledon in 1898, between Mr. Pim, the Irish champion, and Dr. E. W. Lewis, who had been called "the quintessence of brilliance." The Irishman, who was shortly to become invincible, had only recently recovered from typhoid fever, while the brilliant Lewis, the "uncrowned champion," as he was also called, was in magnificent form. He soon outplayed his rival, and, *with but one stroke to secure victory*, drove his adversary well beyond the base line. Pim was *in extremis*, and could do nothing but return the ball straight at Lewis, who had the stroke absolutely at his mercy. He had only to tap the ball down—anywhere would have done—to win the match. But he attempted too much and volleyed it, a ball's breadth outside his own back line. Never again did he come within an ace of his goal! The game, the set, and finally the match went to Pim, whose reserve of stamina made him superior at the finish.



CRICKET ON THE ICE.

WELL-KNOWN SUSSEX PLAYERS TAKING PART IN A GAME AT SHEFFIELD PARK.

Photo. Hawkins.

THE MOONLIGHT RAIDER.

By

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

Illustrated by Tom Peddie.

THE sound of the firing died away fitfully until it could no longer be heard by the two men listening within the lamp-lit room.

Claud Barry had sat motionless, holding a priceless little bit of Limoges enamel daintily in the finger and thumb of one hand, longer than he would have supposed possible.

On the opposite side of the hearth sat his new acquaintance, a man whose name was Kempthorne.

They were in the drawing-room of the small but luxuriously-appointed house in the Campden Hill region, where Barry resided when in town. It contained his more or less famous collection of curios, amassed during some years of idling in the old cities of Europe with a full purse and a nice judgment. Kempthorne, a young barrister with more brains than practice and more taste than money, had long desired to examine the treasures of the able connoisseur, and this was the first time he had dined in Linley Square.

They had made acquaintance in the trenches, and now that both were at home, one with a stiff knee, the other with a delicate throat, they found themselves at leisure to follow up a beginning based on congenial tastes.

The intrusion of the air-raid commotion upon their pleasant evening was a thing to be resented, though it could raise neither surprise nor alarm.

The barrage had been increasing and diminishing in intensity as the harassed invaders flew hither and thither to escape it. Now, for the third time, the mutter of the "Archies" died away, and Kempthorne tossed the stump of his cigar upon the fire.

"Dare I beg you to put up with me for a bit longer?" he asked. "The Tubes will be impassable, no taxis plying, and I don't feel keen upon a five-mile walk in the open until the 'All Clear' has been given out."

Barry's reply was to touch the electric bell-push, and to the man-servant who appeared in reply he gave the quiet order:—

"Mr. Kempthorne remains for the night, Bush."

"Yes, sir," said Bush, calmly, removing coffee-cups from the small carved sandalwood table which stood at his master's elbow, and substituting clean tumblers and a full decanter.

"This is more than kind, Barry," began Kempthorne.

"Less would be less than human," replied Barry, smiling. "I ought to have suggested your staying the night when I gave the invitation. Five miles return journey is enough to put anyone off any excursion, however pleasant, in these non-petrol days."

Kempthorne murmured his hearty thanks, and let himself sink back more securely into the luxury of his almost incredibly easy chair.

The moss-green curtains, of silky velvet, with appliqué border of mingled delicate shades, shut away the world outside, and enclosed the two men in a haven where all was peace and super-comfort. The visitor thought, not for the first time that night, what a charming fellow Barry was, and wondered that he had never married.

"What story lies behind that good firm brow, those honest eyes, those friendly lips?" he mused. "Surely that is not the character to prefer bachelor ease to the far more exquisite happiness of harmonious marriage?"

Bush came in noiselessly with hot water and lemons, made up the fire, and turned to his master.

"Shall you be wanting anything more, sir?"

"Nothing, I think, if you have provided Mr. Kempthorne's room with all he is likely to need?"

"I've seen to that, sir."

"Then I think you might all go to bed," replied Barry, with a glance at the clock. "It seems to be all over."

The man withdrew, and after a short pause the host took up his guest's entertainment at the point where it had broken off. His chief treasure, a Benvenuto Cellini casket in carven gold, was produced, and the adventure whereby he had become its possessor recounted. Kempthorne listened spell-bound. It was hard to believe that the man in a dinner jacket, seated in so much comfort here in London, could likewise be the weary, muddy subaltern of Armentières, and, furthermore, the young Haroun al-Raschid of the Arabian-Nights kind of story now in the telling.

Then suddenly, into the midst of their enjoyment, fell a crash—one huge eruption of sound from the silence of the cloudless night, which brought each man, with a start, to his feet.

Hard upon it, the anti-aircraft guns broke into full cry. Coughing, barking, booming, they tore up the stillness, and set the tormented air reeling with the continual shock of fresh concussions.

As in a thunder-storm it is the thunder which alarms, but the noiseless lightning which kills, so in an air-raid it is the defence of the guns which strikes terror to the heart, and the invisible foe above who hurls the swift destruction.

The buhl clock upon the chimney-piece—it had once belonged to Marie Antoinette—struck the hour. One o'clock in the morning.

The crash had been so near, so appallingly loud, that the two men sought each other's faces to see what they should say or do next. Neither of them fancied a withdrawal to the cellars.

A further sound now broke in upon the battle overhead. Someone was knocking—knocking imperatively, with crashing, vigorous strokes, upon the street door.

"The police!" exclaimed Barry, realizing that the household had gone to bed. "Can the fools have left a light burning somewhere?"

He hastened out into the hall, his friend following closely. It was a spacious hall, for upon taking the house, Barry, who did not require many rooms, had thrown the front room into the passage, and so made a very charming vestibule.

It lay now in complete darkness, but the master of the house touched a switch as he reached the door, and its light fell upon the person who stood without.

It was a young lady—carrying a suit-case, clutching an umbrella, and with a countenance so distorted by the extremity of terror that one could pass no verdict upon her appearance.

Without waiting to be invited, she actually pushed past Barry into the hall, let fall what she carried, and, turning upon him, made a violent gesture to indicate that he should shut the door. He did so almost mechanically, while she stood, holding on tightly by the carved corner of the staircase, and trying in vain to speak. After a few convulsive efforts she abandoned the attempt, her head drooped, and, her hands failing to maintain their hold upon the rail, she subsided into a heap on the floor.

Barry sprang forward, but she was not fainting. She motioned him back, and at last succeeded in saying something they could understand.

"Not—ill. Only knees—gave way. Can't—won't—go outside again!"

As she spoke, Kempthorne came slowly forward and stood gazing down at her. There was a curious light in his eyes. She had pulled off a little travelling hat, and the light gilded the edges of her clustering fair hair. Her head was thrown backward, and there was an appeal to melt the stoniest heart in the lines of her slender throat.

"Wine, do you think?" suggested the young man, doubtfully.

Barry, standing the other side of her, nodded silently. As Kempthorne went back into the drawing-room to fetch it, he stooped over the girl, put his arms firmly about her, and lifted her to her feet, which failed to support her. She drooped, leaning against him, while her breath came in little pants, almost like sobs.

"Are you hurt?" asked Barry, softly. "Did anything strike you?"

She shook her head. She seemed to have reached the very end of her forces. Kempthorne appeared, carrying a full glass.

"She's had an awful shock," said Barry, taking her hand in his. "She's positively cold with terror. Let us take her in and put her by the fire before we administer that."

It ended in his almost carrying her to the fireside, and gently depositing her in the chair he had so lately vacated.

There was an anxious silence while they administered the stimulant and watched for its effect. For what seemed a long while the

girl lay supine, her beautiful little head upon the cushions, her breathing growing gradually less laboured.

Presently Barry offered more wine. Upon that, with a smile, she motioned it away; and presently sat up, looking wonderingly around her.

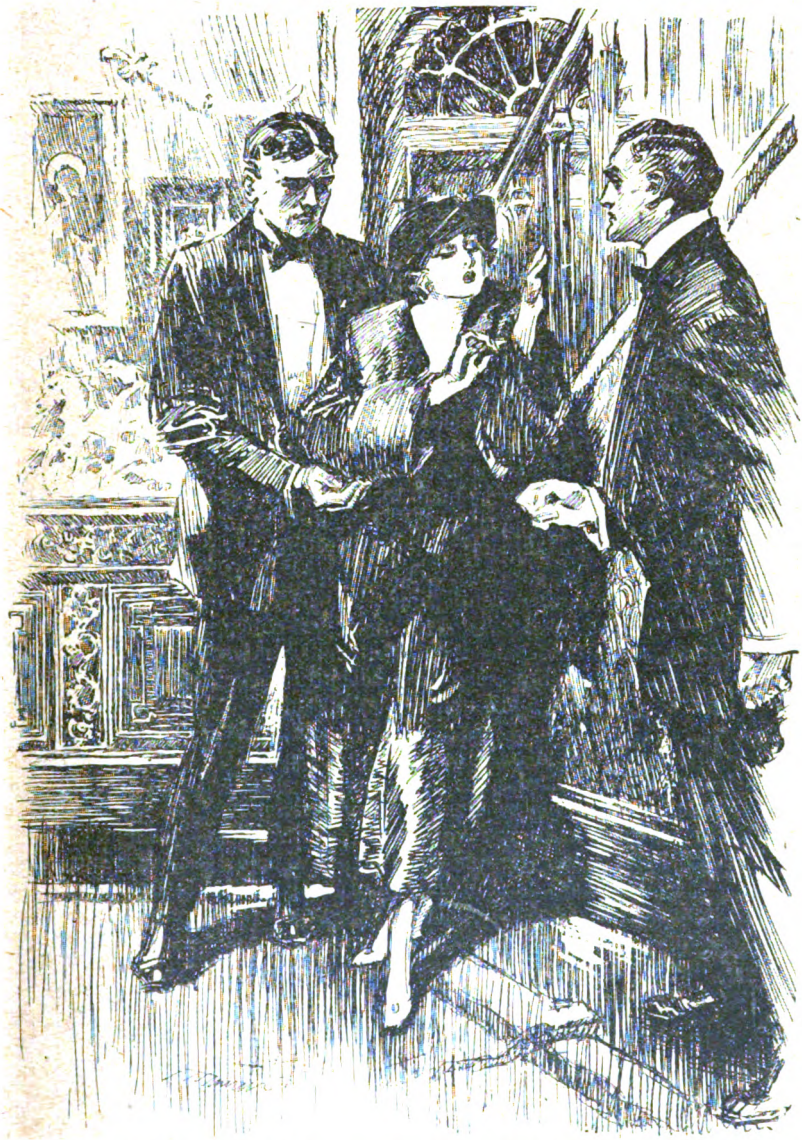
The guns were still thundering in ever-recurring bursts of fury. But in the harmonious, carefully-enclosed room, all was peace. She seemed to relax under the spell of the warmth and quiet.

"I think—I hope—you're fairly safe here," said Barry, hesitatingly. "But if you prefer the cellar——"

She shook her head as she glanced up at him with a charming mixture of deprecation and daring. "Oh, I have behaved outrageously," said she. "I can't think how I *could!* Did I actually knock at your door and insist upon your letting me in?"

"That's about it; the wisest thing you could do," returned her host, promptly.

"How kind you are! I am beginning



"SHE STOOD, HOLDING ON TIGHTLY BY THE CARVED CORNER OF THE STAIRCASE, AND TRYING IN VAIN TO SPEAK."

to collect my scattered wits a little now. But I saw—— Oh!" covering her eyes with a smothered cry, "I simply can't tell you what I saw."

"No, no, don't!" cried Barry, soothingly; but he could not stop her now that she had begun.

"It was dark just there, I only saw that there was *something* on the pavement—and I stopped to look—oh!—— And after that I ran and ran, till I felt I could not carry my bag one step farther! And just then came that crash—terrific—the whole earth rocked! I just ran up the steps of the house I happened to be passing. I thought—'If they have all gone to bed—if they leave me out here on the door-step, I shall die of sheer terror.'"

On that she paused, but after a minute looked up and cried out hurriedly: "I can't go out again! I'm sorry, but I daren't venture into the street! You won't ask me to, will you?"

"You shall do exactly as you like," said Barry, quietly. His calm and his decision had their due effect. After eating a biscuit and sipping a little more wine, she became more natural and calmer; the fact that the tumult of the firing was subsiding contributing materially to her recovery.

Now that she sat there in comfort, almost completely reassured, one saw that she was a beautiful girl, with a beauty of an uncommon type, rather more brilliant, or more subtle, than the English style. Her turn-out was expensive and distinguished; as the warmth of the fire caused her to open the cloak which had wrapped her—black supple satin edged with fur—it could be seen that she was wearing an evening-gown of pale-tinted silk, with a bodice composed mainly of chiffon. Evidently she had hastily clad herself for walking through the streets, and she laughed and blushed when presently her eyes fell upon her flesh-coloured silk stockings and her satin shoes.

"How horrid I look!" said she, shamefacedly. "Just like they do on the stage when they run away in the middle of the night! Well, that is just what I have done; and I am afraid I thought more of collecting my special treasures than of changing my most inappropriate frock!"

The two men were silent, but for suitable murmurs of sympathy. It seemed they waited to hear more; and in response to their unspoken invitation, she continued:—

"I live in a flat—the top floor of Bedruthan Mansions—you know it?" They both assented. "My aunt and uncle live with me, but my uncle has been away, doing a cure at Bournemouth. Last week he was taken ill and my aunt went off to him, leaving me alone. I had various engagements to keep in town, and I never thought of raids. Somehow it was unexpectedly terrifying to find myself alone, upon the very top of that high place. I—I bore it for a couple of nights, but when it began again to-night, it simply broke down my nerve, and I felt I could not bear it. I didn't stop to think, but packed a few things and dashed downstairs. There the porter told me I could not get a taxi, and urged me to go and sit in the basement, but I was beyond reach of reason, and I thought, as there was a Waterloo Tube Station so near, I would risk it and make a dash. Out in the street it was terrible. The people, the awful scene—I really don't know where I went, nor how I got here."

"Well," said Barry, good-humouredly, "if a raider gets you here, it shall be over our dead bodies, I promise you."

She smiled at him, leaning back in the huge chair, in which she lay rather like a flower on a long stem. Kempthorne was suddenly oddly conscious of being number three.

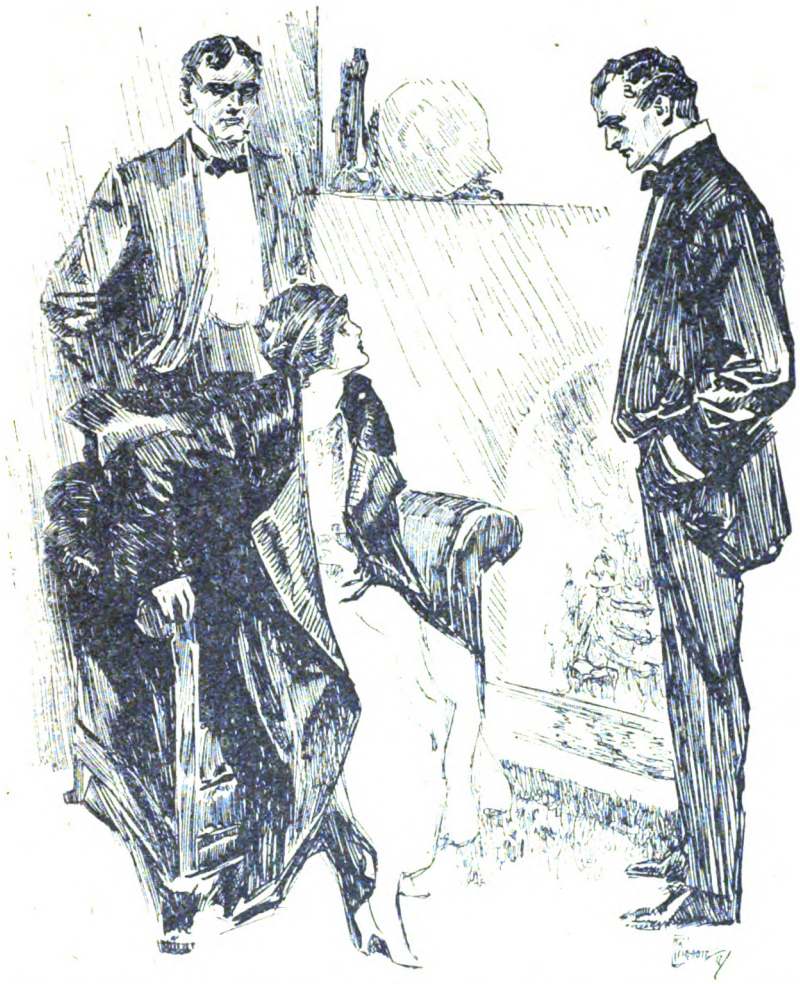
Barry suggested that she should wait until the "All Clear" signal was given out, and that his friend and he would then escort her anywhere she liked—perhaps to the house of some friend where she could shelter.

She looked doubtful. "I would have to know people very intimately to be knocking them up between three and four o'clock in the morning—that is if I was in my right senses at the moment," she corrected herself, with a flitting smile. "As a matter of fact, I hardly know anybody just round here, for we came to London from the West of England, and have only lived here a few months. No! I'll go back to Bedruthan Mansions as soon as it is safe."

"You certainly mustn't go before," said Barry, his fine face kindling as he leaned forward, all his being focused upon the beauty of the stranger beside his hearth.

Kempthorne could not help wondering whether the air-raid had deposited upon his friend's doorstep something almost as disintegrating in its effects upon his life as a bomb would have been. He stirred uneasily as he marked the knight-errant expression upon Barry's eloquent face. He looked repeatedly, but very guardedly, from one to the other, marking the give and take—the invitation and the response—both of which seemed to be more than half unconscious.

Time passed on, and no "All Clear" bugles



"THE GIRL STARTED UPRIGHT, AND HER FACE OF CONSTERNATION WAS AMUSING."

were heard. Barry rose and went to the window, parting the curtains and gazing out into the empty stillness of the moon-flooded square.

He sauntered back, and spoke, standing behind the visitor's chair.

"You can't go," he began to say, when a peculiar smile and gesture of the head from Kempthorne made him come round to the hearth and look more closely. The girl had fallen asleep, almost instantaneously.

She was so attractive in her helpless lassitude as she lay there in the subdued light of the carefully-screened lamps that the colour came up slowly under Barry's dark skin and he stood motionless, unaware how expressive was his face of what he felt.

Kempthorne, perhaps intentionally, moved his foot so that the poker was dislodged, and fell with a clatter. The girl started upright, and her face of consternation was amusing.

"Oh!" she said; and again "*Oh!*" continuing hurriedly, "I don't know how to apologize. You see, I have had no sleep for the past three nights, and I feel as if I simply *can't* keep awake. If"—her look grew wistful and she seemed to beseech Barry with her eyes—"if you would both go to bed and let me stay here, by this delicious fire—I should be *so* comfortable, and it would not be putting you to much trouble, would it?"

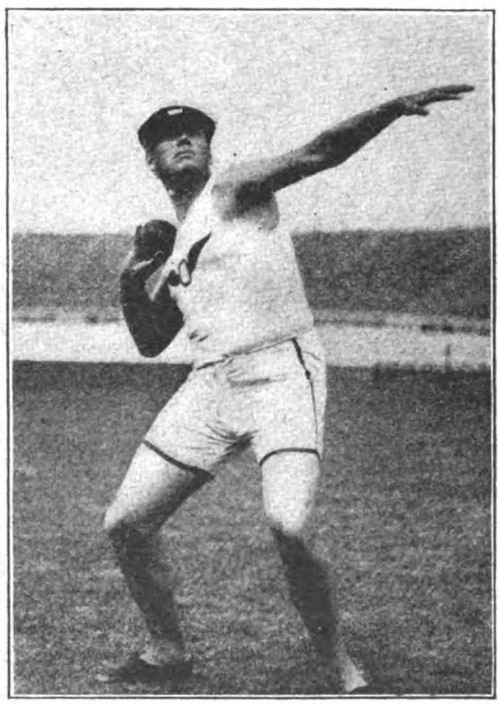
"If you will honour me so far," began Barry, halting ridiculously.

She dropped her lids. "You have been so kind—otherwise I should not dare to ask it. But I know I am safe—here."

There was a meaning, tremulous but evident, in her voice, which referred to a

information to go at once to Tattersall's, before starting for Goodwood, and hedge all his money he had put on the favourite. Upon reaching the stables the trainer exclaimed, "Oh, I'm so glad you have come." "I know why," replied Mr. Thompson; "because the horse has broken down." The trainer was dumbfounded, and said, "How do you know? There wasn't a soul in the saddle-room this morning, and I've kept him there ever since we got back." "Ah," exclaimed Mr. Thompson, "I have a tout you know nothing about," and then related his spirit-rapping experiences.

Hunting has been responsible for innumerable sensational incidents, notably that fearful catastrophe on February 4th, 1869, when six followers of the York and Ainsty Hounds were drowned when crossing in a ferry-boat not far from Newby Weir. The boat was foolishly overloaded, and no sooner did it get into the stream than the water rushed over its sides. So closely packed were men and horses that it swayed once or twice badly and then capsized. It was a case of *sauve qui peut*, and, unfortunately, Sir Charles Slingsby and five of his hunting colleagues lost their lives, as well as nine out of eleven valuable horses. Yorkshire long mourned some of the best horsemen imaginable, and in Sir Charles probably the very best gentleman-huntsman who has ever lived.



MR. RALPH ROSE,
THE AMERICAN WEIGHT-PUTTER, WHO ESTABLISHED A WORLD'S RECORD IN 1904.
Photo, Sport and General.

Closely allied to hunting is steeplechasing. Sensational leaps have been accomplished by several noted steeplechase horses. Mr. Frank Barchard's Sailor once cleared thirty feet on Bullingdon Common, near Oxford, in order to settle a dinner-wager made over "the walnuts and wine." And it is pretty certain that Emblem cleared thirty-six feet over water, with a stiff hedge on the take-off side, a fortnight or so before winning the Grand National in 1863. But Major William Peel's Chandler is credited with having cleared thirty-nine feet at Warwick a few years later. Thirteen yards seems an impossible feat for anything but a leopard or a kangaroo, yet the feat is generally accepted as a record, despite the incredulity of various experts to this day.

Mr. James R. Keene's wonderful trotting horse Sam Purday figured in a tragical episode in America some few years ago. He was down with colic, and, as no "vet" was within reach, several ordinary physicians were called upon to give him relief. They all declined on the score of the dignity of their profession. As a last resource, and in the hope that a strong physical effort might remove the cause of the colic, Sam Purday was literally dragged to the nearest track. The fire of his racing blood was evidently rekindled at the sight of the oval. The game horse forgot his sufferings and, with the determination of a Christian martyr, lifted his head and raced as he had rarely raced before. But the machinery cracked as he proudly swept down the home stretch. At the judge's stand he stopped as if a bullet had pierced his brain, and when the group of watchers reached him he was stone dead. Thus died a horse whose trainer, Major Daingerfield, subsequently declared was worth more to the State of Virginia than the whole body of medical men put together.

Athletics proper have resulted in many sensational episodes from time to time. A case in point was the one hundred and thirty-five yards running match between A. Postle, the great Australian sprinter, and the well-known trotting horse Fred Stockman, on April 15th, 1908. A long and heated controversy had been raging as regards the respective speed of man and horse under equal conditions, and this probably accounted for the immense interest taken in this novel contest. Long odds were wagered on the horse, but Postle got a magnificent start and ran clean away from him. This appeared decisive. The controversy raged even louder subsequently, however, and all kinds of different tests were demanded, but without response.

In 1904 a new American weight-putter, Mr. Ralph Rose, created a mild sensation by easily beating all existing records with a "put" of forty-eight feet three and a half inches—which established a world's record. The young Pennsylvania University student was a veritable son of Anak—as will be seen from the accompanying photograph—standing six feet six inches in his shoes and scaling over twelve stone at the age of nineteen. As he had frequently got near

to fifty feet in practice, it was hoped he would be the first athlete to reach that mark; but, alas! death claimed him before he could do so. If report be correct, Mr. Rose was once the hero of an unrehearsed hammer-throw by which he nearly killed one of the onlookers. But the incident is by no means unique. Mr. T. Upcher, of O.U.A.C. hurdle-fame, did almost the same thing on the old Marston Ground in the 'seventies. In his eccentric energies with the hammer the St. John's College man badly broke his own scout's* arm.

A propos of Oxford athleticism, the brothers N. G. and C. M. Chavasse, twin sons of the Bishop of Liverpool, and both distinguished Blues, used to create endless excitement while together at Trinity College. They were alike as two peas, honest rivalry was ultra-keen between them on the track, and they were splendidly matched at any distance from the "hundred" to the "quarter." Whenever they met in a race they invariably finished closely locked together, and were the despair of judges and referees alike. Oftener than not a serious consultation had to take place ere a verdict could be arrived at. On one occasion when it had been given to "N. G.," the very judge who had been positive about his success was observed heartily congratulating "C. M." upon getting the better of a great finish! As in sport, so in war: these noble brothers also excelled later in the greatest of all games.

President P. J. Baker (C.U.A.C.) was the hero of a striking episode at the 1910 Inter-'Varsity Sports. He won both the mile and the half-mile races, the latter while practically a cripple. After victory in the longer race and his return to the dressing-room it was found that his foot had swollen considerably, so he at once gave up any idea of competing in the "half," which was the last event of the programme. So keenly were these sports contested, however, that it happened victory or defeat rested upon that very race. Upon hearing this Mr. Baker insisted upon running, medical and other expert advice despite. He did so, and won amidst wild enthusiasm, but his final spurt must have caused him much agony. It was afterwards found he had ruptured every tendon in his foot! As the outcome the King's College man had to go on crutches for over a month.

THE TWIN BROTHERS, N. G. AND C. M. CHAVASSE, THE FAMOUS OXFORD ATHLETES.

"THEY WERE ALIKE AS TWO PEAS AND WERE THE DESPAIR OF JUDGES AND REFEREES."

Photos. Sport and General.

Sensational shooting feats have been many and varied. A man named Topperwein, who hailed from Texas, once accomplished the task of shooting at hand-thrown targets for ten days continuously. He used two ·22-bore rifles, firing five hundred shots with each in turn, and the marks were two and a half inch wood cubes, which were thrown up from a point twenty feet away from the marksman. He fired seventy-two thousand five hundred shots in the ten days, and

*Oxford College servants are called "scouts," those at Cambridge "gyps."

only missed nine times! At one stage he shot several series of over thirteen thousand without missing once. The feat was almost as remarkable for the endurance shown as for the marksmanship, as he shot without a break for eight hours each day.

The Roberts *v.* Stevenson match of eighteen thousand up, in 1905, probably produced the most sensational vicissitudes yet recorded in the history of billiards. The game was for a stake of five hundred pounds, and Roberts conceded a start of two thousand. Seats during the play were invariably at a premium. Peers, M.P.s, High Court judges, and notabilities in every sphere of life were present; while the general public anxiously followed the progress of the fight by means of voluminous newspaper accounts. During the first session Roberts was quite outplayed. At the end of the third Stevenson was leading by two thousand eight hundred and eighty-five points, and his supporters would not hear of his defeat. But they reckoned without the superb generalship of the (then) champion. He shortly afterwards "staggered humanity" by scoring one thousand two hundred and ninety-one points while his rival was amassing four hundred and thirty-four. When he took the lead on the second Tuesday afternoon a scene of wild enthusiasm was witnessed, and, theoretically, his victory appeared certain. Recovering his nerve and form in wonderful fashion, however, at only two of the subsequent sessions did Stevenson fail to again out-point his great rival. Leading by seven hundred and fifty-nine points at the last, he finally won an historic match by one thousand five hundred and twenty points.

THE REV. SIDNEY SWANN,
THE FAMOUS CAMBRIDGE BLUE, WHO ROWED ACROSS THE CHANNEL IN RECORD TIME WHEN FIFTY YEARS OF AGE.

In June, 1879, Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, the professional sculler, created a world-wide sensation by easily defeating all the recognized champions of the day in rapid succession. It was almost bewildering to see him dispose of Edward Trickett, the Australian champion—then supposed to be worth backing against anybody in the world—with the utmost ease. On several occasions he got so far ahead of his opponents as to be able to stop, read a paper, and then row on to victory with unruffled coolness. By some he was accused of trickery, one critic going so far as to say he had hidden machinery somewhere in his boat, but he smiled at such insinuations, as he had smiled at his rivals' attempts to beat him. The secret of his amazing success was vigour of style coupled with a perfect knowledge of sliding-seat rowing, then in its infancy. No other sculler has ever created such a furore in aquatic circles as did this wiry, spare-set Canadian.

That ever-famous old Cambridge rowing Blue, the Rev. Sidney Swann, Vicar of Holbrook, Derby, in 1911 accomplished the wondrous feat of rowing across the Channel, from Dover to Sangatte, east of Calais, in faster time by far than had ever been done before—*i.e.*, three hours fifty minutes. The value of his performance can best be estimated when a Frenchman, M. Charles Ovium, who rowed from Boulogne to Folkestone in seven hours fifteen minutes, is said to have held the record previously. Mr. Swann was *fifty years of age* when he made this record! He had many drawbacks to contend with, notably a good idea of wash from a large East India liner for some distance, but, rowing a powerful stroke at an average of twenty-seven per minute, he safely grounded his boat on the French beach, where he received a warm reception.

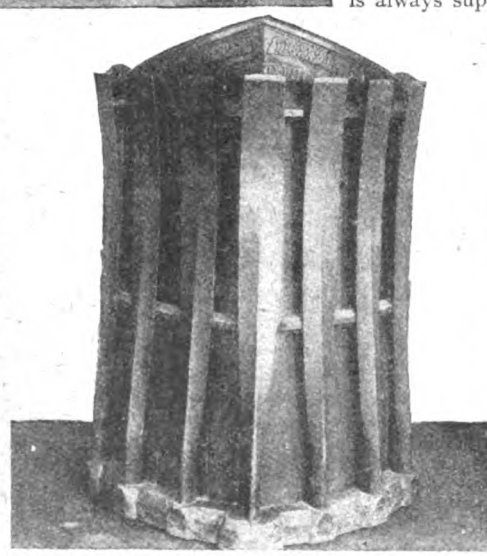
Mr. Swann, who has performed similar doughty deeds in other countries and in many sports, must be dubbed one of the very best all-round athletes of this or any other age. When in Japan he "won most things started for on land and sea," as "Who's Who" tells us: "rowing

hurdling, cycling, running, pole-jumping, weight-putting, and hammer-throwing." And he was the first to cycle round Syria. For the rest, in a truly eventful career he has cycled from Land's End to John o' Groats, rowed a home-made boat from Crosby Vicarage down the rapids of Eden to the sea, represented his University against Oxford at rowing and cycling, and only in September last, *at the age of fifty-five*, beat Lieutenant J. P. Muller's land-and-water record by the big margin of two minutes fifty-nine seconds. The task was to cycle, walk, paddle a canoe, scull, and swim half a mile each inside half an hour. Lieutenant Muller's time only a few days previously was twenty-nine minutes nineteen and two-fifths seconds. Outside all this, Mr. Swann has built several flying machines, and during the present war driven a motor-ambulance in Belgium.

The most sensational Boat Race was undoubtedly that between Oxford and Cambridge decided over the Henley course in 1843. The Cambridge Subscription Rooms' rowers, who in 1842–43 had proved superior to the Cambridge University Boating Club crew, refused to allow a substitute for Mr. F. Menzies, the Oxford stroke, who had fallen ill at the eleventh hour, in the final of the Grand Challenge race, so the Oxonians decided to do their best *with seven oars*. Number seven was moved to stroke, and bow to Number seven, the bow thwart being left vacant. Before Remenham was reached it was seen the Dark Blues were holding their own, and ultimately they won by nearly a length, as an old-time ditty had it, "like thoroughbred Oxford men." The scene at the finish was unparalleled even for Henley in those days.

Mr. George Hughes, the stroke of this famous "seven-oared" eight, was perhaps one of the best all-round athletes and scholars that Oxford has ever produced. He took a double-first in the "Schools," gained his colours for rowing and cricket, and in his decadence, after going down from the 'Varsity, he was so badly bitten with the golf mania, and so severely affected, that in 1870 he won the All England Championship. These feats doubtless qualified him to become a J.P. for Herefordshire. His brother and biographer was the author of the immortal "Tom Brown."

The boat which carried this ever-famous crew had a history of its own, unique as the race which immortalized her. She won all her races for two years, and was then laid by in dignified repose. In later years she was purchased by Mr. Alderman Randall, of Oxford, who presented to the Oxford University Boating Club a chair made of that section of her which carried the coxswain's seat. This and other aquatic relics are still to be seen in the Oxford University Barge on the Isis.* The 1877 Inter-'Varsity race, which Oxford is always supposed to have won comfortably, was the most sensational *finish* in its history.



TWO VIEWS OF THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY BOATING CLUB.

THIS CHAIR WAS MADE FROM THE BOAT WHICH CARRIED THE FAMOUS "SEVEN-OARED" EIGHT TO VICTORY IN THE MOST SENSATIONAL BOAT-RACE ON RECORD.

Photos. [*Gil man.*

Mr. B. H. Howell, the American-Cambridge sculler and English champion in 1898–99, provided as big a sensation as has ever been witnessed in the Diamond Sculls at Henley. Pitted in the final heat of 1900 against Mr. E. G. Hemmerde, University College, Oxford, a terrific race was won by the latter, but only after a final spurt by Howell which fairly electrified the spectators. Such a one will probably never be witnessed again at the Royal meeting. The winner, now the celebrated King's

* These relics include the leaders of the seven victorious oars and the Sèvres vases given for a four-oared race on the Seine in 1867 by the Empress Eugénie, won by a crew of Old Etonians.

Counsel and M.P., was, however, fully equal to the occasion.

For the same race in 1889 Mr. Guy Nickalls and Mr. Psotta, the Canadian champion, provided another sensation. The Oxonian caught a bad crab soon after the start, which almost upset him. By a great effort he kept afloat, but by that time Psotta had gone away. Nickalls went after him in hot pursuit, and pulled so grandly that he was soon on equal terms again. Then the Canadian feared his fate. Opposite Remenham Rectory he stole a glance at his rival, and then he knew. Almost at once he began to roll, he dropped his head, and was a beaten man. The sculler who "caught a crab" and almost had to swim for it, finally won by something like a hundred yards!

Those readers of THE STRAND MAGAZINE who believe in omens may, perhaps, look upon the final heat of the Stewards' Cup of 1914—the last Henley meeting before the war—as an auspicious one. The Leander four, stroked by Mr. R. C. Bourne, was pitted against the far heavier and better-trained German crew, representing the Mayence Rowing Club. The visitors had won innumerable trophies on the Continent, including the so-called "Championship of Europe," and for some time, at least, they looked all over the winners. They were a good length ahead at the half-distance. Bourne then spurted in characteristic style and came up so fast that Leander were practically level at the bottom of Phyllis Court, at which point Number three in the German boat collapsed, and the Englishmen won a truly titanic struggle. Will the same wearing-down tactics prevail in the grimmer struggle between the same nations now being fought out?

Many people will remember, with a shiver and a shudder, the long, sad, and severe winter of 1878-79, commencing as it did in October, 1878, and continuing, with more or less severity, up to the middle of May. But they may not know that cricketers were swift to take opportunity by the hand even thus. Dozens of games were played on the ice daily. In one of them, at Partington Carrs, Mr. D. Hearfield scored a hundred and five (not out). In another, at Eridge Park, Lord Henry Neville carried out his bat for seventy—a remarkably good innings. Two years later a great game was played at Sheffield Park by some well-known Sussex cricketers, who distinguished themselves greatly. Owing to a thaw, however, it could not be finished.

Lawn-tennis has produced endless sensations, but rarely one so profound as the Championship Final at Wimbledon in 1898, between Mr. Pim, the Irish champion, and Dr. E. W. Lewis, who had been called "the quintessence of brilliance." The Irishman, who was shortly to become invincible, had only recently recovered from typhoid fever, while the brilliant Lewis, the "uncrowned champion," as he was also called, was in magnificent form. He soon outplayed his rival, and, *with but one stroke to secure victory*, drove his adversary well beyond the base line. Pim was *in extremis*, and could do nothing but return the ball straight at Lewis, who had the stroke absolutely at his mercy. He had only to tap the ball down—anywhere would have done—to win the match. But he attempted too much and volleyed it, a ball's breadth outside his own back line. Never again did he come within an ace of his goal! The game, the set, and finally the match went to Pim, whose reserve of stamina made him superior at the finish.

CRICKET ON THE ICE.

WELL-KNOWN SUSSEX PLAYERS TAKING PART IN A GAME AT SHEFFIELD PARK.

Photo. Hawkins.

THE MOONLIGHT RAIDER.

By

MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS.

Illustrated by Tom Peddie.

THE sound of the firing died away fitfully until it could no longer be heard by the two men listening within the lamp-lit room.

Claud Barry had sat motionless, holding a priceless little bit of Limoges enamel daintily in the finger and thumb of one hand, longer than he would have supposed possible.

On the opposite side of the hearth sat his new acquaintance, a man whose name was Kempthorne.

They were in the drawing-room of the small but luxuriously-appointed house in the Campden Hill region, where Barry resided when in town. It contained his more or less famous collection of curios, amassed during some years of idling in the old cities of Europe with a full purse and a nice judgment. Kempthorne, a young barrister with more brains than practice and more taste than money, had long desired to examine the treasures of the able connoisseur, and this was the first time he had dined in Linley Square.

They had made acquaintance in the trenches, and now that both were at home, one with a stiff knee, the other with a delicate throat, they found themselves at leisure to follow up a beginning based on congenial tastes.

The intrusion of the air-raid commotion upon their pleasant evening was a thing to be resented, though it could raise neither surprise nor alarm.

The barrage had been increasing and diminishing in intensity as the harassed invaders flew hither and thither to escape it. Now, for the third time, the mutter of the "Archies" died away, and Kempthorne tossed the stump of his cigar upon the fire.

"Dare I beg you to put up with me for a bit longer?" he asked. "The Tubes will be impassable, no taxis plying, and I don't feel keen upon a five-mile walk in the open until the 'All Clear' has been given out."

Barry's reply was to touch the electric bell-push, and to the man-servant who appeared in reply he gave the quiet order:—

"Mr. Kempthorne remains for the night, Bush."

"Yes, sir," said Bush, calmly, removing coffee-cups from the small carved sandalwood table which stood at his master's elbow, and substituting clean tumblers and a full decanter.

"This is more than kind, Barry," began Kempthorne.

"Less would be less than human," replied Barry, smiling. "I ought to have suggested your staying the night when I gave the invitation. Five miles return journey is enough to put anyone off any excursion, however pleasant, in these non-petrol days."

Kempthorne murmured his hearty thanks, and let himself sink back more securely into the luxury of his almost incredibly easy chair.

The moss-green curtains, of silky velvet, with appliqué border of mingled delicate shades, shut away the world outside, and enclosed the two men in a haven where all was peace and super-comfort. The visitor thought, not for the first time that night, what a charming fellow Barry was, and wondered that he had never married.

"What story lies behind that good firm brow, those honest eyes, those friendly lips?" he mused. "Surely that is not the character to prefer bachelor ease to the far more exquisite happiness of harmonious marriage?"

Bush came in noiselessly with hot water and lemons, made up the fire, and turned to his master.

"Shall you be wanting anything more, sir?"

"Nothing, I think, if you have provided Mr. Kempthorne's room with all he is likely to need?"

"I've seen to that, sir."

"Then I think you might all go to bed," replied Barry, with a glance at the clock. "It seems to be all over."

The man withdrew, and after a short pause the host took up his guest's entertainment at the point where it had broken off. His chief treasure, a Benvenuto Cellini casket in carven gold, was produced, and the adventure whereby he had become its possessor recounted. Kempthorne listened spell-bound. It was hard to believe that the man in a dinner jacket, seated in so much comfort here in London, could likewise be the weary, muddy subaltern of Armentières, and, furthermore, the young Haroun al-Raschid of the Arabian-Nights kind of story now in the telling.

Then suddenly, into the midst of their enjoyment, fell a crash—one huge eruption of sound from the silence of the cloudless night, which brought each man, with a start, to his feet.

Hard upon it, the anti-aircraft guns broke into full cry. Coughing, barking, booming, they tore up the stillness, and set the tormented air reeling with the continual shock of fresh concussions.

As in a thunder-storm it is the thunder which alarms, but the noiseless lightning which kills, so in an air-raid it is the defence of the guns which strikes terror to the heart, and the invisible foe above who hurls the swift destruction.

The buhl clock upon the chimney-piece—it had once belonged to Marie Antoinette—struck the hour. One o'clock in the morning.

The crash had been so near, so appallingly loud, that the two men sought each other's faces to see what they should say or do next. Neither of them fancied a withdrawal to the cellars.

A further sound now broke in upon the battle overhead. Someone was knocking—knocking imperatively, with crashing, vigorous strokes, upon the street door.

"The police!" exclaimed Barry, realizing that the household had gone to bed. "Can the fools have left a light burning somewhere?"

He hastened out into the hall, his friend following closely. It was a spacious hall, for upon taking the house, Barry, who did not require many rooms, had thrown the front room into the passage, and so made a very charming vestibule.

It lay now in complete darkness, but the master of the house touched a switch as he reached the door, and its light fell upon the person who stood without.

It was a young lady—carrying a suit-case, clutching an umbrella, and with a countenance so distorted by the extremity of terror that one could pass no verdict upon her appearance.

Without waiting to be invited, she actually pushed past Barry into the hall, let fall what she carried, and, turning upon him, made a violent gesture to indicate that he should shut the door. He did so almost mechanically, while she stood, holding on tightly by the carved corner of the staircase, and trying in vain to speak. After a few convulsive efforts she abandoned the attempt, her head drooped, and, her hands failing to maintain their hold upon the rail, she subsided into a heap on the floor.

Barry sprang forward, but she was not fainting. She motioned him back, and at last succeeded in saying something they could understand.

"Not—ill. Only knees—gave way. Can't—won't—go outside again!"

As she spoke, Kempthorne came slowly forward and stood gazing down at her. There was a curious light in his eyes. She had pulled off a little travelling hat, and the light gilded the edges of her clustering fair hair. Her head was thrown backward, and there was an appeal to melt the stoniest heart in the lines of her slender throat.

"Wine, do you think?" suggested the young man, doubtfully.

Barry, standing the other side of her, nodded silently. As Kempthorne went back into the drawing-room to fetch it, he stooped over the girl, put his arms firmly about her, and lifted her to her feet, which failed to support her. She drooped, leaning against him, while her breath came in little pants, almost like sobs.

"Are you hurt?" asked Barry, softly. "Did anything strike you?"

She shook her head. She seemed to have reached the very end of her forces. Kempthorne appeared, carrying a full glass.

"She's had an awful shock," said Barry, taking her hand in his. "She's positively cold with terror. Let us take her in and put her by the fire before we administer that."

It ended in his almost carrying her to the fireside, and gently depositing her in the chair he had so lately vacated.

There was an anxious silence while they administered the stimulant and watched for its effect. For what seemed a long while the

girl lay supine, her beautiful little head upon the cushions, her breathing growing gradually less laboured.

Presently Barry offered more wine. Upon that, with a smile, she motioned it away; and presently sat up, looking wonderingly around her.

The guns were still thundering in ever-recurring bursts of fury. But in the harmonious, carefully-enclosed room, all was peace. She seemed to relax under the spell of the warmth and quiet.

"I think—I hope—you're fairly safe here," said Barry, hesitatingly. "But if you prefer the cellar——"

She shook her head as she glanced up at him with a charming mixture of deprecation and daring. "Oh, I have behaved outrageously," said she. "I can't think how I *could!* Did I actually knock at your door and insist upon your letting me in?"

"That's about it; the wisest thing you could do," returned her host, promptly.

"How kind you are! I am beginning

"SHE STOOD, HOLDING ON TIGHTLY BY THE CARVED CORNER OF THE STAIRCASE, AND TRYING IN VAIN TO SPEAK."

to collect my scattered wits a little now. But I saw—— Oh!" covering her eyes with a smothered cry, "I simply can't tell you what I saw."

"No, no, don't!" cried Barry, soothingly; but he could not stop her now that she had begun.

"It was dark just there, I only saw that there was *something* on the pavement—and I stopped to look—oh!—— And after that I ran and ran, till I felt I could not carry my bag one step farther! And just then came that crash—terrific—the whole earth rocked! I just ran up the steps of the house I happened to be passing. I thought—'If they have all gone to bed—if they leave me out here on the door-step, I shall die of sheer terror.'"

On that she paused, but after a minute looked up and cried out hurriedly: "I can't go out again! I'm sorry, but I daren't venture into the street! You won't ask me to, will you?"

"You shall do exactly as you like," said Barry, quietly. His calm and his decision had their due effect. After eating a biscuit and sipping a little more wine, she became more natural and calmer; the fact that the tumult of the firing was subsiding contributing materially to her recovery.

Now that she sat there in comfort, almost completely reassured, one saw that she was a beautiful girl, with a beauty of an uncommon type, rather more brilliant, or more subtle, than the English style. Her turn-out was expensive and distinguished; as the warmth of the fire caused her to open the cloak which had wrapped her—black supple satin edged with fur—it could be seen that she was wearing an evening-gown of pale-tinted silk, with a bodice composed mainly of chiffon. Evidently she had hastily clad herself for walking through the streets, and she laughed and blushed when presently her eyes fell upon her flesh-coloured silk stockings and her satin shoes.

"How horrid I look!" said she, shamefacedly. "Just like they do on the stage when they run away in the middle of the night! Well, that is just what I have done; and I am afraid I thought more of collecting my special treasures than of changing my most inappropriate frock!"

The two men were silent, but for suitable murmurs of sympathy. It seemed they waited to hear more; and in response to their unspoken invitation, she continued:—

"I live in a flat—the top floor of Bedruthan Mansions—you know it?" They both assented. "My aunt and uncle live with me, but my uncle has been away, doing a cure at Bournemouth. Last week he was taken ill and my aunt went off to him, leaving me alone. I had various engagements to keep in town, and I never thought of raids. Somehow it was unexpectedly terrifying to find myself alone, upon the very top of that high place. I—I bore it for a couple of nights, but when it began again to-night, it simply broke down my nerve, and I felt I could not bear it. I didn't stop to think, but packed a few things and dashed downstairs. There the porter told me I could not get a taxi, and urged me to go and sit in the basement, but I was beyond reach of reason, and I thought, as there was a Waterloo Tube Station so near, I would risk it and make a dash. Out in the street it was terrible. The people, the awful scene—I really don't know where I went, nor how I got here."

"Well," said Barry, good-humouredly, "if a raider gets you here, it shall be over our dead bodies, I promise you."

She smiled at him, leaning back in the huge chair, in which she lay rather like a flower on a long stem. Kempthorne was suddenly oddly conscious of being number three.

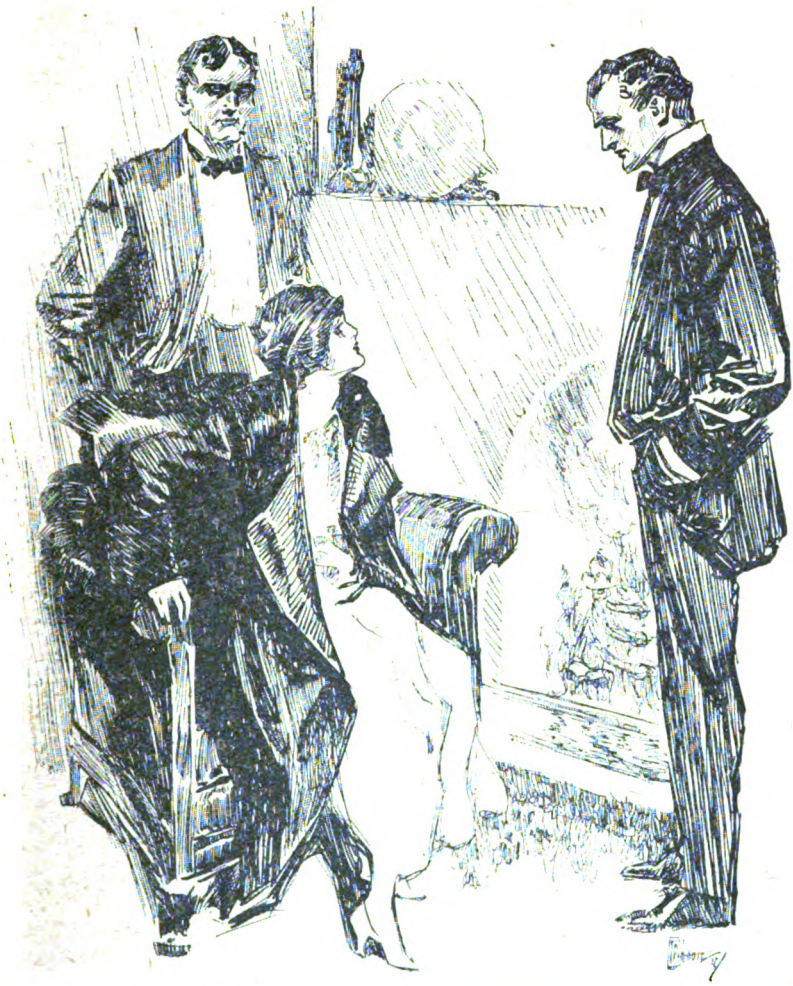
Barry suggested that she should wait until the "All Clear" signal was given out, and that his friend and he would then escort her anywhere she liked—perhaps to the house of some friend where she could shelter.

She looked doubtful. "I would have to know people very intimately to be knocking them up between three and four o'clock in the morning—that is if I was in my right senses at the moment," she corrected herself, with a flitting smile. "As a matter of fact, I hardly know anybody just round here, for we came to London from the West of England, and have only lived here a few months. No! I'll go back to Bedruthan Mansions as soon as it is safe."

"You certainly mustn't go before," said Barry, his fine face kindling as he leaned forward, all his being focused upon the beauty of the stranger beside his hearth.

Kempthorne could not help wondering whether the air-raid had deposited upon his friend's doorstep something almost as disintegrating in its effects upon his life as a bomb would have been. He stirred uneasily as he marked the knight-errant expression upon Barry's eloquent face. He looked repeatedly, but very guardedly, from one to the other, marking the give and take—the invitation and the response—both of which seemed to be more than half unconscious.

Time passed on, and no "All Clear" bugles



"THE GIRL STARTED UPRIGHT, AND HER FACE OF CONSTERNATION WAS AMUSING."

were heard. Barry rose and went to the window, parting the curtains and gazing out into the empty stillness of the moon-flooded square.

He sauntered back, and spoke, standing behind the visitor's chair.

"You can't go," he began to say, when a peculiar smile and gesture of the head from Kempthorne made him come round to the hearth and look more closely. The girl had fallen asleep, almost instantaneously.

She was so attractive in her helpless lassitude as she lay there in the subdued light of the carefully-screened lamps that the colour came up slowly under Barry's dark skin and he stood motionless, unaware how expressive was his face of what he felt.

Kempthorne, perhaps intentionally, moved his foot so that the poker was dislodged, and fell with a clatter. The girl started upright, and her face of consternation was amusing.

"Oh!" she said; and again "*Oh!*" continuing hurriedly, "I don't know how to apologize. You see, I have had no sleep for the past three nights, and I feel as if I simply *can't* keep awake. If"—her look grew wistful and she seemed to beseech Barry with her eyes—"if you would both go to bed and let me stay here, by this delicious fire—I should be *so* comfortable, and it would not be putting you to much trouble, would it?"

"If you will honour me so far," began Barry, halting ridiculously.

She dropped her lids. "You have been so kind—otherwise I should not dare to ask it. But I know I am safe—here."

There was a meaning, tremulous but evident, in her voice, which referred to a

safety from other dangers than bombs; and the young man's response was immediate.

"You gratify me more than I can say."

"I ought, perhaps, to tell you my name," she went on, more timidly than she had yet spoken. "It is Beatrice Leith."

"I am Claud Barry," he replied. "I will fetch you an eider-down quilt, Miss Leith, and, in the meantime, my friend will make up your fire."

The simple arrangements were soon complete. The two young men then withdrew, leaving the guest in possession.

They went upstairs together in perfect silence, but when Barry had ushered his friend into the guest-room prepared for him, he lingered a moment, and spoke.

"I had nearly offered her this room, Kempthorne; but her delicacy might have shrunk from that."

"I have no doubt at all," replied Kempthorne, a shade coldly, "of her being far better suited where she is, or I should, of course, have made the offer myself."

Barry smiled appreciatively. "I am sure you would. Well! This is a strange happening. One would hardly expect such an adventure in London nowadays."

"These are the days of adventure come back," replied Kempthorne, thoughtfully. "Security leaves no room for adventure; but all our security passed away in 1914, and we have reverted to a state of things in which the uncertainty of life draws strangers together in a common bond—the desire of safety."

Barry stood by the fire, lightly touching the coals with his boot.

"IN THIS OBLONG WAS INSTANTLY OUTLINED THE FIGURE OF A GIRL, WHO STEPPED NOISELESSLY FORTH INTO THE SQUARE."

"She must be thoroughbred," he remarked, shyly. "She betrayed no consciousness when she found she had stumbled upon a house containing a couple of men. Anything might have happened, but her confidence in us was—well, it was superb, wasn't it?"

That amused Kempthorne. "Well, you are the type of man that any woman would confide in on sight, I should say! Don't be too modest, Barry." He stretched, yawned a little, and went on: "Well—it's good of you to put me up, and I'm grateful. Perhaps, one day, I shall be able to show you that I'm really grateful."

Barry bade him good night with a shade of surprise in his eyes. He thought his friend must have been a trifle shaken by the raid and its attendant circumstances. "You've already handed me all the gratitude I can do with," said he, smiling as he withdrew.

Gradually the stars grew faint and the dawn crept on. The houses in Linley Square lay silent, showing paler and paler as the darkness passed away. In Barry's house, between half-past five and six o'clock, there was audible a slight sound—that of the slow and cautious opening of the drawing-room door.

It might have escaped the ear of anyone not on the watch; but a young man who had been sitting upon the stairs lifted his head with a start, listened intently, and presently saw through the gloom, which still filled the curtained hall, the gradual opening of the street-door, and the appearance of an

oblong patch of half-light from the dawn without.

In this oblong was instantly outlined the figure of a girl, who slipped noiselessly forth into the Square, closing the door swiftly but carefully behind her.

Kempthorne was immediately upon his feet, had darted across the hall, let himself out, and was just in time to see Miss Leith hurrying towards the turning at the corner of the Square.

He ran lightly after her, and had overtaken her in a moment. She turned with a visible start as she heard his voice saying:—

"Now, you know, I was afraid of this! Let me carry your bag, won't you?"

Miss Leith stopped dead, facing him with eyes of shame, as of one detected in some nefarious design.

"Oh!" said she, "is it you? Well, I am half sorry and half glad. I did feel a bit remorseful at creeping out like this, without waiting to thank that delightful Mr. Barry for his hospitality. But, you know, I felt so awkward—it was such an embarrassing position, wasn't it? I didn't know what I should say or do if one of the servants walked in and found me there! So, when I awakened and looked at the time, I decided I would slip away now and write my thanks later."

"Just what I expected would happen," said Kempthorne, pleasantly. "But I reflected that you could find no cab, no train, no bus at this hour, so I determined to be on hand, that I might carry your suit-case for you."

"Oh, but I couldn't think of giving you any more trouble on my account."

He laughed as he took possession of what she carried. "You didn't take much notice of me last night," he said, mischievously. "You and that grand fellow, Barry, were too deeply occupied, making friends. Now you must let me have my innings; for, though you took no account of me, I can assure you the indifference wasn't mutual. Why, how could you have dreamed that you could carry this heavy bag all the way to Bedruthan Mansions? And, when you get there, the porter will probably need to be roused."

"Oh," said she, hurriedly, "I'm not going back there, after all. I've decided to get down to Bournemouth as fast as I can. I'll go to the Tube, there is a very early workman's train; and, if you really are so kind ——"

He laughed. "Do you suppose that such an adventure as you supplied to us last night comes into my life every day?" he asked. "You must let me make the most of this."

In spite of his gallantry, Miss Leith seemed much distressed at his having curtailed his already short night in order to be of service to her. She earnestly begged him to allow to continue her way alone. He, of course, stoutly declined; and when they had gone a little way along the deserted road they were following, there loomed into sight a man of most unpleasant appearance, a creature of the night, who was loitering along as though on the look-out for some belated, unprotected thing. He eyed the girl so insolently as he walked past that Kempthorne remarked, as soon as he was out of hearing:—

"There! Do you tell me that it would have been right for me to leave you to encounter a beast like that, alone?"

She coloured with alarm, and gasped out: "You are quite right, of course! Thank you!"

Kempthorne had turned round. "The cad has stopped and is looking back at us," he said. "He had better stay where he is. I can put up my fists as well as any man, I'm glad to say."

"Oh, come along! Let us get quickly to the station!" she cried, urgently. "I feel as if all this were a bad dream!"

"I wish it were," said Kempthorne, abruptly; and she eyed him, puzzled.

"What do you mean by that?"

"I'll leave you to guess," was the reply, seeming by its inflection to convey some highly complimentary meaning. It left her silent; and they walked on some little way before the young man resumed:—

"And so this is the second time you and I have met. I wonder if it will be the last?"

"The second?" she asked, bewildered. "When was the first?"

"I could see, last night, that you did not remember it," he replied, "and therefore, of course, I said nothing. In fact, I am not myself quite certain, though almost. I hope to make sure before we part."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, as though his intent manner agitated her painfully. "I'm sure I haven't seen you before——"

"Is it likely that I should make the impression upon your mind which you must infallibly produce upon mine?" he wished to know.

"You're trying to tease!" she cried, resentfully.

"Yes, in order to be revenged upon you for giving me this weight to carry before breakfast. How you could ever have supposed you could lug it to the Tube yourself! If I had not happened along, that loafer would have offered to take it from you, and

a nice mess you would have been in then, would you not?—since he is the sole creature we have met, so far."

She looked quite frightened. "Oh, I am grateful to you! I am most grateful! But don't tease any more. Tell me where you and I have met before."

"I am expecting," he replied, "that you will be able to remember, before we part, without being told."

As he spoke, they had turned the corner into the main thoroughfare, where was the station for which they were making. Upon the pavement, advancing towards them with slow and measured tread, was a big policeman. Kempthorne continued his light banter of his companion until they were close to this imposing individual, when he suddenly gripped Miss Leith by the arm, setting down the suit-case upon the pavement as he did so, and said, in a sharp, clear voice:—

"CONSTABLE, I WISH TO HAVE THIS SUIT-CASE OPENED IN MY PRESENCE, AND TO SEE ITS CONTENTS."

"Constable, I wish to have this suit-case opened in my presence, and to see its contents."

The girl uttered a queer cry, and would have run had he not been prepared. "Help! Help!" she called.

The policeman glanced suspiciously from her to Kempthorne. Their amicable approach had misled him.

"What's this here?" he asked, doubtfully.

The barrister explained.

"This young lady knocked at the door of the house where I was staying last night and demanded shelter from the air-raid. It is the house of a well-known collector of valuables, Mr. Barry, who gladly accorded the fullest hospitality. At her own request she was left to sleep on a sofa in the room where the valuable articles were. I kept watch, and detected her stealing from the house at dawn, with a suit-case which weighs very heavily, and was very light when she left it in the hall overnight. I was one of the junior counsel employed last summer to watch the interests of a client in the Hepworth case. This young lady, under the name of Mabel Dudley, was one of the principal witnesses, and her appearance and manner so favourably impressed judge and jury that

Hepworth got off—much to my own indignation. On leaving the house this morning she was met by a man whom I also recognized as one of those who was under suspicion then. He was evidently prowling about on the watch for her. I demand that she be taken to the police-station, and her luggage examined."

Barry, the knight-errant, opened his eyes that morning with a sense that something delightful had happened, and that the adventure was not yet over. He was just about to ring for his man and give directions when there came a loud rap on his door, and Bush entered with confusion and dismay.

"Good Lord, sir!" cried the servant, forgetting all respect in the exigency of the moment. "Here's a pretty thing! That gent, as came here to dine last night for the first time, and you said he was to stay the night! He's gone, sir—cleared! And every blessed thing out of your locked cabinets in the drawing-room with him! Diamond snuff-box, ruby signet, Rennaysongs vawse, and everything!"

Barry came out of bed with a spring. He stood for a moment like a man turned into marble.

"Kempthorne!" incredulously; then, with sudden terror: "What about the young lady?"

The man looked blank. "What young lady, sir?"

Barry was white as a sheet. "The young lady who took shelter here from the air-raid. She went to sleep—by the fire—in the drawing-room——"

Bush looked as though he could hardly believe in his master's folly. "Accomplishes, sir!" he cried, loudly. "They was in league, sure enough! Accomplishes, as I'm alive this day! Shall I send for the police, sir?"

Barry sat down as if he could not face the blow. "I'll come and see first—see for myself," he muttered, miserably.

"Skipped they 'ave and without leaving a trace," remarked Bush; and was proceeding to enlarge upon the theme, when the telephone at the side of his master's bed rang vigorously.

Barry was there, with a bound, and sat, shaking with agitation, while a voice came along the wire.

"I want Mr. Barry—that you, Barry?—You yourself? Right! I'm Kempthorne."

"Kempthorne!" cried Barry, in his surprise.

"Kempthorne, certainly. I want you to dress as fast as you possibly can and come round to the police-station. Bring a catalogue with you, to identify your stuff. I think it's all here, but it's as well to make sure——"

"Kempthorne—Kempthorne—you don't tell me it was——"

"The young lady refugee? Oh, yes, it was she, right enough. When she first turned up, last night, I knew I had seen her somewhere before. Presently I remembered where. She was called as a witness in a shady case. Gave her evidence so clearly and well that she got the man off. I say, didn't she do the thing to a turn last night? She almost blinded even me, whose suspicions were on the alert. Astonishingly convincing—What? . . . Oh, well, you see, I was determined to make sure, as some slight return for your hospitality to me. I sat on the stairs and watched, and then as I expected, she slipped out, and I followed. Even then I could hardly feel certain, she played up so well. But before long we met a man with a face I knew, mooching along, evidently waiting for her, and I was sure I had been right, all along. I went on playing up until I met a bobby, and then I handed her over. Will you come along and run your eye over the stuff, and charge her formally?"

Barry sat so long silent, the receiver to his ear, that Kempthorne cried:—

"Have they cut us off?"

"No. I'm here. All right. I'll send Bush for a taxi at once."

Laying down the receiver, Barry briefly explained the situation to his servant.

"Mr. Kempthorne has proved himself a very active friend," said he, with a lack of enthusiasm which seemed to Bush very surprising.

"But I'm determined on one point," the collector of curios muttered to himself, as he hurriedly put on his clothes. "I shall not prosecute."

And, in spite of the signal service rendered to him by the acute barrister, their acquaintance never ripened into anything like the intimate friendship which had at one time seemed probable.

What is the Greatest Deed of Valour?

What is the greatest deed of valour in our history? Two great writers—Tennyson and Robert Louis Stevenson—selected the story of Sir Richard Greenville of the *Revenge*. Everybody knows Tennyson's ballad; Stevenson's description is as follows:—

I must tell one more story, which has lately been made familiar to us all, and that in one of the noblest ballads in the English language. I had written my tame prose abstract, I shall beg the reader to believe, when I had no notion that the sacred bard designed an immortality for Greenville. Sir Richard Greenville was Vice-Admiral to Lord Thomas Howard, and lay off the Azores with the English squadron in 1591. He was a noted tyrant to his crew: a dark, bullying fellow apparently; and it is related of him that he would chew and swallow wineglasses, by way of convivial levity, till the blood ran out of his mouth. When the Spanish fleet of fifty sail came within sight of the English, his ship, the *Revenge*, was the last to weigh anchor, and was so far circumvented by the Spaniards that there were but two courses open—either to turn her back upon the enemy or sail through one of his squadrons. The first alternative Greenville dismissed as dishonourable to himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship. Accordingly, he chose the latter, and steered into the Spanish armament. Several vessels he forced to luff and fall under his lee; until, about three o'clock of the afternoon, a great ship of three decks of ordnance took the wind out of his sails, and immediately boarded. Thenceforward, and all night long, the *Revenge* held her own single-handed against the Spaniards. As one ship was beaten off, another took its place. She endured, according to Raleigh's computation, "eight hundred shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries." By morning the powder was spent, the pikes all broken, not a stick was standing, "nothing left overhead either for flight or defence"; six feet of water in the hold; almost all the men hurt; and Greenville himself in a dying condition. To bring them to this pass a fleet of fifty sail had been mauling them for fifteen hours, the *Admiral of the Hulks* and the *Ascension* of Seville had both gone down alongside, and two other vessels had taken refuge on shore in a sinking state. In Hawke's words, they had "taken a great deal of drubbing." The captain and crew thought they had done about enough; but Greenville was not of this opinion; he gave orders to the master gunner, whom he knew to be a fellow after his own stamp, to scuttle the *Revenge* where she lay. The others, who were not mortally wounded like the Admiral, interfered with some decision; locked the master gunner in his cabin, after having deprived him of his sword, for he manifested an intention to kill himself if he were not to sink the ship; and sent to the Spaniards to demand terms. These were granted. The second or third day after, Greenville died of his wounds aboard the Spanish flagship, leaving his contempt upon the "traitors and dogs" who had not chosen to do as he did, and engage fifty vessels, well found and fully manned, with six inferior craft ravaged by sickness and short of stores. He at least, he said, had done his duty as he was bound to do, and looked for everlasting fame.

Is this the most gallant deed in our history? If it is, what exploit should rank second to it? If it is not, what deserves to be set above it? We have submitted this question to several eminent writers, and their replies form a most interesting and thrilling symposium, a first instalment of which has already appeared.

EDGAR JEPSON.

ASSUREDLY I will not admit that the great fight of the *Revenge* was the most gallant deed in English history. It was one of the most striking. The British Empire rests on a foundation of thousands of deeds as gallant.

As soon, indeed, as anyone tells me that any deed is the most gallant in English history others at least as gallant come thronging into my mind. In what respect, for example, is the Charge of the Light Brigade on the Russian guns at Balaclava a less gallant deed than the fight of the *Revenge*? Cavalry charging guns takes on hardly less odds than a warship fighting fifty. The Light Brigade could have been buoyed up by no such expectation of serving their country by inflicting heavy damage on the enemy as were the men of the *Revenge*. They knew that with their bigger guns they could, as they did, take a heavy toll of the Spanish fleet; they knew that they would exact an extravagant price for their lives. The Light Brigade must have known that it was being sacrificed for next to nothing. The crew of the *Revenge* fought a longer fight; but the fight of the Light Brigade while it lasted was hotter.

In what respect, again, was the defence of Rorke's Drift a less gallant deed than the fight of the *Revenge*? It lasted longer; and it was

fought against odds, if anything, greater. It is true that the defenders knew that it was a fight to the death, that the Zulus would not spare a soul. But though the survivors of the crew of the *Revenge* made terms in the end, they entered on the fight in the full conviction

"RORKE'S DRIFT."

that, if they did not die fighting, they would perish yet more miserably at the hands of the Inquisition. In both fights the incentive to endure till death was equal.

To take an affair of another kind, consider the conduct of the crew and the troops on the sinking *Birkenhead*. In what respect did they fall short in gallantry of the crew of the *Revenge*? If anything, their behaviour was even more gallant. It requires more courage to stand still and await the slow approach of death than to meet it fighting, working your guns with the heartening knowledge that you are destroying the enemies of your country, and now and again spurred to fiercer energy by furious hand-to-hand struggles.

I have little doubt that the troops on the *Birkenhead* endured, during the shorter period of their waiting for the ship to sink under them, a greater stress of emotion, a greater strain on their fortitude, than did the crew of the *Revenge* in all the fifteen hours they fought.

The psychological factor should also have its weight. The men of the days of Elizabeth were of harder, rougher stuff than the men of the days of Victoria. Certainly Sir Richard Greenville himself was nearer the brute than any officer on the *Birkenhead*. Their men did not go in such fear of them as did the men of the *Revenge* of him. Taking everything into account, I should be inclined to award the palm for gallantry to the men of the *Birkenhead*. I prefer, however, to believe that in their different ways their gallantry was equal.

I see no reason to doubt that in the campaigns of Marlborough, the campaigns of Wellington, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, and the Boer War there were thousands of deeds as gallant as the fight of the *Revenge*, and that in the war we are fighting to-day there have already been as many deeds as gallant as that fight as in all the rest of the history of England. How many a battalion has gone into action a thousand strong and come back less than two hundred?

I take the latest list of V.C.'s and I read :—

BAR TO V.C.

Captain Noel Godfrey Chavasse, V.C., M.C., late R.A.M.C., attached Liverpool.

Though severely wounded early in the action whilst carrying a wounded soldier, Captain Chavasse refused to leave his post, and for two days not only continued to perform his duties, but in addition went out repeatedly under heavy fire to search for and attend to the wounded. During these searches, although practically without food during this period, worn with fatigue and faint with his wound, he assisted to carry in a number of badly-wounded men over heavy and difficult ground. By his extraordinary energy and inspiring example he was instrumental in rescuing many wounded who would otherwise have undoubtedly succumbed. This devoted and gallant officer subsequently died of his wounds.

Set Captain Chavasse beside Sir Richard Greenville—which is the more gallant man? Captain Chavasse began his struggle severely wounded, he exposed himself to as great danger, he displayed no less energy, and that though faint with hunger, and he endured for two days, without the stimulus of himself taking a hand in the fighting. How could a man display greater valour?

Later down the same list I read how Sergeant William H. Grimbaldeston, under very heavy fire, made his way to the entrance of a Hun blockhouse and, armed with a hand grenade, forced six Hun machine-gun teams and the team of a trench mortar to surrender. Thirty-six

men, six machine-guns, and a trench mortar are odds enough against one man with a hand grenade. Bear in mind, too, that not more than one in ten men who have earned it actually gets the Victoria Cross.

These are all deeds on record. They have found their historian, poets have sung of them, painters have painted them. But what of the thousands of unrecorded deeds of valour which have found no historian, no poet, and no painter? What of the thousands of unrecorded dead who fought the hopeless fight against hopeless odds till the last cartridge was spent and the sword, the musket, or the rifle fell from the hand of the last man dead? It is not fair to these to talk of the *greatest* deed of valour. We do not know it; we cannot know it. All these deeds, recorded or unrecorded, are a part of the story of England; and I say that the British Empire has been built on thousands of deeds every whit as gallant as the fight of the *Revenge*. Were it not so, there would be no British Empire.

MORLEY ROBERTS.

THERE can be no such thing as the greatest deed of valour, for it is the very essence of such deeds that they are incommensurable and have their own glory. A man might as soon pick out the greatest star. Nor can we say it could be found in war, if found at all; for which of us can measure the courage of Regulus or Greenville against that of Luther or Mahomet? Indeed it could be argued that he is the bravest man who performs no single shining act but, selecting a course full of hazard, possible disaster, and even personal dishonour, persists in it till the end. To face death is much, but not so great a thing as to endure perpetual stress or prolonged torture. In the records of the Inquisition are many monuments to heroes. He who dies in battle on land or sea is mostly helped by his fellows, and from them draws strength. He belongs to an organized body, he ceases to be an individual, and is endowed with gifts not wholly his own.

The solitary sniper may be a greater hero than the leader of a forlorn hope at Badajoz, and the tortured Indian at the stake surpass a victorious admiral. "There are livers out of Britain" and heroism is no rarity. After all, we are all men, and, save for some disease or organic failure, partake of human nature, which is essentially brave, full of energy, and for ever faces inevitable death. By the history of the word valour means wellness, capacity to stand stress. By standing it through ages mankind came to be what it is. But no one can say what is its most shining quality. Now we think of those who die for us, and indeed for themselves (since a man is part of his race), and endure by land and sea. Can Greenville or Drake or any old ancient sea or land captain surpass them? It may be that as stresses multiply men grow braver. If so the future holds more heroism in it than the past and the present hour is greater than yesterday.

I spoke of such men as Luther, Mahomet, or shall we say Cromwell? These were pioneers. They needed not the common courage of the past or present but courage for the future. So do the pioneers who are explorers. Those who died at Ypres or Mons or on the Vimy Ridge are brothers to Eyre and Burke and Wills, who cut paths in the Australian wilderness, enduring thirst and hunger and intolerable heat, with death at hand daily. If valour indeed implies the strength to endure, such men might bear away the palm, and with them might stand many castaways at sea whose name no man knows. Truly the more we think of it the more we see that the highest award falls to certain brave men by accident. They know that better than any and are often ashamed to be chosen from their fellows. And there are men covered with deserved decorations who would yield the palm for courage to some heroes in a fiery pit or even in a London drain. To go down into darkness and die by those a man would save is more than many deeds wrought in battle.

Each man has his own notion of what is real valour. The deed that deserves it is the task he thinks he would most likely fail at if it were asked of him. For my own part I have more admiration for such men of science as have knowingly sacrificed their health and life for the advancement of learning and the help of humanity than for any warrior, even the noblest. In the records of medicine are many such heroes who, in the quiet of their laboratory and without the encouragement of the many to cheer them on, have inoculated themselves with disease and have made observations till they died. Then there were those who, when X-rays were first discovered, devoted themselves to research into all their possibilities, and knowing the danger they ran, dangers hardly yet obviated, persisted in their work so long as they could endure the agonies of cancer. Though they died daily they did not flinch, secure only of the immortality which consists in the simple and unemotional records of scientific research. "None died that day with greater glory, yet many died and there was much glory." So spake Napier of a splendid soldier, but who knows the names of the X-ray heroes? Their real reward was in themselves. They died not only for a nation but for all humanity. I know of no deeds on the historic sea or on all the battlefields of our nation or any nation which surpass these, and soldiers or seamen would be the first to admit the fact. Even though our minds and hearts are now full of gratitude and thankfulness for their military courage and endurance, we may reasonably feel that the valour of the field or sea can be surpassed by many martyrs.

In times like these it is well to stay and reckon up the qualities of real men, discovering as we do so that self-sacrifice is the essence of their glory. If in such a search we find within ourselves even the poorest seed which in heroes grows so wonderfully, we may legitimately be proud, and humble, in the thought of our common humanity. Pessimism is easy, if optimism is often cheap, and when depression comes it is good to recount once more the qualities which are in man and only need some great stimulus to evoke them. To do so is not to fall into the humorous particularism of the little town not far from Naples whose inhabitants erected a monument in all solemnity to their own valour. Yet we may at least admit with Herman Melville, in his great book, "Moby Dick," that man is at least a manly creature. He says: "Men may have mean and meagre faces; but man, in the ideal, is so noble and so sparkling, such a grand and glowing creature, that over any ignominious blemish in him all his fellows should run to throw their costliest robes. That immaculate manliness we feel within ourselves, so far within us, that it remains intact though all the outer character seem gone; bleeds with keenest anguish at the undraped spectacle of a valour-ruined man. . . . If then, to meanest mariners, and renegades and castaways, I shall hereafter ascribe high qualities, though dark; weave around them tragic graces; if even the most mournful, perchance the most abased, among them all, shall at times lift himself to the exalted mounts; if I shall touch that workman's arm with some ethereal light; if I shall spread a rainbow over his disastrous set of sun; then against all mortal critics bear me out in it, thou just Spirit of Equality, which hast spread one royal mantle of humanity over all my kind!" This, no doubt, is rhetoric, but it persuades us, as surely as the simplest language, that undestroyed and undebauched man under great stimulation is naturally and truly great. Though we should be ready with encouragement I doubt if we should exalt overmuch those who, under stress, show that this is their nature, rather reserving, as Melville did, grief for those who fail and do not answer.

I have said that deed usually seems to all of us the bravest which we ourselves are least capable of achieving. This is why the true hero is modest. He thinks of things done by others which he could not have done. He is almost ashamed of having his action recorded. To work according to one's nature is easy, and deeds wrought under the stimulus of a fine and true instinct seem wrought unconsciously. They are the more splendid for that in some ways, for the man could do no other. He worked perfectly. Is he braver than the man who fears and does his work? "Colonel, you are afraid," said one officer to another. "Yes, sir, I am," said the colonel; "and if you were as afraid as I am you would run away." This is what we call moral courage—that is, it is courage that can endure the stresses placed on it by the imagination which recognizes every possibility of disaster. Such incalculable elements, necessary for the true estimation of any particular action, render it impossible to award the crown for valour with any certainty. It is good to think where one is rewarded a thousand or ten thousand deserve reward as much or even more.

"IN THE RECORDS OF MEDICINE THERE ARE MANY SUCH HEROES WHO, IN THE QUIET OF THEIR LABORATORY, HAVE INOCULATED THEMSELVES WITH DISEASE."

The very impossibility of ideal justice in these matters shows us that all mankind, or at least the greater part of it, contain within them the power of response we call valour. These are the things that make a man. Such qualities represent the effluent energy of nature which has created and preserves mankind. We do not know our greatest. Perhaps we may have even condemned them. If I knew of any man who, for the sake of his fellows, had run the risk of being called a coward and died without any chance of explanation as he did what he knew to be his duty, I should say he was the bravest man of whom I had ever heard. Such things are possible. In battle someone of swift mind and courage might know that the only chance of help lay in leaving the fighting line without explaining the reason. If he were killed as he ran he might be thought the merest coward. So a man might lose all honour in doing the most honourable deed possible and, dying, might have no consolation under scornful eyes but the inward consciousness of his vain intention. Such a man should stand immeasurably above those who have wrought historic deeds knowing, as they wrought them, that they were certain, if not of applause, at least of an honourable death.

MAX PEMBERTON.

THERE can be little surprise that the fine old sea-dog Greenville made so sure an appeal to Tennyson and Stevenson. Poets both, there was here the true note of chivalry—the one against the many, the setting of bloody decks and torn banners and that music of St. George for "Merry England" which go to make the picture. Nevertheless, there must be many of us who are thinking these days that finer things have been done and that Armageddon has witnessed them.

Let us ask ourselves, to begin with, what is the point of view? Are we looking upon the deliberate intent of the deed, its effect upon the human destinies, and the measure of its risk—or merely consulting its dramatic aspect, its noise, its fury, and its appeal to the gallery? In the former case, the Philistine may argue that after all Greenville may have thought that British ships would come to his rescue, that luck might get him through the Spanish lines, and that, all said and done, there was just a chance of the big thing. It was not certain that failure implied death, and if he were taken prisoner the Spaniards, after all, might not prove such dirty dogs.

This is no depreciation of a mighty gallant fellow—it is a cold statement of fact. When an infatuated inventor took a flying machine up in a balloon in the 'seventies, and threw himself out somewhere above the Albert Hall, he knew perfectly well that any failure of the machinery meant instant death. But if he succeeded the whole fate of the world might be changed. I saw him go up as I stood by the side of the Round Pond waiting to catch a small boat that had become waterlogged, and I can remember now the lightning-like speed at which he fell through the air, and how the balloon went soaring away as though laughing at his folly. He was killed instantly, and the world had to wait for the Wrights before it could begin to talk seriously to the birds. Yet this man was either mad or one of the bravest fellows that ever lived. For him there was none of those clever gradations by which the Wrights climbed the celestial ladder. He took his courage in both hands and he died.

But our poets, of course, will have nothing to do with this kind of thing. They are properly dramatists, and their scenes need the limelight. A Bayard with his back to the wall is a greater fellow to know than a Christopher Columbus on the deck of a ship, yet who will deny that the valour of old Christopher has hardly been matched through the centuries? All the world was against him, and all the world believed that this little globe of ours was flat. He was about to sail over the confines of the known earth into that pit of the fables where dwelt the eaters of men. Fire and worse than fire awaited him at his journey's end. He had dared to look beyond the horizon of man's destiny and the gates of hell were open for him. Yet, as we know, he never faltered. His courage was unshaken, he stood erect while others grovelled with fear—he dared the unknown for many days, and gave thanks to God at last upon the shores of his destiny. Surely a greater thing for mankind than the fate of the old sea-dog and his ship. A different kind of courage and a greater.

Here is something which truly affected the destinies of mankind—an issue in which the thought of death had no place. Some day, perchance, the world will say the same of the first winter of the war, when British soldiers often stood up to their waists in water that the Germans might not get to Calais. Consider the patient heroism of that and all that it is eventually to mean to the British people. Day by day the heroes who are nameless, upon whom no limelight beats, who have no Tennyson to sing about them, go down into the muddy pools and suffer all that human misery can inflict upon them. They do so knowing well that their self-sacrifice must in any case cut them off for ever from the common things of life; that very possibly they will be cripples until the end of their days; that they are offering their splendid physique upon the altar of the nation's needs. All this is nothing to them. Let the Germans get Dunkirk and Calais and the war may be lost. And so they "stick it" to the end, shut their teeth and defy the Hun—even make jests which become historic. And the battles of Ypres are won and with them—who knows?—the battle of civilization also.

The reflection leads me personally to the belief that Armageddon itself must ultimately be responsible for ten thousand deeds of valour which shall put old sea-dog Greenville into the shade. Consider the air service alone and what men do there. A boy is told at a base camp to give an elderly brigadier a "good time aloft," meaning that he is to treat him with the consideration a father would show to a son, to take him for a little turn up and down and to deposit him finally in the nest with the care a hen would show to a chicken. The boy goes up a thousand feet, loops the loop, remembers that he has not done his altitude test, rises some twelve thousand feet, loops the loop all the way down, and brings home his brigadier in a state of unconsciousness which sent him to the hospital for nearly a week. The lad was "frightfully sorry, don't you know," but to him looping the loop was no more than taking a simple fence would be to an old horseman. He would never stop to dwell upon the amazing and almost incomprehensible valour of the man who first dared that stupendous deed and faced death alone, five thousand feet up in the air, that he might teach his fellows what the aeroplane could do and establish a precedent which has saved a thousand lives since Armageddon began. Verily must Pegoud have been one of the bravest men the world has ever known, and it is not a little curious

that in all the records of valour we find him so rarely mentioned. He sought out death with cool deliberation and defied it. He might well have believed that the chances were a hundred to one against him, and certainly he could have had no sure knowledge beforehand of an aeroplane's behaviour when it was upside down.

In all these things we must distinguish between the valour which is, so to speak, thrust upon a man and that which he initiates. Take the six officers of the Northumberland Fusiliers who

"TAKE THE SIX OFFICERS OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS WHO STOOD BACK TO BACK, THEIR PISTOLS IN THEIR HANDS, AND DIED TO THE LAST MAN ON THE DUNES BY NIEUPORT."

stood back to back, their pistols in their hands, and died to the last man on the dunes by Nieuport. They, I presume, could have cried "Kamerad," and gone to a German prison to languish until the war's end. They preferred the traditions of their regiment and a glorious death. Yet six men might have found themselves in a position where they must go on to certain death or be branded for ever with the brand of cowardice. Witness the assault upon the citadel of Badajoz in the days of the Peninsular War—so little a thing seemingly nowaday that we stand aghast at the volumes it provoked. Yet Badajoz was one of the finest things in history, and nothing more terrible has been known in the story of war than that episode of the storming of the great redoubt when our men piled up the corpses of their fellows that they might climb to the bastions above and there grapple with an enemy which decimated them in security. The darkness, the cries, the stiffening figures of the dead, the flame of the burning city—is there a picture of terror to beat it? a deed of valour richer in all the qualities of human courage?

History is full of these things; but in the end we may be sure that Armageddon will better them. Every day, on land, on sea, in the air—even in the waters below the earth—things are being done which old Greenville could not have beaten. Here a solitary aeroplane waging a lone war with ten of the enemy—there a patrol battling with tremendous seas that she may answer an S.O.S.—merchant seamen looking death in the eyes and smiling—mere boys fresh from school, going over and leaping into the black pits where the Hun machine-gun is waiting—fire and flame and the gas which blinds and the torture of the doubt and the eternal question! No, indeed, the old sea-dogs knew nothing of all this nor did their poets anticipate it.

So we say "God rest their souls," and await the singer who will tell us truly of the more terrible days.

E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IN the midst of this world-cataclysm, when every day men are showing themselves heroes with the title that will figure in the records of our history for all time, it would seem almost irreverent to look elsewhere for an answer to the question—what is the bravest deed in history?

To fight for an ideal England took up the challenge of Germany in August, 1914, unprepared for war and with nothing to gain from the struggle. Yet the stir and wonder of events is too strongly with us now for an impartial survey of recent happenings, and the historian of the future must deal with them when his judgment has been sobered by the passage of time.

In the midst of war, let us not forget that "peace hath her victories no less renowned," and the type of deed that fulfils most nearly the highest ideal of true bravery was the death of Sir Thomas More at the hands of Henry VIII. The highest species of bravery is not that which we share with the lower animals; they are capable of fighting valiantly in self-defence, or to obtain their food, and their bravery even reaches the quality of disinterestedness when

MAX PEMBERTON.

THERE can be little surprise that the fine old sea-dog Greenville made so sure an appeal to Tennyson and Stevenson. Poets both, there was here the true note of chivalry—the one against the many, the setting of bloody decks and torn banners and that music of St. George for "Merry England" which go to make the picture. Nevertheless, there must be many of us who are thinking these days that finer things have been done and that Armageddon has witnessed them.

Let us ask ourselves, to begin with, what is the point of view? Are we looking upon the deliberate intent of the deed, its effect upon the human destinies, and the measure of its risk—or merely consulting its dramatic aspect, its noise, its fury, and its appeal to the gallery? In the former case, the Philistine may argue that after all Greenville may have thought that British ships would come to his rescue, that luck might get him through the Spanish lines, and that, all said and done, there was just a chance of the big thing. It was not certain that failure implied death, and if he were taken prisoner the Spaniards, after all, might not prove such dirty dogs.

This is no depreciation of a mighty gallant fellow—it is a cold statement of fact. When an infatuated inventor took a flying machine up in a balloon in the 'seventies, and threw himself out somewhere above the Albert Hall, he knew perfectly well that any failure of the machinery meant instant death. But if he succeeded the whole fate of the world might be changed. I saw him go up as I stood by the side of the Round Pond waiting to catch a small boat that had become waterlogged, and I can remember now the lightning-like speed at which he fell through the air, and how the balloon went soaring away as though laughing at his folly. He was killed instantly, and the world had to wait for the Wrights before it could begin to talk seriously to the birds. Yet this man was either mad or one of the bravest fellows that ever lived. For him there was none of those clever gradations by which the Wrights climbed the celestial ladder. He took his courage in both hands and he died.

But our poets, of course, will have nothing to do with this kind of thing. They are properly dramatists, and their scenes need the limelight. A Bayard with his back to the wall is a greater fellow to know than a Christopher Columbus on the deck of a ship, yet who will deny that the valour of old Christopher has hardly been matched through the centuries? All the world was against him, and all the world believed that this little globe of ours was flat. He was about to sail over the confines of the known earth into that pit of the fables where dwelt the eaters of men. Fire and worse than fire awaited him at his journey's end. He had dared to look beyond the horizon of man's destiny and the gates of hell were open for him. Yet, as we know, he never faltered. His courage was unshaken, he stood erect while others grovelled with fear—he dared the unknown for many days, and gave thanks to God at last upon the shores of his destiny. Surely a greater thing for mankind than the fate of the old sea-dog and his ship. A different kind of courage and a greater.

Here is something which truly affected the destinies of mankind—an issue in which the thought of death had no place. Some day, perchance, the world will say the same of the first winter of the war, when British soldiers often stood up to their waists in water that the Germans might not get to Calais. Consider the patient heroism of that and all that it is eventually to mean to the British people. Day by day the heroes who are nameless, upon whom no limelight beats, who have no Tennyson to sing about them, go down into the muddy pools and suffer all that human misery can inflict upon them. They do so knowing well that their self-sacrifice must in any case cut them off for ever from the common things of life; that very possibly they will be cripples until the end of their days; that they are offering their splendid physique upon the altar of the nation's needs. All this is nothing to them. Let the Germans get Dunkirk and Calais and the war may be lost. And so they "stick it" to the end, shut their teeth and defy the Hun—even make jests which become historic. And the battles of Ypres are won and with them—who knows?—the battle of civilization also.

The reflection leads me personally to the belief that Armageddon itself must ultimately be responsible for ten thousand deeds of valour which shall put old sea-dog Greenville into the shade. Consider the air service alone and what men do there. A boy is told at a base camp to give an elderly brigadier a "good time aloft," meaning that he is to treat him with the consideration a father would show to a son, to take him for a little turn up and down and to deposit him finally in the nest with the care a hen would show to a chicken. The boy goes up a thousand feet, loops the loop, remembers that he has not done his altitude test, rises some twelve thousand feet, loops the loop all the way down, and brings home his brigadier in a state of unconsciousness which sent him to the hospital for nearly a week. The lad was "frightfully sorry, don't you know," but to him looping the loop was no more than taking a simple fence would be to an old horseman. He would never stop to dwell upon the amazing and almost incomprehensible valour of the man who first dared that stupendous deed and faced death alone, five thousand feet up in the air, that he might teach his fellows what the aeroplane could do and establish a precedent which has saved a thousand lives since Armageddon began. Verily must Pegoud have been one of the bravest men the world has ever known, and it is not a little curious

that in all the records of valour we find him so rarely mentioned. He sought out death with cool deliberation and defied it. He might well have believed that the chances were a hundred to one against him, and certainly he could have had no sure knowledge beforehand of an aeroplane's behaviour when it was upside down.

In all these things we must distinguish between the valour which is, so to speak, thrust upon a man and that which he initiates. Take the six officers of the Northumberland Fusiliers who

"TAKE THE SIX OFFICERS OF THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS WHO STOOD BACK TO BACK, THEIR PISTOLS IN THEIR HANDS, AND DIED TO THE LAST MAN ON THE DUNES BY NIEUPORT."

stood back to back, their pistols in their hands, and died to the last man on the dunes by Nieuport. They, I presume, could have cried "Kamerad," and gone to a German prison to languish until the war's end. They preferred the traditions of their regiment and a glorious death. Yet six men might have found themselves in a position where they must go on to certain death or be branded for ever with the brand of cowardice. Witness the assault upon the citadel of Badajoz in the days of the Peninsular War—so little a thing seemingly nowaday that we stand aghast at the volumes it provoked. Yet Badajoz was one of the finest things in history, and nothing more terrible has been known in the story of war than that episode of the storming of the great redoubt when our men piled up the corpses of their fellows that they might climb to the bastions above and there grapple with an enemy which decimated them in security. The darkness, the cries, the stiffening figures of the dead, the flame of the burning city—is there a picture of terror to beat it? a deed of valour richer in all the qualities of human courage?

History is full of these things; but in the end we may be sure that Armageddon will better them. Every day, on land, on sea, in the air—even in the waters below the earth—things are being done which old Greenville could not have beaten. Here a solitary aeroplane waging a lone war with ten of the enemy—there a patrol battling with tremendous seas that she may answer an S.O.S.—merchant seamen looking death in the eyes and smiling—mere boys fresh from school, going over and leaping into the black pits where the Hun machine-gun is waiting—fire and flame and the gas which blinds and the torture of the doubt and the eternal question! No, indeed, the old sea-dogs knew nothing of all this nor did their poets anticipate it.

So we say "God rest their souls," and await the singer who will tell us truly of the more terrible days.

E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IN the midst of this world-cataclysm, when every day men are showing themselves heroes with the title that will figure in the records of our history for all time, it would seem almost irreverent to look elsewhere for an answer to the question—what is the bravest deed in history?

To fight for an ideal England took up the challenge of Germany in August, 1914, unprepared for war and with nothing to gain from the struggle. Yet the stir and wonder of events is too strongly with us now for an impartial survey of recent happenings, and the historian of the future must deal with them when his judgment has been sobered by the passage of time.

In the midst of war, let us not forget that "peace hath her victories no less renowned," and the type of deed that fulfils most nearly the highest ideal of true bravery was the death of Sir Thomas More at the hands of Henry VIII. The highest species of bravery is not that which we share with the lower animals; they are capable of fighting valiantly in self-defence, or to obtain their food, and their bravery even reaches the quality of disinterestedness when

their offspring are in danger; but man alone can fight, not to further his material ends, but in the lofty pursuit of an ideal, of what is to the average individual the shadow of a phantom. In the thick of the contest, when the blood is up, when companions all around stir one on, when the reward of even cowardice is perhaps death, when death is imminent whatever we do, then to die honourably is splendid indeed, but surely not the height of heroism. As against this, set the case of a man like Sir Thomas More, whose choice lay between the continuance of a dazzling career of fame and honour, and the darkness of a death voluntarily undertaken for what the cynic must regard as the whim of an over-scrupulous conscience. Shakespeare's Hamlet declares that "conscience doth make cowards of us all." For Sir Thomas More, the conditions were the opposite of those in which Hamlet found himself. In his case it was conscience that drove him to a supreme act of bravery, where every other inducement was working in favour of the broad and easy road. He refused to affirm the title of Henry VIII. as supreme Head of the Church, and, by a statute passed in 1534, such refusal was interpreted as treason. The Monarchy had triumphed over the whole field, but its power was brought to an abrupt halt when face to face with the unyielding conscience of a single man.

SIR THOMAS MORE,
WHOSE DEATH REPRESENTED "THE TYPE OF DEED THAT FULFILS MOST NEARLY THE HIGHEST IDEAL OF TRUE BRAVERY."

Sir Thomas More was the leading Englishman of his day; he had tasted the sweets of office and he had abandoned them without a murmur when Henry's policy of divorce from Catherine ended in an open rupture with Rome. The Act of Succession in 1534 ordered an oath to be taken by all persons to recognize the succession then arranged, and this involved an acknowledgment that Henry's marriage with Catherine was contrary to Scripture and invalid from the start. Henry, in summoning More to take this oath, knowing as he did More's belief, was pronouncing the sentence of death, or rather he was putting his victim to the severest test which can befall any man—of whether his convictions would survive the certainty of death itself. "I thank the Lord," were More's words, when the summons reached him—"I thank the Lord that the field is won."

He was given plenty of time to reconsider his refusal, and the utmost efforts of ingenuity and interpretation and of earnest solicitation were brought forward to induce him to yield, but he was weighed in the balance and not found wanting. At the last moment he was careful to remove his beard from the path of the axe, saying, "Pity that should be cut that has never committed treason"; but the story is well known and need not be elaborated here. It is on the significance of it that we would dwell. The heroism of Sir Thomas More is the type to which not individuals only, but nations, must conform if they are to obtain true greatness. Such an act derives its outstanding quality upon two characteristics—it is entirely disinterested and it is undertaken in cold blood, with none of the heat and strife and passion to reinforce it that spurs the tigress to avenge her cubs. With every material inducement pointing to the choice of life, with long hours for sober reflection on the alternatives presented, the idealist yet consents to fling away everything save the treasured and intangible figment of his spirit's creation, and to face the bourne from which no traveller returns. Add to this that Sir Thomas More was no mere fanatic, but a man of broad and tolerant views and possessed withal of a sense of humour that might well have turned the scales the other way, and we can realize the sublimity of his act.

England is fighting today for ideals, as against the materialistic ambitions of Germany. That is why, when the manifold achievements of individuals in this war are forgotten, the actual decision of the whole nation to throw aside ease, prosperity, and repose to fight totally unprepared, for an ideal, will always be remembered in history as a supreme act of heroism and disinterestedness.

In like spirit, Sir Thomas More valiantly recorded his protest against tyranny by the only act which could effectually further his cause. It is not the act alone which constitutes bravery, but the motive behind the act and the spirit in which it is carried out.

It is the martyr for conscience' sake who furnishes the best example of that courage which is so much higher than that which springs from recklessness or self-confidence.

Sir Thomas More is the greatest, though not the sole representative, of this type in our history, and it is under his banner that England and her Allies are fighting to-day.

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

No. 3.—THE FREE MEAL PROBLEM.

PROBABLY no member of the Problem Club enjoyed his evening of chairmanship more than Mr. Quillian, K.C., who occupied the chair at the forty-fifth meeting. He liked the position of authority, and he liked the opportunity to exercise the nicety and precision of his legal mind. In the Free Meal Problem, on which he was to adjudicate, the ingenious head-waiter Leonard had made the following demand:—

"It is required within the space of twenty-four consecutive hours to be the guest of one person at breakfast, of another at luncheon, and of a third at dinner, the host being in each case a person whom the competitor has not to his knowledge seen, and with whom he has held no communication, previous to the sunrise preceding the meal. No direct request for a meal may be made, and no remuneration may be given in return for any meal."

"Now, gentlemen," said Mr. Quillian, when he had read this out, "this is a problem where the question of definition may arise. For instance, a child in a railway carriage offers a traveller a small piece of deteriorated bun. We will suppose that the hour is eight in the morning and that the traveller has not partaken of food since the previous midnight. In the improbable event of his consuming the —er—proffered dainty, he has undoubtedly broken his fast. But can he be said to have breakfasted? All I can say is that if the question of definition should arise to-night I will do my best to deal with it on common-sense lines, accurately but without pedantry."

The chairman then called upon Mr. Wildersley, A.R.A., to give his experiences.

Wildersley was a man of middle age who, like many artists, retained something of the child in his composition. He was a big, good-tempered man of rather rugged appearance.

"A CHILD IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE OFFERS A TRAVELLER A SMALL PIECE OF DETERIORATED BUN."

Copyright, 1917, by Barry Pain.

The cigars provided by the club, good though they were, had no attraction for him. He was a pipe-smoker, and between his sentences he contrived to keep his pipe alight.

"Well," he said, "I mayn't be a winner, but I can't be far out. I'll tell you how I set about it. You may have noticed that chaps in the country with little places—three or four acres—are often very keen about them. In fact, the smaller the place the keener they are. My frame-maker, who lives near Harrow, used to spend most of his Sunday afternoon sitting behind a curtain with the window open, listening to what passers-by had to say about the godetias in his front garden. His daughter sometimes sits for me, and she told me that if the compliments on the garden came in nicely it put him in such a good temper that he used to let the family off church in the evening. I decided to work on the pride that the owner or tenant has in his place. I went down to the outer suburban belt—the part that they call the real country—and put up at an hotel. Then bright and early one morning I started out with my painting contraptions. I very soon spotted a place that I knew must be picturesque, because it had got some clipped yews and a sun-dial; besides, as the gate informed me, it was called the Dream House, and that proved it. So in I went, pitched my easel half-way up the drive, and got to work. An old gardener came up and asked me if I knew that I was trespassing. So I gave him a shilling, my card, and my apologies. I told him to keep the shilling and to deliver the card and apologies to his master as soon as that gentleman got down. That seemed to meet the case. In half an hour I had knocked off something showy, and then down the drive towards me came the owner, all smiles and Norfolk jacket, with a Cocker spaniel trailing behind him. I gave him the sketch, and he was as pleased as Punch about it. He took me round the garden to point out other picturesque spots, and then brought me into the house to introduce me to his family. Nice people, very. Almost before I knew it I was breakfasting with them, and being hungry I was pleased to find that they took breakfast seriously. They'd have kept me there all day if I could have stopped, but the business of this problem required me to move on.

"At half-past twelve I played the same trick again six miles up the road. Once more it worked perfectly. My hostess was an old lady of the almost extinct type that knows how to live. Everything about the place was just exactly. The luncheon was just exactly. And she gave me a very fine old Amontillado—a wine that we don't see enough of nowadays. I can't say whether it was the sherry or the success, but when I left I felt that I had got the club's cheque for one hundred and ten pounds in my pocket and was listening to the chairman's kindly words of congratulation. My mistake, of course. Begin well, but not too well. If you begin too well, mistrust it.

"About seven that evening I was painting a garden which was really rather good in that light. (I'd sent in my card and got permission.) As I was finishing the job and rather wrapped up in it I heard a Scotch accent behind me, saying that the sketch was 'no bad' and 'verra like.' He and I discussed the comparative merits of painting and photography. For accuracy he 'prefaired the photograph, but then it didna give the colours.' As before, I presented the sketch, and I still think that he was pleased with it. He asked me to sign it, so as to prove to his friends that he 'wasna lying' when he said that it was by a professed painter, and admitted that he would not grudge the money it would cost for framing and glazing. He then said he made no doubt I would be hurrying home for my dinner, and he would wish me good evening. And so, in a manner of speaking, I fell at the last hurdle. Still, I suppose I score the breakfast and luncheon."

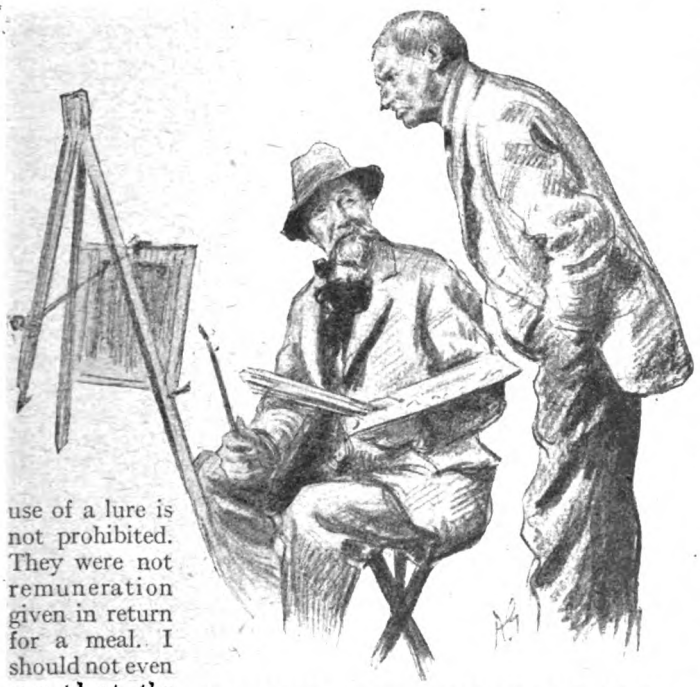
The Hon. James Feldane addressed the chairman:—

"I'd like your ruling on that point, sir. And it's quite impartial, because I am not competing myself this time."

"Not competing?" said the chairman. "Might I ask what stopped you? Hitherto you have been one of the keenest and most sporting of our members, in spite of your air of—er—lassitude."

"What stopped me," said Jimmy, simply, "was breakfast. Breakfast is bad enough at any time, especially if you've been rather late and busy the night before. But to breakfast with an absolute stranger on chance food, and to go out and dig for the invitation first—well, it was unthinkable. I'm sorry to spoil old Wildersley's score, and if he'd bunged me one of his sketches instead of chucking them about the suburbs I might have been able to stifle the voice of conscience. As it is I feel bound to raise the objection that he gave remuneration for the breakfast and luncheon—to wit, two sketches."

"The gift of the sketches was precedent to the meals and was unconditional, as we see by the fact that the third sketch produced no meal. The sketches were a lure, and the



"HE ASKED ME TO SIGN IT, SO AS TO PROVE TO HIS FRIENDS THAT HE 'WASNA LYING.'"

use of a lure is not prohibited. They were not remuneration given in return for a meal. I should not even say that the meals were remuneration for the sketches; they were merely an expression of gratitude. Mr. Feldane's objection is disallowed."

That habitual non-starter Mr. Harding Pope, M.P., was now asked if he had made his choice between competition or resignation.

"I have competed, of course. But I have only the most dismal of failures to record. I was down at my constituency, and I picked out three new residents on whom I had a plausible excuse for calling. I 'phoned the first to ask if he could see me at nine, apologizing for the earliness of the hour. He said that the time suited him very well, and that, as a matter of fact, he always breakfasted at seven, so as to begin work early. The man whom I called on at lunch-time could only give me ten minutes, he said, as he was lunching out. The third did ask me to dinner, but not on that day. And probably all three have put me down as a man who calls at tactless and inconvenient times. I can only say that I am ready to suffer far worse things for the privilege of retaining my membership."

Sir Charles Bunford had perhaps shown rather more strategy, but had only one degree less of failure to report. He had obtained letters of introduction to three noted food-cranks, all of them ardent proselytizers. To the first he represented himself as suffering from a list of symptoms. Sir Charles had memorized them carefully from the advertisement of a patent pill. He said that he was sorry to call at so early an hour, but after a night of suffering he had determined that he would begin on a new system of diet at once.

"For instance," he said, "what ought I to have for breakfast this morning? What do you have yourself?"

The food-crank said that he would not only tell him; he would ask him to share his simple but healthful fare.

At this point in his narrative the chairman interposed.

"This is a case where the question of definition may arise. I must ask you to tell us, Sir Charles, what the food-crank gave you for breakfast."

"It was not so much breakfast as a premature dessert with a hospital flavour to it. It consisted of uncooked fruit and lessons in the difficult art of mastication. With thatwe drank a special sort of coffee, from which all deleterious matter, including the taste of coffee, had been entirely removed. But the question of definition need not worry you, as I can't claim to have won. The second food-crank, whom I visited at lunch-time, told me that his chief secret was never to eat in the middle of the day. The third, whom I tackled in the evening, was so ascetic in his conversation and so extremely anxious to keep me out of his dining-room, that I formed a suspicion, perhaps unworthy, that the man's practice differed somewhat from his preaching. So I've failed, but it was quite an amusing day."

That great epicure, Mr. Matthews, had not competed, and gave his reasons with a solemnity that contrasted with his usual cheeriness.

"Thank heaven," he said, "I have a sophisticated appetite! Thank heaven again I have an over-educated palate! Starvation for twenty-four hours I might have possibly faced. But the horrors of casual hospitality were more than I could risk."

"Ah, well," said the chairman, "I must turn to Mr. Pusely-Smythe, who is acting as

secretary for us to-night. I presume he has added one more to his list of triumphs."

"The pangs of failure," said that saturnine gentleman, "are increased by the jeers of the learned chairman. I ought to have won. I claim to have won. But I confess that it will not surprise me if I am reduced to an equality with my artist friend. I shall have a melancholy pleasure in sharing the prize with him. He tried to work upon gratitude, and so did I. The particular brand of gratitude that I decided to exploit for my purpose was the gratitude that a woman feels for the return of her lost pet dog. It seems to vary inversely as the value of the dog, but it is always great.

"HER GRATITUDE WAS ALMOST FRANTIC. SHE KISSED THE DOG ARDENTLY."

"You will perhaps remember that about a year ago Leonard set us a peculiarly sinful problem, which he styled the Substitution Problem, and that in the complicated and unjustifiable operations by which I succeeded in winning the prize I made the acquaintance of James Tigg, and did him a good turn. Now James, known to his intimate friends as 'Kidney,' is by profession a French polisher, but does not practise, and his favourite occupation is the appropriation of dogs, his gifts in that direction amounting almost to genius.

"I sent for James. I told him that I thought it likely that three ladies, living in different suburbs, would lose their pet dogs and that I should know where to find them, and should be enabled by the address on the dog-collar to return each of the little darlings to its owner. At the same time I put five golden sovereigns on the table.

"'Likely?' said James. 'It's a ruddy certainty.' He then picked up the coins in an absent-minded way and instructed me as to details.

"Two days later, at an early hour in the morning, I called on Lady Pingle at her house at Epsom with her ladyship's alleged Pekingese under my arm. I told her how I had found the poor little thing wandering on Wimbledon Common late the night before, almost in a state of collapse, had given it food and shelter, and had taken the earliest opportunity to relieve her anxiety by its return.

"Her gratitude was almost frantic. She kissed the dog ardently, and at one moment I was almost afraid she was going to kiss me too. She did not do that, but she did insist on my breakfasting with her, and I accepted. And let me tell that over-educated sybarite Matthews, with his sneers at casual hospitality, that he himself never breakfasted better.

"I lunched with Mrs. Hastonbury at her residence at Leatherhead. In this way she showed her gratitude for the return of 'Bimby'—a chocolate-coloured Pom with a short temper. But I must confess that she was not nearly as quick off the mark as Lady Pingle. I had to inquire about hotels in the neighbourhood before she saw which way her duty lay.

"The third dog that I had to deliver, a mouldy little pug, belonged to the wife of a curate living much nearer home. She was grateful and she was hospitable. She said that they never dined but that they were just sitting down to high tea, and she hoped I would join them. It was an evening meal substituted for dinner, and I contend that I am entitled to count it as dinner."

"Kindly tell us what you had," said the chairman.

"What? The internal evidence? Certainly. I had cocoa, scrambled eggs, and seed-cake. And I hope you will take a lenient view of it."

"HE FETCHED UP A BOTTLE OF THE '87 IN MY HONOUR."

"Your hostess herself maintained that it was not dinner, and the internal evidence, as you call it, entirely supports her view. Your career of crime will only give you a score of two. The high tea is disallowed. I will now call upon Major Byles."

"The sacrifice that I made to luck on the occasion of our last competition," said Major Byles, "has brought me success at last. I claim to be a winner, and await your decision with confidence. It happened that two of my friends both wanted a furnished house at Brightgate for the winter, and did not want the bother of going down to make their selection. I saw my chance at once. I might never have thought of it, but I didn't miss it when it was shoved at me. I said at once that I was thinking of running down to Brightgate for a day or two, and that it always interested me to look over houses. They told me their requirements and let me take on the job for them.

"The house-agent at Brightgate had only six houses on his books that were at all suitable. He gave me orders to view, and I started business at eight one morning. I started badly.

"At the first house a proud but pretty parlour-maid told me that it was not usual to show furnished houses at that hour, but I could call again at eleven. At the second house there was only a caretaker. That left me with, so to speak, four cartridges and three birds to kill. I hurried on to the third house, which was half a mile away. By a bit of luck I met the owner on the doorstep, and told him my alleged business.

"'You're very early,' he said. 'Why, we haven't had breakfast yet.'

"'No more have I,' I said. 'But last year I lost a good house through being too late, and I thought I wouldn't make the same mistake again.'

"He was a genial old chap. He said the best thing I could do was to come in and breakfast with him, and by the time I had finished the servants would have got the bedrooms tidied up. I did my best to accept with decent hesitation.

"At lunch-time I tried the fourth house on my list and struck another caretaker. I couldn't afford another miss. I got lunch at the fifth house, but I had to be no end complimentary before I could get them up to the point. In fact, it wasn't till I told the woman that her pimply-faced son was a fine upstanding young fellow that she decided to order the extra chop.

"But at the sixth house I had no trouble about dinner. The owner turned out to be a friend of a friend of mine. He fetched up a bottle of the '87 in my honour and insisted on my stopping the night.

"They were all *pukka* meals, and all the conditions were observed. Am I a winner, Mr. Chairman?"

"Certainly. Does anybody else claim to be a winner?"

"I do," said Mr. Alden. "The day before yesterday a gentleman came up and asked me to bet a pound—a man with a wedding-ring on and a very decent husband. That was all right to the minute. My bet happened to be at the end, and it pushed me to the front away. I saw the gentleman was able to appreciate the humour and had breakfast with him. Later in the morning a man who turned out to be the one interested in the claim and had heard of me as a certainty. He was very keen that I should back him and bet what he had won. He was a pleasant chap and I accepted. When I got round a corner I ate an ice and all of a sudden said that he was going to take me to a place that night with a man I had never seen before. It seemed that the stranger had nothing with him for one night a week to spend in my own line. The Frenchman was anxious to meet me and his host was anxious to please him. So he had tried to arrange it through a mutual friend. I was myself keen to meet that French man, and so he succeeded.

"Of course, I didn't arrange all this—couldn't have arranged it. As a matter of fact, I had never intended to compete this time. But destiny decided to take a hand in this competition. I claim to be a winner."

"An interesting point," said the chairman. "Can a man be said to win who has never competed? I shall decide in Mr. Alden's favour. Leonard says nothing of intention. He only demands certain facts. And these facts the Lord, by an amazing stroke of luck, has been able to provide. The prize of one hundred and ten pounds will be divided equally between him and Major Byles, unless there is any further claim."

No further claim was forthcoming. The chairman then announced that Mr. Matthews would preside at the next meeting, and read out the problem set for the following month, called "The Win-and-Lose Problem," and there was a general feeling that it would take some doing.

The problem is as follows: It is required to win an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net loss of one pound to the winner; and to lose an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net gain of one pound to the loser. No competitor is to make more than two bets.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 40.

Remembering errors current for some period
Which render true quotes of Heaven fast and loose.

1. Found between fo'c'sle and cuddy in famous story.
Just how old does he look? Half, or all of that noise.

2. Perverse woman, you come to bargain—
A bargain is, with labor to make it straight.

3. The name of many rivers from now on lost.
And we are considerably in the way.

4. What reason forces will be the next you'll see or read in,
But not a jot of sympathy you'll see.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 41.

Our country, our country, here, from need,
To its succour ready to be just friend.

1. How [illegible] a sage [illegible].
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]
4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]
7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]

KING COLE.

Answers to Acrostics 40 and 41 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, 5, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C., and must arrive not later than by the first post on February 5th.

The answers to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper, and each must be signed with the solver's pseudonym. The answers may be sent in any or every night.

ANSWER TO No. 39.

1.	C	heatin	G
2.	H	en	E
3.	R	it	E
4.	I	dl	E
5.	S	ton	T
6.	T	ott	I
7.	M	elo	N
8.	A	ro	G
9.	S	ale	S

NOTES.—Line 4. In Yorkshire. 5. French, *toast*, all. 7. Dutch. 8. Magog and Gog.

Result of the Sixth Series.

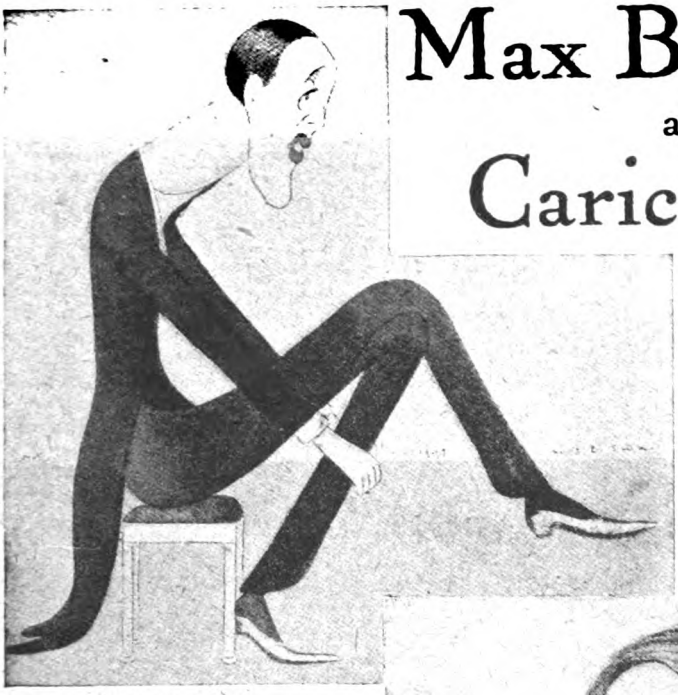
The maximum number of points obtainable during the series was 42, and one solver succeeded in gaining forty. He wins the first prize, and will receive a cheque for twenty pounds. Only one point was missed by H. H., Isa, Oswald, Nash, Wals, and Yoko; and each of these six solvers will receive a book prize and a half. All these seven solvers will be eligible for a further prize, in the seventh series in which

The names and addresses of the successful solvers are: [illegible], Mr. F. C. W., Gresham, Aylsham, Norfolk; H. H., Mr. E. W. M. [illegible], Hurstpierpoint House, Hartley Wintney, Hants; Isa, Miss N. [illegible], 23, Camden Hill Court, W.; Oswald, Mr. G. L. Moore, 86, Rectory Road, Muswell Hill, N.W.; Nash, Mr. W. H. Harsant, Tower House, Clifton Down Road, Clifton, Bristol; Wals, Mr. W. Stripling, Notts H.L. East Cowes, I.W.; Yoko, Mr. F. Rawson, 10, Richmond Mansions, S.W.

Max Beerbohm as a Caricaturist.

By

Adrian Margaux.



SIR F. E. SMITH.

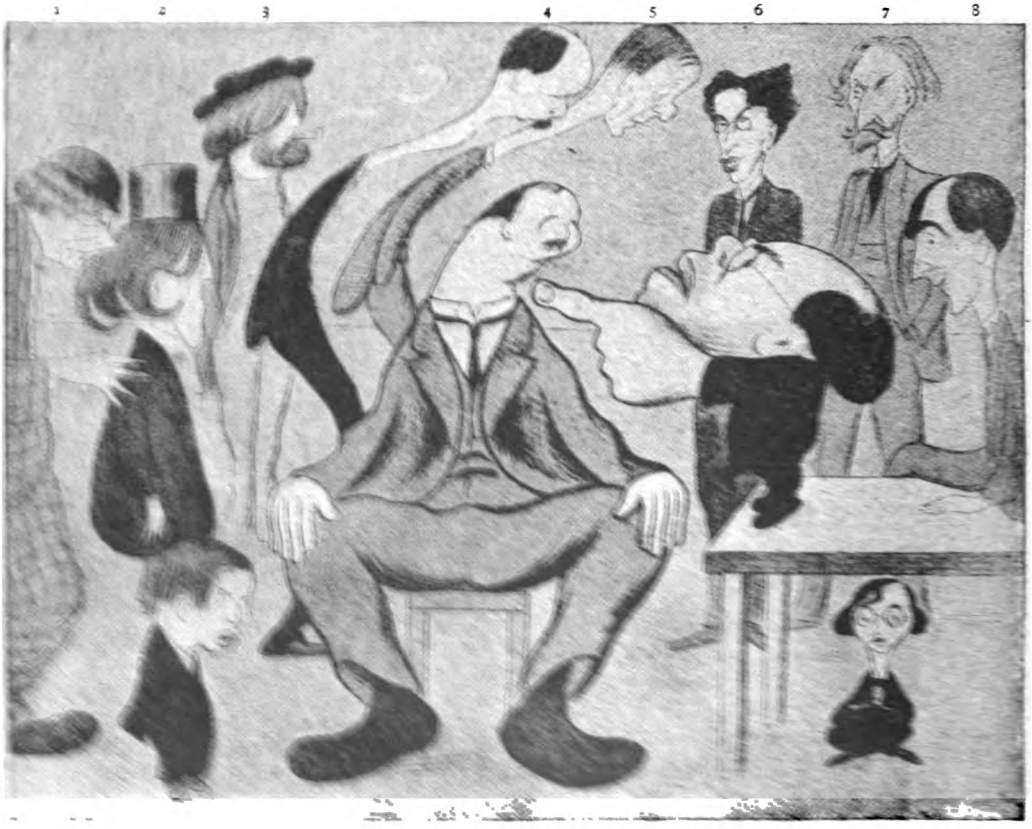
IT has been said of Max Beerbohm that for him man exists only to be caricatured. The *bon mot*, perhaps, does less than justice to those occasional excursions into the realms of literature wherein he has shown himself such a true observer of certain phases of the human comedy. But as a tribute to the pre-eminent position to which Max Beerbohm has attained among living caricaturists it may be accepted at its face value.

To art, for art's sake, Max Beerbohm would certainly make no claim. So long as he "gets there" in his satiric presentment of a personality he cares not what artistic conventions or rules he violates in the process. The very appreciative critic, just quoted, Mr. L. Raven-Hill, proceeds to point out that "he can't draw," and to argue that if he could he would probably be cramped and lose that "delightful irreverence for things as they are which is really one of his strongest points."

Like Phil May, Max Beerbohm has had little or no training in the use of his pencil. As he frankly tells you, apart from a few

MR. H. G. WELLS, PROPHET AND IDEALIST, CONJURING UP THE DARLING FUTURE.

lessons in freehand at Charterhouse School, he has found out for himself everything which has made the pencil such a powerful weapon in his hands. At Charterhouse, however, where he was a pupil from 1885 to 1890, his instinct for pictorial satire early found successful expression. In the pages of the school magazine will be found about half-a-dozen drawings, signed "H.M.B.," which

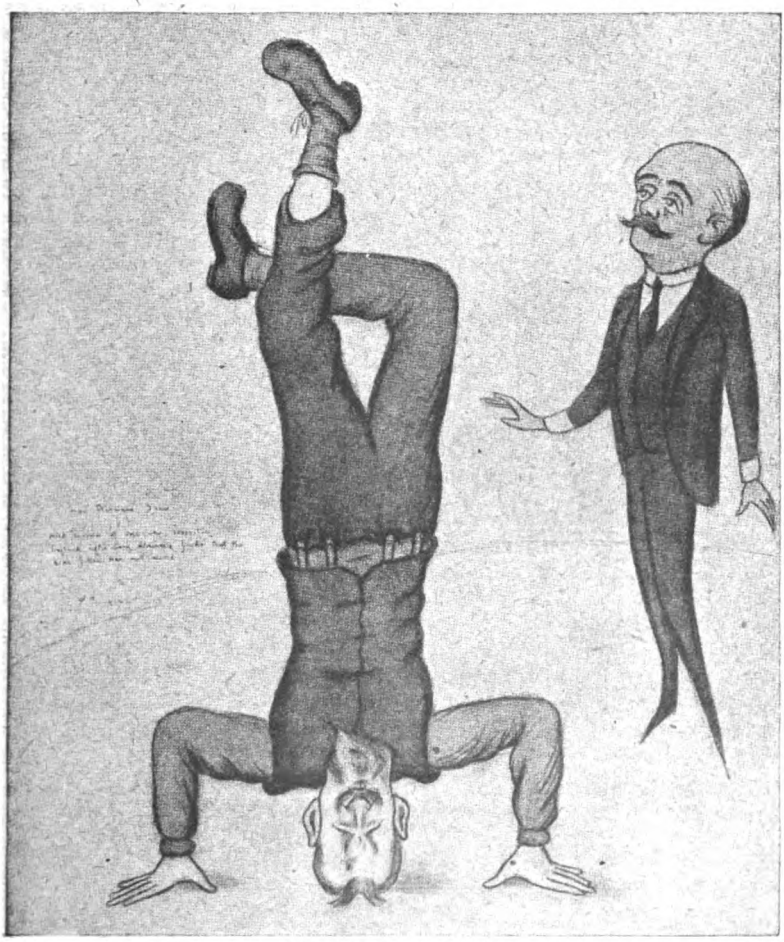


essay on "Going Back To School." "I was a modest, good-humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable." But it is evident that the sports at Charterhouse little appealed to him. "As I hovered," he says in the same essay, "in grey knickerbockers on a cold and muddy field, round the outskirts of a crowd that was tearing itself limb from limb for the sake of a leathern bladder, I

by Cissie Loftus," appearing in the *Sketch* for May 9, 1894. Several caricatures in the *Pall Mall Budget* and THE STRAND MAGAZINE were followed in the autumn of 1894 by a series in *Pick-Me-Up*. The series was entitled "Personal Remarks," and included among its subjects Oscar Wilde, R. G. Knowles, Harry Furniss, and Gus Elen.

Mr. Beerbohm left Oxford in July, 1895, about a month before his twenty-third birthday, and in the course of the next few years became famous not only by his periodical exhibitions of caricatures in West-end art galleries, but also by his literary contributions to such *fin-de-siècle* periodicals as the *Yellow Book*, the *Pageant*, the *Chap Book*, and the *Savoy*. In 1896 was published his first volume of drawings, "Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen." This was followed in 1900 by "The Second Childhood of John Bull," making fun of the national shortcomings revealed in the conduct of the South African War; and, subsequently, by "The Poets' Corner," having the most eminent poets of the nineteenth century for its subject. In later years he has published further selections from his exhibited drawings under the titles of "The Book of Caricatures" and "Fifty Caricatures," having in the meantime adopted the shortened form of his second Christian name, Maximilian, for both his literary and pictorial work.

On leaving Oxford Max Beerbohm took up his residence at a house in Hyde Park Place, which was once occupied by Kinglake, the historian, afterwards migrating to Upper Berkeley Street. In recent years he has lived mostly in Italy, making his home at Rapallo, a place which last autumn obtained newspaper celebrity as the scene of an important conference between Mr. Lloyd George and the French and Italian political and military leaders. During the past year, Mr. Beerbohm has resided in the historic Well Walk, Hampstead, and it was in his sitting-room there that he gave me some particulars of his work and its method.



MR. BERNARD SHAW.

MILD SURPRISE OF ONE WHO, REVISITING ENGLAND AFTER LONG ABSENCE, FINDS THAT THE DEAR FELLOW HAS NOT MOVED.

"No, I have never drawn from life," he tells me; "for one thing I have, as you may suppose, seldom had an opportunity of doing so. A caricaturist cannot ask for 'sittings' from his subject like a portrait-painter. I simply take a good look at a man and then trust my memory for the most salient features; the rest is ignored. Nor can I make use of photographs as some humorous artists do, I believe.

DAWNING OF A HORRID DOUBT AS TO THE DIVINE RIGHT.

I have tried sometimes to do so when drawing a group, but somehow or the other the photograph never seemed to tell me anything about the man as I knew him. Of course, in drawing cartoons of deceased celebrities, such as the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends now on exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, I have usually had to rely upon portraits—the only one in the group I was personally acquainted with was Swinburne, although I once saw Browning for a few moments, the others being before my time, of course. But in using portraits I prefer one painted or drawn to a photograph.

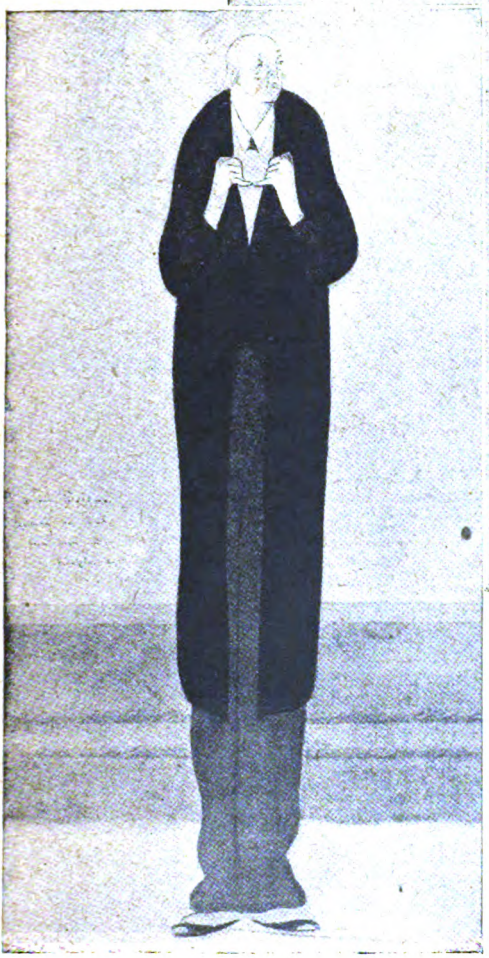
"My caricatures are always the result of the most rapid impressions. I never make preliminary studies, but start straight away on the drawing. If the drawing goes wrong I tear it up and start another. Any other method, it seems to me, would result in a studied effect which would be fatal to the drawing as a caricature. In my opinion, a caricature should be as simple as possible and perhaps a little untidy, drawn on rough paper without reference to any particular process of reproduction. Since my earlier years I have drawn nothing with a view to reproduction, and the great majority of my cartoons, of course, have been bought by private collectors out of exhibitions and never reproduced.

"What else is there to tell you about my work? The art critics in noticing my exhibitions have often referred to the wonderful psychology in my drawings. Well, it may be so, but I am not conscious of having any extraordinary psychological instinct myself, and I am always amused when I see it attributed to me. As far as I am aware, my cartoons are simply the result of careful observation and a good memory."

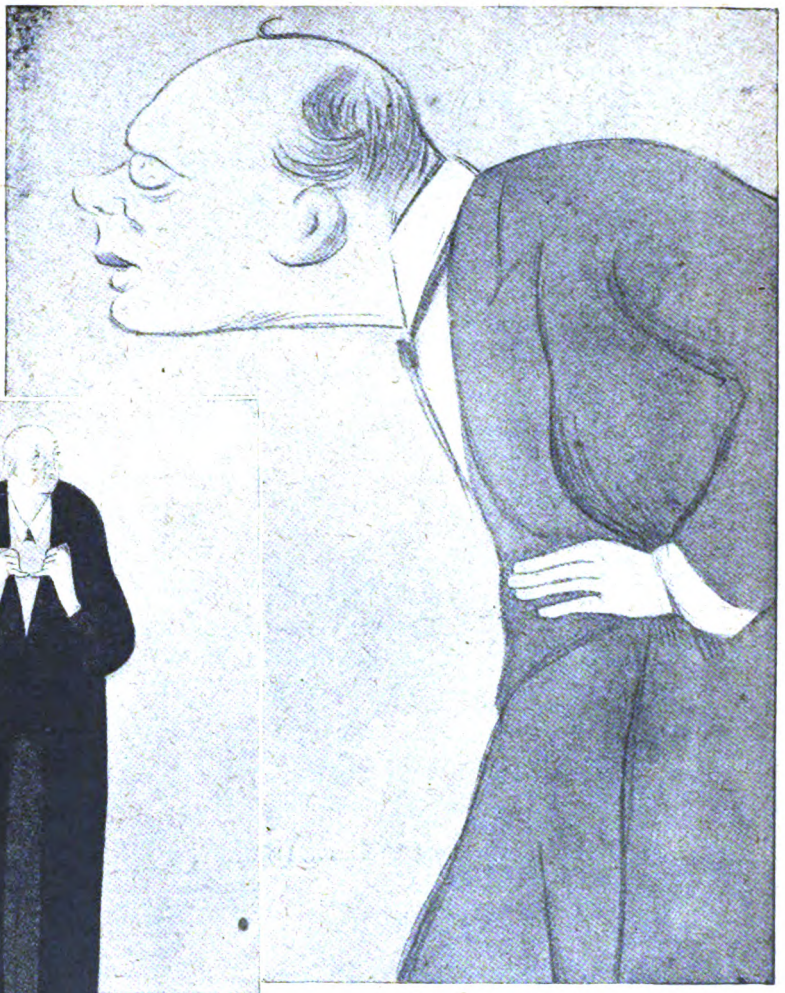
Discussing the subject of caricature generally, Max Beerbohm expressed the view that it still flourished best in Italy, where it originated.

"In Italy," he says, "every little town has its comic paper, and there are really clever comic draughtsmen galore. If I had been born an Italian I do not believe my work would have obtained any special recognition—I should have been in competition with so

many others. But in a country of the blind the one-eyed man is king. Not that I regard myself as a king in English caricature, but, in comparison with some of the Italian caricaturists, I am certainly only a one-eyed man. There is plenty of good caricature in Germany, but in this, as in other things, the Germans are simply copyists—they copied from the French, who, in their turn, were much influenced by the Italians."



MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR WISHING THAT HE HAD BEEN BORN IN A SIMPLER AGE.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"How do you account for the scarcity of caricaturists in England?"

"It is hard to say. The appreciation for my work goes to show that there is a demand, and the demand, it is said, creates the supply. But I do not myself believe in this saying any more than in that other saying that the occasion brings forth the man. It has certainly not brought him forth in Russia, and the military genius which would have shortened the Allies' struggle with Germany has not been forthcoming.

"Of the caricaturists who have worked in England, I regard Pellegrini, who was, of course, an Italian, as by far the greatest. Rowlandson and Gillray were too brutal for present-day taste, but then they lived in a brutal age. Rowlandson I admire most in his serious work."

During the war Max Beerbohm has given us no new work of topical interest. When I referred to this fact, he said :—

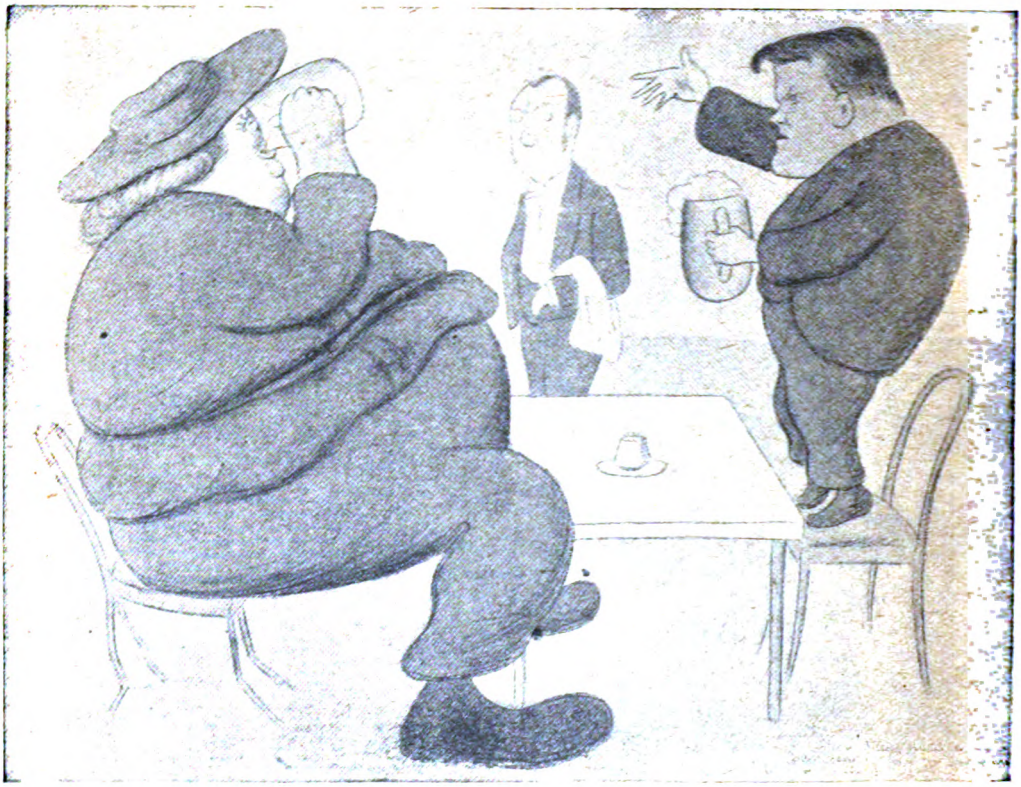
"Yes, it is perfectly true I have done practically nothing during the war. I did not feel that I could. The subject of the war —and its personalities—has always seemed to me to be far too serious to be treated of in the comic spirit. Of course, cartoons in the classical manner such as Bernard Partridge has contributed to *Punch* are quite all right ; but the classical manner is beyond my powers, and so I have left things alone."

"But the comic spirit has not been banished from the stage ?"

"No, I suppose that is impossible—for one thing, it is necessary that soldiers on leave should be amused and that the spirits of the people should be kept up. But if I were a comedian in a revue I could not make fun of the war. At any rate, that's how I feel about it personally."

I asked Mr. Beerbohm whether he considered the subjects selected for the illustration of this article were fairly representative of his work.

"Yes, I think so on the whole, except, perhaps, of my earliest and immature period. One of the subjects contains what I consider to be the best caricature I have ever done of myself—I am the man looking on at Bernard Shaw standing on his head."

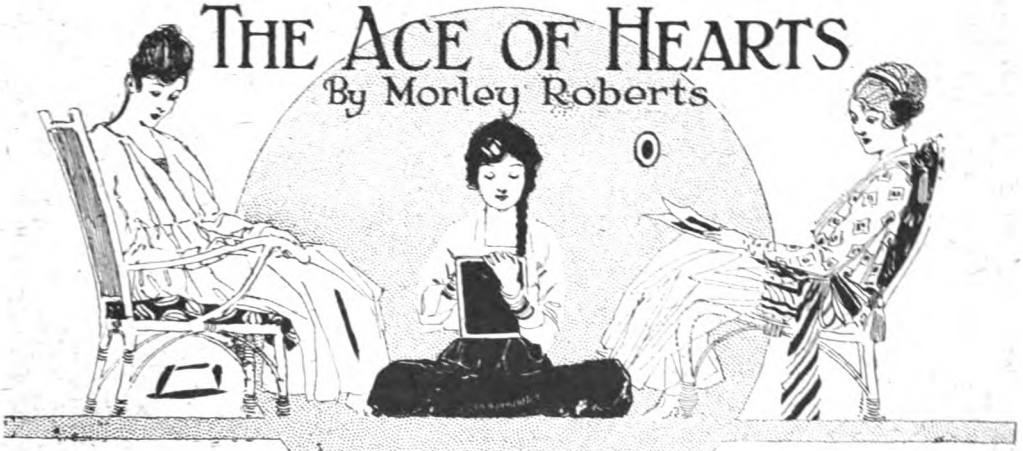


MR. HILAIRE BELLOC STRIVING TO WIN MR. GILBERT CHESTERTON OVER FROM THE HORRORS OF GENEVA.

The drawings entitled "Dawning of a Horrid Doubt as to the Divine Right" and "Mr. Bernard Shaw" are reproduced from "Fifty Caricatures," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann, while the remainder are from "A Book of Caricatures," by permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

THE ACE OF HEARTS

By Morley Roberts



Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

"I MAY be the youngest and what you call a flapper," said Billy Davenant, "but I'm better at arithmetic than any of you."

"Don't brag, Wilhelmina," said her cousin Kitty, thereby nearly breaking up the council, held by Molly and Di Davenant in conjunction with their youngest sister and their cousin, to consider a most important question.

"Don't let's quarrel," said Molly, who was not only the oldest, but, by long chalks, the most charming. "This isn't a personal matter; it's of the highest national importance. All the papers are full of it. What are the figures, Billy?"

Billy replied from the floor, on which she sat cross-legged with a slate on her lap.

"I make out," she said, "that you've a hundred apiece, and I'm leaving myself out as I'm only sixteen, so that makes three hundred, and three hundred a year is just the same as if it were six thousand pounds."

"Tosh! How can three hundred a year be six thousand?" asked Di.

"You don't understand figures," said the flapper, contemptuously; "if you invest six thousand at five per cent., and the papers say that's easy now, you get three hundred a year; so if you three didn't exist it would be the same to dad as if he had six thousand more. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Molly, "and I think it's awfully clever of you, Billy."

"I don't see in the least," said Di, "but if dad does, that will do."

"Uncle never sees anything," groaned Kitty, "or if he does he says, 'Yes, yes, my dear; run away, do, and let me get on with my book.'"

As she spoke Mr. Davenant came in with an open book in his hand. He was never without one, and those he carried in his splendid white head were without number and in the finest order, while such as were connected with his overcharged and under-rented estate were in hopeless confusion.

"Dear me, I thought you were all out this fine evening," he said, as he surveyed them affectionately.

"Dad," said Molly, "do put that book down; we want to speak to you."

"It's about finance," put in Billy.

"I don't know anything about finance, unless it's Roman or Greek," said Mr. Davenant, "so do be good girls——"

"We are trying hard to be," said Molly, "but we feel it's our duty to speak to you. And Billy, who's good at arithmetic and knows about three and four and five per cent., and can do financial accounts, says that if you were thoughtful and energetic you could save three hundred a year."

"Yes," said Billy, as Mr. Davenant's book dropped on the floor, "and at five per cent. that is as good as six thousand pounds, and if you count me it's more."

But Mr. Davenant shook his head as he picked up his book and sat down.

"This is nonsense," he said. "How can you cost six thousand?"

"We do, and we're desperate," said Di.

"Well, my dears, so am I," said Mr. Davenant, comfortably; "but I dare say we shall all get over it in time. Ah, here's your mother!"

And Mrs. Davenant, who took life as easily as her husband, entered the room with a letter.

"Here's a letter for you, Edward," said she.

Mr. Davenant reached out his hand without turning round, and, putting the letter in his book, went on reading.

"We've got to begin again with mother," said Billy.

"Yes, my dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Davenant.

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"We're tired of seeing no one but Cecil Silsoe, and we want to go to London," said Di.

"We haven't the money, my darlings," said Mrs. Davenant.

"Why doesn't that horrid old brute, Redburn, turn the White House into a hospital?" asked Kitty.

"Tosh, he can't," said Billy; "he's dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed the others.

"Oh, yes, the postman told me and I forgot to mention it," said Billy.

"Forgot! Good heavens!" said Mrs. Davenant. "Edward! Who will have the White House now Mr. Redburn is dead?"

"Did you say old Redburn was dead?" asked Mr. Davenant, waking up. "Now, if that's true it's a very good thing. His next of kin will have it, of course."

And then, as he began to read the letter, the others discussed old Mr. Redburn.

"Think of his wanting to marry Molly!" said Billy.

"It was the most awful thing that ever happened to me," said Molly, shuddering.

"Who's Hilary French?" asked Mr. Davenant. "It seems he's old Redburn's next of kin."

"Oh!" said Billy, looking at Molly, who turned pale and glared at her young sister.

"Hilary French! I don't know, but I seem to have heard the name," replied Mrs. Davenant.

"I know something about him," said Molly. "I *think* he's an actor."

"By Jove, and now he's got the dear old White House and all that money," said Billy. "But, dad, dad, what about him? Is there any more, and who's the letter from?"

"From your uncle Tom, and—and—oh, yes, here it is. He says in the postscript that Hilary French is an actor and a painter and a writer and a soldier and quite, quite a genius," said Mr. Davenant, "and he's coming down here at once. Now, my darlings, it's all settled. You can go away and pack for London."

"Oh, I say!" said Billy, and Molly, going quite white, sat down suddenly.

"I'm not really *anxious* to go, dad," said Molly. "I only said so because I thought I was well enough now."

"My dear," said her mother, turning to her husband, "I don't understand this."

"Don't you?" said Mr. Davenant, rising. "*I* do."

He stood with his back to the fireplace and surveyed them satirically.

"I *do* wake up sometimes, my darlings," he said, laughing.

"Oh, dad," said Billy, "do you?"

"But you can't all marry Mr. Hilary French," said their father.

"What, marry an actor?" asked Mrs. Davenant.

"With seven thousand a year and the White House full of gorgeous things," said Mr. Davenant. "But, of course, you don't want to marry him. Your notion is merely to get to London! Now, my dears, let me have a little peace. Settle who is to marry him, or there will be trouble. You toss up for him!"

"Edward!" cried Mrs. Davenant.

"Stay," said Mr. Davenant; "tossing is undignified. Billy, go to the library. At the left end of the third shelf in the big bookcase you will see, in a peculiarly dreadful binding, a book called 'The Way of all Flesh,' by the eminent satiric author, Samuel Butler. Bring it to me."

Billy obeyed, and while the others wondered what was coming, Mr. Davenant surveyed his disconsolate children with great glee. They hadn't a word to say till Billy returned. Her father took the book from her.

"On the whole this is, perhaps, not a work to be recommended indiscriminately to the ingenuous and enthusiastic," he said, as he turned over some of the earlier pages; "but I recommend to your attention page 43 while I retire to the library to see how much more I can overdraw my account with a view to your immediate departure for London."

And as he went out Mrs. Davenant followed him meekly.

"I'll read it," said Molly, snatching the book. "This is it:—

'My dears,' said their father, when he saw they did not seem likely to settle the matter among themselves, 'wait till to-morrow and play at cards for him!'

How—how dreadful!"

"That must be it," said Billy, "but I don't see that it's dreadful. It seems very sensible to me."

"I'd—I'd rather not do it," said Molly. "But—but if I did agree, what should we play at?"

"Ha, ha, I know," said Billy, with her hand on Molly's arm. "Let's do poker patience for him. I'll call the cards for you as I'm not in it."

As soon as twelve cards were dealt Kitty began to fidget.

"Bah, I might have got a royal right off," she said, crossly.

"So might I," said Di, with gloom.

"I've got it," said Molly, meekly. "I'm—I'm so sorry."

And presently she got another, and when the scores were added up Molly had one hundred and fourteen points, Kitty ninety-nine, and Di came last with eighty.

"It's Molly! it's Molly!" said Billy, with delight. "And now I've got a splendid idea!"

"What is it?" asked Molly.

"My idea is that even when we are all giving you a chance to see if you like him and if he likes you, you may sometimes want us to go away altogether. So my idea is that you shall have the ace of hearts and carry it, and that when you want us to go you shall show it and we will."

"And how long is that to last?" asked Kitty, sniffing. "Supposing it seems that he likes Di best, or—or me? Are we to go on going when Molly shows the ace of hearts?"

"Oh, no, no," said Molly. "If he seems to like any of you best, or—or if I don't like him myself, I'll give the ace of hearts to the one he likes best."

And just as it was all arranged the drawing-room door opened and Mr. Cecil Silsoe was announced. He was a thin weed of a young man, rejected for military service because he

"AND JUST AS IT WAS ALL ARRANGED THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR OPENED AND MR. CECIL SILSOE WAS ANNOUNCED."

couldn't see, and for every other kind of service because he was silly. At least, that is what Billy said.

"I—I just thought I'd look in," said Cecil, as an eyeglass fell out of his eye and clicked against his watch-chain. "I've some news for you."

"So've we," said Billy. "Old Redburn's dead!"

"Oh," said Silsoe, disconsolately, "that's what I was going to tell you."

"And his heir is coming down at once," said Kitty.

"Is he?" asked Silsoe. "I didn't know that. Who is he?"

"He's Hilary French," said Di.

"Oh, come now, I know Hilary French," said Silsoe, as if that put the notion out of court.

"And he may be here any moment. Perhaps he's coming down in a car now," said Di.

"Oh, no, he isn't," said Cecil Silsoe; "it's awfully foggy. I nearly ran into three carts as I came along. . . , Oh, I say, what's that?"

No wonder he asked, for there was a loud crash in the road outside. Cecil bolted for the door and Billy followed him.

The others ran to the window looking out on the drive leading to the lodge gates, which were only about fifty yards from the house the other side of a grove of pines. The next moment Billy came in with her face blazing with excitement and joy.

"It's—it's him!" she screamed. "Oh, he's such a duck, and he *has* made a mess of Cecil's silly old car, and I saw him with a lamp and, oh isn't it dark, and he called me 'my dear' in such a delightful voice, and he isn't hurt a bit, though his bonnet is crumpled up, and as soon as they've shoved Cecil's scrap-heap into the ditch he's coming here, for it's too black dark to move!"

And as she went out whirling, the footsteps of Cecil Silsoe and a stranger were heard on the gravel path, and with Silsoe's rather absurd falsetto was heard the voice that Billy called "delightful."

"Let's—let's go into the hall," said Di.

"I—I don't want to," said Molly, and somehow she slipped on the parquet floor and hurt her ankle, and retired to the sofa in a great state of nervous agitation. Then she heard her father speak in the hall.

"Welcome to Redingham, Mr. French!"

"Oh!" said Molly, as the others came into the room.

"What, on the sofa once more?" exclaimed her father.

"I hurt my ankle again," said Molly, as she tried to rise.

"My eldest daughter, Molly, Mr. French," said Mr. Davenant; "she had a little accident some time ago."

"Oh, dad, she was blown through a window," said Billy. "At munitions, Mr. French!"

And Hilary shook hands with her and smiled.

"Then we are war-comrades," he said, pleasantly.

Hilary French was induced to have some supper, and as the fog got much thicker he was obliged to stay all night. After food he came

"Certainly. Does anybody else claim to be a winner?"

"I do," said Dr. Alden. "The day before yesterday a doctor rang me up and asked me to see a patient of his—a woman with a wealthy, devoted, and very nervous husband. That was at eight in the morning. My car happened to be at the door, and it suited me to go right away. I saw the patient, was able to reassure the husband, and had breakfast with him. Later in the morning a man was introduced to me who was interested in old glass and had heard of me as a collector. He was very keen that I should lunch with him and see what he had got. He was a pleasant chap and I accepted. When I got back, a doctor, quite an old pal of mine, said that he was going to take me to dine that night with a man I had never seen before. It seemed that the stranger had staying with him for one night a French specialist in my own line. The Frenchman was anxious to meet me, and his host was anxious to please him. So he had tried to arrange it through a mutual friend. I was myself keen to meet that Frenchman, and so he succeeded.

"Of course, I didn't arrange all this—couldn't have arranged it. As a matter of fact, I had never intended to compete this time. But destiny decided to take a hand in this competition. I claim to be a winner."

"An interesting point," said the chairman. "Can a man be said to win who has never competed? I shall decide in Dr. Alden's favour. Leonard says nothing of intention. He only demands certain facts. And these facts the Doctor by an amazing stroke of luck has been able to provide. The prize of one hundred and ten pounds will be divided equally between him and Major Byles, unless there is any further claim."

No further claim was forthcoming. The chairman then announced that Mr. Matthews would preside at the next meeting, and read out the problem set for the following month, called "The Win-and-Lose Problem," and there was a general feeling that it would take some doing.

The problem is as follows: It is required to win an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net loss of one pound to the winner; and to lose an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net gain of one pound to the loser. No competitor is to make more than two bets.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 40.

RECURRING every month, the time is found
When shines the Queen of Heaven fair and round.

1. Found betwixt full and five in famous song,
Six feet should be just right, not short nor long.

2. Reverse, unravel, ruin, bring to nought—
A negative, with later note, is sought.

3. The name of many popes; look now on high,
And see the constellation in the sky.

4. What comes from whole the part put off should be,
Before it is put on by you or me.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 41.

One simple, one obscure, both often read,
Both also easy to be parodied.

1. Here lived of old a sage philosopher.
2. From this came meat, unless I greatly err.
3. Pius the Ninth, in the Italian tongue.
4. Its praises by opportunists are sung.
5. By poets something distant thus is told.
6. Peninsula well known in days of old.
7. E'en to Canute no homage this allows.
8. The occupation of a grumbling spouse.

KING COLE.

Answers to Acrostics 40 *and* 41 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on February 8th.*

The answer to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper, and each must be signed with the solver's pseudonym. Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 39.

1.	C	heatin	G
2.	H	ou	R
3.	R	it	E
4.	I	dl	E
5.	S	tou	T
6.	T	utt	I
7.	M	elo	N
8.	A	go	G
9.	S	cale	S

NOTES.—Light 4. In Yorkshire. 5. French, *tout*, all. 7. Lemon. 8. Magog and Gog.

Result of the Sixth Series.

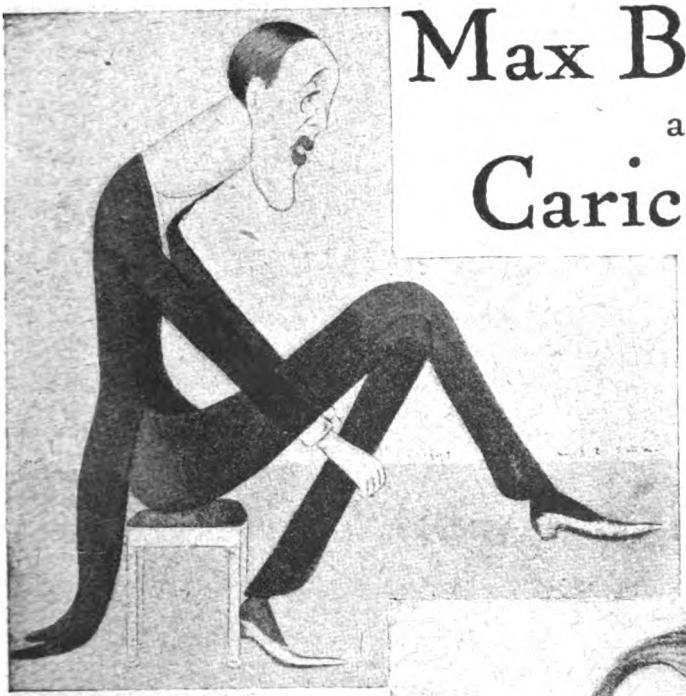
The maximum number of points obtainable during the series was 42, and one solver, Junius, succeeded in gaining them; he wins the first prize, and will receive a cheque for three guineas. One point was missed by H. H., Isa, Omeleg, Sant, Wals, and Yoko, and each of these six solvers will receive a cheque for a guinea and a half. All these seven winners will be ineligible for a further prize, in the seventh series now running.

The names and addresses of the successful solvers are: Junius, Mr. F. C. W. Grigson, Aylsham, Norfolk; H. H., Mr. E. W. M. Lloyd, Hartford House, Hartley Wintney, Hants; Isa, Miss Nicholls, 23, Campden Hill Court, W.; Omeleg, Mr. G. L. Moore, 58, Rosebery Road, Muswell Hill, N.10; Sant, Mr. W. H. Harsant, Tower House, Clifton Down Road, Clifton, Bristol; Wals, Mr. W. Stradling, Norris Hill, East Cowes, I.W.; Yoko, Mr. F. Rawson, 10, Richmond Mansions, S.W.

Max Beerbohm as a Caricaturist.

By

Adrian Margaux.



SIR F. E. SMITH.

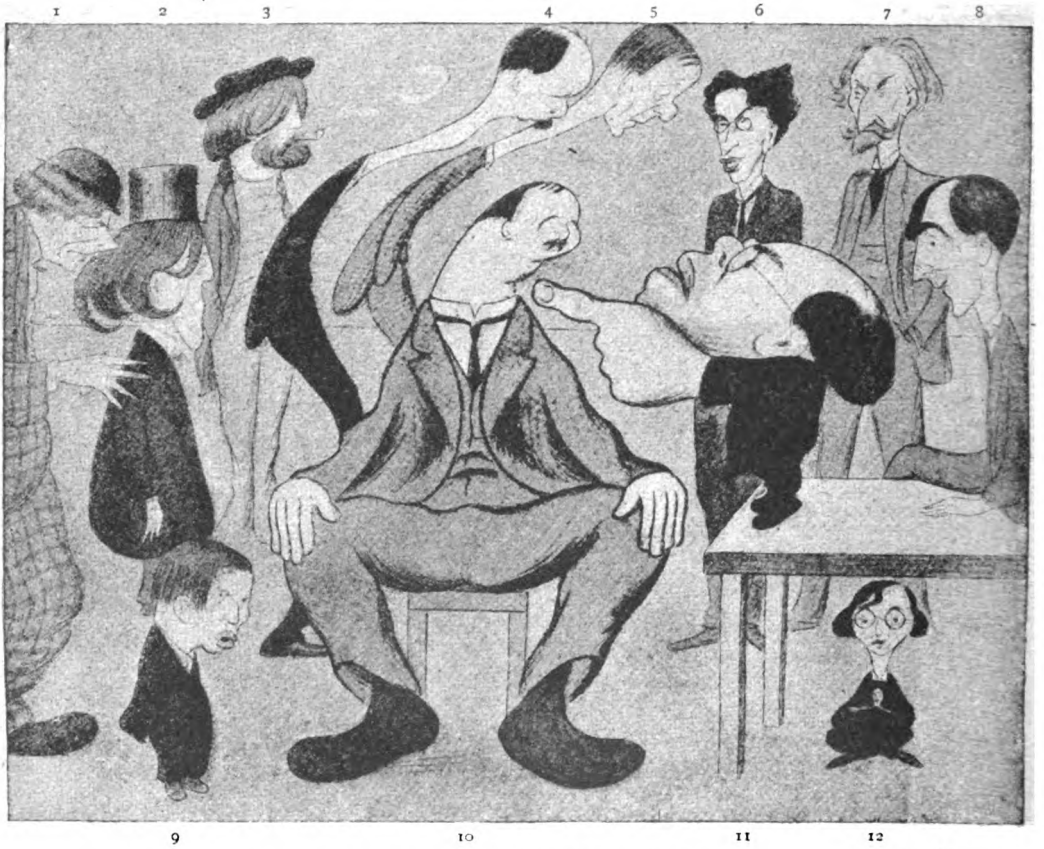
IT has been said of Max Beerbohm that for him man exists only to be caricatured. The *bon mot*, perhaps, does less than justice to those occasional excursions into the realms of literature wherein he has shown himself such a true observer of certain phases of the human comedy. But as a tribute to the pre-eminent position to which Max Beerbohm has attained among living caricaturists it may be accepted at its face value.

To art, for art's sake, Max Beerbohm would certainly make no claim. So long as he "gets there" in his satiric presentment of a personality he cares not what artistic conventions or rules he violates in the process. The very appreciative critic, just quoted, Mr. L. Raven-Hill, proceeds to point out that "he can't draw," and to argue that if he could he would probably be cramped and lose that "delightful irreverence for things as they are which is really one of his strongest points."

Like Phil May, Max Beerbohm has had little or no training in the use of his pencil. As he frankly tells you, apart from a few

MR. H. G. WELLS, PROPHET AND IDEALIST, CONJURING UP THE DARLING FUTURE.

lessons in freehand at Charterhouse School, he has found out for himself everything which has made the pencil such a powerful weapon in his hands. At Charterhouse, however, where he was a pupil from 1885 to 1890, his instinct for pictorial satire early found successful expression. In the pages of the school magazine will be found about half-a-dozen drawings, signed "H.M.B.," which stand for Herbert Maximilian Beerbohm. All these drawings give evidence of well-used gifts of observation and humour, but cannot be said to suggest the demoniacal cleverness which he was afterwards to develop.



SOME MEMBERS OF THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

1—Walter Sickert. 2—Charles Conder. 3—A. E. John. 4—D. S. MacColl. 5—H. Tonks. 6—Roger Fry. 7—L. A. Harrison. 8—Walter Russell. 9—W. Orpen. 10—P. W. Steer. 11—Will Rothenstein. 12—Albert Rutherston.

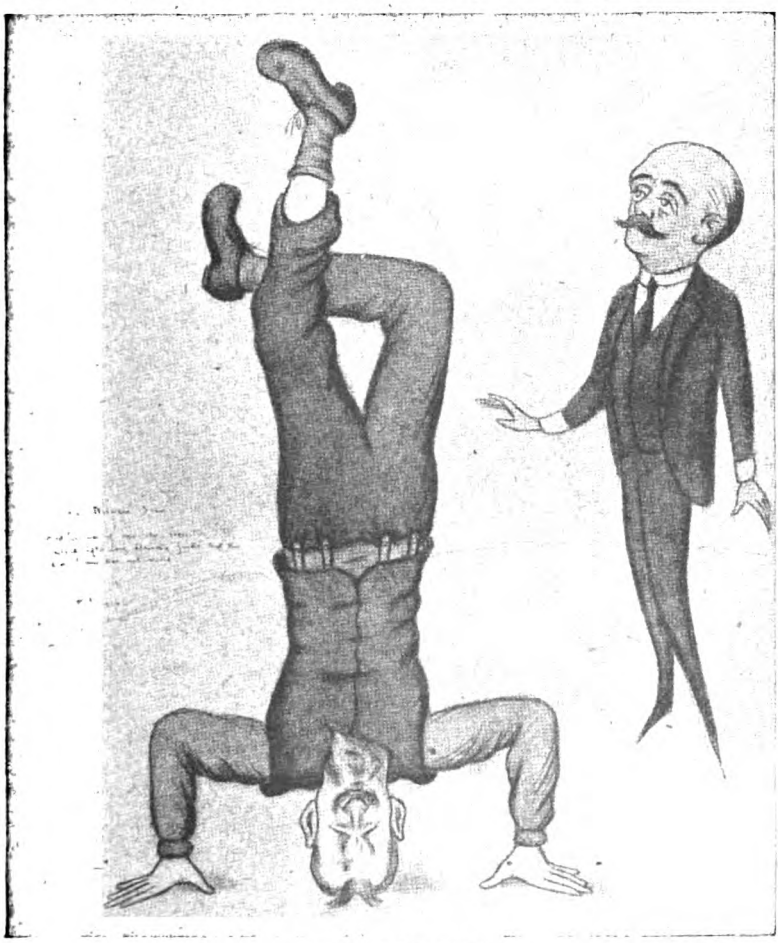
I cannot ascertain that these contributions to the *Greyfriar* created anything like a sensation among his schoolfellows. In fact, it would appear that he achieved more celebrity by his Latin verses, at which he was regarded as an adept. "I was not unpopular there," writes Max Beerbohm himself in his essay on "Going Back To School." "I was a modest, good-humoured boy. It is Oxford that has made me insufferable." But it is evident that the sports at Charterhouse little appealed to him. "As I hovered," he says in the same essay, "in grey knickerbockers on a cold and muddy field, round the outskirts of a crowd that was tearing itself limb from limb for the sake of a leathern bladder, I could often wish for a nice warm room and a good game of Hunt-the-Slipper."

From Charterhouse, Max Beerbohm proceeded to Merton College, Oxford. He has given us a picture of his life there in the novel "Zuleika Dobson." His principal recreation appears to have been caricaturing the Dons, some of his efforts appearing in the undergraduates' journal, the *Clown*. It was whilst still at Oxford that he started contributing caricatures to the London Press, his first subject, which was headed "Lines Suggested

by Cissie Loftus," appearing in the *Sketch* for May 9, 1894. Several caricatures in the *Pall Mall Budget* and THE STRAND MAGAZINE were followed in the autumn of 1894 by a series in *Pick-Me-Up*. The series was entitled "Personal Remarks," and included among its subjects Oscar Wilde, R. G. Knowles, Harry Furniss, and Gus Elen.

Mr. Beerbohm left Oxford in July, 1895, about a month before his twenty-third birthday, and in the course of the next few years became famous not only by his periodical exhibitions of caricatures in West-end art galleries, but also by his literary contributions to such *fin-de-siècle* periodicals as the *Yellow Book*, the *Pageant*, the *Chap Book*, and the *Savoy*. In 1896 was published his first volume of drawings, "Caricatures of Twenty-Five Gentlemen." This was followed in 1900 by "The Second Childhood of John Bull," making fun of the national shortcomings revealed in the conduct of the South African War; and, subsequently, by "The Poets' Corner," having the most eminent poets of the nineteenth century for its subject. In later years he has published further selections from his exhibited drawings under the titles of "The Book of Caricatures" and "Fifty Caricatures," having in the meantime adopted the shortened form of his second Christian name, Maximilian, for both his literary and pictorial work.

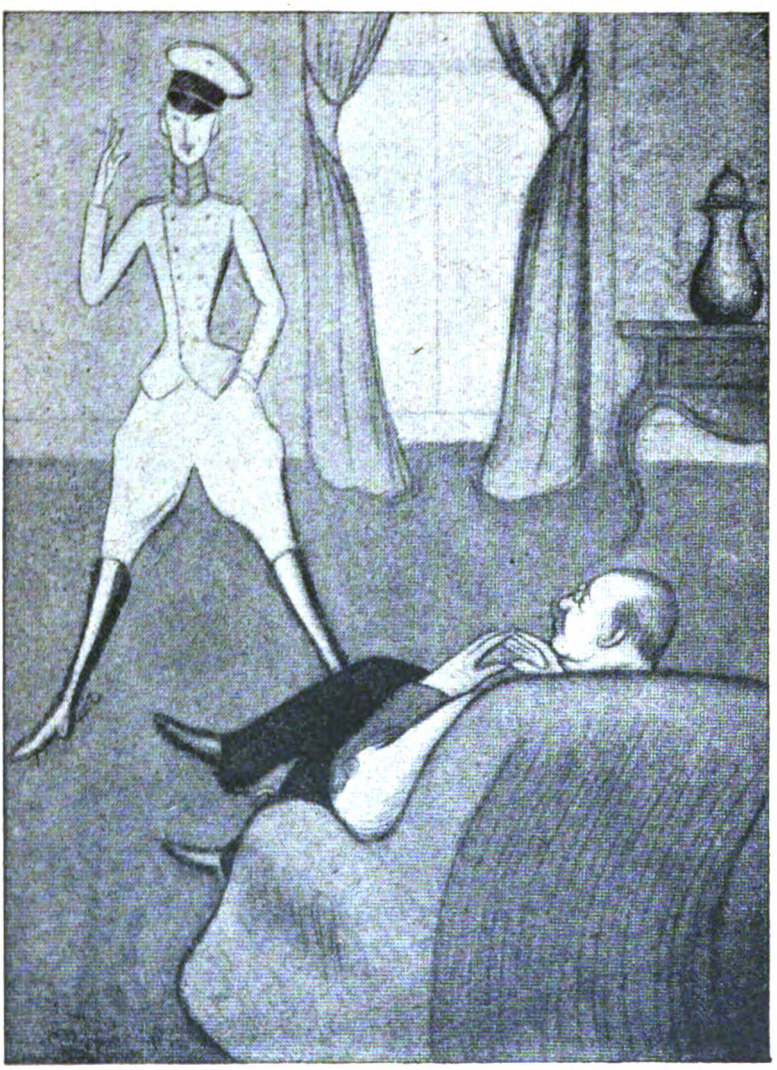
On leaving Oxford Max Beerbohm took up his residence at a house in Hyde Park Place, which was once occupied by Kinglake, the historian, afterwards migrating to Upper Berkeley Street. In recent years he has lived mostly in Italy, making his home at Rapallo, a place which last autumn obtained newspaper celebrity as the scene of an important conference between Mr. Lloyd George and the French and Italian political and military leaders. During the past year, Mr. Beerbohm has resided in the historic Well Walk, Hampstead, and it was in his sitting-room there that he gave me some particulars of his work and its method.



MR. BERNARD SHAW.

MILD SURPRISE OF ONE WHO, REVISITING ENGLAND AFTER LONG ABSENCE, FINDS THAT THE DEAR FELLOW HAS NOT MOVED.

"No, I have never drawn from life," he tells me; "for one thing I have, as you may suppose, seldom had an opportunity of doing so. A caricaturist cannot ask for 'sittings' from his subject like a portrait-painter. I simply take a good look at a man and then trust my memory for the most salient features; the rest is ignored. Nor can I make use of photographs as some humorous artists do, I believe.



DAWNING OF A HORRID DOUBT AS TO THE DIVINE RIGHT.

I have tried sometimes to do so when drawing a group, but somehow or the other the photograph never seemed to tell me anything about the man as I knew him. Of course, in drawing cartoons of deceased celebrities, such as the Pre-Raphaelites and their friends now on exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, I have usually had to rely upon portraits—the only one in the group I was personally acquainted with was Swinburne, although I once saw Browning for a few moments, the others being before my time, of course. But in using portraits I prefer one painted or drawn to a photograph.

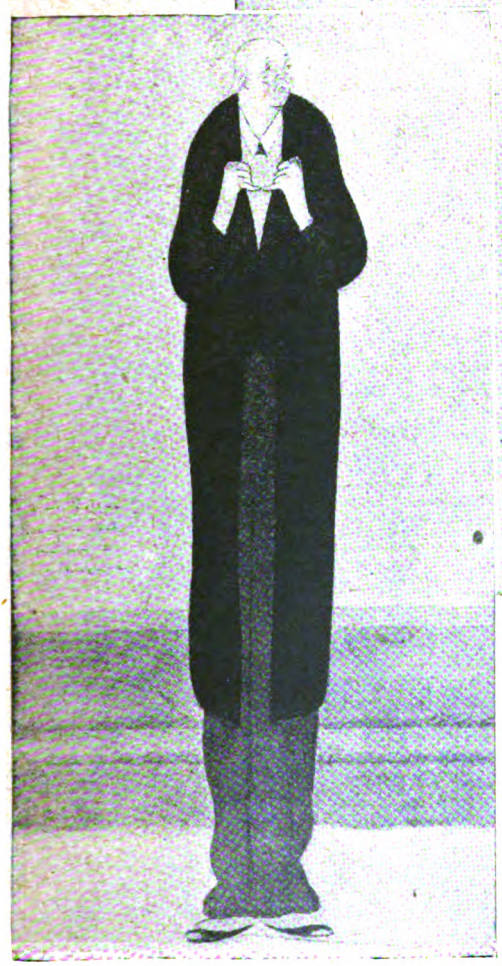
"My caricatures are always the result of the most rapid impressions. I never make preliminary studies, but start straight away on the drawing. If the drawing goes wrong I tear it up and start another. Any other method, it seems to me, would result in a studied effect which would be fatal to the drawing as a caricature. In my opinion, a caricature should be as simple as possible and perhaps a little untidy, drawn on rough paper without reference to any particular process of reproduction. Since my earlier years I have drawn nothing with a view to reproduction, and the great majority of my cartoons, of course, have been bought by private collectors out of exhibitions and never reproduced.

"What else is there to tell you about my work? The art critics in noticing my exhibitions have often referred to the wonderful psychology in my drawings. Well, it may be so, but I am not conscious of having any extraordinary psychological instinct myself, and I am always amused when I see it attributed to me. As far as I am aware, my cartoons are simply the result of careful observation and a good memory."

Discussing the subject of caricature generally, Max Beerbohm expressed the view that it still flourished best in Italy, where it originated.

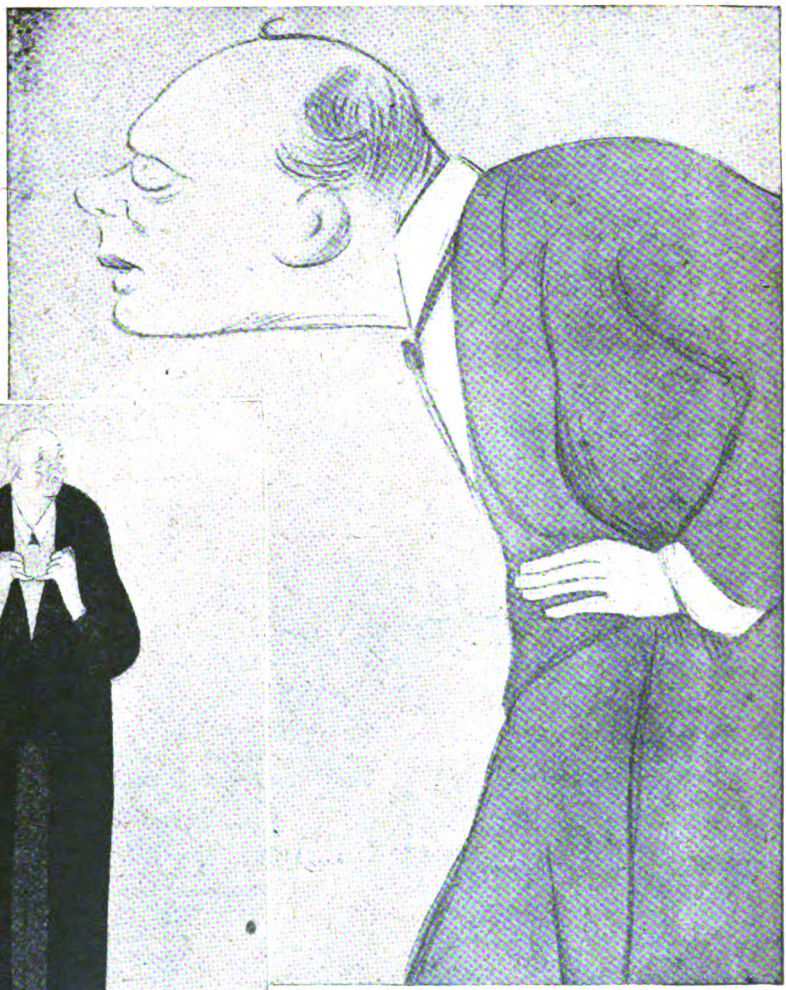
"In Italy," he says, "every little town has its comic paper, and there are really clever comic draughtsmen galore. If I had been born an Italian I do not believe my work would have obtained any special recognition—I should have been in competition with so

many others. But in a country of the blind the one-eyed man is king. Not that I regard myself as a king in English caricature, but, in comparison with some of the Italian caricaturists, I am certainly only a one-eyed man. There is plenty of good



MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR WISHING THAT HE HAD BEEN BORN IN A SIMPLER AGE.

caricature in Germany, but in this, as in other things, the Germans are simply copyists—they copied from the French, who, in their turn, were much influenced by the Italians."



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL.

"How do you account for the scarcity of caricaturists in England?"

"It is hard to say. The appreciation for my work goes to show that there is a demand, and the demand, it is said, creates the supply. But I do not myself believe in this saying any more than in that other saying that the occasion brings forth the man. It has certainly not brought him forth in Russia, and the military genius which would have shortened the Allies' struggle with Germany has not been forthcoming.

"Of the caricaturists who have worked in England, I regard Pellegrini, who was, of course, an Italian, as by far the greatest. Rowlandson and Gillray were too brutal for present-day taste, but then they lived in a brutal age. Rowlandson I admire most in his serious work."

During the war Max Beerbohm has given us no new work of topical interest. When I referred to this fact, he said :—

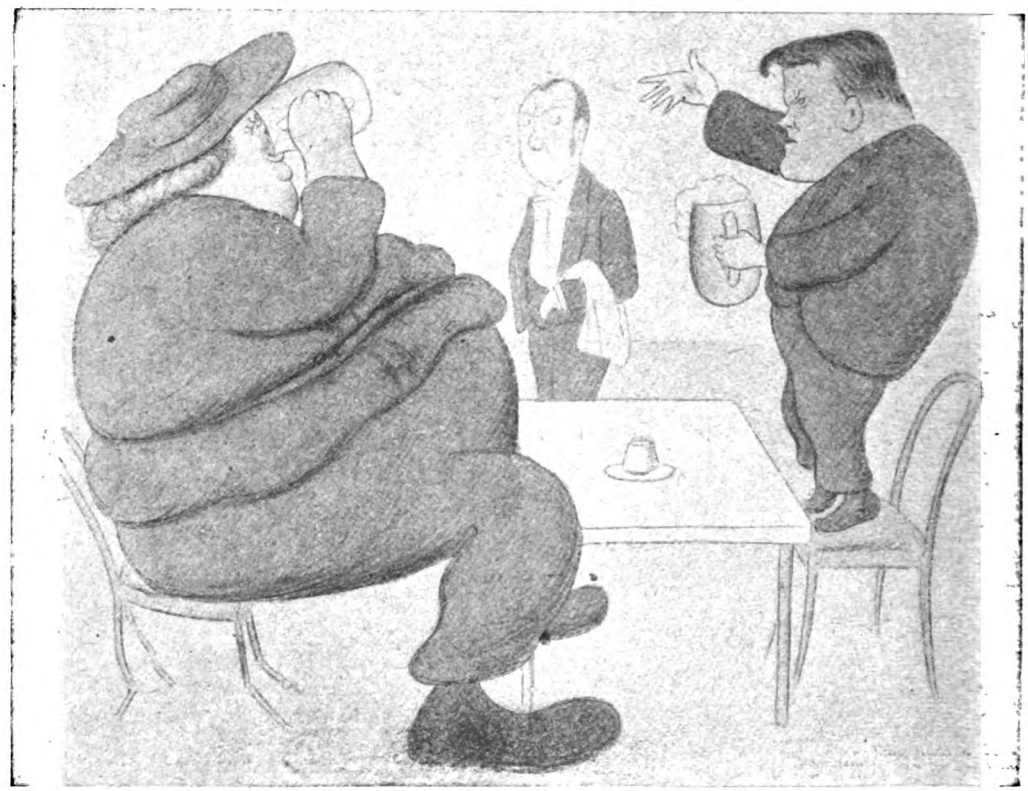
"Yes, it is perfectly true I have done practically nothing during the war. I did not feel that I could. The subject of the war —and its personalities—has always seemed to me to be far too serious to be treated of in the comic spirit. Of course, cartoons in the classical manner such as Bernard Partridge has contributed to *Punch* are quite all right; but the classical manner is beyond my powers, and so I have left things alone."

"But the comic spirit has not been banished from the stage?"

"No, I suppose that is impossible—for one thing, it is necessary that soldiers on leave should be amused and that the spirits of the people should be kept up. But if I were a comedian in a revue I could not make fun of the war. At any rate, that's how I feel about it personally."

I asked Mr. Beerbohm whether he considered the subjects selected for the illustration of this article were fairly representative of his work.

"Yes, I think so on the whole, except, perhaps, of my earliest and immature period. One of the subjects contains what I consider to be the best caricature I have ever done of myself—I am the man looking on at Bernard Shaw standing on his head."

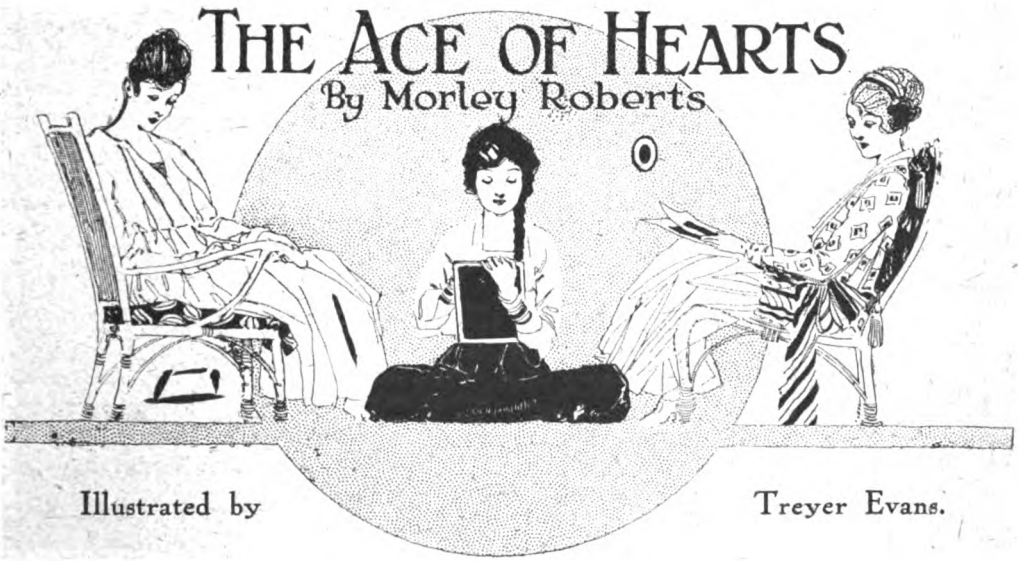


MR. HILAIRE BELLOC STRIVING TO WIN MR. GILBERT CHESTERTON OVER FROM THE HORRORS OF GENEVA.

The drawings entitled "Dawning of a Horrid Doubt as to the Divine Right" and "Mr. Bernard Shaw" are reproduced from "Fifty Caricatures," by permission of Mr. William Heinemann, while the remainder are from "A Book of Caricatures," by permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.

THE ACE OF HEARTS

By Morley Roberts



Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

"I MAY be the youngest and what you call a flapper," said Billy Davenant, "but I'm better at arithmetic than any of you."

"Don't brag, Wilhelmina," said her cousin Kitty, thereby nearly breaking up the council, held by Molly and Di Davenant in conjunction with their youngest sister and their cousin, to consider a most important question.

"Don't let's quarrel," said Molly, who was not only the oldest, but, by long chalks, the most charming. "This isn't a personal matter; it's of the highest national importance. All the papers are full of it. What are the figures, Billy?"

Billy replied from the floor, on which she sat cross-legged with a slate on her lap.

"I make out," she said, "that you've a hundred apiece, and I'm leaving myself out as I'm only sixteen, so that makes three hundred, and three hundred a year is just the same as if it were six thousand pounds."

"Tosh! How can three hundred a year be six thousand?" asked Di.

"You don't understand figures," said the flapper, contemptuously; "if you invest six thousand at five per cent., and the papers say that's easy now, you get three hundred a year; so if you three didn't exist it would be the same to dad as if he had six thousand more. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Molly, "and I think it's awfully clever of you, Billy."

"I don't see in the least," said Di, "but if dad does, that will do."

"Uncle never sees anything," groaned Kitty, "or if he does he says, 'Yes, yes, my dear; run away, do, and let me get on with my book.'"

As she spoke Mr. Davenant came in with an open book in his hand. He was never without one, and those he carried in his splendid white head were without number and in the finest order, while such as were connected with his overcharged and under-rented estate were in hopeless confusion.

"Dear me, I thought you were all out this fine evening," he said, as he surveyed them affectionately.

"Dad," said Molly, "do put that book down; we want to speak to you."

"It's about finance," put in Billy.

"I don't know anything about finance, unless it's Roman or Greek," said Mr. Davenant, "so do be good girls——"

"We are trying hard to be," said Molly, "but we feel it's our duty to speak to you. And Billy, who's good at arithmetic and knows about three and four and five per cent., and can do financial accounts, says that if you were thoughtful and energetic you could save three hundred a year."

"Yes," said Billy, as Mr. Davenant's book dropped on the floor, "and at five per cent. that is as good as six thousand pounds, and if you count me it's more."

But Mr. Davenant shook his head as he picked up his book and sat down.

"This is nonsense," he said. "How can you cost six thousand?"

"We do, and we're desperate," said Di.

"Well, my dears, so am I," said Mr. Davenant, comfortably; "but I dare say we shall all get over it in time. Ah, here's your mother!"

And Mrs. Davenant, who took life as easily as her husband, entered the room with a letter.

"Here's a letter for you, Edward," said she.

Mr. Davenant reached out his hand without turning round, and, putting the letter in his book, went on reading.

"We've got to begin again with mother," said Billy.

"Yes, my dear, what is it?" asked Mrs. Davenant.

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"We're tired of seeing no one but Cecil Silsoe, and we want to go to London," said Di.

"We haven't the money, my darlings," said Mrs. Davenant.

"Why doesn't that horrid old brute, Redburn, turn the White House into a hospital?" asked Kitty.

"Tosh, he can't," said Billy; "he's dead!"

"Dead!" exclaimed the others.

"Oh, yes, the postman told me and I forgot to mention it," said Billy.

"Forgot! Good heavens!" said Mrs. Davenant. "Edward! Who will have the White House now Mr. Redburn is dead?"

"Did you say old Redburn was dead?" asked Mr. Davenant, waking up. "Now, if that's true it's a very good thing. His next of kin will have it, of course."

And then, as he began to read the letter, the others discussed old Mr. Redburn.

"Think of his wanting to marry Molly!" said Billy.

"It was the most awful thing that ever happened to me," said Molly, shuddering.

"Who's Hilary French?" asked Mr. Davenant. "It seems he's old Redburn's next of kin."

"Oh!" said Billy, looking at Molly, who turned pale and glared at her young sister.

"Hilary French! I don't know, but I seem to have heard the name," replied Mrs. Davenant.

"I know something about him," said Molly. "I *think* he's an actor."

"By Jove, and now he's got the dear old White House and all that money," said Billy. "But, dad, dad, what about him? Is there any more, and who's the letter from?"

"From your uncle Tom, and—and—oh, yes, here it is. He says in the postscript that Hilary French is an actor and a painter and a writer and a soldier and quite, quite a genius," said Mr. Davenant, "and he's coming down here at once. Now, my darlings, it's all settled. You can go away and pack for London."

"Oh, I say!" said Billy, and Molly, going quite white, sat down suddenly.

"I'm not really *anxious* to go, dad," said Molly. "I only said so because I thought I was well enough now."

"My dear," said her mother, turning to her husband, "I don't understand this."

"Don't you?" said Mr. Davenant, rising. "*I* do."

He stood with his back to the fireplace and surveyed them satirically.

"I *do* wake up sometimes, my darlings," he said, laughing.

"Oh, dad," said Billy, "do you?"

"But you can't all marry Mr. Hilary French," said their father.

"What, marry an actor?" asked Mrs. Davenant.

"With seven thousand a year and the White House full of gorgeous things," said Mr. Davenant. "But, of course, you don't want to marry him. Your notion is merely to get to London! Now, my dears, let me have a little peace. Settle who is to marry him, or there will be trouble. You had better toss up for him!"

"Edward!" cried Mrs. Davenant.

"Stay," said Mr. Davenant; "tossing is undignified. Billy, go to the library. At the left end of the third shelf in the big bookcase you will see, in a peculiarly dreadful binding, a book called 'The Way of all Flesh,' by the eminent satiric author, Samuel Butler. Bring it to me."

Billy obeyed, and while the others wondered what was coming, Mr. Davenant surveyed his disconsolate children with great glee. They hadn't a word to say till Billy returned. Her father took the book from her.

"On the whole this is, perhaps, not a work to be recommended indiscriminately to the ingenuous and enthusiastic," he said, as he turned over some of the earlier pages; "but I recommend to your attention page 43 while I retire to the library to see how much more I can overdraw my account with a view to your immediate departure for London."

And as he went out Mrs. Davenant followed him meekly.

"I'll read it," said Molly, snatching the book. "This is it:—

'My dears,' said their father, when he saw they did not seem likely to settle the matter among themselves, 'wait till to-morrow and play at cards for him!'

How—how dreadful!"

"That must be it," said Billy, "but I don't see that it's dreadful. It seems very sensible to me."

"I'd—I'd rather not do it," said Molly. "But—but if I did agree, what should we play at?"

"Ha, ha, I know," said Billy, with her hand on Molly's arm. "Let's do poker patience for him. I'll call the cards for you as I'm not in it."

As soon as twelve cards were dealt Kitty began to fidget.

"Bah, I might have got a royal right off," she said, crossly.

"So might I," said Di, with gloom.

"I've got it," said Molly, meekly. "I'm—I'm so sorry."

And presently she got another, and when the scores were added up Molly had one hundred and fourteen points, Kitty ninety-nine, and Di came last with eighty.

"It's Molly! it's Molly!" said Billy, with delight. "And now I've got a splendid idea!"

"What is it?" asked Molly.

"My idea is that even when we are all giving you a chance to see if you like him and if he likes you, you may sometimes want us to go away altogether. So my idea is that you shall have the ace of hearts and carry it, and that when you want us to go you shall show it and we will."

"And how long is that to last?" asked Kitty, sniffing. "Supposing it seems that he likes Di best, or—or me? Are we to go on going when Molly shows the ace of hearts?"

"Oh, no, no," said Molly. "If he seems to like any of you best, or—or if I don't like him myself, I'll give the ace of hearts to the one he likes best."

And just as it was all arranged the drawing-room door opened and Mr. Cecil Silsoe was announced. He was a thin weed of a young man, rejected for military service because he

"AND JUST AS IT WAS ALL ARRANGED THE DRAWING-ROOM DOOR OPENED AND MR. CECIL SILSOE WAS ANNOUNCED."

couldn't see, and for every other kind of service because he was silly. At least, that is what Billy said.

"I—I just thought I'd look in," said Cecil, as an eyeglass fell out of his eye and clicked against his watch-chain. "I've some news for you."

"So've we," said Billy. "Old Redburn's dead!"

"Oh," said Silsoe, disconsolately, "that's what I was going to tell you."

"And his heir is coming down at once," said Kitty.

"Is he?" asked Silsoe. "I didn't know that. Who is he?"

"He's Hilary French," said Di.

"Oh, come now, I know Hilary French," said Silsoe, as if that put the notion out of court.

"And he may be here any moment. Perhaps he's coming down in a car now," said Di.

"Oh, no, he isn't," said Cecil Silsoe; "it's awfully foggy. I nearly ran into three carts as I came along. . . , Oh, I say, what's that?"

No wonder he asked, for there was a loud crash in the road outside. Cecil bolted for the door and Billy followed him.

The others ran to the window looking out on the drive leading to the lodge gates, which were only about fifty yards from the house the other side of a grove of pines. The next moment Billy came in with her face blazing with excitement and joy.

"It's—it's him!" she screamed. "Oh, he's such a duck, and he *has* made a mess of Cecil's silly old car, and I saw him with a lamp and, oh isn't it dark, and he called me 'my dear' in such a delightful voice, and he isn't hurt a bit, though his bonnet is crumpled up, and as soon as they've shoved Cecil's scrap-heap into the ditch he's coming here, for it's too black dark to move!"

And as she went out whirling, the footsteps of Cecil Silsoe and a stranger were heard on the gravel path, and with Silsoe's rather absurd falsetto was heard the voice that Billy called "delightful."

"Let's—let's go into the hall," said Di.

"I—I don't want to," said Molly, and somehow she slipped on the parquet floor and hurt her ankle, and retired to the sofa in a great state of nervous agitation. Then she heard her father speak in the hall.

"Welcome to Redingham, Mr. French!"

"Oh!" said Molly, as the others came into the room.

"What, on the sofa once more?" exclaimed her father.

"I hurt my ankle again," said Molly, as she tried to rise.

"My eldest daughter, Molly, Mr. French," said Mr. Davenant; "she had a little accident some time ago."

"Oh, dad, she was blown through a window," said Billy. "At munitions, Mr. French!"

And Hilary shook hands with her and smiled.

"Then we are war-comrades," he said, pleasantly.

Hilary French was induced to have some supper, and as the fog got much thicker he was obliged to stay all night. After food he came

back into the drawing-room and smoked cigarettes, and was good enough to explain his jokes to his hostess, and every moment Molly fell deeper in love and Kitty grew more jealous and Di more subdued, and Billy more inclined to say things which make mothers send flappers to bed. But if the Davenants took to Hilary it was plain that Cecil Silsoe grew more and more disturbed. He saw that he was being ousted by the newcomer from his proud position as the only eligible in the county.

There was no more talk about London, though Mr. Davenant, when in his satiric mood, mentioned it in order to worry the girls. The liberty of the park surrounding the White House, which had hitherto been anathema to every girl in Redingham, gentle or simple, was now theirs, and for the first time Mr. Davenant was able to enjoy the gorgeous things in its picture gallery, about which Hilary and he projected an artistic monograph. If Hilary was a godsend to the youth of Redingham Hall he was no less one to their father, who discovered each day some new possibility in his genius. Some of these discoveries were due to Billy, who told Hilary all about the estate and got him to rent the Home Farm from Mr. Davenant and join it on to the farm of his own best tenant, an English farmer who actually got all out of land that it could yield and yet made it better each year. Everything indeed went swimmingly, and the sky seemed clear to the very horizon save for cloudy Cecil Silsoe, who gave up asking everyone to marry him but Molly.

"Never mind him, darling," said Billy. "As soon as you are engaged Hilary will settle him. What a pity you can't show him the ace of hearts! He *is* a fool."

Just as there is danger in thinking that a wise man is all wise, there is risk in supposing a fool is all a fool. It happened that Cecil Silsoe noticed what Hilary failed to observe. Perhaps incipient love blinded the genius, while the grindstone of jealousy sharpened the wits of the dullard. It was presently borne in on Cecil that Di and Kitty left Hilary to Molly with remarkable self-abnegation. This might have been comprehensible in Di, but he knew that Kitty was of a jealous disposition and apt to show it.

"This is a put-up job to catch French," he growled, "because he's rich and an actor and an artist. Before he came I was gettin' on first-class with Molly."

He went to see Hilary, who had rigged up a studio in the north end of the picture gallery, and when he saw that there was a sketch of Molly on the big easel he burst out.

"I say, French, you know quite well I'm sweet on Molly Davenant," he said, with sudden gloom.

"As you were on Ada Carew, alias Rebecca Moses; and on about fifteen other chorus-girls who were not exactly the pick of the market, old chap," said Hilary.

"That's all in the past," growled Silsoe.

"Is it?" asked Hilary. "Ada doesn't think so nor does her mother. Mrs. Moses came to see me a month ago and wanted your new address."

"Eh, eh, what?" said Cecil, jumping up. "You didn't give it her?"

"No, I was merciful," replied Hilary. "I said you were in a lunatic asylum."

"Well, I own that was good of you," sighed Cecil, with great relief. "But I ain't goin' to be shoved off what I was sayin'. You're a fool, you are! It's a put-up job between the lot of 'em."

"What's a put-up job?" asked Hilary, carelessly.

"Why, to make you marry my Molly," moaned Silsoe.

Hilary put down his brush and walked to the open window, which he closed.

"Have you ever been thrown into rose bushes after going through a shut window?" he asked; "because, if you say much more, that's what will happen to you. And when it *has* happened I'll write to Ada to come and nurse you."

Cecil turned pale.

"It ain't fair 'doos' to threaten me with Ada," he said, weakly. "And that doesn't make any difference to the fact that the other two girls always leave you alone with Molly. It's a game; that's what it is—a game to catch you."

"Hook it," said Hilary; "skedaddle, or——"

And when Silsoe had gone Hilary sat down and began to think.

"Confound him!" he said as he got up again and went back to his easel. But he couldn't go on painting and went to the window. In the distance he saw Billy, and putting his fingers to his mouth he whistled loud and long. When she turned he beckoned to her and she came running.

"What do you want me for?" asked Billy, curling up in a chair.

"Well, I daresay I oughtn't to ask, but it has to come out, Billy," said Hilary, with a certain air which made him look younger than thirty. "What's the meaning of the ace of hearts in your family?"

"You—you noticed it?" said Billy. "I—I can't tell you. It's a kind of thing dad calls a fetish."

"Molly's fetish?" asked Hilary.

"Yes, at—at present. She sleeps with it under her pillow, I suppose. I have something under mine. We all have, but don't speak of them," said Billy, who was obviously in difficulties.

"If I don't know better what it means than that I'm going back to London to-day," said Hilary.

"No, no," cried Billy. "You mustn't say that. Your coming has made everything different. And Molly—no, I mean Kitty—and Di and I do so like you. Can't you do without knowing about the ace of hearts? If I have a secret, a family secret, ought I to tell it?"

"Certainly not," said Hilary, sadly.

"Then it would be wrong to try to get it out of me by saying you'd go away, just as we've got to like you so, wouldn't it?" asked Billy.

"Very wrong, I suppose," replied Hilary, gloomily.

"Then you'll stay?" said Billy.

"I want to," said Hilary, doubtfully.

"Hurrah!" said Billy; "but, I say, do tell me what made you gloomy and—and inquisitive this morning?"

"I can't quite tell you, but it's something that Cecil Silsoe said," replied Hilary.

And just then Cecil Silsoe called from the other side of the roses:—

"Halloa, French, may I come in? What I've got to say is *most* important."

"Very well; go round to the door," said Hilary, reluctantly. He turned to Billy and spoke in a low voice.

"You can go into the little room at the end of the gallery, if you don't mind," said Hilary. "He sha'n't stop long."

And Billy retreated with haste, being in fear that Hilary would ask her to shut the door of the little room. She had hardly got out of sight before Cecil put his head in at the other door.

"Fair 'doos' and no jaw about the window or Ada?" he asked, cautiously.

"Fair 'doos,' you jackass," replied Hilary. "What is it you want?"

"What I said was true," said Silsoe, actually with real tears in his eyes. "Oh, how I did love Molly, and now I suppose she means to chuck me after as good as sayin' 'yes' by sayin' nothin' when I proposed to her ten times that day as we came back from church by way of the fields."

"Have you come to tell me that?" asked Hilary, politely.

"No; I've come to warn you and tell you the truth, the real truth," groaned Silsoe.

"Thanks," said Hilary, dryly; "but if you'd get it off your chest and have done with it——"

"I will," said Cecil; "but are *all* women wicked? When I left you I went over towards Davenant's place, meanin' to ask Molly for fair 'doos,' and when I got to the holly hedge I heard her and her cousin Kitty havin' a real royal set-to on the other side of it. And Kitty (she's all right and I'd sooner marry her than Ada) has a voice our old M.F.H. would give a fiver for when she's up, and what she let on was that Molly wasn't playin' fair, and something about the ace of hearts that I didn't tumble to, and that when the gals knew you were comin' down they played cards as to who should have you, and Molly won."

Hilary walked away to the other side of the room and stood for a long minute. When he turned round he was very pale but, to Cecil's relief, quite quiet.

"You—you heard that?" he asked.

"Fair doos, I did," moaned Cecil.

"You've told no one else?" said Hilary, taking up a paint-brush and playing with it.

"No one, old chap," returned Silsoe. "Who'd I tell but you?"

"If you say a word about this you won't be beyond Ada," said Hilary; "and now get out!"

And when the door closed he sat down. Presently he heard a soft step behind him, and Billy touched him on the arm.

"I—I heard everything. Oh, Hilary!" she said, with tears.

"I wish you hadn't," said her friend.

"I'll tell you everything," said Billy. "I saw I must while that fool Cecil was talking. The—the ace of hearts isn't really a fetish."

Hilary took her hand.

"My dear, I won't press you to tell me anything," he said. "But you're a wise little girl, so do what you think best."

"You see, we all wanted to go to London," said Billy, sitting down close to him, "because it's so dull here, mostly. And then you were coming, and it didn't seem dull at all. And dad, who's awfully amusing when he's not reading, laughed at us because we were so glad, and he—he said we should quarrel over you as to which you'd like best, and he made me fetch a silly book from the library which had in it about girls who played cards about a curate-person so as not to quarrel over him. And we did it, too, for—for fun, I suppose, and because you were so clever and nice, and so on. And I felt Molly would win, and so she did, and——"

And just then there was a knock at the door. When the butler came in he announced Mr. Davenant. He found Billy and his host standing by the portrait.

"Ah, here I am," said Mr. Davenant, "and there you are, Billy! Ah, but is this my Molly?"

And he put up his glasses to criticize and admire what was really a very clever but unfinished sketch.

"It's quite delightful," said Molly's father. "I'd no idea she was quite so beautiful and had such a good head."

And after a little talk about pictures in general Mr. Davenant and Billy departed. Hilary saw them walk down the drive. But he did not see Di and Molly coming across the grass.

"Chance!" said Hilary, bitterly. He walked about the studio. "I was just—a chance!"

He took up his palette and, squeezing some flake-white and vermilion on it, sat down in front of the portrait. With rapid touches he put into Molly's hand the ace of hearts.

"A chance," said Hilary—"no more than that! I'll go back to town."

He rang the bell, and getting no immediate answer went out of the studio. A minute later Molly and Di came to the window opening on the northern lawn.

"There's no one here," said Di. "But he said we could come in whenever we liked. Let's look at you again."

"I've never had a good look," said Molly, as she crossed the threshold after her sister.

"Oh!" said Di.

"What is it?" said her sister.

But Di did not answer: she only pointed at the portrait, without eyes for anything but the dreadful addition Hilary had just made to it. When Molly saw it she turned as white as flake-white and clutched the back of the nearest chair.

"What's it mean?" she said.

"He knows!" said Di. "Who—who told him?"

"What *does* he think of me?" asked Molly. "Di, whatever I say you must back me up in."

And when Hilary came back into the studio and saw the two girls he turned almost as white as Molly.

"I see you've been working on the portrait,

"AND HE PUT UP HIS GLASSES TO CRITICIZE AND ADMIRE WHAT WAS REALLY A VERY CLEVER BUT UNFINISHED SKETCH."

Mr. French," said Molly, calmly. "And what does the—the ace of hearts mean?"

Hilary took up a brush, rubbed it hard in some palette scrapings, and blotted out the card.

"It was an idea of mine, a—a temporary notion—just an idea," he stammered.

"I like it best without," said Molly, steadily, "for I want it to be so arranged between us that my father has it when I leave home. I shall not be at home long now, as I'm—I'm engaged to Mr. Silsoe."

"I'm sure—I suppose," said Hilary; "that is, I own I'm a little surprised. I—congratulate you."

"I like the sketch as it is," said Molly "and—and I sha'n't be able to sit again, I fear."

"You shall have it as it is," said Hilary, without looking at her. "Since I'm going back to town, I mightn't have been able to do more to it for—for a long time."

"Come, Di," said Molly. "Good-bye, Mr. French."

He went towards the window with them and never said a word more. As they walked across the park Di wept, but Molly didn't. She only looked "queer," as Billy said when she met them.

"Is Cecil here?" asked Molly.

"He's with poor mother," said Billy.

"Tell him I want to see him," said her sister.

And Cecil came in a few minutes, looking as if he expected instant execution.

"You've asked me to marry you many times," said Molly, coldly.

"You ain't angry?" said Cecil. "I—I couldn't help it!"

"Very well, I *will* marry you," said Molly.

"Thanks awfully!" said Cecil. "This *is* a surprise! I never thought you'd have me. Thanks awfully! May—may I go away and think of it?"

"Yes, do," said Molly.

Mr. Davenant sat in his library in a state of more than sufficient happiness, being totally unconscious that a jest, abstracted from the satiric Samuel Butler, proved to demonstration that writer's pet theory that no man is dead while his character or writings achieve work.

In fact, the owner of Redingham Hall was in the ridiculous and somewhat tragic position of those who "didn't know it was loaded." He had pulled the trigger or fired the mine, and was about to experience the fact that a gun sometimes explodes, a mine back-fires, and a joke comes home to roost. But the fact that Molly pleaded a headache and stayed in her room instead of coming to dinner did not worry him. He had a new parcel of books, the weather was fine, the Home Farm off his hands, and Molly likely to be.

And then Mrs. Davenant came in. As soon as he saw her face he knew that all his visions of a peaceful evening were but dreams.

"What's the matter, my dear?" he asked, with a sigh.

"I want you to see Billy and I've told her to come here," said his wife. "I believe there is something wrong between Mr. French and Molly."

And at that moment Billy came in.

"Leave her to me, my dear," said Mr. Davenant. And Mrs. Davenant retired to the drawing-room.

"Now, my darling," said Mr. Davenant. "What's wrong between Molly and Mr. French?"

"He's found out!" said Billy, gloomily. "Oh, dad, it's all your fault!"

"Mine! mine!" echoed her father in amazement.

"What you said! In that horrid book about cards!" said Billy. "Butler's book and playing for the curate!"

"Good heavens," exclaimed her father, "I remember. And—and did they play for him?"

"Yes," said Billy, "and I dealt. It was poker patience. And Molly won, and—and Cecil has told Mr. French!"

And then she told him how Cecil had come while she was in the picture gallery and what had happened afterwards.

"Confound him," said Mr. Davenant. "This is *most* unfortunate! And I see it *was* my fault!"

Then Billy told him all about the ace of hearts and how Di had told her that Molly saw the portrait with it painted in and had sent her for Cecil.

"Sent you for Cecil, sent you for Cecil!" repeated her father in amazement. "Did she want to murder him?"

"No, to marry him! She doesn't know he told," said Billy.

"There is a slang phrase which describes disaster as being in the soup," said Mr. Davenant, as he walked about the room. "And that's where we are. I want your mother, Billy, and Hilary, and that infernal Cecil, too. Run over and fetch them. I saw them in the park just now."

"We're in the soup," said Mr. Davenant, when his wife entered. "Molly's engaged herself to Cecil."

And presently Billy came in at the French window with Hilary behind her.

"My dear French," said Mr. Davenant, going to him instantly, "this is a—a queer business. You know everything?"

"Yes," said Hilary.

"Did Cecil really tell you this—this nonsense?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"Yes," said Hilary, "and Billy told me all the rest."

"Where's that Silsoe?" asked Mr. Davenant. And going to the window he called Cecil, who came as reluctantly as a young puppy who knows he has done wrong.

"You—you leaky tub, you spout, do I understand you say you are engaged to Molly?" asked Mr. Davenant, angrily.

"I—I couldn't help it, sir," urged Cecil, feebly. "I did ask her, but I—I thought she wouldn't, and then she did, you see."

"This engagement must be broken off," said Mr. Davenant. "Oh, it never existed!"

"I—I don't think I want to be married at all," said Cecil, miserably.

"Good Lord," said Davenant. "Where's Kitty? Let's find out the truth."

"You ain't goin' to tell *her* what I said, are you?" asked Cecil, in great alarm. "She's the only one who was never down on me, and now she'll get mad."

"You've brought it on yourself," said Billy, viciously.

"Everyone is down on me," said Cecil. "French is always throwin' the past up at me."

"What does he mean, French?" asked Mr. Davenant.

"He was engaged to an actress," said French.

"Not to call it *engaged*," urged Cecil. "Ada chased me! That's what she did! Chased me! Mayn't I go away? I don't think I want to get married."

"You told me half an hour ago that you'd as soon marry Miss Kitty Davenant as anyone," said Hilary, suddenly.

"Go and fetch her," said Mr. Davenant.

And Billy went rejoicing, while Cecil collapsed on a chair.

Then Kitty came in with Billy and Di.

"Kitty," said her uncle, "just cast your mind back over to-day. Were you talking with Molly about—cards—on our side of the holly hedge?"

It was lucky for Kitty that Molly had prepared her.

"Yes, uncle, we did speak of them," she said.

"So it is possible that Mr. Silsoe, if he had been on the other side of the hedge, might have overheard you?"

"Yes, I suppose it is possible," she said; "but—but I'm sure it's impossible that Mr. Silsoe told anyone about it."

"I didn't mean to," said Cecil; "I swear I didn't. I went over to French's sayin' I wouldn't, and—and it came out!"

"He didn't know it was all a joke, Kitty," said Mr. Davenant, significantly; "but, of course, he knows it now."

"And may I go, please?" stammered Silsoe. "I—I must go now or I shall be late. And my hands tremble so I sha'n't be able to drive the car."

"I'll drive you," said Kitty, sternly. "You aren't safe alone."

And Kitty led him away.

"One minute, French," said Mr. Davenant,

turning to his wife. "Tell Molly I want to see her presently, say in a quarter of an hour. And you girls can go," said he, closing the door after them.

"This is a very unfortunate mess, my dear French," he said, as he came back to Hilary, "but you see it was my fault, though that infernal rascal, Samuel Butler, is most to blame. I'm afraid you feel sore about it."

"I do, yes, I do," said Hilary. "You see, I was in a way made just—a chance, and—and supposing Molly, I mean Miss Davenant, hadn't—hadn't won and had gone away whenever I came, I don't suppose I should have cared for her. I may be foolish, but I own that I never took to anyone who obviously didn't distinguish me."

"But, all the same," said Davenant, "I know my own daughter well enough to know that she did—distinguish you. And if—if by any chance you should think your position and wealth made any difference, I should like to point out to you that, if she had chosen, she might have had the White House now and everything in it, as your uncle asked her to marry him."

"The—the infernal old ruffian!" said Hilary. "I'm sorry to say it——"

"It's a very reasonable remark," said Mr. Davenant. "Of course, the whole thing was utterly impossible."

"And now she's engaged to Silsoe!" said Hilary.

"Nonsense, my dear man," replied Davenant. "Let me tell you that if I know anything at all about her he's engaged to Kitty by now, and she'll never let him go, never!"

Just then Billy put her head into the room.

"Molly is locked up in her room and won't come," said she.

"Hadn't I better go, sir?" asked Hilary.

"No; wait," said Mr. Davenant, and as he left the room Billy ran to Hilary.

"Isn't it—isn't it all right?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid not," said Hilary.

"You think you were only just a stranger to all of us and that none of us had ever seen you, don't you?" Billy asked.

"Yes," said Hilary.

"Ah, but Molly *had* seen you!" said Billy, triumphantly.

"What? Where? When?" asked Hilary, swiftly.

"Before the war, when you were an actor," replied Billy. "And if you don't believe me, she's got the programme now, and—and your portrait. She and I often talked of you before we knew your wicked old uncle was your uncle, but no one else knew we did. And I *shall* be unhappy if you go."

"Will you, kiddy?" asked Hilary, putting his hand on hers.

"Yes," said Billy; "and I wanted to tell you all about the ace of hearts. When Molly won I knew Di would be silly and never see when she wasn't wanted, and Kitty would be jealous, so I said it would be best for Molly to have the ace of hearts so long as she liked you and you liked her, and that we were to go away if she showed it, and that if she didn't like you and you liked someone else better she was to give it up. But you did seem to like her, and she wouldn't give it up. So you see it all now. Have I made things better?"

"Perhaps you have, my dear," said Hilary, as the door opened and Mr. Davenant returned.

"Go away, Billy," he said, and Billy retired into the garden very reluctantly.

"I've come to the conclusion during the last few minutes," said Davenant, as he closed the window after her, "that there is a great deal to be said for the Oriental system of keeping girls as you keep chickens, in a coop, till they are introduced to their future husbands. Or, again, the Chinese method of drowning them has its points. I find it hard to carry on a convincing argument about such a personal matter with a grown-up daughter behind a mahogany door which she refuses to open."

Hilary looked up.

"Is Miss Davenant's room just overhead, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," said Davenant.

"Is—is her window open, by any chance?" asked Hilary, eagerly.

"It always is," said Davenant. "Do—do I understand you have an idea? For if you haven't I have."

"Mine is to—to go outside——" began Hilary.

"That's mine, too," said Davenant, in great excitement.

"And I'll tell you how grieved I am about all this, and how I forgive everyone except myself, and that she is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and that I shall carry her image with me if I'm allowed to go back to the Front, and that if I'm not I shall take it further to—to——"

"Let's say Honduras," said Davenant. "My dear boy, this is genius in both of us. Shall we go outside? And I will say, 'Good-bye, Hilary, my dear, dear boy; the dearest wish of my heart was that you should be my son-in-law,' and you will continue, and then when you have gone down the drive you can sit on the stile the other side of the rhododendrons and wait till I send for you."

And they went outside the window and stood upon the stone path which ran the length of the house on the west side.

"Then it is good-bye?" said Mr. Davenant, in heartbroken tones.

"For—for ever," said Hilary. "You see, it is the only thing I *can* do."

"You mean to return to the Army if they will take you?" asked Davenant, in heart-broken tones. "Would that I were younger!"

"And if they will not, I shall go where I told you," said Hilary, with an accent that somehow suggested the very end of the world.

"Ah, to Honduras!" moaned Davenant. "My dear Hilary, it is not a healthy place; but I suppose you do not care now?"

"How can I, my dear friend?" replied Hilary. "But so long as I live I shall remain a bachelor. I shall never see anyone I think so beautiful."

"I'm heart-broken," said Davenant. "My dearest wish was that you should be my son-in-law."

"Destiny, destiny!" said Hilary, sorrowfully. "Good-bye, good-bye, good-bye!"

And as he walked down the drive with his head upon his breast Mr. Davenant returned to his chair and, after opening his watch, took it off the chain and laid it in front of him on the blotting-pad, and sat with his chin upon his hands.

"Five, ten, twenty, half a minute, forty-five seconds, one minute," said Davenant. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten!"

"'FATHER!' SAID MOLLY.
"'YES, MY DARLING?' SAID HER FATHER, WITHOUT CHANGING HIS ATTITUDE."

And the library door opened. Mr. Davenant did not turn round.

"Father!" said Molly.

"Yes, my darling?" said her father, still without changing his attitude. "What—what is it?"

"Is Mr. French going away? I—I thought I heard him say so. My—my window was open," said Molly.

"Was it? You don't say so," said Mr. Davenant, sadly. "Well, perhaps you heard rightly, my dear; but you mustn't worry about it. I dare say he'll come back some day, after a few years, just a few years. And by that time you'll be married to that Silsoe."

"No, dad, no!" cried Molly. "I won't marry him, I won't! I—can't!"

"Then why did you accept him and make a man, a real man like Hilary, a wretched outcast?" demanded her father, suddenly turning on her. "Don't you know he loves you? But he's got pride, and acts as I should have done."

"Oh, what am I to do?" wailed Molly. "What am I to do?"

And just then there was the sound of a motor-horn.

"That's Kitty come back in Cecil's car," said Davenant, and the next minute his niece came in by the window. She looked flushed and determined. She went straight up to Molly.

"Look here, Molly, don't you be a fool! You're not going to marry Cecil," she said. "*I'm* going to marry him. His mother and I arranged it a week ago, and we told him about it together just now, for Mrs. Silsoe says the responsibility for him is too much for her, especially as she has just heard from that Miss Moses."

"Oh!" said Molly, as she collapsed on a chair.

"My dear, I congratulate you," said Mr. Davenant. "You, at any rate, will be able to manage him. My dearest wish has always been that Cecil Silsoe should be my nephew-in-law. Kiss me and kiss your cousin, and go and tell your aunt and Di."

And Kitty did kiss Molly, and, saying aloud "Buck up!" whispered something in her ear.

"Oh, Kitty!" said Molly, as her cousin went out of the room.

"What is it?" asked her father.

"Kitty says that—that Mr. French is sittting on the grass by the rhododendrons," said Molly.

"Then he'll get sciatica," said Mr. Davenant. "A pretty kind of preparation for the Army and Honduras!"

"I don't want him to go to Honduras," said Molly, rising and turning away.

"Wait here till I come back," said Davenant. "I've had sciatica myself and I know what it is."

And he vanished by the window. As soon as he was gone Molly ran to a little mirror in a Venetian frame which hung near the door and dabbed her eyes and put her hair straight. Then she sat down at her father's desk. She wondered why his watch was there, and used it as he had used it to count the seconds. She counted them up till they made nearly five minutes, and then heard a step on the path. It could not be her father's, for she heard him speak to someone in the passage outside. Then she heard Hilary's voice.

"Molly—Miss Davenant!" said Hilary.

"Oh!" said Molly, rising. "Mr.—Mr. French!"

"Forgive me, but I must see you before I go," said Hilary.

"Where—where are you going?" asked Molly, without looking at him.

"I—I was thinking of Honduras," said Hilary.

"You—you oughtn't to go to such a place till you're really strong," murmured Molly.

Hilary came straight up to her.

"Molly, I don't want to go there," he said. "I've been a fool. I want to finish your portrait, and—and——"

"I don't know what to say," said Molly. "Please, please, you mustn't."

"I want you to marry me."

"That's—that's impossible," said Molly. "I'll—I'll be a—sister to you."

"Oh, no, you won't! I've got four already," said Hilary.

"I couldn't marry you after—after everything that's happened," said Molly, looking away.

"I understand everything," said Hilary, seizing her hand. "Billy has told me all."

"No, no, she hasn't," said Molly; "she doesn't know *everything!*"

"It wasn't your fault," said Hilary; "your dear father has told me that he is to blame; and, oh, he *is* wretched about it!"

"Is he?" asked Molly, turning away. "I'd—I'd do anything for dad."

"Then, of course, you must marry me," said Hilary. "Molly, my dear, I love you, I love you!"

"And—and do you still think that—that you were a—a chance?" asked Molly, "and that it might have been someone else?"

"Billy says it wasn't, and that you knew me before I knew you, dear. and—and didn't dislike me," said Hilary. "Be good to me and forgive me all my foolishness."

"I think you behaved nobly," said Molly, "only——"

"Only what?" said Hilary, taking possession of her waist.

"You—you weren't a chance at all," sobbed Molly. "There's something you don't know that I ought to tell you and I don't know how."

"Tell me everything—everything!" said Hilary.

"I'm afraid you'd think it wrong and dishonourable of me," said Molly. "Billy doesn't know it, or I'd ask her to tell you instead of me, before—before you went to Honduras. You weren't at all a chance! Oh, oh, Hilary, you weren't! I didn't *mean* you to be!"

"I know you didn't," said Hilary.

"Oh, no, you don't," said Molly, "and I'm so afraid you'll be angry. Men are *so* particular about it. I—I must confess it, I——"

"Good heavens! What is it?" asked Hilary, evidently a little alarmed. "Come, come, tell me!"

"Men are *so* particular about it," repeated Molly. "Why, they even turn people out of society for it!"

"Do they—do they?" asked Hilary. "Oh, my darling, you haven't done anything wrong, have you?"

"Yes, very wrong," said Molly. "Oh, Hilary—Mr. French, I mean—when we played cards——"

"Yes, yes?" said Hilary. "Go on—go on!"

"I—I cheated," said Molly.

"What!" said Hilary, "you—you cheated?"

"I meant to win—and I did," said Molly.

"You meant to?" cried Hilary. "That settles it."

"Settles it?" asked Molly. "Do you mean Honduras?"

"Certainly not," said Hilary. And at that moment Mr. Davenant put his head into the room, and Hilary saw him.

"I don't mind who goes away," said Hilary, triumphantly, "but I'm going to stay here."

And Molly's father, taking the hint, closed the door gently.

"THE MOST FASCINATING DOCUMENT TO COME OUT OF THE WAR."

THE DIARY OF A U-BOAT COMMANDER

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GERMAN BY IRVING R. BACON).

The following extracts from "The Diary of a U-Boat Commander" are published by arrangement with the "New York Herald." As will be seen, the editor of that paper describes them below as a striking, if not unique, example of the truth that is stranger than fiction.

The most remarkable, the most fascinating document to come out of the war has been obtained for publication in these columns—"The Diary of a U-Boat Commander." Love, romance, drama, tragedy are woven through the narrative in sequences that might have been the product of a Victor Hugo's brain. Never more surely was proved the old epigram that "truth is stranger than fiction."

How many more Prussian submarine commanders there are like Lieutenant-Commander Hans von Tuebinger, placed in charge of the U-13 just after the war began, is hard to say. Few, certainly. None, probably.

His death—he committed suicide—was described in the Press despatches several weeks ago. By accident von Tuebinger had slain his sweetheart when he destroyed her father's schooner. The girl's brother was killed by one of the submarine's crew. During the summer the U-boat sank a Norwegian steamship in the North Sea, and ten of the vessel's complement were killed in the explosion. The day following von Tuebinger, cursing the Kaiser, von Tirpitz, and the war, jumped from his craft into the sea and was lost. After the submarine returned to its base, the crew gathered together the belongings of their commander, including the diary he valued so highly, and smuggled them to a close friend in Copenhagen.

The work was so large and covered such a wide range of observations that in editing it for publication only its more generally interesting portions have been used.

March 5th, 1914.

NOT the least of the pleasures since my arrival at Stockholm has been the meeting with Sven Larsen, whom I knew in the gymnasium, quite by accident, while sipping coffee at the Opera Kaeliaren. He took me to his home, and I found his father, Lars Larsen, and mother and sister—I believe her name is Minna—most charming people. The father is an old sea-dog, but full of good-natured raillery. The daughter is very good-looking, reminding me of a Gretchen in some "Faust" production that I have seen.

Sven has studied a great deal since we left school, and speaks on all subjects with an air of authority. Our conversation was of beauty, inspired no doubt by the good looks of his sister. I asked her to play something for us on the piano.

No coaxing was required. Merely saying that she would in return for her compliance look to an indulgent criticism for whatever shortcomings I would detect, she at once sat down and played. After several popular airs she played, at my further request, a considerable portion of Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata," which always has been my favourite. Somehow, whenever I listen to that wonderful world dream of sound, I feel as if the whole universe was passing in review before my imagination. While nothing definite is "spoken," yet there is a something in the sounds that conjures up a world vision with all the different thrills, passions, and emotions

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which fill the human heart. The girl played well. I was enraptured.

April 5th, 1914.

Can greater happiness be found than mine? Minna loves me! She told me so to-day. For three weeks I had not been able to concentrate my thoughts sufficiently to enter anything in my diary. I stared at its blank pages with too chaotic a mind to entrust any word to its keeping. The uncertainty concerning Minna's feelings toward me drove me almost frantic. Odd that I should not have realized that she regarded me with greater warmth of feeling than I dared hope. She showed me so many kind attentions and took so much interest in my art and in my projects and in everything I said—what a fool I was not to have taken courage long ago and asked her to be mine!

Minna, mine! Dear Lord, do I deserve so great a boon? Am I worthy of the love or so divine a gift as the heart of my Minna?

July 20th, 1914.

I interrupted my entry to see what the newsboys were calling out at so late an hour. Their "extra" relates to a threat of war. The paper would have its readers believe that all Europe is likely to be embroiled in a war on account of Austria's grievance against Serbia. Such rot! A European war could not last a week without bankrupting every nation. I shall go to sleep quite soundly without fear from such a source.

If there should be a war—well, I am a naval reservist, and my all too brief experience in submarine work will not have been wasted. Sven and I spoke of submarines this afternoon. He, too, has studied the subject. He thinks they will enter largely into the next war—if there is a war. We are thoroughly agreed on both branches of this hypothetical proposition.

July 31st, 1914.

The "impossible" has been realized. War has virtually been declared. I leave for Kiel to-morrow.

Nothing appears to escape our Argus-eyed Government. Why order me to report at Kiel unless they knew of my penchant for submarine boats? At any rate, I hope that, if there must be war, I shall be assigned to the U-boat branch of the service.

Minna's parents—God bless them!—said they did not believe the war could last more than a week or two at the utmost, and that when it is all over and I am back the marriage shall take place at once.

Sven is not as optimistic about the war's duration. He is of the opinion that the economic rivalries involved call for an all-round readjustment of "checks and balances," and that this cannot be accomplished in less than at least six months or a year.

Our friend Fritz Launig, my brother art-student from Munich, is even more pessimistic in his prediction of the war prospects.

"Sven takes a too one-sided view," he said. "By the time the nations at war will have recognized the proper economic alignments, all the evil passions which escaped from the Pandora box will have come about our ears, and there will be no peace possible for the world for years and years."

September 30th, 1914.

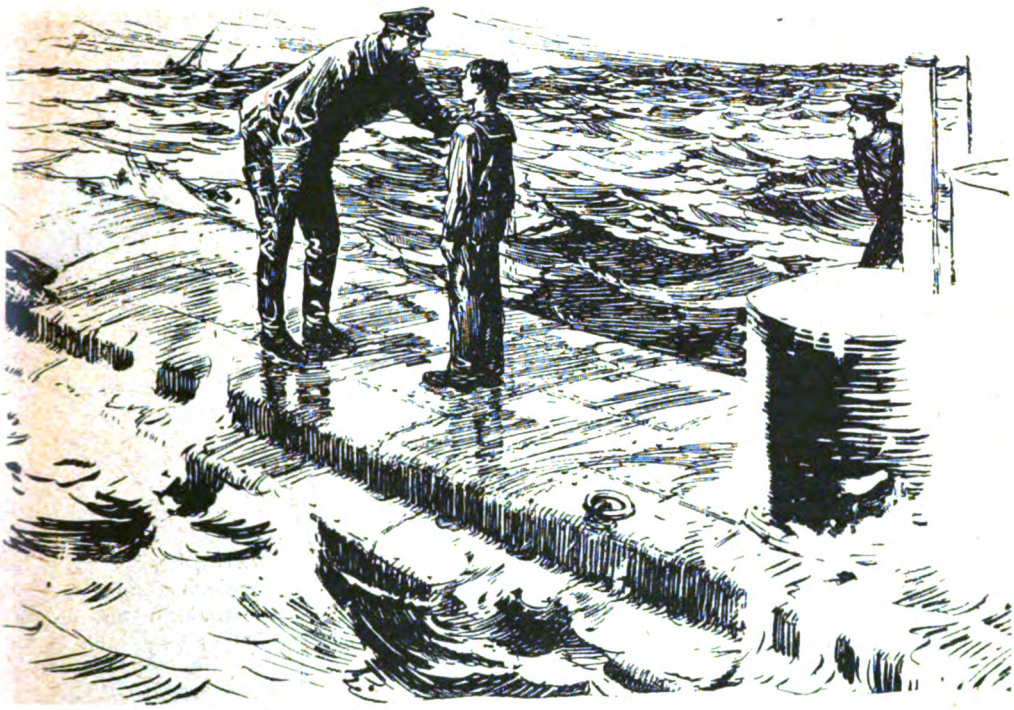
The second time at Kiel to take on fuel and supplies since I have been on U-13, and still no letter from Minna! Can it be that my letter to her has miscarried? But, even so, she knew that she could communicate with me through Kiel. It cannot be that she has put me out of her heart so soon. She is too loyal, too noble-hearted and magnanimous to allow another to take my place in her affection merely because I am out of her sight. And yet—who knows? Oh, God, how this doubt torments me!

On August 24th we sank a British armed vessel of considerable size. Of one hundred aboard twenty-two were lost. By a freakish current of the sea, a cabin-boy clinging to a spar was swept close to us, and we took him aboard—a brave little lad of scarcely twelve years. He told me his father and three big brothers had gone with the British Expeditionary Army to France. "I was the only man left in the family," he said. The only "man!" Poor child! I asked him whether he was not sorry to have left his mother. He probably had not had time before to give any thought to the question, for now that it was brought to his mind he burst into tears and sobbed out his desire to go back home. He told me he had run away without thinking that his mother and two sisters would miss him much. "I wanted to be a sailor," he said.

"If I send you home will you promise never to do anything again to hurt your mother's feelings?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "I'll promise to do anything except——" The boy hesitated. "Well, except what?" I asked.

"Except, except—well, except that I want to be allowed to fight those damned Germans!"



"'YES, SIR,' REPLIED THE BOY, 'I'LL PROMISE TO DO ANYTHING EXCEPT—WELL, EXCEPT THAT I WANT TO BE ALLOWED TO FIGHT THOSE DAMNED GERMANS!'"

I could not but laugh heartily, although, to tell the truth, it hurt me to think that our good name and fame had suffered so complete an eclipse that even children had come to hate and detest us. I suppose, however, that the little fellow had learned his lesson in hatred from the men of his ship

I hailed a Norwegian freighter the same afternoon and transferred the youngster to her, obtaining the promise of the captain to land him in England. The captain said he would be glad to do so, as he was bound for London. The boy said his home was near Banbury, the town which is famous in nursery rhyme. I wonder whether he would spare at least one of "the damned Germans" if I ever fall into his hands.

I have just received notice that I am to have command of a larger submarine. Things are rather cramped aboard the 13. I shall have no regrets in making the exchange.

October 15th, 1914.

The three days just elapsed have been among the most memorable in my life. Not only is the U-34 much larger and more comfortable than the wretched tub I have left, but the crew appears to be less brutal, and, above all, I have with me, next in command, my dear Fritz Launig. Wonderful what pranks fate plays with us! When I left Stockholm Fritz had not yet received his summons to the Colours. "If I receive a summons I will ignore it," he said. He denounced the war as "a revival of the savagery which is reaching out to plunder and destroy our toilfully built-up kultur, the one flower of civilization's scarce budding tree." Pacificism had no stauncher advocate than him.

When I asked what had wrought the change in his mind he said, with characteristic naïveté: "My mind is not changed. I still believe the war is all wrong. But does a swallow make a summer? Can one man shout his convictions loudly enough to be heard around the globe? I felt that I was but one of many million cogs in the vast machinery called Fatherland. It is a bad and worse than useless cog that refuses to do its 'turn' when the rest of the machinery is in motion. So here I am."

October 13th was a busy day. I was charged with conveying to England a message of the utmost importance. It was a cipher, but although I was not entrusted with its exact meaning, I know that it related to the

question of a contemplated blockade of England. According to instructions, I delivered the letter to the captain of a Swedish steamship which, I was informed, would be ten miles off Yarmouth. He, no doubt, had his instructions.

As the letter had to be in this captain's hands by eight o'clock on the evening of October 13th, and I had but five hours to accomplish the task, my new boat had to give a good account of herself for speed, and she did.

The last five miles of the trip will remain for ever impressed upon my memory. A British patrol-boat fired upon us, aiming apparently at the conning-tower, but missing by a scant forty yards. We submerged quickly and replied with a torpedo. It struck home, tearing through the side of the enemy amidships. The explosion must have wrought frightful havoc within the boat, for she sank within a few seconds. Only half-a-dozen of the crew appeared to have survived. I believe we fired the patrol-boat's ammunition magazine, for it is inconceivable that the charge itself could have torn apart the hulk so effectually. One of the life boats had broken loose from its davits, and was riding conveniently near the men in the water. In the circumstances, I did not deem it wise to delay, and so left them to their fate.

October 18th, 1914.

The E-3 is our first English submarine trophy! I was in the conning-tower shortly after our midday meal to-day, experimenting with my new magnetic disc for the periscope, when a speck appeared on the disc and moved slowly in an easterly direction. Under the magnifiers the speck resolved itself into a periscope. My location chart indicated that no other U-boat was expected anywhere near that neighbourhood at that time. The periscope was unquestionably that of an enemy.

I shaped my course so that our starboard torpedo should be directly at right angles with the Britisher when she passed us.

The torpedoes were in place. I directed the aiming of the one in the starboard tube forward, and at the moment which I calculated to be the one when the Briton was passing a few hundred yards away, I pressed the control button and sent the torpedo to speed on her mission of death.

The speck disappeared from the disc, and almost simultaneously with its disappearance we heard a muffled rumble, followed by a distinct jarring of our boat. We emerged to the surface. The water was greatly disturbed, but of the enemy submarine there was no trace. Several hundred yards away, however, something appeared to be floating on the water. The glasses showed me a shocking sight. The floating object was the frightfully mutilated body of a man. He was still living, but unconscious. We got him aboard, and Kaempfer administered anæsthetics. "He can't live," said the surgeon. "In fact, he hasn't enough left to make living worth while. I'll just keep him unconscious and free from pain until the end."

The end came in less than half an hour. In a little waterproof bag suspended from a cord around the neck was an identification book. It gave the man's name as Edward Fenton, twenty-six years old, of ——, London, an oiler aboard H.M.S. E-3.

The destruction of the submarine was a duty well performed, and for which, no doubt, I shall receive a distinction, perhaps an Iron Cross.

My disc substitute for the old manner of periscope observation has fully vindicated its usefulness. No longer any need to stand for hours watching, with head bent back and eyes strained and concentrated upon the periscope "field." Now all I have to do is to sit in a comfortable chair and look into a camera obscura, on the bottom of which, level with the sea, is reproduced the picture of what is actually going on outside our boat. The part of the arrangement of which I am proudest is the magnetic disc, or revolving table, which, like the compass, always points true north. No matter how our U-boat is headed the picture on the disc is always exactly in its natural position, and shows exactly how objects outside our boat are placed in relation to the points of the compass. Distances, too, are indicated, as heretofore, by lines drawn across the face of the disc.

The thought of the swift, unforeseen destruction which came upon those luckless men of E-3 is made more sombre by my heart yearnings for Minna. Dear Minna, do you ever think of me now? I have reproduced your sweet countenance four times in paintings. But, alas! what were even a Raphael's reproduction of your face compared with the reality which I am compelled to forego? Do you pray for me nightly as fervently as I for you?

January 1st, 1915.

Nothing short of a miracle saved us from destruction at the very threshold of the New Year. After having been all but run down

by a British ship, it fell to our lot to destroy that floating fortress.

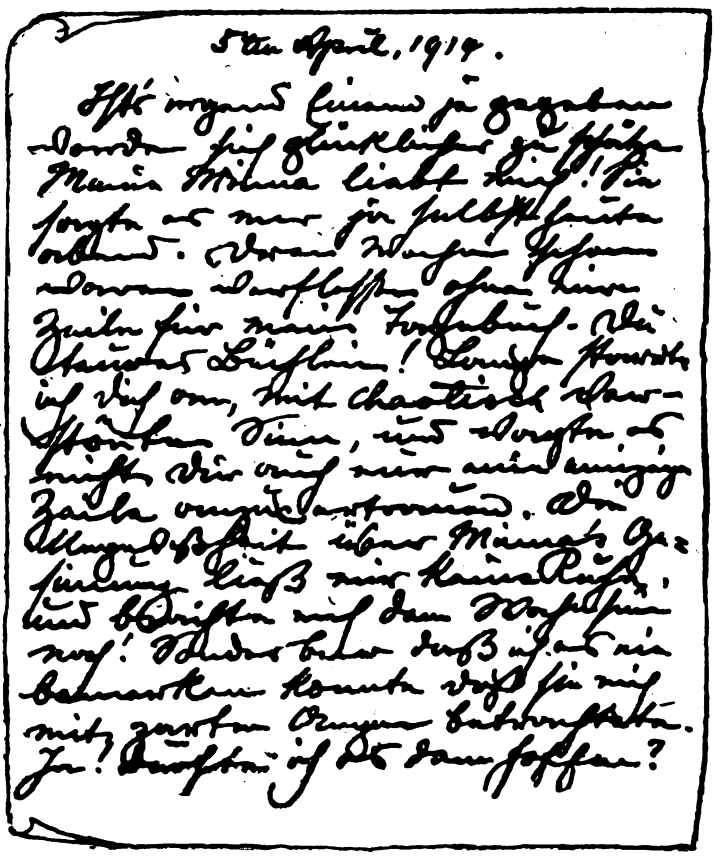
It lacked a few minutes of three o'clock this morning when I relieved Fritz, who had been watching all night. I had been unable to sleep. Premonitions of some impending disaster—a disagreeable, apprehensive feeling which probably everybody has experienced now and then—kept me awake. Somehow I connected it with Minna, and could not shake off the fear that some calamity had befallen her. Even prayer, that sweet and almost always effective panacea for ills not purely physical, failed this time to allay my anxiety.

Fritz was worn out, and gladly availed himself of my offer to let him get to bed. He had scarcely left the tower when I heard, faintly at first, but rapidly growing more and more distinct, a sound not unfamiliar to those who are at home in submarines—the whirring of the blades of the screw of a steamship. We were travelling slowly, barely four knots, submerged about fifteen feet. I quickly sheered off away from the direction of the sound, and at the same time approached the surface close enough to use the periscope. Outlined distinctly on the disc I could see the vast hull, which had barely missed ramming our boat.

Another instant and a torpedo was launched, striking our adversary amidships, midway between the keel and the water-line. This was at precisely three o'clock. Within half an hour the fifteen-thousand-ton fighting machine was resting on the bottom of the Channel.

My camera obscura showed me the indescribably chaotic scene during this exciting half-hour preceding the sinking of the vessel. Fritz had come back and, standing silently near me, was also watching the remarkable picture on the disc.

Of four boats which were lowered, one—a barge—capsized, and many of her men were drowned before those in the other boats had appeared to realize the peril of their comrades in the water. When the latter had been picked up the three boats were crowded. How many lives were lost by the capsizing of the barge I could not say. Many must also have perished in the explosion—hundreds, probably. I felt no such qualms of conscience this time as last October, when we sank an enemy submarine. Fritz also



FACSIMILE OF A PAGE OF THE COMMANDER'S DIARY.

appeared to be elated and became more talkative.

"Congratulations, Hans," he said. "If you keep up this record of sinkings you will have to get a submarine trailer to hold all your medals."

"Judged by merit, Fritz," I said, "no number of Iron Crosses could ever be an adequate reward for you."

April 1st, 1915.

There is something exhilarating in this business of butchery. To send forth a torpedo

on its errand of death has become to me scarcely more than to hurl a ball over the course of a bowling alley. The toppling over of the pins when the ball strikes them is less exciting to me only in degree than the destruction of a warship and its crew.

Since the blockade of Great Britain there has been no dearth of adventure. God knows I have need of excitement of some sort. Minna is in my thoughts constantly. Nothing except the hunt and chase and fight with these hostile boats can ease my mind. Fritz says it is fortunate I am not addicted to liquor, or I should be drunk all the time. Between battles and my beloved diary I manage to keep my thoughts off the one tormenting theme long enough to prevent me from becoming insane.

July 20th, 1915.

A big steamship from America passed within less than a thousand yards of us at half-past five o'clock this morning, sixty miles south of the Irish coast. Evidently our periscope was not seen by her, as she kept on the even tenor of her way without any apparent excitement aboard.

Less than an hour after the vessel had passed out of our sight an English patrol-boat came along. She was beyond the range of our torpedoes and was taking a course which would carry her still farther away unless we sheered off in her direction. To do this would have been too dangerous, as the part of the Channel toward which the patrol was headed literally swarmed with warships, and besides was sown with mines.

I have learned to respect Fritz Launig's advice to such an extent that I never take any decisive step of importance to the U-boat without consulting him. I sent for him and laid the situation before him.

"By all means let us rise to the surface and give the Britisher a taste of our five-inch gun," said Fritz. "We can submerge within less than half a minute and, after changing our position, rise again, and if we have not done sufficient execution by the first shot, we can give them another shell and dive again before they can get our range."

Scarcely had our conning-tower appeared above the surface than the patrol banged at us with her quick-fire guns. In this respect the Britishers had the advantage over us, for we could not begin to operate our gun until we were awash with the deck. Besides, they had the longer range. Still, we were sufficiently close to them—about five thousand yards—to make our shot as effective as if fired at point-blank. And, moreover, we had a gunner aboard, Julius Halbert, who boasted that he had never yet missed his mark and who was, so to speak, a genius in regard to marksmanship.

The shells of the enemy were falling within from two hundred to as near as fifty yards of us, when our gun roared back her reply. The shell landed amidships and must have raised the devil in the patrol's engine-room. We did not wait to watch developments. After submerging, the imagery on the periscope disc disclosed the result of Halbert's aim. A gap larger than a porthole had been torn in the side of the vessel, and the havoc produced inside had thrown even the well-disciplined crew into no little confusion.

Owing to the damage to the patrols' machinery we managed in a short while by dead reckoning, as we dared not show our periscope above water, to get from her starboard to her port side, at about the same distance as before. Then, rising again, we landed another shell on her water-line, and once more dived before her gunners could get our range, although they did plant some of their shells confoundedly close to us.

"Now," said Fritz, "I suppose, Hans, you are going to give them the torpedo cure?"

Again working by dead reckoning, we got to within two thousand yards, although the effective range of our torpedoes was more than three thousand yards, and came to the surface close enough to barely project the top of the periscope. Only for a moment, however, for those fellows aboard the patrol-boat were certainly alert and began popping at us the very instant the periscope was seen by them. They missed by a close margin and afforded me enough time to telescope in the periscope at the same instant that I fired the torpedo.

When we had shifted our position to an entirely new point of the compass I ventured up with the periscope again. This time there was no attempt to fire at us. The guns of the patrol were for ever silent. She had been hit squarely below the water-line almost amidships and was listing over toward us at a perilous angle. The crew was getting into the life-boats, some of which were already headed in the direction of land.

I went about to set the air apparatus a-going to expel the water ballast, in order to rise to the surface, when there appeared on the disc a streak of black smoke low on the horizon north-east. A wait of several minutes was rewarded by the sight of two destroyers and a cruiser hurrying in our direction. The

wireless calls from the sinking patrol were being answered. It would have been worse than foolhardy to try conclusions with so many ships at one time. So we remained below, and travelled toward Heligoland. I was desirous of reaching our base again.

March 30th, 1916.

I dreamed of Minna last night. With all my daily thinking about her and all my prayers in her behalf this has been the first time I ever dreamed of her. It was a confused sort of dream and I could recall but little of it—nothing in detail—when I woke up. It seemed, though, to be of evil import, and has left a heavy feeling in my heart.

On the twenty-seventh of this month we sank three merchant steamships and two barques. No lives were lost—at least none by reason of torpedoes or shell-fire. The sea was calm, and I believe that the crews reached land in safety. The following day we also sank a steamship—a Norwegian—which was carrying meat from Argentina to England. We had given warning by firing a shot across her bow, but she ignored it. Another shell carried away her wireless apparatus—Halbert is still infallible in his marksmanship. The Norwegian stopped and her crew got away in life-boats. Three bombs sent aboard finished her in half an hour. Of her crew of thirty, two had been killed by falling fragments from the masthead and two more were drowned by the capsizing of one of the boats. We aided in righting and bailing out the boat, and, as the distance from the Irish coast was one hundred and ninety-five miles, we replenished their food and water supply, which had been lost in the overturning of the little craft.

One of the crew, a little fellow with a sallow complexion and dark hair and who looked more like a Spaniard than a Scandinavian, said something which sounded like a curse just as the boat he was in pushed off from our side.

"He is wishing the Kaiser to hell," said Eglau, who was nearest him.

"If you will allow me," said Halbert, taking a firmer grip on his automatic pistol, "I will send this fellow on his way to hell to announce there that His Majesty our Kaiser refuses to go."

The man's grim humour was meant in all seriousness. It would have given Halbert infinite pleasure to riddle the offender's body with bullets.

"How do you know he spoke disrespectfully of His Majesty?" I asked.

"I heard him," replied Halbert. "I know Norwegian."

The life-boat by this time had got more than fifty yards away from us.

"You might hit somebody else at so great a distance," I said. I did not want to appear to be indifferent to so gross an insult to our ruler, and yet I disliked the idea of taking a man's life for a hastily, perhaps thoughtlessly, uttered word.

April 2nd, 1916.

Again I dreamed of Minna. It was the same dream as before. And this time I am able to recall both dreams. I saw Minna in the company of her father and Sven. Mrs. Larsen, Minna's mother, appeared to be at a great distance and was beckoning Minna to come to her. Minna's arms were outstretched toward me. But when I started to go to her a terrific explosion took place and after the smoke of it had cleared away Minna was standing beside her mother and was wafting kisses to me and her father and Sven.

"If there is any meaning at all to the dream," said Fritz, when I told him about it, "it is that you will soon meet Fräulein Minna."

Notwithstanding the reassuring nature of his interpretation of my dreams they have left a profoundly disquieting effect upon me. I cannot get rid of the feeling that they either portend a disaster of some sort to Minna or have reference to one that has already occurred.

April 5th 1916.

We sank another English steamship this afternoon and have kept as prisoner her commander. He had made the initial attack without waiting for any demonstration from us. I can hardly blame the man for trying to sink a craft which he must have known would do its utmost to sink his vessel if it got the chance. But, whatever my personal feelings may be, I have no right to suspend the regulation which will probably cost this poor Britisher his life when I turn him over to the authorities at home. I feel doubly sorry for him, as he has shown himself to be as fine a gentleman as I ever met anywhere. I am rapidly becoming a nervous wreck.

The fight with the Englishman was one of the most tensely exciting we have had. We saw the vessel when she was five miles away. Evidently she did not perceive us until she had come to within a mile. Then she swung round—made as if to escape and began firing. Half-a-dozen shells were discharged, all falling short or striking the water on the other side

of us. They had two rapid-fire guns of good calibre and the range was close enough to have put us out of commission or sink us with a well-directed shot. Fortunately, the only damage we received was from one shell, which glanced off our deck aft, leaving an ugly dent, but not of a serious nature.

Halbert's marksmanship made short work of the enemy. The first shot, as nearly always, brought the wireless arrangement to the deck. The second one crashed through the side of the vessel and destroyed her machinery.

Never before had any merchantman attacked by us fought so pertinaciously after being so completely crippled. A third shell sent the water pouring through a gap on the water-line amidships. The reason Halbert always seeks this vital spot is to cause a list which will quickly make the guns aboard the stricken vessel inoperative. It was only when the list became so pronounced that the guns could no longer be used that the life-boats were lowered.

The captain was the last one to leave the doomed vessel. There were tears in his eyes when his life-boat drew alongside our submarine. They were tears of sorrow for the loss of so fine a steamship. I told him that I regretted that it was not in my power rather to reward than to imprison him for the splendid fight he had made.

April 6th, 1916.

I have killed the dearest on earth. I am Minna's murderer. Forgive me, God! Oh——

October 10th, 1916.

A long gap from that tragic day to this! I did not believe it possible that I should live so long. Fritz says he found me lying on the floor, the sentence in my diary unfinished, and that for three days I was in a high fever, a raving maniac. I have not been sufficiently master of my feelings until this day to make any record of that frightful day's events.

In the afternoon of the sixth of April I saw a Swedish schooner, heavily laden, beating before the wind in the direction of the English coast. A shot fired by Halbert carried away her mizzen-mast, which crashed and splintered to the deck and thence overboard. The fall of the mast caused such havoc that it quickly became apparent that the vessel was sinking. A boat put off in time to avoid being caught by the suction of the pool as the schooner went down. When the life-boat drew alongside our submarine I was amazed to see in it Mr. Larsen, my Minna's father, and her brother Sven. Although I felt grieved to think that this meeting had to be brought about at so heavy a cost to Mr. Larsen, for I jumped at the conclusion that the schooner must have belonged to him, nevertheless there was an element of happiness, because I felt that now at last I should obtain news about my Minna.

"Where is Minna?" I shouted over when the boat was still more than two hundred yards away.

"There," said Captain Larsen, pointing to the spot where the *Baldar*, his schooner, had gone down.

I did not fully realize the awful inport of his word and believed that it was meant in a figurative sense, such as that the girl had loved the vessel and would feel heartsore over the loss. But when the life-boat came alongside and the real magnitude of the catastrophe became clear to me I felt my knees give way under me, and would have fallen had not Halbert and another of the crew supported me. A large splinter from the falling mast had struck Minna just as she was coming to the deck from her cabin. It killed her outright and her body was pinned beneath some of the wreckage. Both Captain Larsen and Sven were certain that nothing could be done for her; and as the vessel was sinking rapidly and there was not a moment to spare, the life-boat was lowered and my Minna's mortal remains were relinquished, to be carried down to the bottom of the sea.

I got myself together as well as I could, and in my cabin Sven and his father told me what had occurred from the time I left Stockholm.

"If you had only written!" said Sven. "We received but one letter from you, and after that—silence."

"Heavens, man!" I exclaimed, "I wrote a score of letters begging for some token from any of you."

"Hans has been doing nothing but writing to Minna, or of Minna, or been painting her portrait," broke in Fritz, who had also been a familiar friend of the family, and whose respect and admiration for Minna were second only to my own.

"Well, we never received any letter after the one in which you announced that although you were going into the U-boat service you expected to be back in Stockholm before long," said Captain Larsen.

"Who could ever have thought that this cursed war would drag along to such a God-forsaken length?" I said.

"Well," said Captain Larsen, "Minna tried to bear the separation from you bravely, but pined away gradually. She did not complain, and after a while she even ceased to talk much

about you, because she knew that we believed you had simply dismissed her from your mind, and she could not bear the thought of hearing anybody say an ill word about you.

"Last December my wife died. And this, added to the other heart anguish, threatened to break down my poor girl altogether. With hollow eyes and sunken cheeks she looked like one who had undergone a long siege of severe illness. I had purchased the controlling interest in a schooner, the *Baldar*—the one you have just sunk—and decided to take Minna on my cruises. Sven acted as my mate.

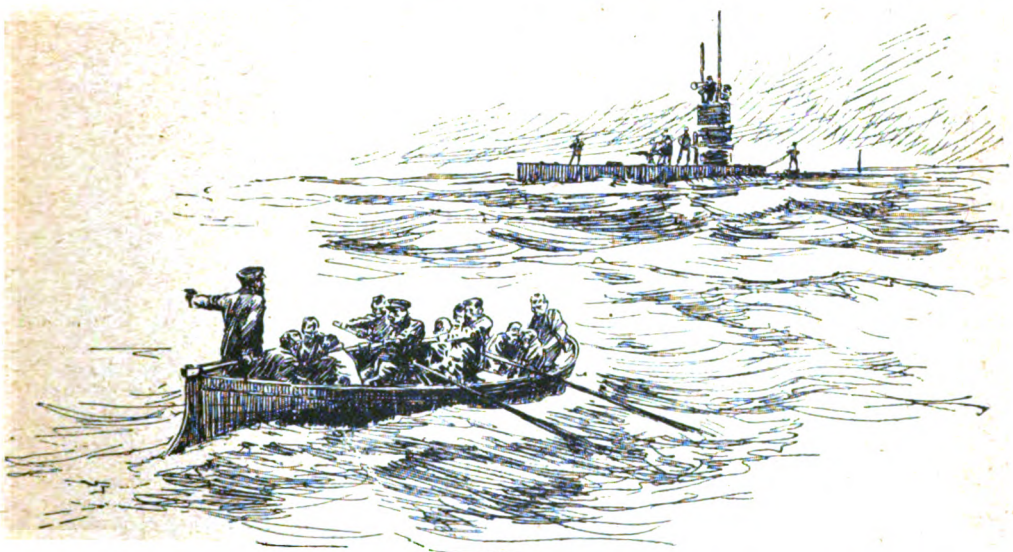
"We were coming from the West Coast of Africa, laden with a general cargo for England. Three months of life at sea had brought the roses back to Minna's cheeks and she was beginning to look again like her own beautiful self, just as when you first saw her. Joy seemed to be getting ready to return to us when—such are the uncertainties of life!—you crossed our path and blasted my happiness for ever."

When Larsen said that his wife had died it recalled to my mind the peculiar part she had played in my dreams. I told him about my seeing her standing afar off and beckoning to Minna to join her, and that, after an explosion I saw Minna by her mother's side, wafting kisses at us.

"It was undoubtedly a dream of the prophetic kind," said Fritz, "and although we were not skilful in interpreting it at the time, it is very plain now what relevancy the various phases of the dream bore to the reality which was to come."

After hours of conversation, in which we tried to console one another for the loss which meant so much to us all, we filled the life-boat with all needed supplies, and Captain Larsen, Sven, and the rest of the hapless *Baldar's* crew pulled away from the submarine, bound toward the English coast.

I went back to my cabin to enter into the diary the agonizing events of the day, but had written only a few lines when a mist came before my eyes, and then oblivion. Fritz and Kaempfer were at my bedside when I opened my eyes again. Three days had passed, and if I had not recovered consciousness when I did, Fritz said, they had arranged that he was to take the boat back to base to afford me an opportunity for more adequate nursing than "two such helpless male bears as Kaempfer and I could bestow upon you," he said. God bless their noble hearts!



"'WHERE IS MINNA?' I SHOUTED OVER WHEN THE BOAT WAS STILL MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY."

April 12th, 1917.

Would to God my vocabulary contained nothing but curses! What is the world become to me but a hell? First Minna, and now her brother, my poor good friend Sven, and ten of his crew! I have come to hate the name of the Kaiser, and of Tirpitz, and that whole damned band of war hellions. Duty, duty, nothing but duty! Not a word about humanity! Killing, torpedoing, blowing up with shells and bombs—murdering, day in

and day out, all the year around! God, how tired I am of it all? And for what? Just because one ruler doesn't want to give in to another ruler.

I say—God's curse rest upon all of them! If I must kill I'll kill like a tiger. I'll torpedo everything that comes my way. They are all bound for hell, anyway. So I'll do my duty with a vengeance and with true Prussian thoroughness.

May 25th, 1917.

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Sven and Captain Larsen were officers aboard the *Ada*. After the sinking, when their life-boat came alongside of us, Sven, driven insane by the murders which I had been instrumental in bringing about, sprang at me and was about to clutch me by the throat, when Halbert, who had become greatly attached to me, struck him on the head with the butt of a pistol. Sven dropped and toppled off into the sea. I leaped after him, but he must have sunk to a great depth and been drowned, without having recovered consciousness. We searched long, but found no trace of the poor fellow.

His unfortunate father, deprived of wife, daughter, and son, in one way or another, through me, made no reproaches. His heart was too heavy. He retained his seat in the life-boat, just shaking his head listlessly, as if he but partly understood the import of the final misfortune which had befallen him. For a long time I looked after the receding boat, and to the last, when even through the glasses I could scarcely distinguish him any more, I could see his head still bobbing to and fro.

If it were not for Fritz I surely should have become insane long ago.

My only surcease from grief nowadays is derived from sitting in front of the pictures of my Minna, all of which are draped in mourning, and composing verses addressed to her. How fortunate that I was able to paint her in so lifelike a manner!

July 12th, 1917.

Eighty miles west of Black Rock, off the coast of Ireland, we sank the American barque —— at ten o'clock this morning. Never was the sinking of a vessel more distasteful to me, partly in deference to the memory of poor Kreisel, who gave up his life lest he be compelled to take part in the destruction of American vessels.

Arnold Wimborn, whom I had met at Captain Larsen's house in Stockholm, was aboard the ——. He had been picked up by the latter several hours earlier. His schooner had been sunk by a submarine. The——, bound from Glasgow to Hampton Roads, rescued him and his crew.

When Wimborn was coming alongside my craft, in the boat of the ——, he exclaimed, chaffing me good-naturedly, as soon as he recognized me, "Some day you will sink a schooner and will discover that it belongs to Larsen and has your Minna aboard."

I showed him the pictures of Minna in my cabin, and when he saw the crêpe around them he was spellbound and speechless. "But not through you!" he exclaimed, drawing away, as if in horror from me, as though I were infected with the pest.

I told him all that had happened and how I was suffering. He was very sympathetic, and assured me that he knew that I would have given my life rather than injure Minna. "But," he said, "you are engaged in a damnably questionable business."

"What can I do?" I replied. "I have to perform my duty. Duty, duty; oh, this murderous, damned, unspeakable duty."

Here the diary of Hans von Tuebinger ends abruptly.

What occurred after this final entry; how his intellect, becoming dethroned, drove him at last to such mad excesses in the pursuit of "duty" as to sink every vessel which crossed his path, was told in the newspapers recently in an account by John Pirano, a seaman, who was a survivor of the Norwegian steamship *Falkland*, torpedoed in the North Sea, with the loss of ten lives. The story, as told by Pirano, was as follows:—

"The *Falkland* was carrying a cargo from Philadelphia, and everything was going along smoothly until we were in the North Sea, about one hundred and fifty miles off the north-east coast of England, when a U-boat came to the surface and started in to fire at us without any preliminaries. The first shot tore away our wireless. Another smashed into the engine-room, killing half-a-dozen men.

"The shells were coming so fast that we didn't wait any longer, but just piled into the life-boats and got away as quickly as we could. We were not a bit too soon, for the vessel sank

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"We thought he meant some vessel named *Minna*, but the way he pronounced the name and the awfully sad expression that came into his eyes soon convinced me that he must have meant a woman of that name with whom he was crazy in love. I couldn't help laughing, although it was no laughing matter for him, and none for us either, when you consider the pickle we were in.

"I guess our captain must have thought that, so long as we were bound to offend the U-boat commander no matter what we did, the best thing would be to get as far from him as possible, and so we rowed away. We had gone about half a mile when we saw him waving his arms about his head and running up and down on the deck.

"'We better go back,' said the second mate to the captain. 'I think he's kind o' put out because we rowed away without asking him.'

"We went back a good deal faster than we had gone away, and when we were near enough to hear his voice I heard him say, 'I'm tired of this butchery business. I've killed my Minna; I've killed her brother; I've killed too many already. Not another life will I take—except my own. Damn Von Tirpitz! Damn the Kaiser! They've driven me out of my mind!"

"Although I am of Italian descent and was born in New York, I spent many years in Bremen and picked up a good working knowledge of German. So I understood everything the poor fellow said. His men listened to him as if they had been turned into stone. What he said must have been worse than blasphemy to them; but even so, they didn't do anything to stop them.

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THE SUNBURNED LADY.

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon.

Here is a question for the reader to decide: "Was Sir Rufus right?"

"THE thing that counts, Greymarsh," said the barrister, "is the act. It is not the persuasive causes. You must grant a distinction to lie here. Deeds in themselves fine and noble may emerge from questionable stimuli."

It was a night of early autumn. There was a drift of yellow fog over London, pressed down as by an invisible hand into the nooks and corners of the city. It was not yet dense; the pressure of the hand was only beginning to be felt. The city was in a sort of saffron twilight, but it was a twilight that would presently deepen. The noises of the city were confused and softened as though it were a creature, covertly moving in some fear. London seemed overtaken by one of the mysterious visitations out of a Hebrew myth.

In the yellow haze two men were passing along Regent Street. The shutters of the shops were closed up as though the city were abandoned. Few persons passed, and these were not clearly to be distinguished.

The two men in the circles where they moved were the most remarkable in the whole of London—Sir Rufus Simon and Mr. Greymarsh. Where the great currents of the world ran, Mr. Greymarsh was undistinguished. But on the frontiers of human knowledge, where the mind struggled for the truth, the chemist's name stood for high achievement. Perhaps his greatest fame was an unfailing accuracy. When one quoted Greymarsh in his book, there was an end of contention on the point.

The companion was Sir Rufus Simon, the barrister. It would be idle here to catalogue the man. He possessed a reputation unequalled in the whole of England; he stood for the highest integrity and the nicest honour. He belonged to a profession given to extremes, great figures in advance of all human progress and the lowest trickster. And because the ground-floor of his craft nested so much vermin it may have seemed to Sir Rufus Simon a pressing reason why those who occupied its top floor should maintain the very highest ideals by which a man could live.

The dialogue running between the two men was upon a point where each, in his sphere of influence, stood above suspicion. The chemist seemed to reflect on what the barrister had said, but he answered with decision.

"A lie is an error, Sir Rufus, and once you have admitted that there can no longer be an argument. One cannot compound his calculations with an error. To admit that a true resultant can be obtained by the introduction of an error is to topple over all human knowledge. There can never be any gain from a lie, for the reason, Sir Rufus, that there can never be any gain from an error."

The barrister put up his hand to his lean, bony face. He gathered his jaw for a moment into his fingers.

"I indict science," he said, "for a prime postulate essentially false to the facts. The accuracy which it assumes in Nature is imaginary. The universe presents nothing to equal the assumed exactness of your mathematical sciences. No track of a star is a perfect geometrical figure, nor does the earth turn on its axis to an unvaried schedule."

He put his hand out as with an unconscious gesture.

"Greymarsh," he said, "truth is something more than this preciseness. I think that it will be nearer the integrity of what is called a status in the law. Shall I dispossess a child of faith in the nobility of his parent for the merit to myself of a verbal accuracy? And shall I not help a crippled human creature to his feet with the device of a *suggestio falsi* if it is the only crutch that he can get his broken shoulder over?"

Again, for a dozen steps, the man was silent. Then he continued:—

"After long reflection," he said, "I insist upon the distinction which I have indicated. The morality lies with the effect and not with the persuasive causes that precede it. I go farther, Greymarsh, I go even far enough to believe that the persuasive causes may be false and scandalous, and the result sound and moral."

He shifted his walking-stick into the free gesticulating hand.

"I have got that conclusion, Greymarsh, as you have got your synthetic formulas, by experiments in life. Human relations go on by virtue of a sort of compromise with the truth. In the chemistry of human affairs we do not discard the impurities in a salt; we sometimes assemble them and blend them when we would have a result of a greater virtue than refined elements could give us. . . . I cannot hope to make you see that. It would require the example of a human clinic."

The chemist's face, lifted in the thin fog, was set in its expression and unmoving. This was palpable heresy to him. It was letting error in where the negation of error was the prime intent. If one admitted a lie could work out a material gain, one admitted that an error might sometimes in a calculation be depended on for a true result. To him the thing was inconceivable. And he dismissed it as one of those strange conceptions of morality which he had sometimes observed to lurk about the mental activities of men otherwise of unquestioned honour. The arguments lying to his hand seemed to the chemist endless and unanswerable, but he made no further effort to present them.

The two men in the conversation had traversed the great arc of Regent Circus and had now come to a short street beyond it. It was a lane of sombre, unpretentious houses; a residency given over to professionists. Great surgeons and practitioners were housed along this street, but the famous name was not on the door of any one of them. They counted on reputations in advance of that. They assumed that one seeking the aid of the greatest authorities in London would not require the indications of a signboard. The two men stopped before the door of one of these undistinguished houses.

The chemist concluded his argument upon the point with a final sentence:—

"I should require to be shown the result of your experiment, Sir Rufus."

Then he turned to the usual conventionalities of discourse.

"The Dutch explorer Maartins has just sent me some dried elephant flesh poisoned by the Batwa pygmies of the Congo. It is thought to contain an obscure element that the Amsterdam chemists are not quite sure of. I shall probably have the formula in an hour. Come in as you return."

The barrister promised to come in. He went to explain the draft of a charter for an East India Trading Company. It was for Danvers Buller, an old client and an old friend. Sir Rufus would not have gone out in London, at this hour, on the affairs of any other living man. But Danvers Buller was now paralytic and it was the call of friendship behind the business that took the barrister to his house.

The chemist let himself in. It was his custom when at work on some problem of peculiar interest to send away the servants to their quarters and to go about the house alone. He had given this order for to-night. He had dined at the club in St. James's Place, and going out had found Sir Rufus Simon. The barrister's way lay through Regent Street and the two had come up together.

The house seemed severe and empty when one entered. It lacked the things that give harmony and blend to the human habitation. There was a gas-jet burning low in the hall; on the right hand a drawing-room, and beyond that, for the door stood open, there was a room that the architect had designed for a library. It was now a sort of laboratory instead. The word in its popular conception is not accurate. It was a room into which the chemist carried only the last problem in his undertakings. There were technical books lying on a table. It was a long, heavy table running across the room before the door. Its surface was clean, but it was stained and finger-marked. There were some bottles under a green cloth. There was a chair or two, and there were some prints on the wall. But if one noticed these prints closely one observed that they had not been selected for their beauty, but on account of extreme accuracy in the drawing, as though the object of all art was to represent the varieties of Nature in precise detail.

Perhaps there was a little pretension, after all is said, in the aspect of this room. The larger pretension of a great authority who discards the ostentations of the men below him, like that which displayed no name on the row of professional houses along the street; like the pretension of the expert at St. Andrews who would play the course with a mid-iron against the armful of clubs crowded into the bag of the distinguished amateur.

And yet this conclusion may be set down in error.

Greymarsh was detached from the world. Where he touched it at his club, or with his friends, like Sir Rufus Simon, there was no actual contact. He looked out through a window. He spoke and listened and had intercourse among his fellows; but he sat within, and, for the most part, the shutters of the window were closed up like a sleeping eye.

The chemist turned back the bolt to the door. The servants had gone, and when the man got into the profundities of science external noises did not always reach him. He was not certain that he would hear the bell, and he left the door so that Sir Rufus could enter when he came. It was a habit that the barrister was aware of, and, out of the wisdom of a larger experience of life, he had suggested the danger of leaving the door thus open to any hand. But the chemist felt that he had little that a robber could sell profitably in the market; and, besides, he possessed that disregard of human precautions peculiar to those persons removed in their activities from the world of living men.

Mr. Greymarsh went from the hall into the drawing-room. This was now the library of the house. There were shelves of books and a secretaire of some inlaid wood. There was a clean blotter, a sheaf of pens, and a pot of ink, neatly arranged. But it was not a workshop in which the man laboured with his problems. He went on through the open door into the room beyond. He switched on the light over his long

table and sat down behind it, facing the door through which he had entered. He took up some sheets of paper written closely, in a fine, delicate hand, and began to make a calculation. The calculation was hieroglyphic to the common eye. It concluded some drawings as of outlandish geometric figures or the meanderings of a family tree.

As the man laboured he became oblivious to the world about him. His consciousness seemed to withdraw from the appreciation of external stimuli. To the world, Greymarsh in his labour was little better than a dead man. Some time passed. There was silence except for the remote, muffled noises of the city. The chemist, concentrated on his formulas, was like the figure of a man in something inorganic, except for the slight moving of his hand that recorded his indicatory symbols.

Then somewhere in the deeps of the house a bell jangled. The chemist did not hear it. After a moment or two it broke out in a louder clatter. But its call was not regarded by the man. Then the door opened. Someone entered, peered into the drawing-room, and finally advanced to the door before which Mr. Greymarsh sat stooped over his table.

The chemist was never able to say precisely what caused him to look up. Perhaps it was the cumulative pressure of the noises, or the unusual interjection of a human voice. But when he did look, he got on his feet in some confusion.

"THERE WAS A WOMAN STANDING IN THE DOOR AS THOUGH POSED IN THE DARK WOOD OF A FRAME."

There was a woman standing in the door as though posed in the dark wood of a frame. She was in evening dress with an opera-coat of rich brocade covering her shoulders. The chemist stood like one not entirely awakened until the woman spoke. There was something foreign in the voice.

"Is it Mr. Greymarsh," she said, "that I have the honour to address?"

The chemist replied with the usual conventions, and came round the end of his table as though he would show her to the drawing-room. But the woman entered and sat down in a chair before his table, and he went back uncertain and embarrassed.

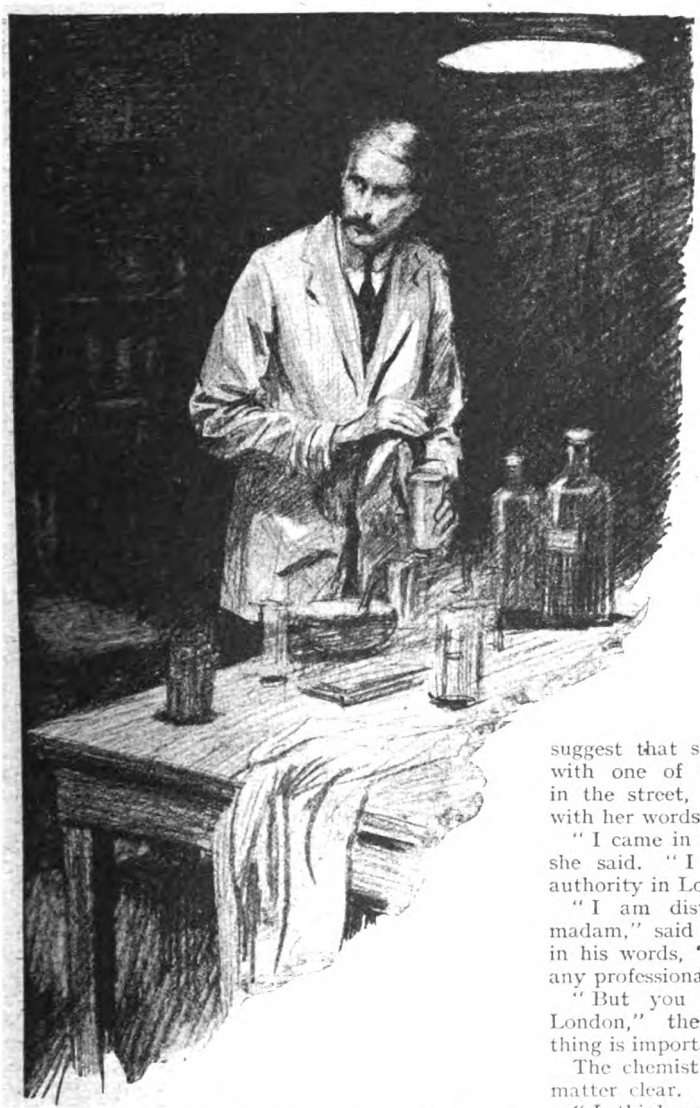
Nor was Greymarsh's visitor entirely at her ease. She began an explanation, hurried, and not at all points connected up.

"I am Mrs. Danvers Buller," she said. "I have come to consult you on—on a professional matter."

Then she broke the explanation with a comment on her ingress to the house.

"Your door was open," she said, "and I saw the light."

It was clear from this explanatory preface that the woman had come on no idle errand. There was the pressure of a determined intent behind this visit. The chemist was profoundly



"THE CHEMIST STOOD LIKE ONE NOT ENTIRELY AWAKENED UNTIL THE WOMAN SPOKE,"

puzzled. The name of Danvers Buller awoke faint memories about the man.

There had been notoriety in his later life. He had married in advancing age some South Eastern beauty. The thing had been a day's sensation in the London Press when he came up through the Suez with his bride. There had been much comment on the beauty of Mrs. Buller and silence on every other point.

Greymarsh realized, in a sort of wonder, that the published comments were not overdrawn. She had masses of dark hair banked around a face perfect in contour. One never could wish to change a line of it. Her eyes were large and violet like a tropic flower, and her throat, her bare shoulders, and her arms were exquisite. But there was something behind these assembled allurements that held one back from admiration, as with the pressure of a hand. The woman had a disquieting smile, and in spite of perfection in every feature one felt a sense of vague deformity. The impression entangled itself in the confused sensations of Mr. Greymarsh. He caught himself searching the woman with some eagerness to find the malformation. But in all the aspect of her there was no defect that the human eye could see. She was absolutely perfect. One felt that every contour of her ran with a faultless symmetry. Her hair, the planes of her face, her eyebrows, the nose, the alluring mouth—with its teeth even and perfect—and the violet eyes were all inconceivably faultless. And yet there was the haunting sense of something misshapen that introduced itself and prevailed over the admiration that sprang up in the beholder.

The chemist was about to suggest that she had perhaps confounded him with one of the eminent practitioners living in the street, but the woman was before him with her words.

"I came in to consult you, Mr. Greymarsh," she said. "I am told you are the greatest authority in London."

"I am distinguished by the compliment, madam," said the chemist, with some gravity in his words, "but I am not a practitioner in any professional sense."

"But you are the greatest authority in London," the woman repeated, "and the thing is important."

The chemist felt that he ought to make the matter clear.

"I think you have a mistaken impression, madam," he said. "I do not see persons in any professional capacity."

The woman presented to him a face disturbed with anxiety.

"But you will not refuse me your aid on that account?" she said. "I cannot go to one whose knowledge may be inadequate. I must have the opinion of the ablest authority in London. . . . I will pay you any fee you ask."

The chemist undertook to explain that his services were not of a professional order. But the woman was insistent. She wished only to ask a single question, and he found himself embarrassed to deny her. He sat down before her at the table. He wondered what matter of vital interest could so concern this woman that she came thus alone at midnight and persistently forced her way into his house.

But the explanation was a blow at this tragic inference. And it confirmed the chemist in his estimate of the utter frivolity of the fashionable London circle to which persons of this class belonged.

The woman carried a little bag attached by a ribbon to her elbow. She now took out of it a cut-glass bottle containing some liquid and put it on the table.

"This summer," she said, "at Brighton, I was sunburned—horribly sunburned. You will notice how my throat and shoulders are discoloured."

She leaned over the table under the light which Mr. Greymarsh had switched on for his calculations.

And again the chemist was disturbed.

To his eye there was no trace of discoloration. The throat and shoulders were perfect. He could see nothing to justify the words, but he made no reply, and the woman went on.

"You see how bad it is," she said. "I have tried all sorts of things to get rid of it; harmless things such as one commonly uses. Finally my maid urged me to try this preparation; it is something she got from France. But I was afraid to use it until I asked somebody who knew—somebody I could trust to know. It might do the skin an injury."

She pushed the bottle across the table toward the chemist.

There was a moment when the man was about to get up in disgust. But his courtesy prevailed, and having gone thus far he concluded to continue on the way.

He poured a little of the contents of the bottle into a dish, observed it, and added a reagent. Then he spoke.

"This is a weak solution of arsenic," he said; "such solutions are sometimes given with the idea that they brighten the skin."

The woman clasped her hands, and put them out on the table with an impulsive gesture.

"Oh!" she said, "it has a poison in it?"

Mr. Greymarsh replied as one would answer a child.

"Yes," he said; "in a weak solution. Arsenic is a poison."

"And you knew that instantly," she said. "How wonderful!"

The naïve ignorance of the woman impressed him.

"It is quite simple," he said. "We have accurate tests for arsenic."

"And can you tell any poison on the instant like that?"

The woman went on as from an impulsive curiosity.

"Not all, madam," replied the chemist. "For the mineral poisons we have usually a conclusive test, but there are certain poisons the presence of which we are unable to determine. For example, one which is made from the blood of an eel and the arrow poison of India. A great many experiments have been made on the bodies of persons destroyed by the arrow poison of India, but without any decisive result. If swallowed like the ordinary poisons it is digested without injury, but if applied to any abrasion on the body like the scratch of a needle or the prick of a thorn, it takes away the life of the victim without leaving any trace that modern science is able to discover."

The woman made an exclamation of surprise and wonder.

"How interesting!" she said. "How extraordinary! What colour is it?"

The chemist went to the corner of his table, took up a tray of bottles covered with the green cloth, and set them down before her. He lifted the corner of the cloth and took out a little vial.

"I have here a sample of it," he said. "You will observe that it has no distinguishing colour."

The woman took the bottle in her hand, looked at it a moment, and then put it back.

"It must be very fine," she said, "to know all these wonderful things. I am sure you must regard me as idle and frivolous to disturb you with a beauty lotion, but you see the thing was immensely important to me. One never can tell what is in these preparations that one's maids hunt up as a final remedy. Lady Montague's face was horribly burned by a lotion the Institute de Beauté prescribed for her in Nice. I thought I would ask you about it—and so I came."

She smiled with a touch of coquetry.

"And now, Mr. Greymarsh, will you give me a pen and ink?"

The chemist did not understand why his visitor should require these articles, but he went round the table and behind her into the library for them. He took up a pen and inkpot from his secretaire and, as he turned about, he saw Sir Rufus Simon standing against the wall. He had come into the house unnoticed and he stood in the shadow of the door. Greymarsh was startled, and he was about to speak when the barrister laid a finger on his lip and indicated with a gesture the room from which the chemist had entered, as one would say:—

"Keep silent and go back."

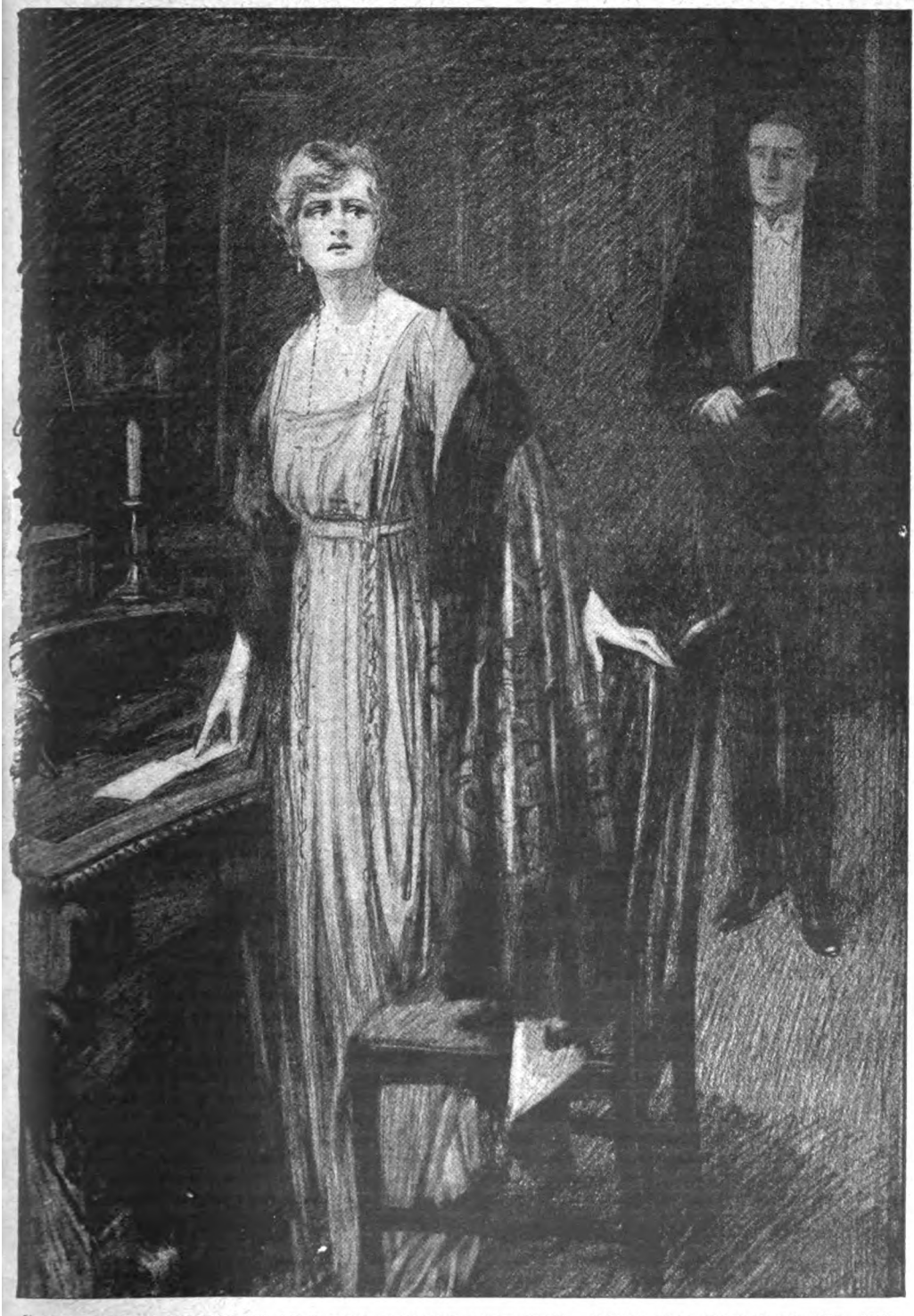
The chemist in some bewilderment respected the indication, and returned with the ink and pen. He put them down on the table before his visitor. She took out a folded slip and began to write a cheque for twenty guineas.

It was then the front door banged; there was the sound of someone entering, a voice that called out to Greymarsh, and Sir Rufus Simon came into the room.

The woman sprang up like tow touched with fire. There was terror in her, and for a moment it was uncertain how she would act. Then she recognized the barrister, and her whole aspect changed.

"Oh," she said, jerking her hands up with the fingers interlaced, "how you alarmed me! It is Sir Rufus Simon!"

The barrister presented an apology for his intrusion, but his face, Mr. Greymarsh thought, was strange. In truth, in the aspect and gestures of his guests, the chemist was impressed with a tragic suppression. The sense of something deformed about the woman now presented



"THE WOMAN SPRANG UP LIKE TOW TOUCHED WITH FIRE. THERE WAS TERROR IN HER, AND FOR A MOMENT IT WAS UNCERTAIN HOW SHE WOULD ACT."

itself with a renewed insistence, and he looked to see it appear. But there was no visible indication of it. He almost thought he had it when she sprang up before the barrister, but it ebbed out before the exquisite beauty of the woman—or at least so the thing seemed to Mr. Greymarsh—at finding an acquaintance and a person of discretion in the intruder.

She explained that a stranger might misunderstand, might incite a scandal at her presence in the house. But Mr. Greymarsh would explain her errand, and Sir Rufus, familiar with the vanities of women, would not measure her by masculine ideas of perspective. Besides, he was her husband's councillor and she had the right to depend upon that confidence.

But it was the tragic suppression that impressed itself on Mr. Greymarsh. He thought the barrister had the appearance of one searching for a weapon, not with his hand in a material sense, but with the fingers of his mind, covertly and in an eager swiftness. It was a performance which held the chemist's attention, and presently when the figure of the barrister lifted and his face changed, like one whose palm has finally closed on the handle of the thing he sought, Mr. Greymarsh felt a certain relaxation as of one escaping from a strained posture of suspense.

Sir Rufus Simon came a step farther into the room. His voice when he spoke was concerned and friendly.

"I am very glad of this chance meeting," he said. "I have just been to visit your husband and I have taken the opportunity of the visit, as I have taken the opportunity of every other, to urge him to make known to you the disposition of his affairs."

He paused.

"But the ill and aged are immovably secretive. And I have failed, to-night, as I have failed at every other conference. And what is more, I am convinced that a further insistence is idle."

He looked with concern into the woman's face.

"There seemed after that," he continued, "another course to be considered. Ought I not to put the matter before you? I came away from my old friend with that problem to be turned about." Again he paused. "And I have come to a conclusion. I think you ought to know about this matter. I think you have the right to know."

The expression in the woman's face gave way to a sort of bewildered curiosity, as of one drawing back a little from a secret door that another is about to open. But now, there was a soothing confidence in the manner of Sir Rufus Simon.

"It frequently happens," he said, "that men arrange their affairs to suit a condition of their life at a certain period, and permit that arrangement to continue out of negligence after the status of their affairs has taken on an entirely different aspect. Thus it happens that old wills come up to inflict injustice."

The woman was now facing Sir Rufus Simon with every feature in her face attentive.

"Some years ago," the barrister went on, "before your marriage, Danvers Buller, in no rugged health and with only his own life to consider, made a disposition of the major portion of his estate. It was permissible at the time for a man who wished to be rid of the pressure of affairs and desired only an income for his life. But when my old friend recovered his vitalities, embarked again upon his commercial enterprises and took a wife, this disposition he had made of his affairs was inconsistent. With almost the whole of his fortune he had purchased what are called annuities terminating at his death. After his marriage, I pointed out that this arrangement was unfair to you. It meant that Danvers Buller was receiving a large income each year during the period of his life, but that at his death this income would be cut off. His residence, as you know, he holds in lease from the Duke of Eldon. The assets of his business, widely scattered, are, I fear, when assembled at his death, but little in excess of the liabilities."

The barrister paused again like one watching closely the effect of each uttered word.

"I continued to point out the injustice to you in this arrangement, and finally I got a concession. The income from the annuities was to be assembled and invested for you. But the augmentation of the sum has depended year by year upon your husband's tenure of life. Each year that he continued to live and draw the annuity added a considerable sum to your inheritance, and so," the barrister concluded, "for an additional reason, beyond my friendship, I have been glad that Danvers Buller has continued to live on with some prospect of an extended life, although paralytic and in no position to enjoy the tenure."

Mr. Greymarsh thought he looked on at a third act with the curtain coming down. The woman's figure seemed to relax and stoop. She was wholly silent.

The fog had deepened outside. The sounds of the city seemed far off, swaddled in a cloth. Presently, the woman moved to the door. She put her hand on the barrister's arm.

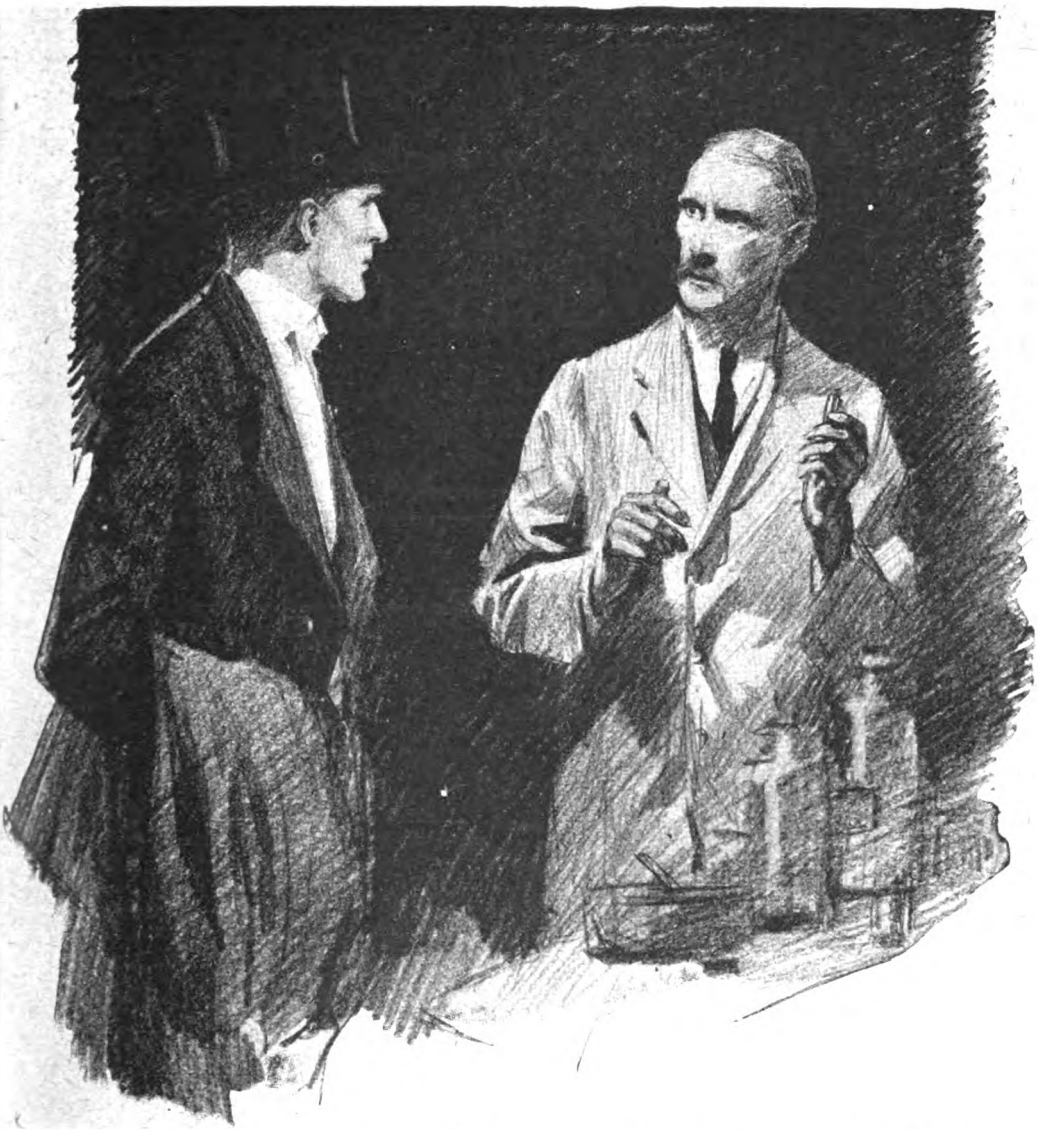
"Will you help me to my carriage?" she said. And she went out with no word of adieu or explanation.

When the door to the street opened a line of fog crept in, curled through the drawing-room, and extended itself to the table behind which the chemist stood. It was yellow-coloured and portentous, like the toxic visitation in the Hebrew myth. A moment later the door closed, severing the sinister antennæ, and the barrister came back into the room.

"Sir Rufus," cried Mr. Greymarsh, "what does this thing mean?"

The barrister extended his hand toward the table.

"My friend," he said, "I was a witness to this night's affair in the shadow of your door



"THE CHEMIST WHIPPED THE GREEN COVER FROM HIS CLUSTER OF BOTTLES AND HELD UP TO THE LIGHT THE VIAL THAT HAD CONTAINED THE ARROW POISON OF INDIA."

in yonder. I think you will find your vial of poison empty. But you are not to be alarmed. Its contents are spilled out of the glass bottle on your carpet."

And, putting out the ferrule of his walking-stick, he moved something beside the chair.

The chemist whipped the green cover from his cluster of bottles and held up to the light the vial that had contained the arrow poison of India. It was empty. For awhile he stared into it, then he presented to the barrister a face distended with amazement.

"In the name of God, Sir Rufus," he repeated, "what does it mean?"

"It means, my friend," replied the barrister, "that I have given you the human experiment which you requested. It means that I have saved a woman from murder and a man from being an accessory before the fact—and I have done it with a lie!"

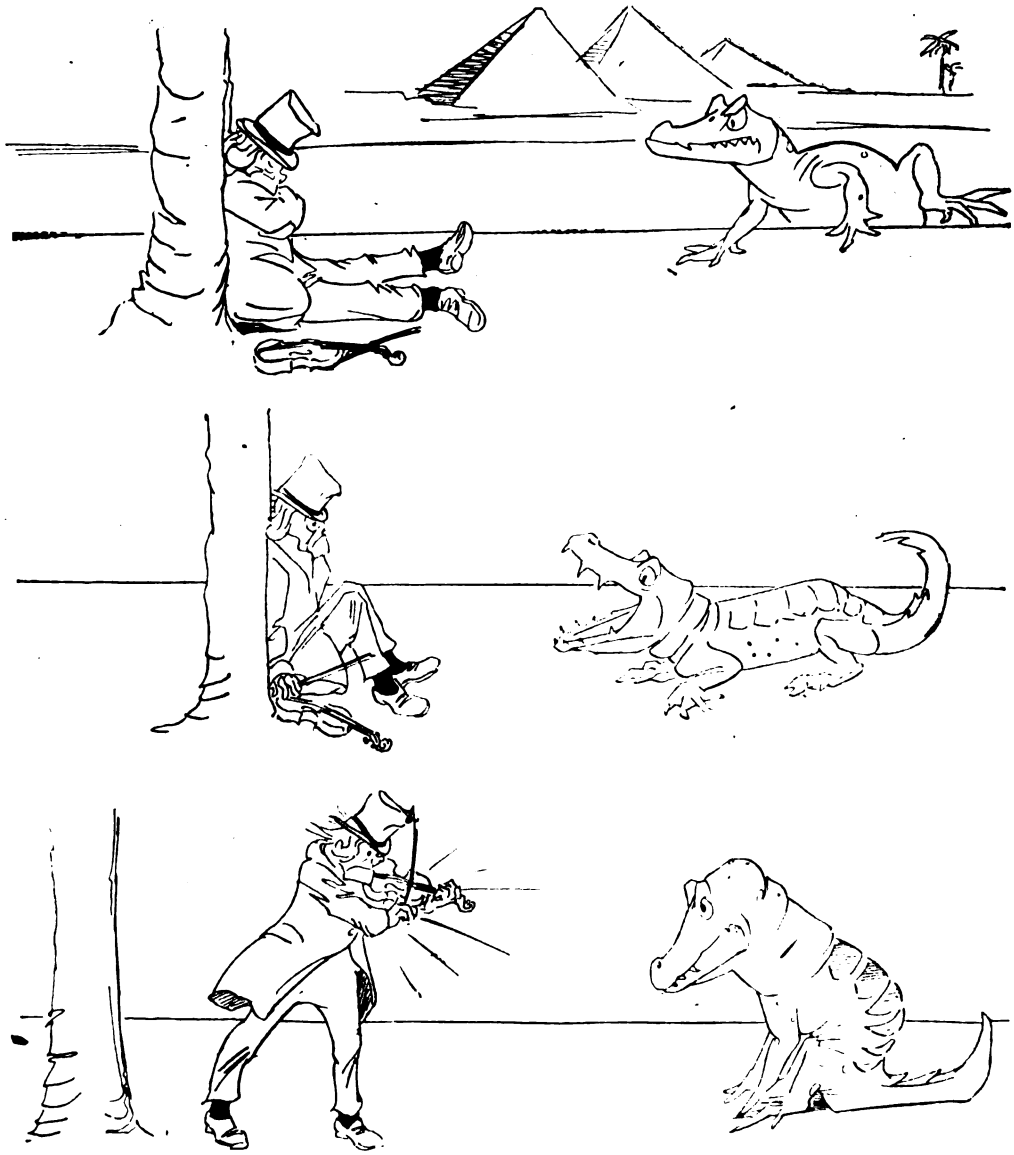
A MODERN ORPHEUS.

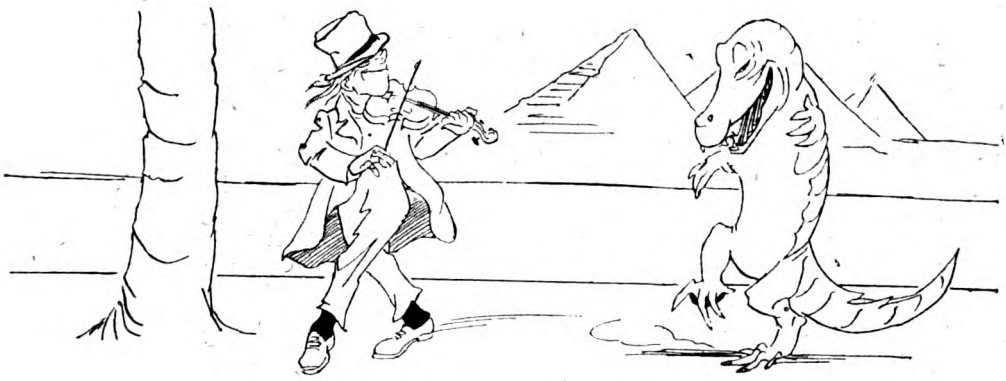
"An Allegory on the banks of the Nile."

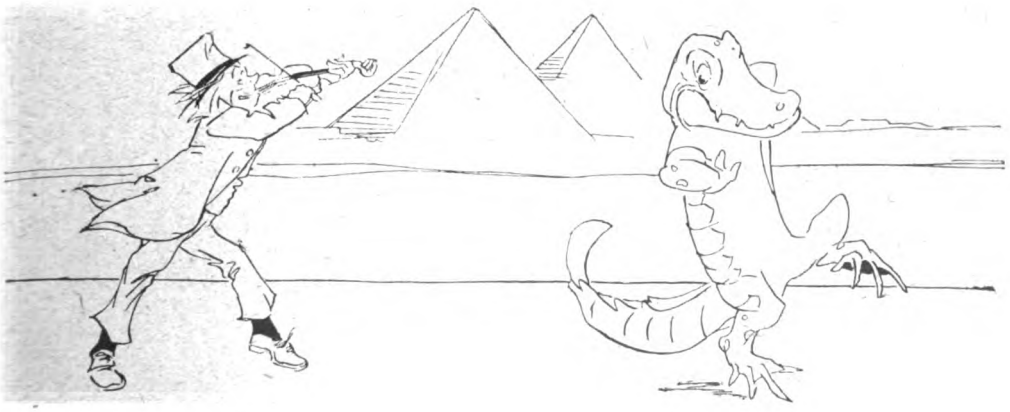
Mrs. Malaprop.

By

J. A. SHEPHERD.







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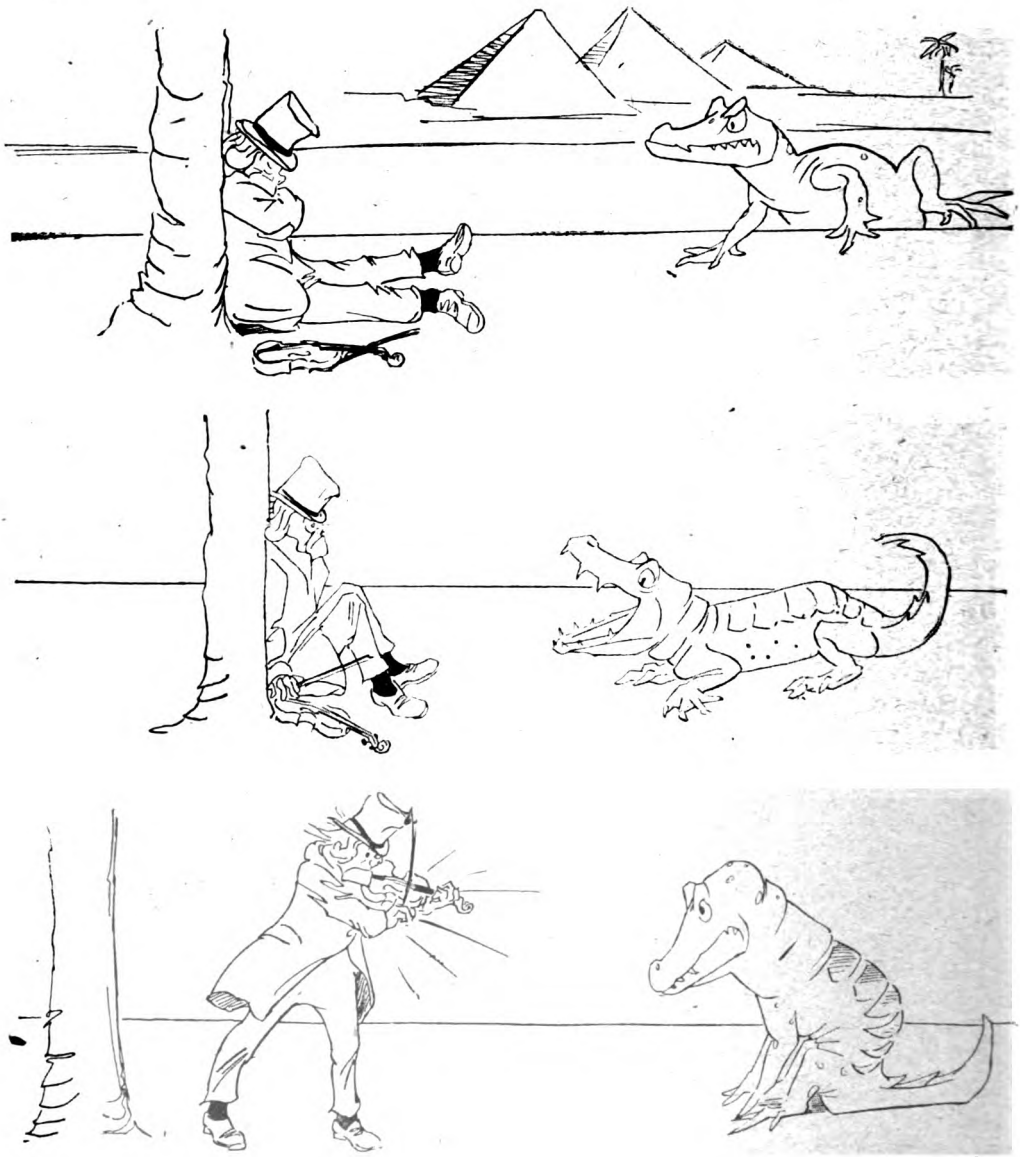

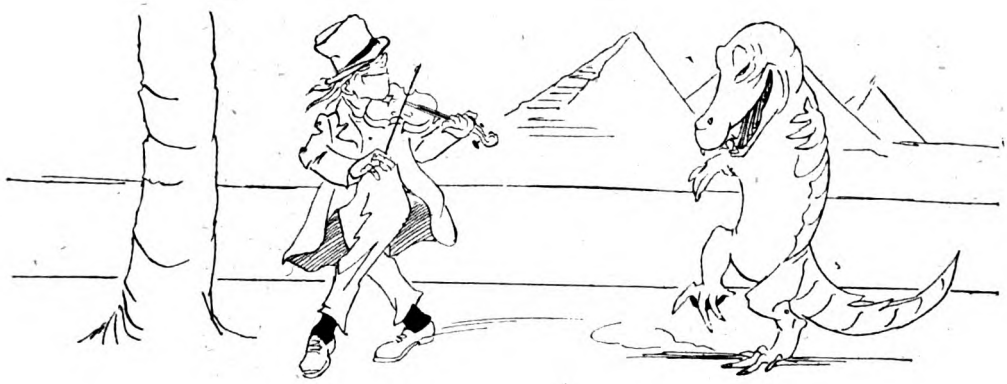

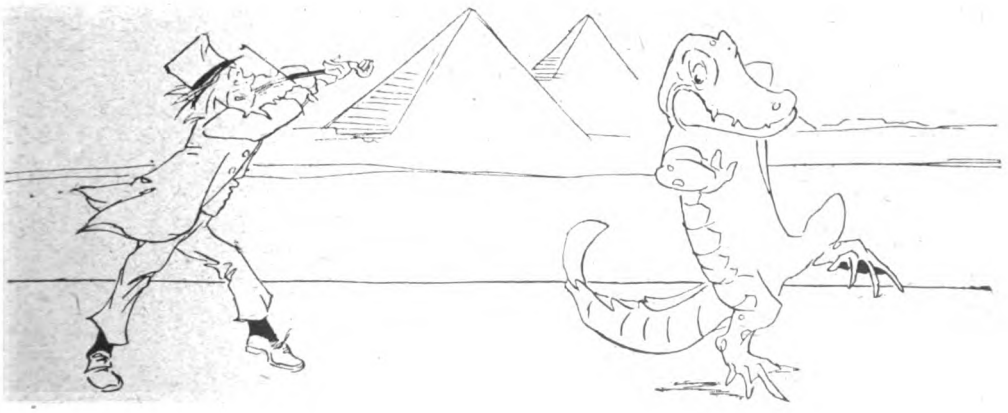

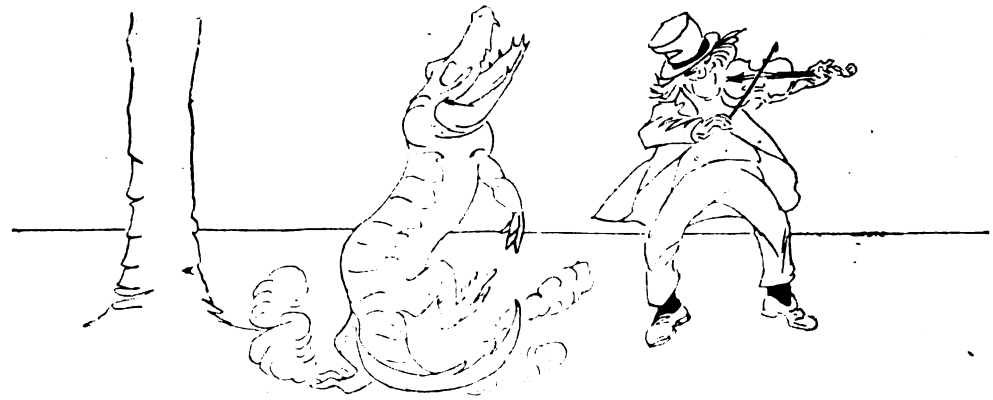

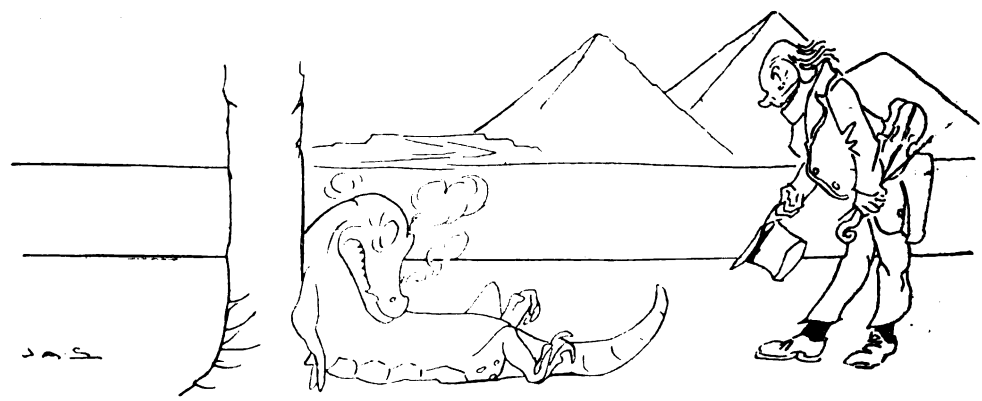

THE PASSING OF THE SEASICK COW.

By "SAPPER."

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

"GOOD EVENING, Jonah! And how is life, old top?" The man I was dining with greeted an officer passing our table with a cheery smile. "Come and tear a cutlet with us."

The other paused and regarded the speaker coldly. "James," he remarked, "you forget yourself. I can endure your face in the club at Poperinghe, I can even dally awhile with you in the boot shop at Bethune; but to dine with you in London and listen to your port-laden views of life is a thing which I will not do. My time is too short, James, to waste on such as you."

"He affects that style of conversation," remarked James, sadly, to no one in particular, "ever since he came under the influence of love. Is she here to-night, Jonah, this unfortunate girl of whom you so often babble when you are in your cups?"

"For what other reason would I have put on my new thirty-shilling suiting? Of course, she's here, old boy; look—there she is coming down the steps. Some girl, Jimmy—what?"

He moved away to meet her, and with a nod and a grin to us came back past our table on the way to his own. As he said, she was "some" girl, and our eyes followed them both as they threaded their way through the diners.

"Who's your pal, James?" I asked him, when the girl had disappeared round the corner. "His views on the suitable companionship at face-feeding times commend themselves to me at first sight."

He ignored the implication, and concentrated on the tournedos for a while. Then suddenly he leaned back in his chair, stuffed his hands in his pockets, and contemplated me benignly.

"Peter," he remarked, "you are a lucky man. I am going to tell you a story."

"Great Scot!" I exclaimed; "not that long one about the girl and the lodging-house? You told me that last time I saw you, and got it wrong."

"What a mind you have, Peter; what a mind. No, I am not going to tell you the story of the girl and the lodging-house, brilliantly witty though it is. I am going to tell you a story—a true story—about a Tank."

"Human or otherwise," I remarked, pessimistically.

James looked at me in pained surprise. "I am sorry to disappoint you: but—otherwise. Waiter—another bottle of champagne; the gentleman's thoughts have turned to his stomach as usual."

He thoughtfully drained his own glass and lit a cigarette. "I have no objection to your eating while I smoke," he remarked, kindly; "and a cigarette enables me to collect my thoughts and present to you my story in that well-known style on which my fame as a raconteur is largely based."

"Well, just write down the point before you forget it, or——"

"Once upon a time, Peter," he commenced, in a withering tone, "the Belgians made Ypres, and the Lord made the country around it. By Jove! there's little Kitty Drayton. I must go and speak to her afterwards."

"Yes, I'd tell her of your monumental discovery if I were you. Your reputation as a conversationalist will be made for life."

After a depressing interlude, during which he failed signally to catch the lady's eye, he again turned his attention to me.

"At a later period the Hun intervened. I believe you saw much of his earlier endeavours, Peter, around that delectable spot?"

"I did; moreover, I have since revisited the haunts of my youth. I don't mind telling you, James, that I had a devilish near squeak——"

"And if I'm not too bored I might possibly listen—later, but not now; at present, it's my story, and it's very rude to interrupt. You may say yes or no, Peter, if your feelings overcome you; otherwise, kindly restrain yourself."

He once again endeavoured to catch the wandering optic of fair Kate, with the same result as before; a bad starter at any time is James, but he frequently finishes well.

"The story which I am going to tell you concerns Wipers, in that it took place there or

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thereabouts. North-east of it, round about that cheerful little inland health resort, St. Julian. A nasty spot, Peter, a nasty spot."

"Personally, I confined myself principally to Hooge," I murmured. "But I accept your words without prejudice."

"So much for the locality. The conditions I need not bore you with. Just one enormous morass of filth and mud and water and shell-hole; just the ordinary sort of country only a bit worse, and everything as damnable as it could be. Ugh, horrible! Let us come to pleasant subjects—to wit, the Seasick Cow—the principal actor in the drama.

"The Seasick Cow," he silenced my frivolous interruption with a glance, "was, and for all I know is, at the present moment a Tank. On the other hand, it may quite possibly be scrap-iron, as the position in which it was last seen goes into the air twice hourly. That, however, is immaterial; what I want to tell you about is her last voyage, which was by way of being a bit of an epic.

"I suppose you've heard of the new Hun pill-boxes. They are nasty contrivances made of reinforced concrete, and are dotted promiscuous-like all over their front. When hit by a shell the entire performance moves back a little farther, and the garrison, having sorted the sausage out of the mix-up, resume their interrupted breakfast two or three feet nearer Berlin. It was up against a little nest of these that the Powers that Be decided to do a bit of a strafe. They told off the Feet who were to be the proud and delighted performers, and they gave 'em the Seasick Cow to help 'em. Then they gave them their blessing, and retired to await developments.

"Now the Cow was apparently *the* Tank of the Section. The whole crush are most inordinately proud of their machines, and spend hours in titivating up the interior; but I went inside the Cow once, and her detachment had fairly spread themselves. The engine shone till you could see your face in it, and a Kirchner picture over the driver's head helped him to keep his eyes in the boat. Parts of her had been painted blue with a delicate *motif* of purple, and one only wanted a ha-track and a bath in the corner to have the ideal week-end cottage."

"Your picture," I murmured, "is most explicit."

"All my pictures always are." James frowned absently at a passing waiter. "Have you ever been inside a Tank, Peter?"

"Once," I answered, reminiscently, "after a heavy lunch. The Army Council stood outside and applauded, whilst I——"

"Army Council!" James interrupted me in his most withering tone. "Then it was in England you did the deed?"

"Where else," I returned, "would you expect to find the——? But, hush! We are observed. Yes, it was in England—many moons ago, when I was on leave, that——"

"I am quite certain the story is immoral, so I won't trouble you any more. All I wanted to know before I really began was if you knew what the inside of a Tank was like. Apparently you do, so I will continue. A little '65 brandy, waiter, and a cigar."

James settled himself comfortably in his chair, and inspected his liqueur with the eye of a connoisseur. "One can't get it in France, you know, this stuff. I never can make out why not. However, Peter—having got past your digressions, let us proceed.

"The line, at the particular spot where this drama of the Seasick Cow was enacted, was in a state of flux. You know the sort of thing I mean: no man knows what his next-door neighbour doeth, but is merely the proud possessor of a shell-hole, water-logged, mark one. Mark one: In the course of a previous operation we had captured the Green line, or the Blue line, or some bally line—I forget which: and our outposts had consolidated themselves—I don't think—in the unprepossessing piece of country in front. Which merely meant that A Company—much against its will—sat in slush and great peril one hundred and fifty yards nearer the Hun than anyone else. Now for the Hun.

"On A Company's right there rose a little mound three or four hundred yards in front of them: and beyond the mound, which was really the end of a sort of small spur running across them, was a small valley. At the other side of the valley was another little hillock with the remnants of a farm on top. . . . All right, Adolphus: my friend will pay for any damage I do to the table-cloth."

James shoved away a waiter, who was raising protesting hands to Heaven at the deep gouges in the cloth, by means of which my friend was endeavouring to show me the run of the ground.

"A valley crossing your front," I repeated, "screened from view by a small spur. And the principle of defensive war is the counter-attack."

"Clever boy!" James beamed upon me. "Why you aren't Commander-in-Chief has always been one of life's little mysteries as far as I am concerned. But there was something else, Peter: between the little spur, and the hillock with the farm-house, and right at the very entrance to the valley, were a couple of pill-boxes. Do you take the situation?"

"With exactitude," I answered. "Process."

"This was the little bundle of fun which the Seasick Cow in company with the Feet were detailed to attack, hold, and consolidate."

"The answer," I remarked, gently, "being a lemon. I always like to hear of these things after they've happened, and the band is playing, and the women are beautiful. If that wretched girl does happen to see you looking like that by any chance, and complains to the man with her, I will not be your second. My sympathies are all with her."

James came-to from his third frenzied endeavour on the unconscious Kitty and looked hurt.

"If there is one thing I loathe," he said, coldly, "it's jealousy. However," he went on after a moment, "that was not all they were told to do. It was thought that fresh vistas would open before their delighted gaze, once they were

the proud possessors of that valley, and further developments were left to the initiative of all concerned."

"Which makes it two lemons." I looked at James sternly. "Cut the cackle, my lad, and get to the 'osses. It's closing time here for all officers shortly, and we have foolishly forgotten to come in mufti. No chance of pretending we're on any important war-work."

"True, Peter; true. At times you're quite bright. I will get down to it. At 3.30 all emma on a murky morning in August, la belle vache sogged wearily forward. She ploughed through shell-holes, and she squattered over mud, and generally behaved in the manner of all Tanks. She passed through A Company, and A Company waved her on her way rejoicing: they were not it may be a long business. Now, James, as Tank Commander—carry on."

"The first thing the Cow encountered, bar a passing machine-gunner or two, whom they dispatched rapidly to a better, or, at any rate, less muddy world, was a pill-box. That was the one on the near side of the valley just beyond the first spur. Sport poor. The garrison ran like hell, and the light was too bad for good shooting. Only one man was caught for certain, and he slipped in endeavouring to negotiate a shell-hole. He slipped, as I said, and so did the Cow on top of him. A sticky end." James meditatively sipped his brandy: and we pondered.

"Then the Cow passed on. The arrangement was that she should make good the pill-boxes, and should then advance up the valley behind

"ONCE OR TWICE HER MACHINE-GUNS PATTERED OUT THEIR JOYFUL NOTE, AS THEY DISCOVERED A WILY BOCHE LURKING IN A SHELL-HOLE."

the party detailed to go with her; and in a few minutes she had disappeared from view in front. Once or twice her machine-guns pattered out their joyful note, as they discovered a wily Boche lurking in a shell-hole; a bomb or two burst viciously in the dawn, but the old Cow sogged gently on. Then some Feet came through A Company—a party of the force detailed to act with the Tank, and from then on the usual confusion prevailed. Moreover, Peter, my story is now largely hearsay—though from much evidence, I can guarantee its truth. I think I will give it to you from the point of view of the crew of the Cow."

"Just on time, gentlemen. Any more liqueurs?" A solicitous waiter hovered around our table.

"Of course," I answered. "Make them double ones. Knowing this officer, I'm afraid the infantry. But unfortunately, mundane trifles intervened. Half-way between the two pill-boxes she stuck. In the vernacular she got bellied, and her infuriated crew realized that only extensive digging operations *from the outside* would save the situation. Which was annoying considering the fact that they were well within the German lines, and had so far sent only ten Huns to account for their nefarious past.

"However, there was nothing for it, and so the crew watched the Feet go past them, and they got out to investigate. And they were still investigating when a couple of hours later the infantry started to come back. Life, so the Tank Commander gathered, had not been all it might, two or three hundred yards further on; more pill-boxes had appeared, with machine-guns placed in cunning nooks, and altogether the

place was too hot for comfort. So, seeing that the operation was only a local one, the infantry officer in charge had decided quite rightly to withdraw, in order to save further useless loss of life."

"You get the picture, Peter!" James leaned forward with his eyes on me. "Trickling back slowly—the infantry; bellied and stuck—the Tank, a quarter of a mile in front of our own lines. Time—6 a.m. on a summer's morning."

"Pleasant," I answered. "What was the Hun doing?"

"At the moment—not much. There was a lot of machine-gunfire in front, but practically no artillery. Then suddenly down came the barrage, and the Tank's crew hurriedly ceased their investigations and got inside. When they looked out again what was left of the infantry had disappeared."

"So," I said, "if I take the situation correctly, at the period we have got to at present, we have Tanks, one, disabled, with crew, a quarter of a mile odd in front of our outpost line, squatting at the point where a small hidden valley running across our front debouched into the open. Given in addition that the valley was obviously made for the massing of a counter-attack, and that one might reasonably be expected in the near future, we have all the setting for what our old pal Falstaff would have described as 'indeed a bloody business.' Don't interrupt me, James; I know it wasn't Falstaff, but he might just as easily have said it as anyone else. Question: What did A do—A being the Tank Commander?"

"When you've quite finished, I propose to tell you. And before I begin, what would you have done?"

"Hopped it like h—er—that is, I should immediately have beaten a strategic retreat, and reported to the man farthest in rear who would listen to me that I had, with deep regret, left the Seasick Cow bellied in the Hun lines, and please might I go on leave?"

"And no bad judge, either. But not so the Tank wallah, Peter, not so—but far otherwise. It may have seemed to you that up-to-date I have been speaking with undue flippancy; I'll cut it now, old man, for what I'm going to tell you is absolutely great. At 8 a.m., then, on a certain morning—the barrage being over—that Tank Commander found himself deserted. In front of him an occasional Hun dodged from shell-hole to shell-hole, but taking it all the way round there was peace. Behind him were his own people, but having bellied in a little fold in the ground, he was out of sight from them. And there was a counter-attack expected. So he called together his warriors and told them the situation; then they sat down and waited. He whose soul lay in the engines continued to polish them mechanically; the paint artist removed dirt from his handiwork and cursed fluently—while the remainder breakfasted on bully. Then they waited again.

"'If they start massing,' were the Tank Commander's orders, 'pop outside with the guns, get them into shell-holes, and let 'em have it. Then get back inside.'

"At midday the Hun put down a barrage on our own front line, and almost at once their infantry started massing in the valley. They came on in line of small columns, paying not the slightest attention to the Tank, which they thought was deserted. A beautiful target, Peter, one to dream about. From about a hundred yards did our cheery warriors open fire, and allowing for exaggeration, the bag was about two hundred. So that counter-attack did not materialize, and the crew had dinner.

"But now the whole aspect of affairs had changed, for the Huns knew that the Tank was very far from deserted. Given a good sniper, unlimited time, and ammunition, and a hole to shoot at, however small, sooner or later he will get it. It was about four o'clock that the monotonous ping-ping of bullets on the Cow's hide changed to a whistling flop, and with a drunken gurgle the painter crashed down on to the floor, and lay there drumming with his heels. Ten minutes later he died, and the crew had tea.

"Thereafter there was silence. Occasionally one of the men sitting motionless at his gun got in a shot at a fleeting target; but gradually dusk came on, the half-light time when one fancies things, when the bushes move and the hummocks of mud crawl with men. Then came the night.

"At 9 p.m. the Tank Commander had decided to send an N.C.O. back to our lines to inform them of the situation; and at 9 p.m., therefore, the door was carefully opened, and a sergeant descended into the darkness. The next instant there was a guttural curse and a snarling, worrying noise. He had fallen on top of a Hun, and had only just time to stick a bayonet through his throat and jump back into the Tank again, and batten down the door when the Boches were all over them. For six long weary hours did they clamber over that Tank, bursting bombs on the top, trying to fire through loopholes, shouting to the crew to surrender. And the only answer they got was: 'For Heaven's sake go away; we can't sleep.' One proud Berlin butcher planted a machine-gun a yard from the door, and fired at it point-blank for an hour. Result—*nil*; except that just as he was going away, being a-weary of his pastime, his head coincided with the muzzle of one of the bigger guns of the Seasick Cow. A nasty death—though quick. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

"Twenty-four hours, Peter, up-to-date—quite enough, one would think, for the ordinary man. But not so for that Tank Commander. When the first chinks of light came stealing in through the loopholes, he took stock of his surroundings. Men can't go on firing point-blank through a Tank for six odd hours without doing some damage; and though a cautious survey of the ground outside revealed a pretty bag of dead and dying Huns, a continuous groaning from the corner by the engine showed that there was trouble inside as well. The groaning came from the sergeant, who had got the splinter of a bomb in the stomach, and across his legs lay another of the crew stone dead, shot through the heart.

"HE HAD FALLEN ON TOP OF A HUN, AND HAD ONLY JUST TIME TO STICK A BAYONET THROUGH HIS THROAT AND JUMP BACK INTO THE TANK AGAIN."

The polisher of engines was morosely nursing a right hand which hung down limply and dripped, and yet another had taken a bullet through the shoulder.

"'Boys,' remarked the Tank Commander, 'things have looked better—sometimes. But—they may put up another counter-attack to-day. What say you? Shall we pad the hoof?'

"'An' let them ruddy perishers 'ave the Cow? Not on your life, sir, not on your life.' The engineer scowled horribly. 'Besides, the boys may come back soon.'

"'Ear, 'ear.' The sergeant's voice was very feeble. 'Stick it out, sir, for Gawd's sake.'

"'Right you are, boys. Them's my sentiments. Let's have breakfast.'

"The next day was hot for a change—sweltering hot, and by the time the Boches put in another counter-attack the sergeant was delirious. It was a much more cautious affair this time, for they mistrusted that squat, silent machine. All the morning snipers had potted at her from three sides without effect, only the monotonous thud of the bullets lulled the remnants of the crew to sleep. It just requires a little imagination, Peter, that's all, to get the inside of that Tank. Two dead, one delirious, two more wounded, and —well, we will not specify further details. And brooding over all, an oppressive, sweltering heat, through which the sergeant moaned continuously and begged for water, while the others slept fitfully as best they could.

"Then came the second counter-attack. Once again the barrage on our own front lines roused the crew and they stood to their guns: once again they saw those small columns of Huns coming on. As I said, it was a far more cautious affair this one, and targets were hard to pick up; but they did pick 'em up, and for the second time the counter-attack failed to materialize. The thing which did not fail to materialize was an odd shot through one of the loopholes which found that a man's eye is not bullet-proof. And that made three dead . . . .

"At dusk they held another Council of War, and the Tank Commander gave tongue. 'Go forth,' he said, 'even like the penguins from the Ark and tell unto the Feet behind us that we are sore pressed, but that our tails—in so far as they remain—are in a vertical position, above our heads. Also that we have slaughtered large quantities of Huns, and would have them join us in this most exhilarating sport.'

"'Even so, O King,' spake out he of the wounded flipper, 'but who is to go? For upon casting my eye round the court circle, beside yourself there is but one unwounded man.'

"Forgive me thus bursting into language of rare beauty, but I'm afraid it's the brandy." James thoughtfully lit a cigarette. "I gather that words ran high in the Seasick Cow when the Commander insisted on the one unwounded man, accompanied by him of the damaged lunch-hooks, going back and leaving him. For a while they flatly refused to go, and it was not until he had sentenced them both to penal servitude for life that they reluctantly agreed to obey orders. And so at 8 pip emma on the second day they shook one another by the hand, grunted as is the manner of our race, and cautiously dropped out of the entrance and this story."

"Which up-to-date is not bad for you, James," I reassured him, kindly.

"At the beginning of the second night, then," he continued, coldly, ignoring my words, "we find our Tank Commander practically alone. Three of his crew were dead, the sergeant unconscious, and the rest in varying stages of delirious babblings. And though it is easy to talk of here, yet if you will picture your own wanderings in No Man's Land, with the flares shooting up, and the things that were which jibber at you, and having pictured that, imagine yourself inside a Tank, with occasional shafts of ghostly light flooding through loopholes and shining on the set dead faces of the crew, I think you will agree that there are better ways of spending the night. Not a soul to speak to coherently: only one man who thought he was in Covent Garden Market selling meat and monotonously called the prices, and another who was apparently playing mental golf round Westward Ho! Then, as a finale, the sergeant who occasionally came to and moaned for water: but being hit in the stomach, Peter, he couldn't have any. Those three and the dead. . . .

"At 10 pip emma came the Huns again. They swarmed all over the Tank for the second time, and dodging from loophole to loophole was the Tank Commander. Sometimes he blew a man's head off from point-blank range, sometimes a bullet whizzed past his own and ricochetted round the inside of the Cow. About twelve the golfer was hit through the heart, and shortly afterwards the Covent Garden gentleman went clean crazy. He alternately fired a Very pistol and one of the guns into the crowd outside, and, finding this too slow, endeavoured to open the door and charge. Then somewhat mercifully he collapsed suddenly and lay on the floor and babbled.

"About 4 a.m. the Huns went away again, and the Tank Commander had just enough strength left to stagger to the gun and draw a bead on a stoutish officer some fifty yards away, who seemed very annoyed about something—probably the fact that the Cow was still there. He pulled the trigger, and the shell apparently burst on the officer; which must have been still more annoying for the poor man. Then with a short sigh of utter weariness he collapsed and slept. And the evening and the morning were the second day. . . .

"About three o'clock the next day we went forward preceded by a creeping barrage. Funnily enough, I personally found the mechanic and the other warrior. They had encountered a Hun patrol, and things had evidently moved. They were all dead—four Huns, and the two Tankites. The mechanic had apparently used a spanner with effect: he still had it gripped tight in his right hand. Then we went on and saw the Tank for the first time, because being fresh troops we knew nothing about it. It was dead—lifeless: but not so dead or lifeless as the mass of Germans heaped around it. The barrage

"'WHAT A SHINDY!' HE REMARKED. 'IT'S WOKEN ME UP.'"

reached it, played on it, and passed on; we reached it, looked at it, and were about to pass on when suddenly the door opened and a haggard-looking, blood-stained wreck appeared in it.

"'What a shindy!' he remarked. 'It's woken me up.'"

"Lord, how the men laughed. It takes a lot to make anyone laugh who is trying to walk over Flanders, but they howled—he looked so confoundly peevish. Then a couple of them looked inside the Tank and ceased laughing to be sick.

"'Got two stretcher-bearers?' asked the apparition. 'My sergeant's been hit in the stomach for forty-eight hours.'

"We found him two, and the last I saw of him for a few days was wandering back with his

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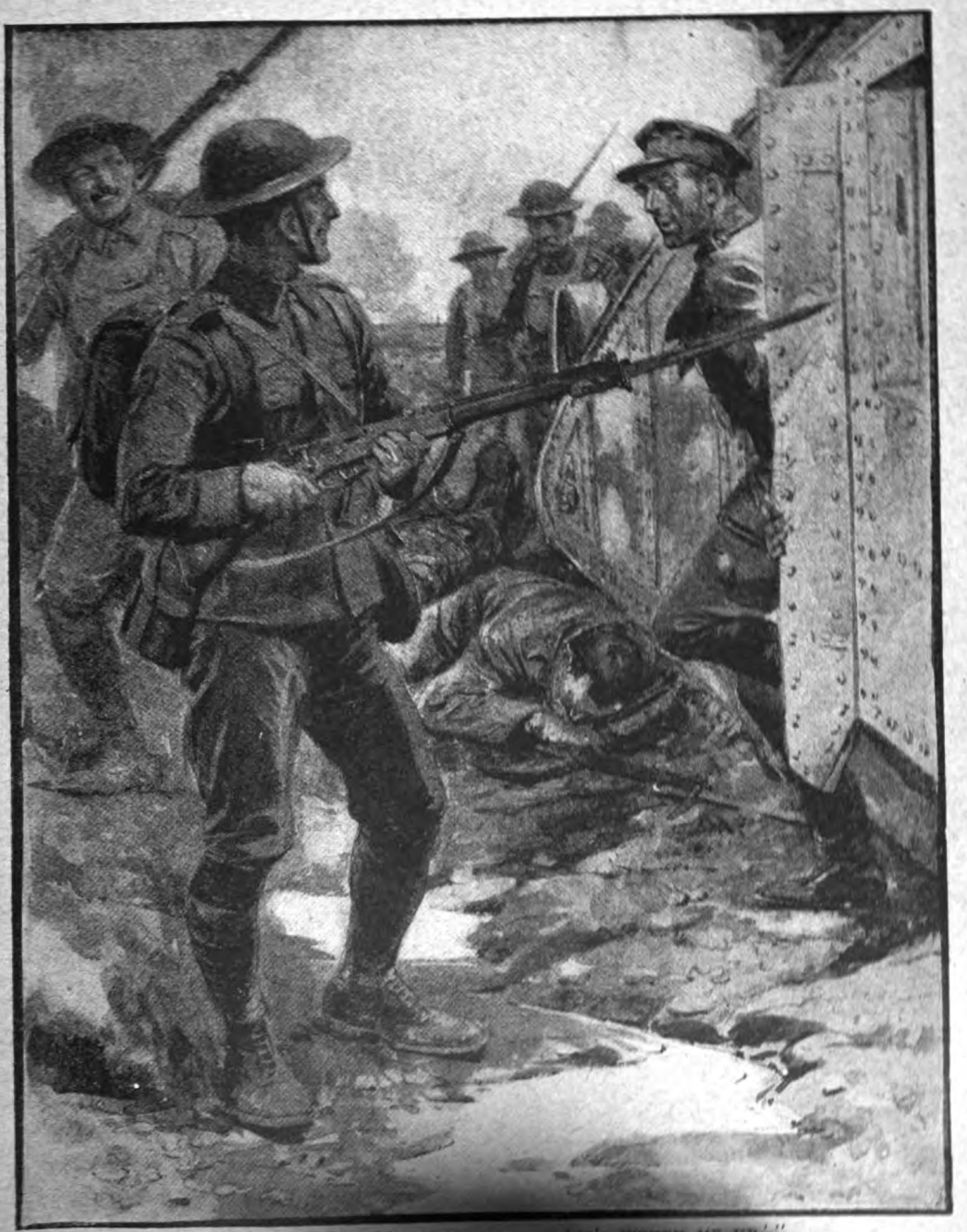

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"'What a shindy! [illegible] n hit in the
woken me up.'"
"Lord, how the m[illegible] last I saw of
to make anyone laug[illegible] g back with his

sergeant through the filth. Met him often since at Poperinghe in the club, and at Bethune. . . . Night-night, Jonah. When are you going back ?"

"In five days, old boy. It's a hard life, is not it ? "

Jonah and his girl passed slowly up the steps, and I watched them as they went.

"Poperinghe ! Bethune ! " I murmured, slowly. "Is he the cause, by any chance, of your interesting but somewhat irrelevant yarn ? "

As I spoke the glitter and scent, the lights and the women, seemed blotted out by another picture: a grim picture with a Tank for setting, a squat motionless Tank dripping with blood, surrounded by death.

"Of course," answered James, briefly. "Three days and three nights in the belly of the whale: three days and two nights in the belly of the Tank. But, by Jove ! there's Kitty on the move. Night-night, old man. You might pay."

THE TANKS: The Origin of the Name.

By F. J. GARDINER, F.R.Hist.S.

IN an article which appeared in this magazine in September last, suggestions were made as to the probable derivation of the word "Tank" which does not seem to describe correctly the newest development in modern warfare. It was hinted that it may have been intended to disguise its real use and to conceal its destructive capabilities from the enemy, to whom it would be revealed only as an astounding and terrifying surprise. The origin of the word is, however, not unknown, and now that the name is on everyone's lips, it may be well to set at rest a discussion which otherwise would be one of mere speculation.

Who, then, was the inventor of the principle of the Tank, and why was it so named ? The facts are as follows: Thomas Tank Burall was the manager of a well-known Norfolk firm of engineers, still known as Messrs. Burrell and Sons, of Thetford. Although the manager's name was similar to that of his employers in sound, he was not a relative, and to avoid the confusion that was likely to arise, it was obviated by his being called Bur*all*, with the accent on the last syllable.

Tank was a family name, the maiden name of his mother, and Tom Tank Burall was called "Tank" for brevity by his familiar friends.

Tom Tank Burall was an ingenious mechanical expert, with an inventive turn of mind, and his employers soon realized his value by making him manager of the Thetford Engineering Works. He was always devising some new improvement in agricultural and marine machinery or labour-saving schemes in these works. Amongst other brilliant ideas he invented the compound steam traction-engine, which was reported upon in the *Engineer* of July 15th, 1881. At the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby in that year, Messrs. Burrell showed what is described as a "most novel engine," a ten-horse-power traction-engine with a Landore steel boiler. It was said to be a curious type of compound engine, very simple, "with a new steam steering-gear which was the invention of Mr. Thomas Tank Burall, manager to Messrs. Burrell and Sons." The gear was stated to be well adapted for steering ships and for large marine engines, to which it has since been widely applied. The engine was said to be the most noteworthy exhibit in the showyard. A silver medal was awarded to it at the Worcestershire Agricultural Show. Mr. Tank Burall, realizing the difficulty these traction-engines experienced in getting over ploughed fields and uneven ground, conceived the idea of "pattens" for the wheels, and also the springs which are so much in use in all the better classes of traction-engines. The famous caterpillar wheels are the outcome of this invention, and have now led to the ultimate construction of the Tanks as engines of war. Mr. Burall's ingenuity surprised his fellow-workers in the factory, and they, in their admiration of his capacity and originality, gave these engines, with their "pattened" wheels, the name of Tanks, in compliment to their manager. Unfortunately, the clever expert's career was but a short one. Constantly overworking himself, the strain proved too great, and one day, while at his office-desk he fell down dead, the result of heart-trouble.

MR. THOMAS TANK BURALL.
Photo, Henri Egena.

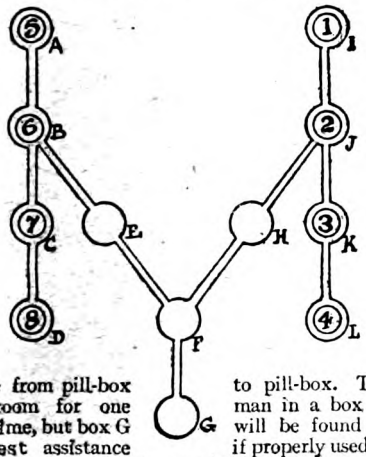
Such was the origin of the word "Tank," which was not, as some have thought, derived from the reservoir or cistern-shape of the war-machines which have struck such terror into the minds of the Germans.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

392.—THE "PILL-BOXES."

HERE is a group of twelve diminutive "pill-boxes" captured from the Germans somewhere in Flanders. The subterranean passages connecting them are all shown. It is required to make the men numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 change places with those numbered 5, 6, 7, 8, in as few moves as possible, moving only one man at a time from pill-box to pill-box. There is only room for one man in a box at the same time, but box G will be found of the greatest assistance if properly used. Make a rough diagram and use eight numbered counters. The letters will help in recording the solution. How many moves do you require? Of course, after changing sides the numbers of the men must still be in numerical order downwards—1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 6, 7, 8—and a man may go any possible distance in one move.



393.—A DIGITAL PUZZLE.

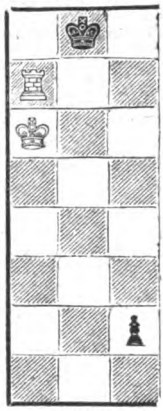
IT will be found that 3 2 5 4 7 8 9 1 multiplied by 6 (thus using all the nine digits once, and once only) gives the product 1 9 5 2 8 7 3 4 6 (also containing all the nine digits once, and once only). Can you find another number to be multiplied by 6 under the same conditions? Remember that the nine digits must appear once, and once only, in the sums multiplied and in the product.

394.—LARGE WORD SQUARES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes me an interesting letter about word squares, referring to our No. 377. He says that innumerable five-letter and six-letter squares have been printed (I should say that the former number thousands and the latter hundreds), but he has only seen one seven-letter square. The reader may like to solve this even earlier seven-letter square of my own. So far as I know, it was the first word-square presented in verse:—

'Twas spring. The abbey woods were decked with *second*.
The abbot, with his *fifth*, no trouble reckoned;
But shared the meats and *seventh* which every man
Who loves to feast has *first* since time began.
Then comes a stealthy *sixth* across the wall,
Who *fourths* the plate and jewels, cash and all,
And ere the abbot and the monks have dined,
He *thirds*, and leaves no trace or clue behind.

BLACK.



WHITE.

395.—A PRETTY END-GAME.

I HAVE frequently been shown the annexed position by chess enthusiasts, but have always been told that the author is unknown. As a matter of fact, it is by E. B. Cook, and was first published in "American Chess-nuts" in 1868. It is quite a gem. It is White's move, and at first sight it looks as if nothing can save him from defeat, as Black threatens to queen his pawn, and the queen would win against the rook. Yet White can draw the game in a very few moves. How does he do it? Part of the board is omitted merely to save space.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

385.—THE GERMAN PRISONER PUZZLE.

PLAY the counters in the following order: B H C A H C F E A H C F E A H C D I G H C D I G D E F B—28 moves.

386.—SHARING A BICYCLE.

LET Anderson ride 11½ miles, drop the bicycle, and walk the rest of the way. Brown will walk until he picks up the bicycle and then ride to their destination, getting there at exactly the same time as Anderson. The journey takes them 3hrs. 20min. Or you can divide the distance into nine equal stages and drop the bicycle at every stage. Only Anderson must start off on the bicycle.

387.—A CRYPTIC LANGUAGE.

THE reader probably soon detected the song of the nightingale. Notwithstanding the great variety it contains, this song is practically always the same, when once the bird has completed its rehearsals in the early spring.

388.—THE SIX QUEENS.

OCCUPY successively 1st file, 1st row, 6th file, 6th row, one of the diagonals, 2nd row, 5th file, 5th row, 2nd file, the other diagonal, 3rd row, 4th file, 4th row, 3rd file. Thus the fourteen manœuvres will be found to require only five moves each (the sixth queen always remaining stationary), making 70 moves in all. But you must revisit the sixth row, on which the queens are originally placed, at the second or fourth operation, or you will require one more move.

389.—THE THREE DICE.

MASON'S chance of winning was one in six. If Jackson had selected the numbers 8 and 14 his chances would have been exactly the same.

390.—AN ARITHMETICAL CHARADE.

THE word is CIVIL. Thus, L (50) multiplied by 2 equals C (100). Divide C by 20 and you have V. Divide V by 5 and you have I.

391.—BURIED GEOGRAPHY.

HAGUE, Erin, Persia, Texas, Verona, Hereford, Erie, Hayti, Cork, Nice, Genoa, Taunton, Nineveh.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

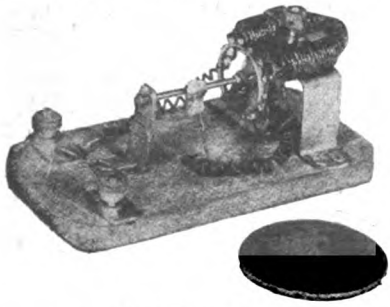
BERMUDA'S RECORD LILY.

THE farmers of Bermuda have brought the cultivation of the lily to a science, and on many fields there are single specimens that bear as many as a hundred distinct blooms or blossoms. The record

plant shown in the accompanying photograph was grown in 1913. This single stalk bore no fewer than one hundred and ninety-four perfect flowers. It is the largest lily plant ever raised in Bermuda and caused considerable comment in horticultural circles.

IS THIS THE SMALLEST ELECTRIC MOTOR?

I HAVE constructed what I believe to be the smallest known working model electric motor. The model was photographed with a halfpenny beside it, in order to give a better idea of its size. The materials used are as follows: The base is cut from the lid of a cigar-box and measures 2½in. by 1½in. The balance-wheel of a dress watch serves as the armature; it is ½in. in diameter. The shaft is merely



the stem of an ordinary pin, 1in. long, which rotates on jewelled bearings, also taken from the watch. The sound-plate of a disused mouth-organ supplied the necessary brass, including a small triangular piece to act as commutator. A few pieces of iron wire, bent at the proper curve and held together by the coils, made of wire stripped from an electric bell, form the required magnet. The nuts used were cut from the brass nipples at the ends of bicycle spokes. The model runs at a high speed with a current of two volts.—Mr. Robert A. Tennant (sixteen years old), 6, St. Mary's Terrace, Galway, Ireland.

A LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT KEEPERS.

OF recent years we have had automatic lights, and even automatic lightships, but the first unattended rock lighthouse with a powerful fog-signal is the recently-completed Platte Fougère Lighthouse, marking the entrance to Russell Channel, leading to the Guernsey capital of St. Peter Port. This unattended tower, built of ferro-concrete on a wave-washed rock, is of irregular octagonal shape, eighty feet high. The room below the gallery contains many wonderful electrical devices, controlled from the shore by a submarine cable. By its aid the fog-horn and siren are regularly blown, while it also controls the light in the lantern.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 139, Broomwood Road, Clapham Common, S.W.11.

Bridge Problem.

BY E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 4.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Ace.
Spades—Knave, 8, 6.

Hearts—King, 8.
Clubs—King, 8, 6.
Diamonds—9.
Spades—King.

B
Y Z
A

Hearts—9, 6.
Clubs—10.
Diamonds—4.
Spades—10, 7, 2.

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Clubs—Knave, 9, 3.
Diamonds—None.
Spades—Ace, 9.

Hearts are trumps and A has the lead. A B are to win all the seven tricks against any possible defence.

(The solution will appear next month.)

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PROBLEM.

TRICK 1.—A leads small spade, trumped by B.

TRICK 2.—B leads heart, won by A with the queen.

TRICK 3.—A leads queen of spades; Y discards heart; B discards diamond.

TRICK 4.—A leads 7 of spades; Y discards heart; B trumps.

TRICK 5.—B leads the last trump; and A B win the rest according to the discards of Z and Y.

HAS DONE TO ME By HARRY LAUDER

FRY'S
PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA
FOR
ENDURANCE

See Page 22

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

SOUTHAMPTON STREET

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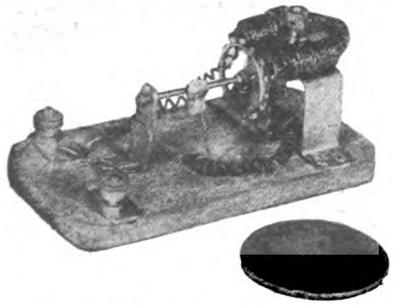
I HAVE constructed what I believe to be the smallest known working model electric motor. The model was photographed with a halfpenny beside it, in order to give a better idea of its size. The materials used are as follows: The base is cut from the lid of a cigar-box and measures 2½in. by 1½in. The balance-wheel of a dress watch serves as the armature; it is ½in. in diameter. The shaft is merely



the stem of an ordinary pin, 1in. long, which rotates on jewelled bearings, also taken from the watch. The sound-plate of a disused mouth-organ supplied the necessary brass, including a small triangular piece to act as commutator. A few pieces of iron wire, bent at the proper curve and held together by the coils, made of wire stripped from an electric bell, form the field magnet. The nuts used were cut from the brass nipples at the ends of bicycle spokes. The model runs at a high speed with a current of two volts.—Mr. Robert A. Tennant (sixteen years old), 6, St. Mary's Terrace, Galway, Ireland.

A LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT KEEPERS.

OF recent years we have had automatic lights, and even automatic lightships, but the first unattended rock lighthouse with a powerful fog-signal is the recently-completed Platte Fougère Lighthouse, marking the entrance to Russell Channel, leading to the Guernsey capital of St. Peter Port. This unattended tower, built of ferro-concrete on a wave-washed rock, is of irregular octagonal shape, eighty feet high. The room below the gallery contains many wonderful electrical devices, controlled from the shore by a submarine cable. By its aid the fog-horn and siren are regularly blown, while it also controls the light in the lantern.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 139, Broomwood Road, Clapham Common, S.W.11.

Bridge Problem.

BY E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 4.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Ace.
Spades—Knave, 8, 6.

Hearts—King, 8.
Clubs—King, 8, 6.
Diamonds—9.
Spades—King.

Hearts—9, 6.
Clubs—10.
Diamonds—4.
Spades—10, 7, 2.

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Clubs—Knave, 9, 3.
Diamonds—None.
Spades—Ace, 9.

Hearts are trumps and A has the lead. A B are to win all the seven tricks against any possible defence.

(The solution will appear next month.)

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PROBLEM.

TRICK 1.—A leads small spade, trumped by B.

TRICK 2.—B leads heart, won by A with the queen.

TRICK 3.—A leads queen of spades; Y discards heart; B discards diamond.

TRICK 4.—A leads 7 of spades; Y discards heart; B trumps.

TRICK 5.—B leads the last trump; and A B win the rest according to the discards of Z and Y.

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE TO ME By HARRY LAUDER

MAR 30 1918

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

FRY'S
PURE BREAKFAST
COCOA
FOR
ENDURANCE
See Page 22.

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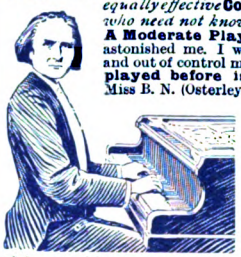

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THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. MARCH, 1918. No. 327.

THE SLEEP-BEAM.

By MARTIN SWAYNE.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

I

ON Friday morning it was to be observed that Dr. Marnley's small, unkempt motor-car stood before Number One, Mayfield Crescent, and then, later on, before Number Twenty.

Mayfield Crescent was a little half-moon of twenty pink-brick houses, which had been barely finished before the war. They stood on new ground, still grass-grown, and marked with the deep ruts of builders' carts. A broad, sandy track connected the rather forlorn Crescent with the main road, along which the trams ran through the coloured suburbs, right up to the grey heart of London.

While little Dr. Marnley waited furiously outside Number Twenty, he looked across the rough ground that faced the Crescent. Exactly opposite him was Number One, for the Crescent formed a semicircle.

Over the roof of Number One, half a mile across the common, in the hazy air of the chill winter morning, he could see the chimneys of March Lodge.

Dr. Marnley scowled, and removed his gaze.

The front door opened, and the doctor bounced into the house. A woman stood in the passage.

"I got a message to visit Mrs. Paddle this morning," he shouted. "I'm overworked as it is."

"Yes," said the woman, "I am Mrs. Paddle. It's truly terrible, doctor. My poor husband—he simply can't go to his work. It's the second night, too."

Mrs. Paddle led the way upstairs to the front bedroom. An unshaven, haggard man lay in bed. Dr. Marnley surveyed him in silence. Then he scrutinized Mrs. Paddle. She had deep lines under her eyes. Her complexion was pale, and at intervals she twitched her brows nervously. She presented a vivid picture of exhaustion.

"War strain." Dr. Marnley suddenly spoke with violence. "That's what it is—war strain. It's appalling. Muddle is sending us mad."

He walked to the window. Once more, straight before him, he saw Number One, and directly beyond, the distant chimneys of March Lodge.

"He came back last night dead-tired," said Mrs. Paddle, "and went straight to bed. He never closed his eyes, nor me either. It was just the same as the night before. Mrs. Bent, next door, told me that Mrs. Stick at Number One had had it just the same, and I saw your car stop there first."

She paused, and stared at her husband with dull eyes.

"Yes," said Marnley, from the window. "Mrs. Stick, her two daughters, Rose and Joy, her son Albert, and her servant, Ann Wittington, went to bed on Wednesday night, after eating sardines, bread and butter, and cocoa for their supper. They were all in bed before eleven o'clock. They were all up by eight next morning. Not one of them had slept a wink. Last night it was the same. They stayed in bed to-day, with the exception of Ann Wittington, who is a powerful young woman with a squint."

With a jerk he turned from the window, and began his examination at the bedside. Mr. Paddle seemed utterly exhausted. His eyes were lustreless. His fingers twisted restlessly. His face shone with perspiration.

"Your pulse is one hundred and twenty," said the doctor. "You're not far off delirium of some sort. There's nothing to show for it. It's like typhoid—I thought it was typhoid at Number One—but it's not."

He straightened his back and went to the window. His car in the roadway below him, containing his bag of instruments, brought him an idea. He ran downstairs.

When he returned, Mrs. Paddle was stretched on the bed beside her husband. Both of them seemed utterly indifferent to their surroundings.

Marnley lit a large glass spirit-lamp, and went through some fussy ritual, muttering to himself. Within two minutes he had injected a dose of morphia into each of the Paddles. Five minutes later he was battling with two delirious people. Eventually he tore up a sheet, and bound them hand and foot. They lay looking at him with feverish eyes, while he sat on an inadequate bedroom chair and mopped his brow.

II

HALF an hour later Marnley turned his car angrily in the direction of March Lodge. His face was flushed.

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place was too hot for comfort. So, seeing that the operation was only a local one, the infantry officer in charge had decided quite rightly to withdraw, in order to save further useless loss of life."

"You get the picture, Peter!" James leaned forward with his eyes on me. "Trickling back slowly—the infantry; bellied and stuck—the Tank, a quarter of a mile in front of our own lines. Time—6 a.m. on a summer's morning."

"Pleasant," I answered. "What was the Hun doing?"

"At the moment—not much. There was a lot of machine-gunfire in front, but practically no artillery. Then suddenly down came the barrage, and the Tank's crew hurriedly ceased their investigations and got inside. When they looked out again what was left of the infantry had disappeared."

"So," I said, "if I take the situation correctly, at the period we have got to at present, we have Tanks, one, disabled, with crew, a quarter of a mile odd in front of our outpost line, squatting at the point where a small hidden valley running across our front debouched into the open. Given in addition that the valley was obviously made for the massing of a counter-attack, and that one might reasonably be expected in the near future, we have all the setting for what our old pal Falstaff would have described as 'indeed a bloody business.' Don't interrupt me, James; I know it wasn't Falstaff, but he might just as easily have said it as anyone else. Question: What did A do—A being the Tank Commander?"

"When you've quite finished, I propose to tell you. And before I begin, what would you have done?"

"Hopped it like h—er—that is, I should immediately have beaten a strategic retreat, and reported to the man farthest in rear who would listen to me that I had, with deep regret, left the Seasick Cow bellied in the Hun lines, and please might I go on leave?"

"And no bad judge, either. But not so the Tank wallah, Peter, not so—but far otherwise. It may have seemed to you that up-to-date I have been speaking with undue flippancy; I'll cut it now, old man, for what I'm going to tell you is absolutely great. At 8 a.m., then, on a certain morning—the barrage being over—that Tank Commander found himself deserted. In front of him an occasional Hun dodged from shell-hole to shell-hole, but taking it all the way round there was peace. Behind him were his own people, but having bellied in a little fold in the ground, he was out of sight from them. And there was a counter-attack expected. So he called together his warriors and told them the situation; then they sat down and waited. He whose soul lay in the engines continued to polish them mechanically; the paint artist removed dirt from his handiwork and cursed fluently—while the remainder breakfasted on bully. Then they waited again.

"'If they start massing,' were the Tank Commander's orders, 'pop outside with the guns, get them into shell-holes, and let 'em have it. Then get back inside.'

"At midday the Hun put down a barrage on our own front line, and almost at once their infantry started massing in the valley. They came on in line of small columns, paying not the slightest attention to the Tank, which they thought was deserted. A beautiful target, Peter, one to dream about. From about a hundred yards did our cheery warriors open fire, and allowing for exaggeration, the bag was about two hundred. So that counter-attack did not materialize, and the crew had dinner.

"But now the whole aspect of affairs had changed, for the Huns knew that the Tank was very far from deserted. Given a good sniper, unlimited time, and ammunition, and a hole to shoot at, however small, sooner or later he will get it. It was about four o'clock that the monotonous ping-ping of bullets on the Cow's hide changed to a whistling flop, and with a drunken gurgle the painter crashed down on to the floor, and lay there drumming with his heels. Ten minutes later he died, and the crew had tea.

"Thereafter there was silence. Occasionally one of the men sitting motionless at his gun got in a shot at a fleeting target; but gradually dusk came on, the half-light time when one fancies things, when the bushes move and the hummocks of mud crawl with men. Then came the night.

"At 9 p.m. the Tank Commander had decided to send an N.C.O. back to our lines to inform them of the situation; and at 9 p.m., therefore, the door was carefully opened, and a sergeant descended into the darkness. The next instant there was a guttural curse and a snarling, worrying noise. He had fallen on top of a Hun, and had only just time to stick a bayonet through his throat and jump back into the Tank again, and batten down the door when the Boches were all over them. For six long weary hours did they clamber over that Tank, bursting bombs on the top, trying to fire through loopholes, shouting to the crew to surrender. And the only answer they got was: 'For Heaven's sake go away; we can't sleep.' One proud Berlin butcher planted a machine-gun a yard from the door, and fired at it point-blank for an hour. Result—*nil*; except that just as he was going away, being a-weary of his pastime, his head coincided with the muzzle of one of the bigger guns of the Seasick Cow. A nasty death—though quick. And the evening and the morning were the first day.

"Twenty-four hours, Peter, up-to-date—quite enough, one would think, for the ordinary man. But not so for that Tank Commander. When the first chinks of light came stealing in through the loopholes, he took stock of his surroundings. Men can't go on firing point-blank through a Tank for six odd hours without doing some damage; and though a cautious survey of the ground outside revealed a pretty bag of dead and dying Huns, a continuous groaning from the corner by the engine showed that there was trouble inside as well. The groaning came from the sergeant, who had got the splinter of a bomb in the stomach, and across his legs lay another of the crew stone dead, shot through the heart.

"What's wrong with the Stick family?" he asked.

"Well, they can't sleep. That's the main point."

"And what's wrong with the Paddles?"

"They can't sleep, either."

Van Hook leaned back in his chair, and looked tranquilly at Colonel Penny.

"Why can't they sleep?" asked Major Blot, with an expression of slight concern.

"I don't know. But they can't. They haven't slept for two nights. I gave the Paddles morphia this morning and turned them into a couple of lunatics. They're trussed up side by side on their bed, and I'm going round there again as soon as I leave here."

Marnley, looking very small, worried, and unkempt, began to walk about.

"I don't understand," he said. "Why can't they sleep? And how the devil did you know that they would be my patients?" He stopped before Van Hook.

"Because you're the only doctor practising on this side of the common."

"That's true."

Marnley seemed mollified for a moment.

"But that's not enough," he exclaimed, suddenly. "How did you know they would be ill?"

"Because their houses lie in the beam," said Van Hook.

"What beam?"

"The beam that is passing due east from my laboratory window at this moment, through Mrs. Stick's house, through Mr. Paddle's house, through Mr. Miller's house, across the common—that's outside your area—down Wendle Lane, through the Wesleyan Chapel, through a block of tenement buildings, across Mortimer Street, through Foster's the grocer, through a cottage behind it, across a piece of waste land, through the house of a lady called Wilks, who is very ill at this instant, and finally across a goods yard. Here it loses its power and is apparently dispersed. The goods yard is about three miles from here. With a larger beam——"

He broke off and gazed dreamily at the fire. The Colonel looked at Major Blot and nodded very slightly. Dr. Marnley drew up a chair close to Van Hook and stared at him, his lips compressed and his brows contracted.

Major Blot took out a notebook.

"The beam is focused so that its rays are parallel, I take it?" he observed.

"Yes."

"It can be used like a searchlight, then, and fanned out to cover a wide area?"

"Yes."

Major Blot made an entry.

Some pent-up emotion escaped from Marnley.

"Do you mean to tell me that you're deliberately keeping the Sticks and the Paddles from sleeping?" he demanded, violently.

Van Hook nodded.

"It's a public scandal! How dare you? It's absolutely criminal!"

Van Hook concentrated his attention on the spectacle of Marnley, who was bristling and furious.

"It was necessary to select someone," he said, calmly. "Supposing the beam was used in the war——"

"The war!" exclaimed Marnley. "Don't talk to me of the war." He scowled at the Colonel. "Besides, what's the war got to do with it?"

"Suppose you were in the trenches and couldn't sleep a wink——"

"Ah, now you're implying that I should be in the trenches! Why don't you address your innuendoes to these officers? I'm not going to argue, Mr. Hook. I demand that you should stop this beam, or whatever it is. Suppose I came and worked a police-rattle under your bedroom window all night, wouldn't you kick up a shindy? It's preposterous!" He got up and went to the door.

"But this is not a police-rattle," said Major Blot. "It's a beam."

"I don't care what it is," shouted Dr. Marnley. "I'm a plain, common-sense man, and overworked. I'm not like you. If those people don't sleep properly to-night, I'll have the police here to-morrow." He opened the door and looked back. "My advice to you is to look out." He nodded his head vehemently. "Yes—look out. Get on with the war—or look out."

Electric with wrath, he rushed from the house, glared witheringly on the military chauffeur, cranked his engine, got a bad back-fire, cranked it again, and jolted off.

III.

"My first proposition," said the Colonel, "is that we should visit either the Paddles or the Sticks, and Blot can make a few notes of their condition."

"Certainly," said Van Hook. "As military authorities, I don't think you'll have any difficulty."

The Colonel rose and took out a cigar-case. He offered it to Van Hook, who declined. "No, thanks, I smoke every other day. This is a day off."

The Colonel eyed him, and came to some inner conclusion, for he nodded slightly a second time to Major Blot.

"My second proposition," he continued, "is that you should not accompany us, but remain here." He took out his watch. "How far do these people live from here?"

"About five minutes by car."

"Good. Now will you cut off the beam in fifteen minutes from now? I want to test a little theory."

Van Hook smiled.

"Certainly. The theory is transparent, even to me, Colonel Penny."

The two officers went into the hall and arrayed themselves in their coats. In the car, Major Blot spoke.

"I'm inclined to be hopeful."

"I'm not," said the Colonel. "You can't stop sleep. You can't interfere with Nature, Blot."

"Nonsense," said Blot. "How can you say that? If we had never interfered with Nature,

The polisher of engines was morosely nursing a right hand which hung down limply and dripped, and yet another had taken a bullet through the shoulder.

"'Boys,' remarked the Tank Commander, 'things have looked better—sometimes. But—they may put up another counter-attack to-day. What say you? Shall we pad the hoof?'

"'An' let them ruddy perishers 'ave the Cow? Not on your life, sir, not on your life.' The engineer scowled horribly. 'Besides, the boys may come back soon.'

"'Ear, 'ear.' The sergeant's voice was very feeble. 'Stick it out, sir, for Gawd's sake.'

"'Right you are, boys. Them's my sentiments. Let's have breakfast.'

"The next day was hot for a change—sweltering hot, and by the time the Boches put in another counter-attack the sergeant was delirious. It was a much more cautious affair this time, for they mistrusted that squat, silent machine. All the morning snipers had potted at her from three sides without effect, only the monotonous thud of the bullets lulled the remnants of the crew to sleep. It just requires a little imagination, Peter, that's all, to get the inside of that Tank. Two dead, one delirious, two more wounded, and—well, we will not specify further details. And brooding over all, an oppressive, sweltering heat, through which the sergeant moaned continuously and begged for water, while the others slept fitfully as best they could.

"Then came the second counter-attack. Once again the barrage on our own front lines roused the crew and they stood to their guns: once again they saw those small columns of Huns coming on. As I said, it was a far more cautious affair this one, and targets were hard to pick up; but they did pick 'em up, and for the second time the counter-attack failed to materialize. The thing which did not fail to materialize was an odd shot through one of the loopholes which found that a man's eye is not bullet-proof. And that made three dead . . . .

"At dusk they held another Council of War, and the Tank Commander gave tongue. 'Go forth,' he said, 'even like the penguins from the Ark and tell unto the Feet behind us that we are sore pressed, but that our tails—in so far as they remain—are in a vertical position, above our heads. Also that we have slaughtered large quantities of Huns, and would have them join us in this most exhilarating sport.'

"'Even so, O King,' spake out he of the wounded flipper, 'but who is to go? For upon casting my eye round the court circle, beside yourself there is but one unwounded man.'

"Forgive me thus bursting into language of rare beauty, but I'm afraid it's the brandy." James thoughtfully lit a cigarette. "I gather that words ran high in the Seasick Cow when the Commander insisted on the one unwounded man, accompanied by him of the damaged lunch-hooks, going back and leaving him. For a while they flatly refused to go, and it was not until he had sentenced them both to penal servitude for life that they reluctantly agreed to obey orders. And so at 8 pip emma on the second day they shook one another by the hand, grunted as is the manner of our race, and cautiously dropped out of the entrance and this story."

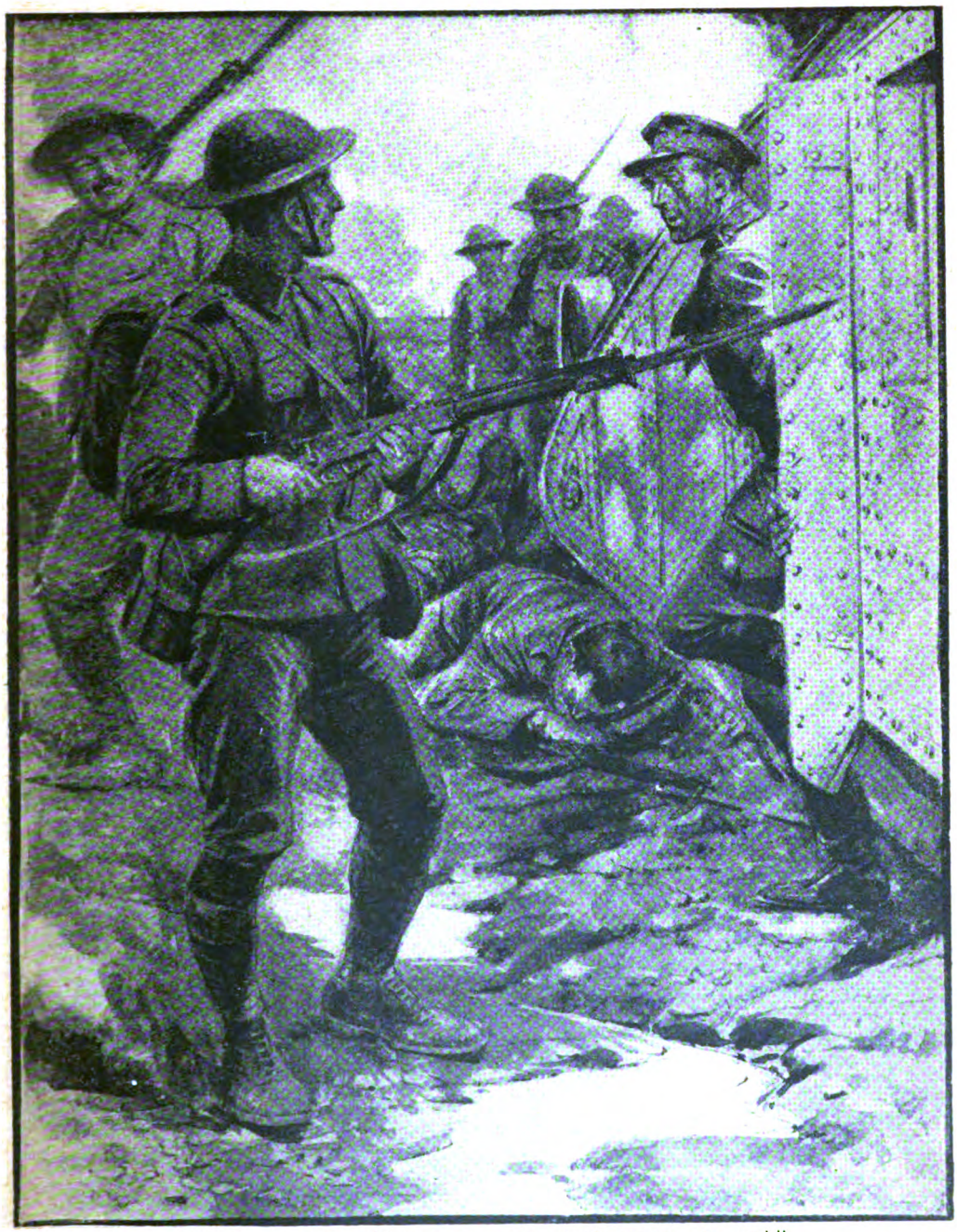
"Which up-to-date is not bad for you, James," I reassured him, kindly.

"At the beginning of the second night, then," he continued, coldly, ignoring my words, "we find our Tank Commander practically alone. Three of his crew were dead, the sergeant unconscious, and the rest in varying stages of delirious babblings. And though it is easy to talk of here, yet if you will picture your own wanderings in No Man's Land, with the flares shooting up, and the things that were which jibber at you, and having pictured that, imagine yourself inside a Tank, with occasional shafts of ghostly light flooding through loopholes and shining on the set dead faces of the crew, I think you will agree that there are better ways of spending the night. Not a soul to speak to coherently: only one man who thought he was in Covent Garden Market selling meat and monotonously called the prices, and another who was apparently playing mental golf round Westward Ho! Then, as a finale, the sergeant who occasionally came to and moaned for water: but being hit in the stomach, Peter, he couldn't have any. Those three and the dead. . . .

"At 10 pip emma came the Huns again. They swarmed all over the Tank for the second time, and dodging from loophole to loophole was the Tank Commander. Sometimes he blew a man's head off from point-blank range, sometimes a bullet whizzed past his own and ricochetted round the inside of the Cow. About twelve the golfer was hit through the heart, and shortly afterwards the Covent Garden gentleman went clean crazy. He alternately fired a Very pistol and one of the guns into the crowd outside, and, finding this too slow, endeavoured to open the door and charge. Then somewhat mercifully he collapsed suddenly and lay on the floor and babbled.

"About 4 a.m. the Huns went away again, and the Tank Commander had just enough strength left to stagger to the gun and draw a bead on a stoutish officer some fifty yards away, who seemed very annoyed about something—probably the fact that the Cow was still there. He pulled the trigger, and the shell apparently burst on the officer: which must have been still more annoying for the poor man. Then with a short sigh of utter weariness he collapsed and slept. And the evening and the morning were the second day. . . .

"About three o'clock the next day we went forward preceded by a creeping barrage. Funnily enough, I personally found the mechanic and the other warrior. They had encountered a Hun patrol, and things had evidently moved. They were all dead—four Huns, and the two Tankites. The mechanic had apparently used a spanner with effect: he still had it gripped tight in his right hand. Then we went on and saw the Tank for the first time, because being fresh troops we knew nothing about it. It was dead—lifeless: but not so dead or lifeless as the mass of Germans heaped around it. The barrage



"'WHAT A SHINDY!' HE REMARKED. 'IT'S WOKEN ME UP.'"

reached it, played on it, and passed on; we reached it, looked at it, and were about to pass on when suddenly the door opened and a haggard-looking, blood-stained wreck appeared in it.

"'What a shindy!' he remarked. 'It's woken me up.'"

"Lord, how the men laughed. It takes a lot to make anyone laugh who is trying to walk over Flanders, but they howled—he looked so confoundly peevish. Then a couple of them looked inside the Tank and ceased laughing to be sick.

"'Got two stretcher-bearers?' asked the apparition. 'My sergeant's been hit in the stomach for forty-eight hours.'

"We found him two, and the last I saw of him for a few days was wandering back with his

sergeant through the filth. Met him often since at Poperinghe in the club, and at Bethune. . . . Night-night, Jonah. When are you going back ?"

"In five days, old boy. It's a hard life, is not it ? "

Jonah and his girl passed slowly up the steps, and I watched them as they went.

"Poperinghe ! Bethune ! " I murmured, slowly. "Is he the cause, by any chance, of your interesting but somewhat irrelevant yarn ? "

As I spoke the glitter and scent, the lights and the women, seemed blotted out by another picture: a grim picture with a Tank for setting, a squat motionless Tank dripping with blood, surrounded by death.

"Of course," answered James, briefly. "Three days and three nights in the belly of the whale: three days and two nights in the belly of the Tank. But, by Jove ! there's Kitty on the move. Night-night, old man. You might pay."

THE TANKS: The Origin of the Name.

By F. J. GARDINER, F.R.Hist.S.

IN an article which appeared in this magazine in September last, suggestions were made as to the probable derivation of the word "Tank" which does not seem to describe correctly the newest development in modern warfare. It was hinted that it may have been intended to disguise its real use and to conceal its destructive capabilities from the enemy, to whom it would be revealed only as an astounding and terrifying surprise. The origin of the word is, however, not unknown, and now that the name is on everyone's lips, it may be well to set at rest a discussion which otherwise would be one of mere speculation.

Who, then, was the inventor of the principle of the Tank, and why was it so named ? The facts are as follows: Thomas Tank Burall was the manager of a well-known Norfolk firm of engineers, still known as Messrs. Burrell and Sons, of Thetford. Although the manager's name was similar to that of his employers in sound, he was not a relative, and to avoid the confusion that was likely to arise, it was obviated by his being called Bur*all*, with the accent on the last syllable.

Tank was a family name, the maiden name of his mother, and Tom Tank Burall was called "Tank" for brevity by his familiar friends.

Tom Tank Burall was an ingenious mechanical expert, with an inventive turn of mind, and his employers soon realized his value by making him manager of the Thetford Engineering Works. He was always devising some new improvement in agricultural and marine machinery or labour-saving schemes in these works. Amongst other brilliant ideas he invented the compound steam traction-engine, which was reported upon in the *Engineer* of July 15th, 1881. At the Royal Agricultural Show at Derby in that year, Messrs. Burrell showed what is described as a "most novel engine," a ten-horse-power traction-engine with a Landore steel boiler. It was said to be a curious type of compound engine, very simple, "with a new steam steering-gear which was the invention of Mr. Thomas Tank Burall, manager to Messrs. Burrell and Sons." The gear was stated to be well adapted for steering ships and for large marine engines, to which it has since been widely applied. The engine was said to be the most noteworthy exhibit in the showyard. A silver medal was awarded to it at the Worcestershire Agricultural Show. Mr. Tank Burall, realizing the difficulty these traction-engines experienced in getting over ploughed fields and uneven ground, conceived the idea of "pattens" for the wheels, and also the springs which are so much in use in all the better classes of traction-engines. The famous caterpillar wheels are the outcome of this invention, and have now led to the ultimate construction of the Tanks as engines of war. Mr. Burall's ingenuity surprised his fellow-workers in the factory, and they, in their admiration of his capacity and originality, gave these engines, with their "pattened" wheels, the name of Tanks, in compliment to their manager. Unfortunately, the clever expert's career was but a short one. Constantly overworking himself, the strain proved too great, and one day, while at his office-desk he fell down dead, the result of heart-trouble.

MR. THOMAS TANK BURALL.
Photo. Henri Ægena.

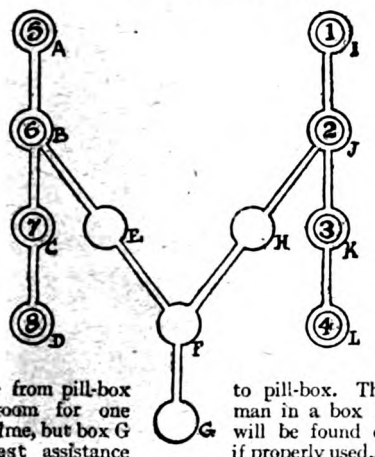
Such was the origin of the word "Tank," which was not, as some have thought, derived from the reservoir or cistern-shape of the war-machines which have struck such terror into the minds of the Germans.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

392.—THE "PILL-BOXES."

HERE is a group of twelve diminutive "pill-boxes" captured from the Germans somewhere in Flanders. The subterranean passages connecting them are all shown. It is required to make the men numbered 1, 2, 3, 4 change places with those numbered 5, 6, 7, 8, in as few moves as possible, moving only one man at



a time from pill-box to pill-box. There is only room for one man in a box at the same time, but box G will be found of the greatest assistance if properly used. Make a rough diagram and use eight numbered counters. The letters will help in recording the solution. How many moves do you require? Of course, after changing sides the numbers of the men must still be in numerical order downwards—1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 6, 7, 8—and a man may go any possible distance in one move.

393.—A DIGITAL PUZZLE.

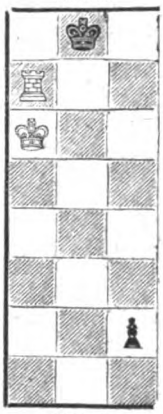
IT will be found that 3 2 5 4 7 8 9 1 multiplied by 6 (thus using all the nine digits once, and once only) gives the product 1 9 5 2 8 7 3 4 6 (also containing all the nine digits once, and once only). Can you find another number to be multiplied by 6 under the same conditions? Remember that the nine digits must appear once, and once only, in the sums multiplied and in the product.

394.—LARGE WORD SQUARES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes me an interesting letter about word squares, referring to our No. 377. He says that innumerable five-letter and six-letter squares have been printed (I should say that the former number thousands and the latter hundreds), but he has only seen one seven-letter square. The reader may like to solve this even earlier seven-letter square of my own. So far as I know, it was the first word-square presented in verse:—

'Twas spring. The abbey woods were decked with *second*.
The abbot, with his *fifth*, no trouble reckoned;
But shared the meats and *seventh* which every man
Who loves to feast has *first* since time began.
Then comes a stealthy *sixth* across the wall,
Who *fourths* the plate and jewels, cash and all,
And ere the abbot and the monks have dined,
He *thirds*, and leaves no trace or clue behind.

BLACK.



WHITE.

395.—A PRETTY END-GAME.

I HAVE frequently been shown the annexed position by chess enthusiasts, but have always been told that the author is unknown. As a matter of fact, it is by E. B. Cook, and was first published in "American Chess-nuts" in 1868. It is quite a gem. It is White's move, and at first sight it looks as if nothing can save him from defeat, as Black threatens to queen his pawn, and the queen would win against the rook. Yet White can draw the game in a very few moves. How does he do it? Part of the board is omitted merely to save space.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

385.—THE GERMAN PRISONER PUZZLE.

PLAY the counters in the following order: B H C A H C F E A H C F E A H C D I G H C D I G D E F B—28 moves.

386.—SHARING A BICYCLE.

LET Anderson ride 11⅘ miles, drop the bicycle, and walk the rest of the way. Brown will walk until he picks up the bicycle and then ride to their destination, getting there at exactly the same time as Anderson. The journey takes them 3hrs. 20min. Or you can divide the distance into nine equal stages and drop the bicycle at every stage. Only Anderson must start off on the bicycle.

387.—A CRYPTIC LANGUAGE.

THE reader probably soon detected the song of the nightingale. Notwithstanding the great variety it contains, this song is practically always the same, when once the bird has completed its rehearsals in the early spring.

388.—THE SIX QUEENS.

OCCUPY successively 1st file, 1st row, 6th file, 6th row, one of the diagonals, 2nd row, 5th file, 5th row, 2nd file, the other diagonal, 3rd row, 4th file, 4th row, 3rd file. Thus the fourteen manœuvres will be found to require only five moves each (the sixth queen always remaining stationary), making 70 moves in all. But you must revisit the sixth row, on which the queens are originally placed, at the second or fourth operation, or you will require one more move.

389.—THE THREE DICE.

MASON'S chance of winning was one in six. If Jackson had selected the numbers 8 and 14 his chances would have been exactly the same.

390.—AN ARITHMETICAL CHARADE.

THE word is CIVIL. Thus, L (50) multiplied by 2 equals C (100). Divide C by 20 and you have V. Divide V by 5 and you have I.

391.—BURIED GEOGRAPHY.

HAGUE, Erin, Persia, Texas, Verona, Hereford, Erie, Hayti, Cork, Nice, Genoa, Taunton, Nineveh.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

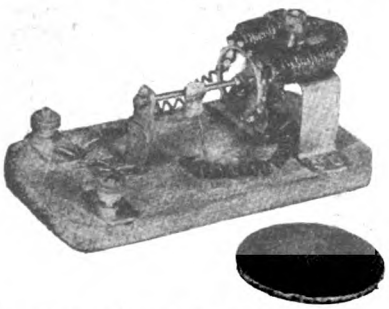
BERMUDA'S RECORD LILY.

THE farmers of Bermuda have brought the cultivation of the lily to a science, and on many fields there are single specimens that bear as many as a hundred distinct blooms or blossoms. The record

plant shown in the accompanying photograph was grown in 1913. This single stalk bore no fewer than one hundred and ninety-four perfect flowers. It is the largest lily plant ever raised in Bermuda and caused considerable comment in horticultural circles.

IS THIS THE SMALLEST ELECTRIC MOTOR?

I HAVE constructed what I believe to be the smallest known working model electric motor. The model was photographed with a halfpenny beside it, in order to give a better idea of its size. The materials used are as follows: The base is cut from the lid of a cigar-box and measures 2½in. by 1½in. The balance-wheel of a dress watch serves as the armature; it is ½in. in diameter. The shaft is merely



the stem of an ordinary pin, 1in. long, which rotates on jewelled bearings, also taken from the watch. The sound-plate of a disused mouth-organ supplied the necessary brass, including a small triangular piece to act as commutator. A few pieces of iron wire, bent at the proper curve and held together by the coils, made of wire stripped from an electric bell, form the required magnet. The nuts used were cut from the brass nipples at the ends of bicycle spokes. The model runs at a high speed with a current of two volts.—Mr. Robert A. Tennant (sixteen years old), 6, St. Mary's Terrace, Galway, Ireland.

A LIGHTHOUSE WITHOUT KEEPERS.

OF recent years we have had automatic lights, and even automatic lightships, but the first unattended rock lighthouse with a powerful fog-signal is the recently-completed Platte Fougère Lighthouse, marking the entrance to Russell Channel, leading to the Guernsey capital of St. Peter Port. This unattended tower, built of ferro-concrete on a wave-washed rock, is of irregular octagonal shape, eighty feet high. The room below the gallery contains many wonderful electrical devices, controlled from the shore by a submarine cable. By its aid the fog-horn and siren are regularly blown, while it also controls the light in the lantern.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 139, Broomwood Road, Clapham Common, S.W.11.

Bridge Problem.

BY E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

Hearts—Ace, knave, 4.
Clubs—None.
Diamonds—Ace.
Spades—Knave, 8, 6.

Hearts—King, 8.
Clubs—King, 8, 6.
Diamonds—9.
Spades—King.

Hearts—9, 6.
Clubs—10.
Diamonds—4.
Spades—10, 7, 2.

Hearts—Queen, 7.
Clubs—Knave, 9, 3.
Diamonds—None.
Spades—Ace, 9.

Hearts are trumps and A has the lead. A B are to win all the seven tricks against any possible defence.

(The solution will appear next month.)

SOLUTION OF LAST MONTH'S PROBLEM.

TRICK 1.—A leads small spade, trumped by B.

TRICK 2.—B leads heart, won by A with the queen.

TRICK 3.—A leads queen of spades; Y discards heart; B discards diamond.

TRICK 4.—A leads 7 of spades; Y discards heart; B trumps.

TRICK 5.—B leads the last trump; and A B win the rest according to the discards of Z and Y.

WHAT THE WAR HAS DONE TO ME By HARRY LAUDER

MAR 30 1918

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

FRY'S
PURE
BREAKFAST
COCOA
FOR
ENDURANCE

See Page 22.

SOUTHAMPTON STREET

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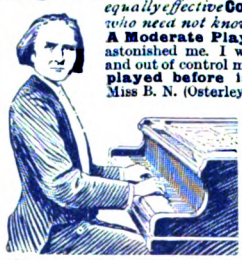

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(*See page* 191.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. MARCH, 1918. No. 327.

THE SLEEP-BEAM.

By MARTIN SWAYNE.

Illustrated by A. Gilbert, R.O.I.

I.

ON Friday morning it was to be observed that Dr. Marnley's small, unkempt motor-car stood before Number One, Mayfield Crescent, and then, later on, before Number Twenty.

Mayfield Crescent was a little half-moon of twenty pink-brick houses, which had been barely finished before the war. They stood on new ground, still grass-grown, and marked with the deep ruts of builders' carts. A broad, sandy track connected the rather forlorn Crescent with the main road, along which the trams ran through the coloured suburbs, right up to the grey heart of London.

While little Dr. Marnley waited furiously outside Number Twenty, he looked across the rough ground that faced the Crescent. Exactly opposite him was Number One, for the Crescent formed a semicircle.

Over the roof of Number One, half a mile across the common, in the hazy air of the chill winter morning, he could see the chimneys of March Lodge.

Dr. Marnley scowled, and removed his gaze.

The front door opened, and the doctor bounced into the house. A woman stood in the passage.

"I got a message to visit Mrs. Paddle this morning," he shouted. "I'm overworked as it is."

"Yes," said the woman, "I am Mrs. Paddle. It's truly terrible, doctor. My poor husband—he simply can't go to his work. It's the second night, too."

Mrs. Paddle led the way upstairs to the front bedroom. An unshaven, haggard man lay in bed. Dr. Marnley surveyed him in silence. Then he scrutinized Mrs. Paddle. She had deep lines under her eyes. Her complexion was pale, and at intervals she twitched her brows nervously. She presented a vivid picture of exhaustion.

"War strain." Dr. Marnley suddenly spoke with violence. "That's what it is—war strain. It's appalling. Muddle is sending us mad."

He walked to the window. Once more, straight before him, he saw Number One, and directly beyond, the distant chimneys of March Lodge.

"He came back last night dead-tired," said Mrs. Paddle, "and went straight to bed. He never closed his eyes, nor me either. It was just the same as the night before. Mrs. Bent, next door, told me that Mrs. Stick at Number One had had it just the same, and I saw your car stop there first."

She paused, and stared at her husband with dull eyes.

"Yes," said Marnley, from the window. "Mrs. Stick, her two daughters, Rose and Joy, her son Albert, and her servant, Ann Wittington, went to bed on Wednesday night, after eating sardines, bread and butter, and cocoa for their supper. They were all in bed before eleven o'clock. They were all up by eight next morning. Not one of them had slept a wink. Last night it was the same. They stayed in bed to-day, with the exception of Ann Wittington, who is a powerful young woman with a squint."

With a jerk he turned from the window, and began his examination at the bedside. Mr. Paddle seemed utterly exhausted. His eyes were lustreless. His fingers twisted restlessly. His face shone with perspiration.

"Your pulse is one hundred and twenty," said the doctor. "You're not far off delirium of some sort. There's nothing to show for it. It's like typhoid—I thought it was typhoid at Number One—but it's not."

He straightened his back and went to the window. His car in the roadway below him, containing his bag of instruments, brought him an idea. He ran downstairs.

When he returned, Mrs. Paddle was stretched on the bed beside her husband. Both of them seemed utterly indifferent to their surroundings.

Marnley lit a large glass spirit-lamp, and went through some fussy ritual, muttering to himself. Within two minutes he had injected a dose of morphia into each of the Paddles. Five minutes later he was battling with two delirious people. Eventually he tore up a sheet, and bound them hand and foot. They lay looking at him with feverish eyes, while he sat on an inadequate bedroom chair and mopped his brow.

II.

HALF an hour later, Marnley turned his car angrily in the direction of March Lodge. His face was flushed.

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At the top of the drive, before the front door, was a big limousine. It was empty, and beside it stood a chauffeur in khaki, chewing a cigarette.

Marnley was shown into a large open-spaced book-room, in blue, with white shelves. Near the fire were three men. Two sat on a couch together, and wore uniforms. The third reclined in a cane chair, and he was talking as Marnley came in. He rose at once.

"This is Dr. Marnley," he said. "Major Blot and Colonel Penny—Dr. Marnley."

The doctor scowled at the officers.

"Look here," he said, immediately, "I don't want to quarrel with you, Mr.—er——"

"Dr. Van Hook."

"Well, as I say, I don't want to quarrel. But I dislike your methods intensely. I get a letter from you, saying that I will shortly have the Sticks and the Paddles as patients, and asking me to come and visit you to-day at twelve. Now, I don't call that decent behaviour. It's uncanny. It's beastly."

"Yes," said Van Hook.

"Well, you oughtn't to do it." Marnley, still flushed, stared uneasily at him. Van Hook seemed quite inert. He was a biggish man, fair-haired, wearing loosely-cut clothes, and his expression was tranquil. He made no attempt to put his visitors at ease, or to explain to Marnley what his letter meant.

After a silence, Colonel Penny spoke. He addressed Marnley.

"Do I understand that you've never met Dr. Van Hook before?"

"Never in my life. I knew Stone when he lived here, but he got killed in France, and the place was let."

"Sold," said Van Hook.

"I always understood it had been let."

Again there was silence. Since Van Hook said nothing, the Colonel continued to interrogate Marnley.

"What made you come here this morning?"

"That letter, and——" Marnley stared at the Colonel. "Now, what are you up to? I don't understand. Mind you, I'm no admirer of old men in uniforms. Brass isn't brains."

The Colonel had cynical eyes and a white moustache. He looked at Van Hook, who was looking at Marnley's hands, and smiled a little.

"I do wish," he said, "that you would explain."

Van Hook removed his gaze, strolled up the room, and eventually came back and sat down.

"Tell Dr. Marnley what we know so far," said Major Blot to the Colonel.

"AN UNSHAVEN, HAGGARD MAN LAY IN THE BED. DR. MARNLEY SURVEYED HIM IN SILENCE."

"Very well. It can be told in a word. Yesterday we received at the War Office a short communication from Dr. Van Hook, stating that he had discovered a means of ending the war in a few days. Of course, we get many such letters from cranks, but I think it was the terseness of this one that impressed us. Anyhow, Blot and I came down. So far, Van Hook has been giving us a short history of the theories of sleep from earliest times. He had got as far as the Egyptians when you came in, and was regaling us with the conceptions of the Ka. Blot and I have been quite interested, but, of course, sarcasm is lost on us."

Van Hook looked up.

"Sarcasm?"

Colonel Penny made a bland gesture.

"I fancied that you were going to lead on from that to War Office methods, and then finally to your idea," he murmured. "Was I wrong?"

Van Hook smiled engagingly.

"You are charming," he said.

The Colonel seemed surprised. "But why did you tell us about sleep?"

Van Hook looked up at Dr. Marnley inquiringly.

"What's wrong with the Stick family?" he asked.

"Well, they can't sleep. That's the main point."

"And what's wrong with the Paddles?"

"They can't sleep, either."

Van Hook leaned back in his chair, and looked tranquilly at Colonel Penny.

"Why can't they sleep?" asked Major Blot, with an expression of slight concern.

"I don't know. But they can't. They haven't slept for two nights. I gave the Paddles morphia this morning and turned them into a couple of lunatics. They're trussed up side by side on their bed, and I'm going round there again as soon as I leave here."

Marnley, looking very small, worried, and unkempt, began to walk about.

"I don't understand," he said. "Why can't they sleep? And how the devil did you know that they would be my patients?" He stopped before Van Hook.

"Because you're the only doctor practising on this side of the common."

"That's true."

Marnley seemed mollified for a moment.

"But that's not enough," he exclaimed, suddenly. "How did you know they would be ill?"

"Because their houses lie in the beam," said Van Hook.

"What beam?"

"The beam that is passing due east from my laboratory window at this moment, through Mrs. Stick's house, through Mr. Paddle's house, through Mr. Miller's house, across the common—that's outside your area—down Wendle Lane, through the Wesleyan Chapel, through a block of tenement buildings, across Mortimer Street, through Foster's the grocer, through a cottage behind it, across a piece of waste land, through the house of a lady called Wilks, who is very ill at this instant, and finally across a goods yard. Here it loses its power and is apparently dispersed. The goods yard is about three miles from here. With a larger beam——"

He broke off and gazed dreamily at the fire. The Colonel looked at Major Blot and nodded very slightly. Dr. Marnley drew up a chair close to Van Hook and stared at him, his lips compressed and his brows contracted.

Major Blot took out a notebook.

"The beam is focused so that its rays are parallel, I take it?" he observed.

"Yes."

"It can be used like a searchlight, then, and fanned out to cover a wide area?"

"Yes."

Major Blot made an entry.

Some pent-up emotion escaped from Marnley.

"Do you mean to tell me that you're deliberately keeping the Sticks and the Paddles from sleeping?" he demanded, violently.

Van Hook nodded.

"It's a public scandal! How dare you? It's absolutely criminal!"

Van Hook concentrated his attention on the spectacle of Marnley, who was bristling and furious.

"It was necessary to select someone," he said, calmly. "Supposing the beam was used in the war——"

"The war!" exclaimed Marnley. "Don't talk to me of the war." He scowled at the Colonel. "Besides, what's the war got to do with it?"

"Suppose you were in the trenches and couldn't sleep a wink——"

"Ah, now you're implying that I should be in the trenches! Why don't you address your innuendos to these officers? I'm not going to argue, Mr. Hook. I demand that you should stop this beam, or whatever it is. Suppose I came and worked a police-rattle under your bedroom window all night, wouldn't you kick up a shindy? It's preposterous!" He got up and went to the door.

"But this is not a police-rattle," said Major Blot. "It's a beam."

"I don't care what it is," shouted Dr. Marnley. "I'm a plain, common-sense man, and overworked. I'm not like you. If those people don't sleep properly to-night, I'll have the police here to-morrow." He opened the door and looked back. "My advice to you is to look out." He nodded his head vehemently. "Yes—look out. Get on with the war—or look out."

Electric with wrath, he rushed from the house, glared witheringly on the military chauffeur, cranked his engine, got a bad back-fire, cranked it again, and jolted off.

III.

"My first proposition," said the Colonel, "is that we should visit either the Paddles or the Sticks, and Blot can make a few notes of their condition."

"Certainly," said Van Hook. "As military authorities, I don't think you'll have any difficulty."

The Colonel rose and took out a cigar-case. He offered it to Van Hook, who declined. "No, thanks, I smoke every other day. This is a day off."

The Colonel eyed him, and came to some inner conclusion, for he nodded slightly a second time to Major Blot.

"My second proposition," he continued, "is that you should not accompany us, but remain here." He took out his watch. "How far do these people live from here?"

"About five minutes by car."

"Good. Now will you cut off the beam in fifteen minutes from now? I want to test a little theory."

Van Hook smiled.

"Certainly. The theory is transparent, even to me, Colonel Penny."

The two officers went into the hall and arrayed themselves in their coats. In the car, Major Blot spoke.

"I'm inclined to be hopeful."

"I'm not," said the Colonel. "You can't stop sleep. You can't interfere with Nature, Blot."

"Nonsense," said Blot. "How can you say that? If we had never interfered with Nature,

we would never have had a world war. My dear chap, you can interfere with Nature as easily as you can interfere with a woman."

"You can't interfere with a woman, Blot," replied the Colonel.

The car drew up before Number One, Mayfield Terrace. The Colonel descended and rang the bell, while Major Blot peered up at the pink-curtained windows.

The Colonel rang again.

A stout, white-faced maid, with a squint, appeared.

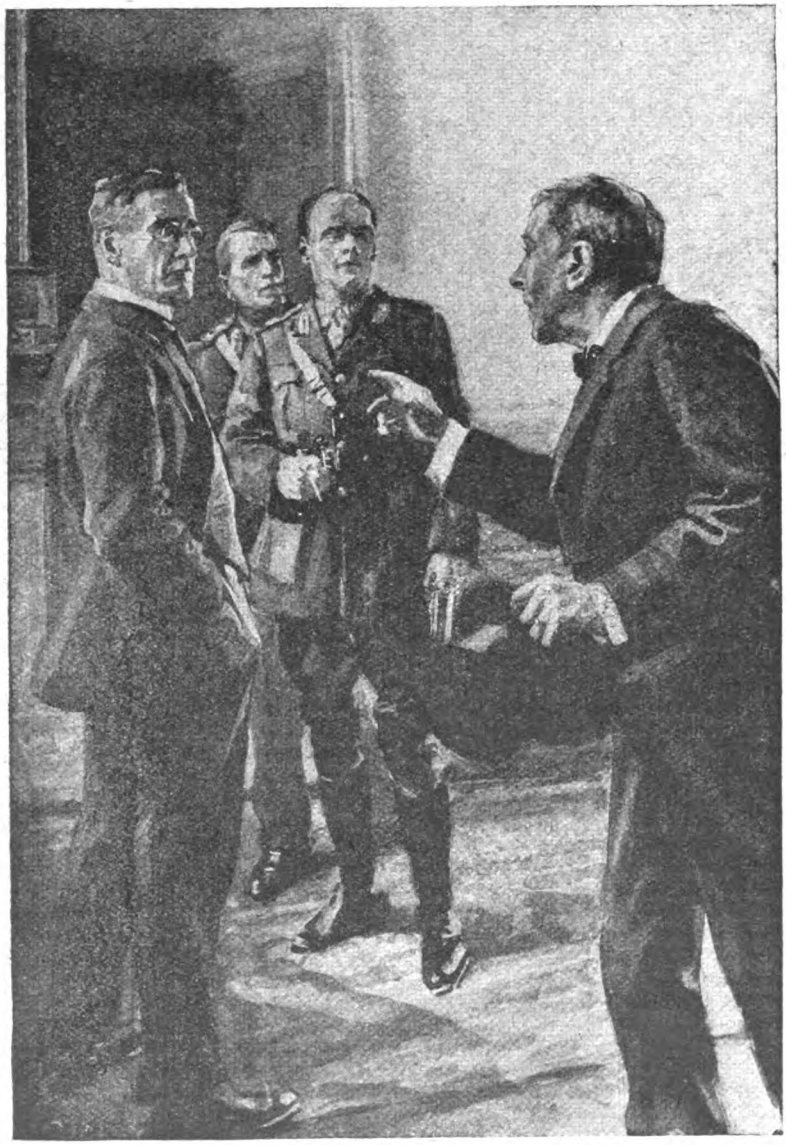
"Does Mrs. Stick live here?"

The maid blinked. "She's in bed."

An odd voice sounded from above.

"Who is it?"

Colonel Penny advanced into the narrow hall, followed by the Major.



"'LOOK HERE,' HE SAID, IMMEDIATELY, 'I DON'T WANT TO QUARREL WITH YOU, MR.—ER——' 'DR. VAN HOOK.' 'BUT I DISLIKE YOUR METHODS INTENSELY.'"

"We have come to inquire into the malady that—er—is afflicting this household," said the Colonel, loudly, directing his voice towards the top of the narrow stairs. "We are from the War Office. We understood that none of you here can sleep." He paused, conscious that he had given a brilliant opening. There was no answer. "Can we have an interview with you, madam?"

"Come upstairs," said the odd voice.

They obeyed, and reached the top landing. A woman, wearing a dressing-gown, with haggard eyes and dishevelled hair, met them. She stared at their trim figures, swaying a little.

"You must excuse us;" said the Colonel, with a bow. "My friend and I are anxious to do all in our power to ascertain the cause of this mysterious malady."

As he emerged from the bow, he glanced swiftly at his wrist-watch.

"Are you the Government?" asked Mrs. Stick, in an unsteady voice, still swaying with exhaustion.

Colonel Penny and Major Blot inclined themselves towards her together.

"You can have every confidence," said Major Blot, evasively.

"We hope to be able to cure you," said the Colonel. "To make you sleep."

"Sleep?" she cried, shrilly. "My God, do you know what sleep means? I would give my soul and honour to sleep an hour."

A growling noise came from an adjoining room, and a shrill, hysterical laugh from a room beyond.

Mrs. Stick staggered away to her bedroom. It was as if she were blind. She groped before her with her hands.

Major Blot hurried to assist her.

"Is your sight affected?" he asked.

"It's in waves," she muttered. "It's getting dark. It comes and goes—in another hour I shall be mad."

She lurched into her room and collapsed on the bed. Major Blot withdrew, and closed the door.

"Well?" he whispered, keenly.

"It looks as if I was wrong," replied Penny. "Good heavens, Blot, it's a terrible thing. I had no idea."

Blot rubbed his hands silently.

"It's magnificent," he said. "You've always slept like a rhinoceros, and you don't know what sleeplessness means. It's the crowning horror—it's hell. It's the devils of the deepest night let loose. High explosives and liquid flame are nothing to it. What's the time?"

"Another minute," said Penny. He tip-toed to a door and opened it gently. Across a bed a girl lay, clutching the clothes tightly in each hand. A second girl was on her knees before an arm-chair. The Colonel closed the door.

"We're in the beam," said Blot. "Do you feel anything?"

"Nothing."

"By Jove! It's a marvellous weapon—silent, invisible, terrible."

They waited, side by side, on the landing. Suddenly the Major uttered a low exclamation.

A regular sound had arisen. It increased swiftly in volume. It seemed to come from every side.

"Snoring! It's the release," said the Colonel. "Van Hook's beam has been turned off. Let's see if they're all asleep."

They made an inspection of the rooms. Mrs. Stick, her son Albert, her two daughters, Rose and Joy, and her servant, Ann Wittington, had passed into a profound sleep—a deep coma—from which it was impossible to rouse them.

As the Colonel left the house and got into the car, his hands trembled slightly. Major Blot was deeply engaged with his pencil and note-book. They drove straight back to March Lodge.

IV.

WHEN they entered the blue-and-white book-room, Van Hook was reading in his chair. Colonel Penny walked up to him.

"We'll take up this sleep-beam, Dr. Van Hook. What are your terms?"

Van Hook looked up.

"The beam is yours, Colonel. I merely wish to be allowed to take part in the fun."

"Certainly, of course. Then you'll make the War Office a present of it?"

"Yes."

"Very handsome of you." The Colonel smoothed his moustache. "Extremely. It's a marvellous thing. That woman was within an ace of being crazy. A terrible weapon."

"How long has the beam been turned on that house?" asked Major Blot.

"Forty-two hours."

"But surely that isn't very long to go without sleep?"

Van Hook leaned back and reflected.

"Well, the beam was turned on at six on Wednesday evening, so you must add about ten hours to the forty-two to cover the whole period of sleeplessness. That makes fifty-two hours without sleep. That may not seem so great, especially nowadays, when humanity is showing itself capable of such immense endurance, but there is a special factor about this beam. The kind of sleeplessness it induces is not comparable to that produced by ordinary causes."

He paused.

"I've gone forty-four hours without sleep," said Major Blot, "at Ypres."

"Yes, but not with the beam playing on you," said Van Hook. "You see, as far as I can make out, it doesn't produce merely a negative state—a lack of sleep. It has a positive effect as well. It produces a nervous irritation, accompanied by a total and absolute inability to sleep, or even to become drowsy—a very exhausting combination."

Colonel Penny paced about the room, and Blot wrote in his notebook steadily.

"Does the beam penetrate all solids?" asked the Colonel, suddenly.

"Theoretically, it should pass through everything save lead. It certainly goes through bricks, mortar, and earth. Would you like to examine the apparatus?"

Van Hook led the way out of the room. They entered the laboratory. On a plain deal bench stood a square metal box, with a black funnel projecting from it. The box was connected by wires with a small dynamo worked by a gas-engine that stood in a corner. The dynamo was silent.

"The apparatus is simple," said Van Hook. "If you will sit down I will explain the principle. It depends on the stimulation, by a wave in the ether of a particular length, of a gland found in the brain—the pituitary gland. This gland, which is very small, is a corner-stone of normal health. Here is a diagram that shows its position very clearly. . . ."

An hour later Colonel Penny and Major Blot said farewell to Van Hook.

"On Monday afternoon, then," said the Colonel, as he got into the car, "we meet at Charing Cross Station. Blot will arrange about the power if you bring a couple of your instruments."

* * * * *

On Monday evening, at eight o'clock, Van Hook was standing on high ground overlooking an area of twinkling lights below him. He was wrapped in a big coat, for the wind was keen. On the road behind him stood a motor lorry, from which came the hum of a dynamo. Colonel Penny and Major Blot were each occupied with

what resembled large cameras on tripods. A number of Staff officers stood round Van Hook.

"The camp runs due east and west," said one, "and the hill is north of it."

"It makes no difference," said Van Hook; "we are a mile away from it, and the huts cover half a mile of ground. One beam would be enough, but we'll use two."

Major Blot came up.

"Have you made the connection?"

"Yes, the beams are on now."

From the huts below them came the sound of men singing. A bugle rang out clearly. Lights twinkled to and fro, and the activity of the camp went on undisturbed. Colonel Penny plucked Blot by the sleeve of his coat.

"I've got qualms," he muttered. "It seems impossible to believe. The General is openly sceptical."

In the darkness a keen wind blew past them. The dynamo on the lorry hummed steadily, and the two tripods were faintly visible in the starlight, with their black boxes pointing to the camp below.

"We need not stay any longer, gentlemen," said Van Hook. "Let us go back to the town. To-morrow you will be able to satisfy yourselves that the beam has the power I claim for it. Our next experiment will be in France."

"Do you mean to say that those men in the camp down there won't sleep to-night?" asked the General, irritably.

"I do. None of them will sleep a wink," returned Van Hook.

"Rubbish!" said the General.

In silence the party made their way down the hillside towards the town.

V.

THREE weeks later Van Hook found himself in France. Twenty instruments for the production of the beam accompanied him, under the loving care of Colonel Penny and Major Blot. The struggle had been severe. On the day after the experiment on the military camp, the General had personally inspected the lines, and though told the same tale of a sleepless night on all sides, had refused to believe that the cause had lain in the two black boxes on tripods up on the hillside.

"It's trickery," he had exploded, "infernal trickery!"

"More like infernal magic," Colonel Penny had muttered, and then, aloud, he had asked the General how he explained the night of insomnia in a healthy camp.

"A put-up job, likely," had been the irritable reply.

The experiment had been repeated with the same result. The General remained obstinate. Major Blot had worked indefatigably, explaining to department after department the nature of the new miracle. After a week of hard work, the outlook seemed dark. It was impossible to appeal to the Press, as the matter had to be kept secret. At the end of the second week the future was brighter. A grudging consent was given. A small experiment on the Front could be tried. In the meanwhile, with the aid of two mechanics, Van Hook had been turning out the beam-apparatus as speedily as possible.

They had been sent to a quiet part of the line where, behind tremendous fortifications, the opposing armies waited. There was an occasional outburst of firing. Innumerable observation balloons watched the scene below intently. Tranquillity prevailed as long as no abnormal movements occurred.

For four days Van Hook and his colleagues were busy. The black boxes were spaced out at intervals of two hundred yards in the front line trenches. A sector of four thousand yards was thus brought under the influence of the beam.

On a Tuesday evening the beams were turned on.

The same evening Colonel Penny, Major Blot, and Van Hook went to Headquarters.

"On Thursday morning, at daybreak, the troops in the sector between Beaunares and Villers can go over the top and take the Contrepal Heights for the asking," said Colonel Penny to the Staff. "Do you corroborate that, Van Hook?"

Van Hook nodded.

The Staff were perplexed.

"Won't the enemy have something to say about that?" asked one.

"No," said Major Blot. "The enemy will be asleep."

"They may wake up."

"They will be in a state of coma, of absolute unconsciousness," said Colonel Penny. "I've seen the condition. It's like opium poisoning."

"Well," said the General, "we've got orders to let you try your experiment, and to be devilish careful at the same time. As a matter of fact, we were planning a little attack on Thursday." He scratched his head, and pulled a map towards him. Colonel Penny bent over it with him, and laid his finger on a spot.

"Here is Beaunares," he said. "The beam's influence runs well to the north of that—that will protect the left flank, for no machine-guns or artillery will work from that direction on Thursday morning. The same applies to the right flank. If the attack is swift, you'll get the heights without a man lost before they can rush up troops from the areas beyond the beam."

"When will the enemy wake up?"

Colonel Penny looked at Van Hook.

"Not for some hours," said Van Hook. "The Sticks didn't wake up till next morning."

"I am sceptical, gentlemen," said the General, frankly, "and I will therefore proceed with my plans without relying on your beam. The bombardment begins to-morrow morning."

"A preliminary bombardment is unnecessary, sir," said Blot, earnestly. "It might lead to fresh troops being brought up at the last moment, who have been unaffected by the beam. We three guarantee that the affair on Thursday will be a walk-over without any artillery preparation."

A long argument ensued. In the end it was decided to postpone the original plan for two days, and give Van Hook's beam a chance.

"COLONEL PENNY BENT OVER THE MAP WITH HIM, AND LAID HIS FINGER ON A SPOT."

"I shall order a few parties to go forward at dawn on Thursday," said the General. "If they meet with resistance they are to retire at once." He thought for a moment. "Of course, they'll have to retire," he added.

Van Hook smiled. "I think not."

"Well, sir, if they don't have to retire it will mean nothing less than that you've found the way to end the war in a week or two," cried the General. "A ridiculous idea!"

For two nights and one day the beams shed their strange influence on the enemy. Complete tranquillity reigned on that part of the Front. Just before sunrise on Thursday morning the twenty beams were cut off. A few minutes later, in the growing light, small parties of men advanced across the open and entered the enemy trenches. Not a shot was fired. From the first line they passed to the second and to the third. The guns were silent. In the broad light of the morning they stood on the heights of Contrepal.

The telephone wires to Headquarters suddenly teemed with amazing messages.

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

I.

Illustrated by Henry Evison.

THE romance of mystery is universal in its appeal, and there is no romance which has such a permanent place in the memory of man as the murder mystery which the intelligence and the skill of expert investigation have failed to fathom.

"Who committed the murder?" has always been a favourite theme with the writers of sensational fiction.

When the first details of the discovery of a murder are published in the Press and no clue to the author of the crime can be given, it instantly becomes a topic of general conversation.

When the weeks and the months and the years go by and Justice fails to bring the deed home to its author, it takes its place among the unsolved mysteries of crime. But it is not forgotten. Not only among criminologists is it a constant subject for discussion and debate, but among the members of the general public there are thousands who still retain a vivid remembrance of the affair and are keenly interested whenever in a newspaper or a magazine a writer re-tells the story of the mystery or puts forward a new theory with regard to it. The mystery in which the crime was shrouded has made it immortal.

History teems with these murder mysteries. What became of Benjamin Bathurst, who was sent by the British Government on a secret embassy to the Court of Vienna in 1804? With the Peace that was concluded at Schönbrunn in that year, Bathurst's mission came to an end, but knowing that he had incurred the bitter animosity of Napoleon our envoy set out on his journey to England in the assumed name of Koch and pretended to be a travelling merchant. He decided to make his way to London *viâ* Berlin and the north of Germany.

On November 25th, 1804, about noon, Bathurst arrived at Perleberg with post-horses. After spending some hours at the inn, where he wrote several letters and dined, he ordered the horses to be put to, and was ready to start at nine o'clock in the evening. He was seen standing by the side of the horses watching his portmanteau being replaced on the carriage, and the next moment he had disappeared. And from that moment to this the mystery of his disappearance has remained unsolved.

Was he seized and carried off and murdered by the agents of Napoleon? The *Times* unhesitatingly charged Napoleon with the murder of our Ambassador, and as late as the year 1862 the *Spectator* retold the story and repeated the charge that Bathurst had been done away with by French police agents. One thing is certain. Bathurst never returned to England, and the mystery of his fate has never been solved.

Who was Caspar Hauser? Why was he murdered, and who murdered him? His birth, his death, and his real parentage are enveloped in a mystery which no amount of research has been able to pierce.

His story, as far as it is known, begins on the 26th of May, 1828, in a street in Nuremberg. He was dressed as a peasant and was limping painfully along. When, attracted by his curious appearance, a citizen spoke to him, the crippled lad held out a letter addressed to the captain of the 4th Squadron of the 6th Regiment of Bavarian Light Horse.

In the letter some person unknown asked that the lad might be admitted into the Captain's troop. The writer added that he was a poor labourer and that Caspar had been left with him as an infant by a poor girl who had stated that the child's father was in the 6th Regiment of the Light Horse, and was dead. When he was seventeen he was to be sent to Nuremberg to join his late father's regiment.

When the boy was examined he was found to be of medium height, broad-shouldered and well-built, his skin white, his limbs well moulded, and his hands small and beautifully formed; but his limbs had been crippled by close confinement in a narrow space, and his eyes were evidently unaccustomed to light.

The boy declared that he had been taken out of a cellar by a masked man who had put him on the road to Nuremberg. The boy's strange story was noised abroad, and the rumour gained ground that the lad was of noble origin.

Among the persons who became interested in him was an English nobleman, Earl Stanhope, who was then in Germany. He had the boy instructed and well brought up. Caspar eventually received the appointment of Clerk to the Registrar's Court of Appeal. Lord Stanhope

"HE WAS SEEN STANDING BY THE SIDE OF THE HORSES WATCHING HIS PORTMANTEAU BEING REPLACED ON THE CARRIAGE, AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE HAD DISAPPEARED."

was so pleased with him that he decided to take him to England.

On the evening of the 14th of December, 1833, as Caspar was on his way to his home, a stranger spoke to him and told him that he could reveal his parentage. The stranger led the young man into the palace gardens, plunged a dagger into his side, and instantly disappeared.

Who was Caspar Hauser? The popular idea at the time was that he was the elder son of the Grand Duke Karl of Baden and his wife, the Grand Duchess Stephanie Tascher, Napoleon's adopted daughter. The Grand Duke Karl's heir was his uncle Ludwig. Ludwig is supposed to have stolen Caspar when a few weeks old and substituted a dead child in his stead. Later on, when the young man was about to be taken to England by a powerful protector, Ludwig had him murdered.

But that is only a theory. No one to this day has really solved the mystery of the murder of Caspar Hauser.

And the mystery of Meyerling, the tragedy of the Crown Prince Rudolph and the beautiful Mary Vetsera! When the horror happened nearly thirty years ago there were a dozen theories as to the solution of the mystery. There are a dozen theories to-day. Was it a love tragedy or a political double murder?

It is known that the Emperor had discovered that his unhappy son was plotting for the throne of Hungary, and there was a suggestion that the Crown Prince believed that he was in danger of arrest and that he would be kept in seclusion as a lunatic.

Did he himself kill the unhappy girl who was found shot in the head and lying dead by his side, and then did he commit suicide? Or after the drunken orgy which had taken place in the shooting-box that night, were Rudolph and Mary Vetsera murdered by one of the party and the discharged revolver placed in the Crown Prince's dead hand to give the affair the appearance of a love tragedy?

The truth has never been revealed. The mystery of Meyerling is still unfathomed and will probably remain a mystery to the end of time.

Did Oscar Slater, the man who was sentenced to death and is now undergoing the commuted sentence of penal servitude for life, murder old Miss Gilchrist in her flat in Glasgow, or was his conviction a miscarriage of justice, and is the real murderer still at large? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes in Slater's innocence, and I share the distinguished criminologist's opinion that the mystery of that murder has never been cleared up.

It is always difficult to persuade the powers that be that the hand of Justice has erred. It took me seven years to prove the innocence of Adolf Beck, and he would in all probability have served a further sentence for another series of offences which he did not commit had not a

police-officer accidentally discovered the real John Smith in a cell at Tottenham Court Road police-station.

It has happened over and over again that a murderer has remained unsuspected to the end of his days because the police have concentrated all their efforts on proving that somebody else was the guilty party.

This may have been the case in the mysterious crime which is known as the Cannon Street Murder.

The victim was Mrs. Sarah Millson, a widow who was the housekeeper on the premises of Messrs. Bevington, the well-known leather merchants, at No. 2, Cannon Street. That Mrs. Millson was a widow with a secret of some kind in connection with her past was made pretty clear by the facts which came to light at the inquest.

She had been married twice. Her second husband, Millson, had been in the employ of Messrs. Bevington. He died some years before the murder. Her first husband, James Swan, was a handsome, fast-living man, who, after his marriage, set up as a grocer, and through his habits became bankrupt. He and his wife separated. Swan went to America, and was supposed to have died there. His wife believed that he was dead; at any rate, in the certificate of her marriage with Millson she was described as a widow.

I remember some years afterwards discussing the case with my friend F. W. Robinson, the author of "Owen, A Waif," and "Mattie, A Stray," and the distinguished novelist told me that the murdered housekeeper of Cannon Street was just the sort of housekeeper that would have suited him for one of his romances of London life. He knew that his readers would be keenly interested in such a woman from the start, and would at once begin to build up their own theories as to the secret that haunted her.

For some days previous to the murder, according to the evidence of the cook who lived on the premises, Mrs. Millson had been nervous and agitated. On the night of the murder, April 11th, 1866, immediately after the workers and the office staff had left, the porter of the establishment put out the lights in the lobby, locked the doors, and gave the keys, which included that of the safe, to the housekeeper, who bade him good night and let him out at the front door.

Some time afterwards the cook, who was upstairs in her bedroom, heard the bell ring. Mrs. Millson, who was in the dining-room, called up, "It's all right, cook, it's for me; I know who it is," and went down the stairs and across the hall to the entrance. Presently the cook came down from her bedroom and found that Mrs. Millson had not come upstairs again. That at first did not make the cook uneasy. She knew that the housekeeper had more than once remained for some time talking with a caller at the door.

But when an hour had elapsed and there was still no sign of Mrs. Millson, the cook became a little anxious and went downstairs to see if Mrs. Millson was all right. There, a horrible sight met her eyes. The housekeeper was lying dead at the foot of the stairs, and the blood was flowing freely from some terrible wounds in her head. On the table in the hall were the dead woman's shoes, which she had apparently removed before going to the door, and the housekeeper's keys were lying, not near the body, but some distance higher up the stairs.

Terrified at her ghastly discovery, the cook, passing the body, rushed to the front door and flung it open. There on the doorstep a woman was crouching. She might have been sheltering from the rain, which was falling heavily at the time. The cook implored the woman to come in and help, but the woman exclaimed, "Oh, dear, dear! I couldn't do that!" and hurried away. The scene was a ghastly one for the cook to contemplate alone. The gas in the fanlight over the door had been turned off. By whom?

Presently a constable and a doctor arrived on the scene. All the doctor could do was to pronounce the woman dead. A crowbar, such as is used to open packing-cases, was found lying near the body. The wounds on the woman's head had probably been inflicted with this. A similar crowbar was missing from the premises.

What was the motive for the murder? That never transpired, but some very interesting information quickly came into the possession of the police.

A Mrs. Robbins, who was housekeeper at No. 1, Cannon Street, had come home at ten minutes past ten on the night of the murder. As she was letting herself in she heard the door of No. 2 slam violently. She turned her head and saw a man coming down the steps. He passed her. He was dressed in dark clothes and wore a high hat. The light of the lamp in her own hall shone on the man's face, and she saw his features distinctly. He walked in a hurried manner and was leaning forward as he went along.

The cook stated that a man frequently called on Mrs. Millson at night. He would ring the bell and Mrs. Millson would go down to the door. Once Mrs. Millson had borrowed two pounds from her just before this man came, but the money had been repaid.

A search of the dead woman's boxes brought to light a letter signed "George Terry." The letter was a demand for money, and it informed Mrs. Millson that unless a certain sum was paid at once complaint would be made to her employer, Mr. Bevington. With this letter was a receipt signed "William Denton."

George Terry was soon discovered to be an inmate of St. Olave's Workhouse. He explained that his wife had known Mrs. Millson, and that had induced him to get her a loan of thirty-five pounds from a Mrs. Webber. In order to get the money back he had employed a man named William Denton to call on Mrs. Millson at Cannon Street. Denton had received sums on account at various times and had signed the receipt and brought back the money.

The police were not long in discovering "William Denton." He was a man named William Smith, who lived at Eton. William Smith was taken to the police-station and identified by Mrs. Robbins as the man she had seen in Cannon Street on the night of the murder, and a boat-builder at Eton came forward to say that on the evening of the murder, about seven o'clock, he had met Smith hurrying towards Slough Station in order to catch the seven-forty-three train to Paddington. Now, this train arrived at eight-forty, and that would have given the man plenty of time to reach Cannon Street between nine and ten o'clock.

But William Smith was able to bring twenty witnesses, many of them of unimpeachable character, who accounted for every minute of his time on the evening of April 11th. He had spent the entire evening at a local public-house playing dominoes for pints of beer. So complete was the *alibi*, that the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and the judge, in discharging the prisoner, said: "You have been found not guilty, but it is due to say to you that you are not only found not guilty, but proved absolutely innocent."

"THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP IN HER OWN HALL SHONE ON THE MAN'S FACE, AND SHE SAW HIS FEATURES DISTINCTLY."

And from that day to this no clue to the murderer of Sarah Millson has been discovered. All the efforts of the police to solve the mystery have been in vain, and it is a mystery still.

The mystery of the murder of Mr. Charles Bravo, who died poisoned by an unknown hand at the Priory, Balham, on April 18th, 1876, has in it all the elements of a Gaboriau novel.

Mr. Bravo, a young barrister, had married a well-to-do and charming young widow, Florence Ricardo. Previous to her marriage with Bravo, Mrs. Ricardo had had a romance of an intimate character with Dr. Gully, a well-known medical man who had retired from practice after a long and honourable career, with an ample fortune.

The young barrister knew all about the "romance." Mrs. Ricardo before her marriage had told him everything, and it had been agreed that no reference should ever again be made to it by either of them.

But there was another person in the secret. That was Mrs. Cox, a quiet-looking, faded, but strong-minded widow, who had been Mrs. Ricardo's friend and paid companion. Mrs. Cox passed into the Bravo household, but that did not deter her from communicating from time to time with her mistress's old flame, Dr. Gully, who had rather unwisely settled down not far from the Priory.

Bravo was an honourable, but headstrong, jealous, and hasty man, and whenever he and his wife had a tiff, the spectre of Dr. Gully arose to haunt him. Whenever he was in an unhappy mood he saw Dr. Gully as the evil genius of his wedded life and taunted his wife with her past; but the wife, who was loyally devoted to her husband, was long-suffering and forgiving. This, the letters that had been preserved and were produced later on, proved beyond all possible doubt.

There came a time when Mr. Bravo thought they were spending too much money. He advised his wife to economize, and suggested that they should get rid of Mrs. Cox. He

wanted to get rid of Mrs. Cox. She knew all about Dr. Gully.

On the night of April 15th, 1876, the little dinner party at Balham consisted of three people, Mr. and Mrs. Bravo and Mrs. Cox. There was wine at dinner, and Mr. Bravo drank burgundy and the ladies drank sherry.

Mrs. Bravo was not very well. She went to bed early. Mr. Bravo sat smoking for a time and then went up to his room, which was next to his wife's. A little later he was heard calling out, "Florence, Florence! hot water!" Mrs. Bravo was asleep, but Mrs. Cox was not. She went at once to Mr. Bravo's room. He was evidently ill, so she roused Mrs. Bravo, who put on a dressing-gown and went to her husband.

He was lying stretched out on the floor near the window, and Mrs. Cox was rubbing his chest. He looked up and saw his wife, and exclaimed, "I am in terrible agony!"

Three doctors came, one after the other, to the Priory, and Mrs. Bravo sent Mrs. Cox to London to bring Sir William Gull down at once. There was no doubt in the mind of the doctors that Mr. Bravo was the victim of a violent irritant poison, and that he was a doomed man. Sir William Gull, when the end was near, told the patient that he was a dying man, and implored him to tell the truth. Had he taken poison himself? Charles Bravo, with a full knowledge of all that his answer would mean, declared that he had taken nothing but a little laudanum for his neuralgia.

The inquest revealed the fact that the cause of death was antimony administered in the form of tartar emetic, and the doctor's opinion was that the poison had been administered in the burgundy Mr. Bravo drank at dinner. The coroner's jury delivered an open verdict, and there was a second inquiry in which the highest legal talent in the kingdom represented the various interests.

"HE WAS LYING STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR, AND MRS. COX WAS RUBBING HIS CHEST. HE LOOKED UP AND SAW HIS WIFE, AND EXCLAIMED, 'I AM IN TERRIBLE AGONY!'"

This inquiry was one long agony to Florence Bravo. She knew that she was suspected. She knew that the pitiful story of her life would be dragged into the light of day for all the world to read.

Mrs. Cox, her quiet companion, made some sensational statements in the witness-box. She declared that Bravo, when she first went to him and found him in agony, had said to her, "I have taken poison for Dr. Gully. Don't tell Florence." She also declared that the intimacy of Florence Ricardo and Dr. Gully had been an innocent one, but counsel compelled her to admit that she was lying, and from that moment she was looked upon as an untrustworthy witness.

I remember that during the twenty-three days the inquest lasted nothing but the Bravo case was talked of. The *Evening Standard* published a full report of the inquiry day by day, and the paper sold like wildfire. People rushed out of their houses to buy it as the news-boys shouted the special edition along the street.

The jury eventually found that Charles Bravo had not committed suicide, and that he had not died by misadventure. He had been wilfully murdered by the administration of tartar emetic, but there was not sufficient evidence to fix the guilt upon any person or persons.

Sir George Lewis, who received a fee of a thousand pounds from Mr. Bravo's mother to watch the proceedings, formed a very strong opinion on the case. It was always believed that he actually knew who the guilty party was.

Whoever it was, had an opportunity of tampering with the burgundy that Charles Bravo drank on the fatal night at dinner. But no evidence was adduced to fix the guilt upon anyone, and so the Bravo case remains not only a thrilling romance of love and jealousy, but a never-to-be-forgotten unsolved mystery of crime.

(To be continued.)

ALWAYS HAVE TWELVE POUNDS TEN.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

MOSTYN NIX is a Success.

He is probably the most successful Success now before the public. What his income may be no man knows—no, not even the Commissioners of Inland Revenue—but it is very large. Indeed, so large is it that Mostyn has no time now to write any more plays, his days being too fully occupied with investing the enormous sums which keep rolling in from those he has already written.

But, had it not been for Miss McVitty, Mostyn's income would to this day have been no more than the ten guineas a week which, before he met her, was what he used to receive from a weekly periodical for writing a couple of columns of snappy observations on happenings of the day.

Inquire of Mostyn to what he ascribes his success, and he will tell you that he puts it down to having been unable, at a crucial period in his existence, to raise so pitiful a sum as twelve pounds ten shillings.

But that, of course, is all nonsense. His success is due to Miss McVitty.

No, reader, you are wrong. Your romantic imagination has led you astray. On reading the preceding paragraph you probably said to yourself, in your cunning way, "Ah, ha! Mostyn Nix loved Miss McVitty. The beautiful young creature inspired him," etc., etc.

Wrong—all wrong. Miss McVitty, though indubitably a creature, was neither young nor beautiful, and Mostyn did not love her at all. On the contrary he hated her. He hates her still. He lies awake at night, hating her and working out ingenious schemes for getting rid of her, which he never has the courage to put into practice.

Miss McVitty is Mostyn's secretary.

Bitterly does he curse the day that he took her into his employ.

It was Iris Honeywell who first put the idea into his head.

This time, reader, you are right. Iris Honeywell *was* a beautiful young creature, if you like; and she and Mostyn were engaged.

Actually, it was not Iris, but her mother, who was responsible for the trouble about Miss McVitty.

"You two had better get married," Mrs. Honeywell had said, one night, after Mostyn and Iris had kept her up for two hours after her usual time for going to bed while they said good-bye in the hall.

"Oh, yes, let's!" cried Mostyn, enthusiastically. Iris was all for it, too. They wondered why they had not thought of it before. The two sat down, as happy as a pair of love-birds, arranging where they would be married, whom they would ask to the wedding, where they would spend their honeymoon, and where they would live when they came back from it. Iris had marked down a perfect little duck of a house in Kensington Gore (rent not more than three hundred a year at the outside) which she felt sure would suit them. Mostyn, after hearing her description of it, agreed with her; and got quite depressed at the thought of having to go back to his poky bachelor chambers when there was a heavenly nest like that waiting for them.

Altogether they got so carried away by their enthusiasm that they wanted to be married the next Tuesday.

And then that sordid, prosaic old creature, Mrs. Honeywell, spoilt their young dream by putting to Mostyn some dreary but searching questions about his financial position.

Mostyn mentioned the weekly ten-ten which he drew from *The Universe*, for the snappy columns before mentioned.

Mrs. Honeywell seemed to think that this sum was merely the prelude, the overture, as it were. When she discovered that it was the entire piece her lips tightened ominously.

"No daughter of mine shall marry without a proper settlement," she declared, after a few other observations, the general trend of which was that a young man who had less than five thousand pounds a year, drawn from gilt-edged securities, was little better

than a criminal. "*I* was fool enough to marry without a settlement; and look how I have suffered."

Mrs. Honeywell's sufferings had consisted of being extremely well fed, clothed, and housed throughout her married life and of being left very comfortably off at her husband's death. They had left an indelible mark upon her.

"I shall have to take off my coat and do some hard slogging at something," said Mostyn, gloomily, when the old lady had withdrawn, after a bleak, but clear, intimation that unless his financial position became a good deal more stable within a very short space of time a marriage would most certainly not take place.

Iris agreed—even more gloomily. She had never seen much hard work done, but she had a vague idea that it took up a certain amount of a man's time—time that could be so much more pleasantly employed in trotting her about and amusing her.

"How long would it take you to write something which would make a lot of money?" she inquired, with a depressed note in her voice.

Mostyn was not quite clear; but he was not optimistic on the subject.

"You see, the mere process of putting the stuff down on paper takes up such a deuce of a time," he explained, dejectedly.

"Why not get a secretary—somebody who can write shorthand very quickly?" suggested Iris.

Hinc illa Miss McVitty.

Iris found her in the *Morning Post*. On the whole, it was one of the unluckiest discoveries in history—worse even than that of gold in South Africa.

Miss McVitty's references could only be described as formidable. Her last engagement had been with Sir James Garratt, the eminent Scotch dramatist.

Iris regarded this as a very happy augury and insisted upon Mostyn securing her by telegram. Unhappy girl! She little knew.

Mostyn was in bed when Miss McVitty arrived on her first morning. It was the last time in his life that he ever stayed in bed after ten o'clock. Henceforward he either went to bed overnight sufficiently early to be able to rise in time to receive Miss McVitty, or else he did not go to bed at all. But he was there. Oh, yes, most certainly he was there.

"'I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY COAT AND DO SOME HARD SLOGGING AT SOMETHING,' SAID MOSTYN, GLOOMILY."

"I was lying peacefully asleep," he used to say afterwards, when describing what he always alludes to as "the tragedy of my life," "when suddenly I began to dream that I was at the North Pole. The cold became more and more intense, until at last it woke me up. I looked out of the window. Outside the sun was shining brightly and something which, had I not felt so absolutely chilled, I should have taken for a heat-haze,

was quivering in the air. And yet, inside, the room felt like a refrigerator. I got up, shivering, and went into the sitting-room for some brandy, thinking I must be ill. And there she was! Miss McVitty!

"'Gude morrrning,' she said. That's all. Simple words—nothing in them as you or I might speak them; but as Miss McVitty said them, I tell you they simply made my blood stop circulating altogether."

At this point Mostyn used generally to break down and have to be sent home in a cab.

When he had recovered a little from the ague of terror into which he had been thrown by the unexpected apparition of Miss McVitty, Mostyn faltered out an apology for being so late.

"I had a very bad headache when I woke up this morning."

"Oh!" was all Miss McVitty said. Then she sniffed.

Mostyn was to discover very shortly that Miss McVitty's two chief weapons for the battle of life were (1) Looks; and (2) Sniffs; and right well could she use them. Her look would have caused a stampede amongst the cowboys on a Western ranch. When she sniffed one wanted to run round and take cover. Sometimes she looked and sniffed simultaneously, and then the effect was devastating.

"If you suffer from headaches you should take six grains of quinine," said Miss McVitty. "Sir James Garratt always did." She made a note—"Quinine"—on the pad in front of her. Mostyn watched her with a sinking heart. He knew—as well as he knew his own name—that quinine, the very thought of which made him sick, was to be his portion in life hereafter.

"I presume," continued Miss McVitty, looking at him steadily through her glasses, "that you will go through your mail furrst—before you start the day's worrrk? Sir James Garratt always did that," she added, as Mostyn showed some signs of hesitation; "it's the best plan."

Of course, if Sir James Garratt always did it, why, that settled it. At the same time Sir J. Garratt's method of arranging his day differed in some essentials from Mostyn's. In the first place, Mostyn never went through his mail at all. He never wrote a letter or, for the matter of that, opened one. This system, as he would point out to friends when they inquired indignantly why he had vouchsafed no reply to their kindly invitations to dinner, greatly simplified life. Of course, one occasionally missed something pleasant—such as a jolly dinner—by throwing one's letters, unopened, on to the fire; but that was more than counterbalanced by the amount of annoyance one was saved.

In the second place what did this alarming Scotchwoman mean by that sinister phrase, "the day's worrrk"? Did she imagine he was some sort of machine which was wound up and then went on for so many hours without stopping? A day's work, indeed! What time would that leave for taking Iris out to lunch? Yes, and for that round of golf he had arranged to play in the afternoon with Fred Simmonds? Dash it all, I mean to say!

He observed with consternation that Miss McVitty had neatly slit with a paper-knife the envelopes which lay in a pile upon his table, and was now taking out their contents.

"Don't bother about those, Miss McVitty," he said, hastily. "Chuck 'em in the fire. I always do. There's nothing in 'em."

Miss McVitty looked at him. That's all. Just looked. No more.

"Ye'd better attend to this one, I'm thinking," she observed, in her quiet, implacable voice. "It's important."

She pushed over to him a terse typewritten communication, headed in menacing red ink "Final Notice." It was from his landlord, informing Mostyn that, unless he forwarded per return a cheque for the three quarters' rent which was now owing, proceedings would immediately be taken.

"But this is all nonsense!" protested Mostyn, querulously. "I can't possibly owe the fellow three quarters' rent. If I do, why didn't he say something about it before, instead of letting the thing run on and on in this scandalous way?"

"Very likely he did say something aboot it," replied Miss McVitty. "But if ye always throw your letters into the fire without opening them——"

She did not finish the sentence. Miss McVitty rarely troubled to finish a sentence. There was no need for her to do so. What Miss McVitty left unsaid was generally more eloquent than the oratory of a Demosthenes.

"I'll make out a cheque for ye to sign," she announced. "Whaur's your cheque-book?"

"Cheque-book?" Mostyn looked helplessly round the room. Heaven only knew where he had left the blessed thing! "I don't know," he admitted, weakly.

"It doesn't matter, onyway," remarked Miss McVitty, as she handed him yet another

what resembled large cameras on tripods. A number of Staff officers stood round Van Hook.

"The camp runs due east and west," said one, "and the hill is north of it."

"It makes no difference," said Van Hook; "we are a mile away from it, and the huts cover half a mile of ground. One beam would be enough, but we'll use two."

Major Blot came up.

"Have you made the connection?"

"Yes, the beams are on now."

From the huts below them came the sound of men singing. A bugle rang out clearly. Lights twinkled to and fro, and the activity of the camp went on undisturbed. Colonel Penny plucked Blot by the sleeve of his coat.

"I've got qualms," he muttered. "It seems impossible to believe. The General is openly sceptical."

In the darkness a keen wind blew past them. The dynamo on the lorry hummed steadily, and the two tripods were faintly visible in the starlight, with their black boxes pointing to the camp below.

"We need not stay any longer, gentlemen," said Van Hook. "Let us go back to the town. To-morrow you will be able to satisfy yourselves that the beam has the power I claim for it. Our next experiment will be in France."

"Do you mean to say that those men in the camp down there won't sleep to-night?" asked the General, irritably.

"I do. None of them will sleep a wink," returned Van Hook.

"Rubbish!" said the General.

In silence the party made their way down the hillside towards the town.

V.

THREE weeks later Van Hook found himself in France. Twenty instruments for the production of the beam accompanied him, under the loving care of Colonel Penny and Major Blot. The struggle had been severe. On the day after the experiment on the military camp, the General had personally inspected the lines, and though told the same tale of a sleepless night on all sides, had refused to believe that the cause had lain in the two black boxes on tripods up on the hillside.

"It's trickery," he had exploded, "infernal trickery!"

"More like infernal magic," Colonel Penny had muttered, and then, aloud, he had asked the General how he explained the night of insomnia in a healthy camp.

"A put-up job, likely," had been the irritable reply.

The experiment had been repeated with the same result. The General remained obstinate. Major Blot had worked indefatigably, explaining to department after department the nature of the new miracle. After a week of hard work, the outlook seemed dark. It was impossible to appeal to the Press, as the matter had to be kept secret. At the end of the second week the future was brighter. A grudging consent was given. A small experiment on the Front could be tried. In the meanwhile, with the aid of two mechanics, Van Hook had been turning out the beam-apparatus as speedily as possible.

They had been sent to a quiet part of the line where, behind tremendous fortifications, the opposing armies waited. There was an occasional outburst of firing. Innumerable observation balloons watched the scene below intently. Tranquillity prevailed as long as no abnormal movements occurred.

For four days Van Hook and his colleagues were busy. The black boxes were spaced out at intervals of two hundred yards in the front line trenches. A sector of four thousand yards was thus brought under the influence of the beam.

On a Tuesday evening the beams were turned on.

The same evening Colonel Penny, Major Blot, and Van Hook went to Headquarters.

"On Thursday morning, at daybreak, the troops in the sector between Beaunares and Villers can go over the top and take the Contrepal Heights for the asking," said Colonel Penny to the Staff. "Do you corroborate that, Van Hook?"

Van Hook nodded.

The Staff were perplexed.

"Won't the enemy have something to say about that?" asked one.

"No," said Major Blot. "The enemy will be asleep."

"They may wake up."

"They will be in a state of coma, of absolute unconsciousness," said Colonel Penny. "I've seen the condition. It's like opium poisoning."

"Well," said the General, "we've got orders to let you try your experiment, and to be devilish careful at the same time. As a matter of fact, we were planning a little attack on Thursday." He scratched his head, and pulled a map towards him. Colonel Penny bent over it with him, and laid his finger on a spot.

"Here is Beaunares," he said. "The beam's influence runs well to the north of that—that will protect the left flank, for no machine-guns or artillery will work from that direction on Thursday morning. The same applies to the right flank. If the attack is swift, you'll get the heights without a man lost before they can rush up troops from the areas beyond the beam."

"When will the enemy wake up?"

Colonel Penny looked at Van Hook.

"Not for some hours," said Van Hook. "The Sticks didn't wake up till next morning."

"I am sceptical, gentlemen," said the General, frankly, "and I will therefore proceed with my plans without relying on your beam. The bombardment begins to-morrow morning."

"A preliminary bombardment is unnecessary, sir," said Blot, earnestly. "It might lead to fresh troops being brought up at the last moment, who have been unaffected by the beam. We three guarantee that the affair on Thursday will be a walk-over without any artillery preparation."

A long argument ensued. In the end it was decided to postpone the original plan for two days, and give Van Hook's beam a chance.

"COLONEL PENNY BENT OVER THE MAP WITH HIM, AND LAID HIS FINGER ON A SPOT."

"I shall order a few parties to go forward at dawn on Thursday," said the General. "If they meet with resistance they are to retire at once." He thought for a moment. "Of course, they'll have to retire," he added.

Van Hook smiled. "I think not."

"Well, sir, if they don't have to retire it will mean nothing less than that you've found the way to end the war in a week or two," cried the General. "A ridiculous idea!"

For two nights and one day the beams shed their strange influence on the enemy. Complete tranquillity reigned on that part of the Front. Just before sunrise on Thursday morning the twenty beams were cut off. A few minutes later, in the growing light, small parties of men advanced across the open and entered the enemy trenches. Not a shot was fired. From the first line they passed to the second and to the third. The guns were silent. In the broad light of the morning they stood on the heights of Contrepal.

The telephone wires to Headquarters suddenly teemed with amazing messages.

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

I.

Illustrated by Henry Evison.

THE romance of mystery is universal in its appeal, and there is no romance which has such a permanent place in the memory of man as the murder mystery which the intelligence and the skill of expert investigation have failed to fathom.

"Who committed the murder?" has always been a favourite theme with the writers of sensational fiction.

When the first details of the discovery of a murder are published in the Press and no clue to the author of the crime can be given, it instantly becomes a topic of general conversation.

When the weeks and the months and the years go by and Justice fails to bring the deed home to its author, it takes its place among the unsolved mysteries of crime. But it is not forgotten. Not only among criminologists is it a constant subject for discussion and debate, but among the members of the general public there are thousands who still retain a vivid remembrance of the affair and are keenly interested whenever in a newspaper or a magazine a writer re-tells the story of the mystery or puts forward a new theory with regard to it. The mystery in which the crime was shrouded has made it immortal.

History teems with these murder mysteries. What became of Benjamin Bathurst, who was sent by the British Government on a secret embassy to the Court of Vienna in 1804? With the Peace that was concluded at Schönbrunn in that year, Bathurst's mission came to an end, but knowing that he had incurred the bitter animosity of Napoleon our envoy set out on his journey to England in the assumed name of Koch and pretended to be a travelling merchant. He decided to make his way to London *viâ* Berlin and the north of Germany.

On November 25th, 1804, about noon, Bathurst arrived at Perleberg with post-horses. After spending some hours at the inn, where he wrote several letters and dined, he ordered the horses to be put to, and was ready to start at nine o'clock in the evening. He was seen standing by the side of the horses watching his portmanteau being replaced on the carriage, and the next moment he had disappeared. And from that moment to this the mystery of his disappearance has remained unsolved.

Was he seized and carried off and murdered by the agents of Napoleon? The *Times* unhesitatingly charged Napoleon with the murder of our Ambassador, and as late as the year 1862 the *Spectator* retold the story and repeated the charge that Bathurst had been done away with by French police agents. One thing is certain. Bathurst never returned to England, and the mystery of his fate has never been solved.

Who was Caspar Hauser? Why was he murdered, and who murdered him? His birth, his death, and his real parentage are enveloped in a mystery which no amount of research has been able to pierce.

His story, as far as it is known, begins on the 26th of May, 1828, in a street in Nuremberg. He was dressed as a peasant and was limping painfully along. When, attracted by his curious appearance, a citizen spoke to him, the crippled lad held out a letter addressed to the captain of the 4th Squadron of the 6th Regiment of Bavarian Light Horse.

In the letter some person unknown asked that the lad might be admitted into the Captain's troop. The writer added that he was a poor labourer and that Caspar had been left with him as an infant by a poor girl who had stated that the child's father was in the 6th Regiment of the Light Horse, and was dead. When he was seventeen he was to be sent to Nuremberg to join his late father's regiment.

When the boy was examined he was found to be of medium height, broad-shouldered and well-built, his skin white, his limbs well moulded, and his hands small and beautifully formed; but his limbs had been crippled by close confinement in a narrow space, and his eyes were evidently unaccustomed to light.

The boy declared that he had been taken out of a cellar by a masked man who had put him on the road to Nuremberg. The boy's strange story was noised abroad, and the rumour gained ground that the lad was of noble origin.

Among the persons who became interested in him was an English nobleman, Earl Stanhope, who was then in Germany. He had the boy instructed and well brought up. Caspar eventually received the appointment of Clerk to the Registrar's Court of Appeal. Lord Stanhope

"HE WAS SEEN STANDING BY THE SIDE OF THE HORSES WATCHING HIS PORTMANTEAU BEING REPLACED ON THE CARRIAGE, AND THE NEXT MOMENT HE HAD DISAPPEARED."

was so pleased with him that he decided to take him to England.

On the evening of the 14th of December, 1833, as Caspar was on his way to his home, a stranger spoke to him and told him that he could reveal his parentage. The stranger led the young man into the palace gardens, plunged a dagger into his side, and instantly disappeared.

Who was Caspar Hauser? The popular idea at the time was that he was the elder son of the Grand Duke Karl of Baden and his wife, the Grand Duchess Stephanie Tascher, Napoleon's adopted daughter. The Grand Duke Karl's heir was his uncle Ludwig. Ludwig is supposed to have stolen Caspar when a few weeks old and substituted a dead child in his stead. Later on, when the young man was about to be taken to England by a powerful protector, Ludwig had him murdered.

But that is only a theory. No one to this day has really solved the mystery of the murder of Caspar Hauser.

And the mystery of Meyerling, the tragedy of the Crown Prince Rudolph and the beautiful Mary Vetsera! When the horror happened nearly thirty years ago there were a dozen theories as to the solution of the mystery. There are a dozen theories to-day. Was it a love tragedy or a political double murder?

It is known that the Emperor had discovered that his unhappy son was plotting for the throne of Hungary, and there was a suggestion that the Crown Prince believed that he was in danger of arrest and that he would be kept in seclusion as a lunatic.

Did he himself kill the unhappy girl who was found shot in the head and lying dead by his side, and then did he commit suicide? Or after the drunken orgy which had taken place in the shooting-box that night, were Rudolph and Mary Vetsera murdered by one of the party and the discharged revolver placed in the Crown Prince's dead hand to give the affair the appearance of a love tragedy?

The truth has never been revealed. The mystery of Meyerling is still unfathomed and will probably remain a mystery to the end of time.

Did Oscar Slater, the man who was sentenced to death and is now undergoing the commuted sentence of penal servitude for life, murder old Miss Gilchrist in her flat in Glasgow, or was his conviction a miscarriage of justice, and is the real murderer still at large? Sir Arthur Conan Doyle believes in Slater's innocence, and I share the distinguished criminologist's opinion that the mystery of that murder has never been cleared up.

It is always difficult to persuade the powers that be that the hand of Justice has erred. It took me seven years to prove the innocence of Adolf Beck, and he would in all probability have served a further sentence for another series of offences which he did not commit had not a

police-officer accidentally discovered the real John Smith in a cell at Tottenham Court Road police-station.

It has happened over and over again that a murderer has remained unsuspected to the end of his days because the police have concentrated all their efforts on proving that somebody else was the guilty party.

This may have been the case in the mysterious crime which is known as the Cannon Street Murder.

The victim was Mrs. Sarah Millson, a widow who was the housekeeper on the premises of Messrs. Bevington, the well-known leather merchants, at No. 2, Cannon Street. That Mrs. Millson was a widow with a secret of some kind in connection with her past was made pretty clear by the facts which came to light at the inquest.

She had been married twice. Her second husband, Millson, had been in the employ of Messrs. Bevington. He died some years before the murder. Her first husband, James Swan, was a handsome, fast-living man, who, after his marriage, set up as a grocer, and through his habits became bankrupt. He and his wife separated. Swan went to America, and was supposed to have died there. His wife believed that he was dead; at any rate, in the certificate of her marriage with Millson she was described as a widow.

I remember some years afterwards discussing the case with my friend F. W. Robinson, the author of "Owen, A Waif," and "Mattie, A Stray," and the distinguished novelist told me that the murdered housekeeper of Cannon Street was just the sort of housekeeper that would have suited him for one of his romances of London life. He knew that his readers would be keenly interested in such a woman from the start, and would at once begin to build up their own theories as to the secret that haunted her.

For some days previous to the murder, according to the evidence of the cook who lived on the premises, Mrs. Millson had been nervous and agitated. On the night of the murder, April 11th, 1866, immediately after the workers and the office staff had left, the porter of the establishment put out the lights in the lobby, locked the doors, and gave the keys, which included that of the safe, to the housekeeper, who bade him good night and let him out at the front door.

Some time afterwards the cook, who was upstairs in her bedroom, heard the bell ring. Mrs. Millson, who was in the dining-room, called up, "It's all right, cook, it's for me; I know who it is," and went down the stairs and across the hall to the entrance. Presently the cook came down from her bedroom and found that Mrs. Millson had not come upstairs again. That at first did not make the cook uneasy. She knew that the housekeeper had more than once remained for some time talking with a caller at the door.

But when an hour had elapsed and there was still no sign of Mrs. Millson, the cook became a little anxious and went downstairs to see if Mrs. Millson was all right. There, a horrible sight met her eyes. The housekeeper was lying dead at the foot of the stairs, and the blood was flowing freely from some terrible wounds in her head. On the table in the hall were the dead woman's shoes, which she had apparently removed before going to the door, and the housekeeper's keys were lying, not near the body, but some distance higher up the stairs.

Terrified at her ghastly discovery, the cook, passing the body, rushed to the front door and flung it open. There on the doorstep a woman was crouching. She might have been sheltering from the rain, which was falling heavily at the time. The cook implored the woman to come in and help, but the woman exclaimed, "Oh, dear, dear! I couldn't do that!" and hurried away. The scene was a ghastly one for the cook to contemplate alone. The gas in the fanlight over the door had been turned off. By whom?

Presently a constable and a doctor arrived on the scene. All the doctor could do was to pronounce the woman dead. A crowbar, such as is used to open packing-cases, was found lying near the body. The wounds on the woman's head had probably been inflicted with this. A similar crowbar was missing from the premises.

What was the motive for the murder? That never transpired, but some very interesting information quickly came into the possession of the police.

A Mrs. Robbins, who was housekeeper at No. 1, Cannon Street, had come home at ten minutes past ten on the night of the murder. As she was letting herself in she heard the door of No. 2 slam violently. She turned her head and saw a man coming down the steps. He passed her. He was dressed in dark clothes and wore a high hat. The light of the lamp in her own hall shone on the man's face, and she saw his features distinctly. He walked in a hurried manner and was leaning forward as he went along.

The cook stated that a man frequently called on Mrs. Millson at night. He would ring the bell and Mrs. Millson would go down to the door. Once Mrs. Millson had borrowed two pounds from her just before this man came, but the money had been repaid.

A search of the dead woman's boxes brought to light a letter signed "George Terry." The letter was a demand for money, and it informed Mrs. Millson that unless a certain sum was paid at once complaint would be made to her employer, Mr. Bevington. With this letter was a receipt signed "William Denton."

George Terry was soon discovered to be an inmate of St. Olave's Workhouse. He explained that his wife had known Mrs. Millson, and that had induced him to get her a loan of thirty-five pounds from a Mrs. Webber. In order to get the money back he had employed a man named William Denton to call on Mrs. Millson at Cannon Street. Denton had received sums on account at various times and had signed the receipt and brought back the money.

The police were not long in discovering "William Denton." He was a man named William Smith, who lived at Eton. William Smith was taken to the police-station and identified by Mrs. Robbins as the man she had seen in Cannon Street on the night of the murder, and a boat-builder at Eton came forward to say that on the evening of the murder, about seven o'clock, he had met Smith hurrying towards Slough Station in order to catch the seven-forty-three train to Paddington. Now, this train arrived at eight-forty, and that would have given the man plenty of time to reach Cannon Street between nine and ten o'clock.

But William Smith was able to bring twenty witnesses, many of them of unimpeachable character, who accounted for every minute of his time on the evening of April 11th. He had spent the entire evening at a local public-house playing dominoes for pints of beer. So complete was the *alibi*, that the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of "Not Guilty," and the judge, in discharging the prisoner, said: "You have been found not guilty, but it is due to say to you that you are not only found not guilty, but proved absolutely innocent."

"THE LIGHT OF THE LAMP IN HER OWN HALL SHONE ON THE MAN'S FACE, AND SHE SAW HIS FEATURES DISTINCTLY."

And from that day to this no clue to the murderer of Sarah Millson has been discovered. All the efforts of the police to solve the mystery have been in vain, and it is a mystery still.

The mystery of the murder of Mr. Charles Bravo, who died poisoned by an unknown hand at the Priory, Balham, on April 18th, 1876, has in it all the elements of a Gaboriau novel.

Mr. Bravo, a young barrister, had married a well-to-do and charming young widow, Florence Ricardo. Previous to her marriage with Bravo, Mrs. Ricardo had had a romance of an intimate character with Dr. Gully, a well-known medical man who had retired from practice after a long and honourable career, with an ample fortune.

The young barrister knew all about the "romance." Mrs. Ricardo before her marriage had told him everything, and it had been agreed that no reference should ever again be made to it by either of them.

But there was another person in the secret. That was Mrs. Cox, a quiet-looking, faded, but strong-minded widow, who had been Mrs. Ricardo's friend and paid companion. Mrs. Cox passed into the Bravo household, but that did not deter her from communicating from time to time with her mistress's old flame, Dr. Gully, who had rather unwisely settled down not far from the Priory.

Bravo was an honourable, but headstrong, jealous, and hasty man, and whenever he and his wife had a tiff, the spectre of Dr. Gully arose to haunt him. Whenever he was in an unhappy mood he saw Dr. Gully as the evil genius of his wedded life and taunted his wife with her past; but the wife, who was loyally devoted to her husband, was long-suffering and forgiving. This, the letters that had been preserved and were produced later on, proved beyond all possible doubt.

There came a time when Mr. Bravo thought they were spending too much money. He advised his wife to economize, and suggested that they should get rid of Mrs. Cox. He

wanted to get rid of Mrs. Cox. She knew all about Dr. Gully.

On the night of April 15th, 1876, the little dinner party at Balham consisted of three people, Mr. and Mrs. Bravo and Mrs. Cox. There was wine at dinner, and Mr. Bravo drank burgundy and the ladies drank sherry.

Mrs. Bravo was not very well. She went to bed early. Mr. Bravo sat smoking for a time and then went up to his room, which was next to his wife's. A little later he was heard calling out, "Florence, Florence! hot water!" Mrs. Bravo was asleep, but Mrs. Cox was not. She went at once to Mr. Bravo's room. He was evidently ill, so she roused Mrs. Bravo, who put on a dressing-gown and went to her husband.

He was lying stretched out on the floor near the window, and Mrs. Cox was rubbing his chest. He looked up and saw his wife, and exclaimed, "I am in terrible agony!"

Three doctors came, one after the other, to the Priory, and Mrs. Bravo sent Mrs. Cox to London to bring Sir William Gull down at once. There was no doubt in the mind of the doctors that Mr. Bravo was the victim of a violent irritant poison, and that he was a doomed man. Sir William Gull, when the end was near, told the patient that he was a dying man, and implored him to tell the truth. Had he taken poison himself? Charles Bravo, with a full knowledge of all that his answer would mean, declared that he had taken nothing but a little laudanum for his neuralgia.

The inquest revealed the fact that the cause of death was antimony administered in the form of tartar emetic, and the doctor's opinion was that the poison had been administered in the burgundy Mr. Bravo drank at dinner. The coroner's jury delivered an open verdict, and there was a second inquiry in which the highest legal talent in the kingdom represented the various interests.

"HE WAS LYING STRETCHED OUT ON THE FLOOR, AND MRS. COX WAS RUBBING HIS CHEST. HE LOOKED UP AND SAW HIS WIFE, AND EXCLAIMED, 'I AM IN TERRIBLE AGONY!'"

This inquiry was one long agony to Florence Bravo. She knew that she was suspected. She knew that the pitiful story of her life would be dragged into the light of day for all the world to read.

Mrs. Cox, her quiet companion, made some sensational statements in the witness-box. She declared that Bravo, when she first went to him and found him in agony, had said to her, "I have taken poison for Dr. Gully. Don't tell Florence." She also declared that the intimacy of Florence Ricardo and Dr. Gully had been an innocent one, but counsel compelled her to admit that she was lying, and from that moment she was looked upon as an untrustworthy witness.

I remember that during the twenty-three days the inquest lasted nothing but the Bravo case was talked of. The *Evening Standard* published a full report of the inquiry day by day, and the paper sold like wildfire. People rushed out of their houses to buy it as the news-boys shouted the special edition along the street.

The jury eventually found that Charles Bravo had not committed suicide, and that he had not died by misadventure. He had been wilfully murdered by the administration of tartar emetic, but there was not sufficient evidence to fix the guilt upon any person or persons.

Sir George Lewis, who received a fee of a thousand pounds from Mr. Bravo's mother to watch the proceedings, formed a very strong opinion on the case. It was always believed that he actually knew who the guilty party was.

Whoever it was, had an opportunity of tampering with the burgundy that Charles Bravo drank on the fatal night at dinner. But no evidence was adduced to fix the guilt upon anyone, and so the Bravo case remains not only a thrilling romance of love and jealousy, but a never-to-be-forgotten unsolved mystery of crime.

(To be continued.)

ALWAYS HAVE TWELVE POUNDS TEN.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Lewis Baumer.

MOSTYN NIX is a Success.

He is probably the most successful Success now before the public. What his income may be no man knows—no, not even the Commissioners of Inland Revenue—but it is very large. Indeed, so large is it that Mostyn has no time now to write any more plays, his days being too fully occupied with investing the enormous sums which keep rolling in from those he has already written.

But, had it not been for Miss McVitty, Mostyn's income would to this day have been no more than the ten guineas a week which, before he met her, was what he used to receive from a weekly periodical for writing a couple of columns of snappy observations on happenings of the day.

Inquire of Mostyn to what he ascribes his success, and he will tell you that he puts it down to having been unable, at a crucial period in his existence, to raise so pitiful a sum as twelve pounds ten shillings.

But that, of course, is all nonsense. His success is due to Miss McVitty.

No, reader, you are wrong. Your romantic imagination has led you astray. On reading the preceding paragraph you probably said to yourself, in your cunning way, "Ah, ha! Mostyn Nix loved Miss McVitty. The beautiful young creature inspired him," etc., etc.

Wrong—all wrong. Miss McVitty, though indubitably a creature, was neither young nor beautiful, and Mostyn did not love her at all. On the contrary he hated her. He hates her still. He lies awake at night, hating her and working out ingenious schemes for getting rid of her, which he never has the courage to put into practice.

Miss McVitty is Mostyn's secretary.

Bitterly does he curse the day that he took her into his employ.

It was Iris Honeywell who first put the idea into his head.

This time, reader, you are right. Iris Honeywell *was* a beautiful young creature, if you like; and she and Mostyn were engaged.

Actually, it was not Iris, but her mother, who was responsible for the trouble about Miss McVitty.

"You two had better get married," Mrs. Honeywell had said, one night, after Mostyn and Iris had kept her up for two hours after her usual time for going to bed while they said good-bye in the hall.

"Oh, yes, let's!" cried Mostyn, enthusiastically. Iris was all for it, too. They wondered why they had not thought of it before. The two sat down, as happy as a pair of love-birds, arranging where they would be married, whom they would ask to the wedding, where they would spend their honeymoon, and where they would live when they came back from it. Iris had marked down a perfect little duck of a house in Kensington Gore (rent not more than three hundred a year at the outside) which she felt sure would suit them. Mostyn, after hearing her description of it, agreed with her; and got quite depressed at the thought of having to go back to his poky bachelor chambers when there was a heavenly nest like that waiting for them.

Altogether they got so carried away by their enthusiasm that they wanted to be married the next Tuesday.

And then that sordid, prosaic old creature, Mrs. Honeywell, spoilt their young dream by putting to Mostyn some dreary but searching questions about his financial position.

Mostyn mentioned the weekly ten-ten which he drew from *The Universe*, for the snappy columns before mentioned.

Mrs. Honeywell seemed to think that this sum was merely the prelude, the overture, as it were. When she discovered that it was the entire piece her lips tightened ominously.

"No daughter of mine shall marry without a proper settlement," she declared, after a few other observations, the general trend of which was that a young man who had less than five thousand pounds a year, drawn from gilt-edged securities, was little better

than a criminal. "*I* was fool enough to marry without a settlement; and look how I have suffered."

Mrs. Honeywell's sufferings had consisted of being extremely well fed, clothed, and housed throughout her married life and of being left very comfortably off at her husband's death. They had left an indelible mark upon her.

"I shall have to take off my coat and do some hard slogging at something," said Mostyn, gloomily, when the old lady had withdrawn, after a bleak, but clear, intimation that unless his financial position became a good deal more stable within a very short space of time a marriage would most certainly not take place.

Iris agreed—even more gloomily. She had never seen much hard work done, but she had a vague idea that it took up a certain amount of a man's time—time that could be so much more pleasantly employed in trotting her about and amusing her.

"How long would it take you to write something which would make a lot of money?" she inquired, with a depressed note in her voice.

Mostyn was not quite clear; but he was not optimistic on the subject.

"You see, the mere process of putting the stuff down on paper takes up such a deuce of a time," he explained, dejectedly.

"'I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY COAT AND DO SOME HARD SLOGGING AT SOMETHING,' SAID MOSTYN, GLOOMILY."

"Why not get a secretary—somebody who can write shorthand very quickly?" suggested Iris.

Hinc illa Miss McVitty.

Iris found her in the *Morning Post*. On the whole, it was one of the unluckiest discoveries in history—worse even than that of gold in South Africa.

Miss McVitty's references could only be described as formidable. Her last engagement had been with Sir James Garratt, the eminent Scotch dramatist.

Iris regarded this as a very happy augury and insisted upon Mostyn securing her by telegram. Unhappy girl! She little knew.

Mostyn was in bed when Miss McVitty arrived on her first morning. It was the last time in his life that he ever stayed in bed after ten o'clock. Henceforward he either went to bed overnight sufficiently early to be able to rise in time to receive Miss McVitty, or else he did not go to bed at all. But he was there. Oh, yes, most certainly he was there.

"I was lying peacefully asleep," he used to say afterwards, when describing what he always alludes to as "the tragedy of my life," "when suddenly I began to dream that I was at the North Pole. The cold became more and more intense, until at last it woke me up. I looked out of the window. Outside the sun was shining brightly and something which, had I not felt so absolutely chilled, I should have taken for a heat-haze,

was quivering in the air. And yet, inside, the room felt like a refrigerator. I got up, shivering, and went into the sitting-room for some brandy, thinking I must be ill. And there she was! Miss McVitty!

"'Gude morrrning,' she said. That's all. Simple words—nothing in them as you or I might speak them; but as Miss McVitty said them, I tell you they simply made my blood stop circulating altogether."

At this point Mostyn used generally to break down and have to be sent home in a cab.

When he had recovered a little from the ague of terror into which he had been thrown by the unexpected apparition of Miss McVitty, Mostyn faltered out an apology for being so late.

"I had a very bad headache when I woke up this morning."

"Oh!" was all Miss McVitty said. Then she sniffed.

Mostyn was to discover very shortly that Miss McVitty's two chief weapons for the battle of life were (1) Looks; and (2) Sniffs; and right well could she use them. Her look would have caused a stampede amongst the cowboys on a Western ranch. When she sniffed one wanted to run round and take cover. Sometimes she looked and sniffed simultaneously, and then the effect was devastating.

"If you suffer from headaches you should take six grains of quinine," said Miss McVitty. "Sir James Garratt always did." She made a note—"Quinine"—on the pad in front of her. Mostyn watched her with a sinking heart. He knew—as well as he knew his own name—that quinine, the very thought of which made him sick, was to be his portion in life hereafter.

"I presume," continued Miss McVitty, looking at him steadily through her glasses, "that you will go through your mail furrst—before you start the day's worrrk? Sir James Garratt always did that," she added, as Mostyn showed some signs of hesitation; "it's the best plan."

Of course, if Sir James Garratt always did it, why, that settled it. At the same time Sir J. Garratt's method of arranging his day differed in some essentials from Mostyn's. In the first place, Mostyn never went through his mail at all. He never wrote a letter or, for the matter of that, opened one. This system, as he would point out to friends when they inquired indignantly why he had vouchsafed no reply to their kindly invitations to dinner, greatly simplified life. Of course, one occasionally missed something pleasant—such as a jolly dinner—by throwing one's letters, unopened, on to the fire; but that was more than counterbalanced by the amount of annoyance one was saved.

In the second place what did this alarming Scotchwoman mean by that sinister phrase, "the day's worrrk"? Did she imagine he was some sort of machine which was wound up and then went on for so many hours without stopping? A day's work, indeed! What time would that leave for taking Iris out to lunch? Yes, and for that round of golf he had arranged to play in the afternoon with Fred Simmonds? Dash it all, I mean to say!

He observed with consternation that Miss McVitty had neatly slit with a paper-knife the envelopes which lay in a pile upon his table, and was now taking out their contents.

"Don't bother about those, Miss McVitty," he said, hastily. "Chuck 'em in the fire. I always do. There's nothing in 'em."

Miss McVitty looked at him. That's all. Just looked. No more.

"Ye'd better attend to this one, I'm thinking," she observed, in her quiet, implacable voice. "It's important."

She pushed over to him a terse typewritten communication, headed in menacing red ink "Final Notice." It was from his landlord, informing Mostyn that, unless he forwarded per return a cheque for the three quarters' rent which was now owing, proceedings would immediately be taken.

"But this is all nonsense!" protested Mostyn, querulously. "I can't possibly owe the fellow three quarters' rent. If I do, why didn't he say something about it before, instead of letting the thing run on and on in this scandalous way?"

"Very likely he did say something aboot it," replied Miss McVitty. "But if ye always throw your letters into the fire without opening them——"

She did not finish the sentence. Miss McVitty rarely troubled to finish a sentence. There was no need for her to do so. What Miss McVitty left unsaid was generally more eloquent than the oratory of a Demosthenes.

"I'll make out a cheque for ye to sign," she announced. "Whaur's your cheque-book?"

"Cheque-book?" Mostyn looked helplessly round the room. Heaven only knew where he had left the blessed thing! "I don't know," he admitted, weakly.

"It doesn't matter, onyway," remarked Miss McVitty, as she handed him yet another

typewritten *communiqué*. "Look at yon from the bank."

"Yon from the bank" was to inform Mostyn that as they had now made payments on his account causing an overdraft of one hundred and eleven pounds fourteen and threepence they would reluctantly be compelled to return any future cheques which he might draw until they received the favour of a remittance.

"You know, these banks are a bit too thick!" protested the aggrieved Mostyn, when he had mastered the contents of this cheery little screed. "I think it's an absolute swindle the way they let you go overdrawing and overdrawing and never giving you the slightest hint!"

"Do you mean to say," inquired Miss McVitty, in a tone which indicated clearly a grave doubt as to the young man's sanity, "that ye dinna go through your pass-book once a fortnight?"

"Go through my pass-book?"

Such an idea had never entered Mostyn's head.

Miss McVitty looked *and* sniffed. Mostyn felt like a convicted criminal waiting for the judge to pass sentence.

"There's three judgment summonses out against ye as well," announced Miss McVitty, almost triumphantly, as she extracted the contents of three more envelopes.

"Judgment summonses!" exclaimed Mostyn, incredulously, as he stared at the disagreable documents. "Against *me*? What on earth for?"

"One's for forty-three pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence, for motor-hire," said Miss McVitty, checking the items; "another's for twenty-three pounds fifteen shillings, for flowers; and the third's for eighty-nine pounds odd, from your tailor."

"But that's all bunkum!" protested Mostyn, indignantly. "Why, I had all those things ages ago!"

He paced the room in a fever of indignation at the base ingratitude of these huckstering tradespeople.

"The pigs!" he broke out, wrathfully. "To summon me—after all the money I've spent in their loathsome places!"

"I GOT UP, SHIVERING, AND WENT INTO THE SITTING-ROOM FOR SOME BRANDY, THINKING I MUST BE ILL. AND THERE SHE WAS! MISS MCVITTY!"

"As far as I can make out," said Miss McVitty, who had been busy with a little sum in compound addition, "ye owe a bit over two hundred and fifty pounds. That's including the overdraft at the bank, of course."

Mostyn looked gloomily out of the window. How pleasant life had been, he reflected, before this interfering woman had come to cast a blight over his existence! Yesterday he had been as happy as a bird—without a care in the world; and to-day, here he was—ruined—up to his neck in debt—yes, and overdrawn at the bank, too! All her fault. He must get rid of her before any more appalling disasters came his way.

"What you'll have to do," said Miss McVitty, breaking in upon his gloomy meditations, "is to ask Albert Tubb for another hundred down. I said two hundred and fifty pounds on the 'phone this morning; but ye can say I made a mistake."

Mostyn spun round quickly on his heel.

"Albert Tubb?" he echoed, quite bewildered. "Another hundred pounds down? You made a mistake on the telephone this morning? What *are* you talking about, Miss McVitty?"

"He rang up this morning," replied Miss McVitty, in her maddeningly unemotional tones, "asking if ye'd had his letter inviting ye to write the next revue for the Imperial. I said aye, ye had——"

"But I haven't," interrupted Mostyn.

"I think this will be it," said Miss McVitty, picking out from the pile of still unopened correspondence which lay before her a dusty envelope with the words "Imperial Theatre, Managing Director, Albert Tubb," printed in large type on the flap. "Onyway, I said ye'd had the letter, but that ye were afraid your terms wouldn't suit him. He speired what they were, and I said two hundred and fifty pounds down and three and a half per cent. on the gross. He tried hard to get ye down to three per cent., but ye wouldna budge a penny."

"Wouldn't I?" said Mostyn, like a man in a dream.

"He said he'd bring ye the contract at lunch to-day," continued Miss McVitty; "but see ye don't sign till ye get the cheque for three hundred and fifty pounds."

"But what on earth makes him want me to write his revue?" asked Mostyn. "I've never done anything for the stage in my life."

"It seems," sniffed Miss McVitty, who had been perusing the neglected epistle from the Imperial Theatre, "that he likes that stuff ye write in *The Universe*, and thinks ye ought to be able to do a very good revue."

From the tones in which she spoke it was obvious that Miss McVitty scarcely shared the optimism of Mr. Albert Tubb. Still, her firm conviction that only Sir J. Garratt was capable of dramatic work with any pretensions to value did not prevent her from doing what she conceived to be her duty by her present employer.

"The only trouble," she went on, "is that he wants the book delivered in a fortnight. Still, that can be managed. It oughtn't to mean working more than eight hours a day."

Mostyn stared at her, aghast. What did she mean—with her ridiculous eight hours a day? Never in all his life had he worked for more than half an hour at a stretch. Was the woman mad? Had she no conception of the limits of human capacity?

"I've known Sir James Garratt work for fourteen hours right on end," remarked Miss McVitty. "Seven or eight hours he thought naething aboot."

Mostyn's knees began to give. Not content with the misery she had already brought upon him, did this fearsome female mean to chain him like a slave to the oar for Heaven knows how many laborious hours per diem? No, no, *no!* He must make a determined break for freedom. Unless he got rid of her, now and for ever, why, good-bye to all that made life worth living.

To this day Mostyn swears that he was going to say it—that the words, "I'm afraid, Miss McVitty, that we should not suit one another; please accept a month's salary in lieu of notice and let us call our arrangement off," were on the tip of his tongue; but, needless to say, no one believes him. A few poor, simple-minded mutts who have never seen Miss McVitty might be taken in by Mostyn's ridiculous assertion, but we, who have seen her, know better. One does not discharge Miss McVitty. One runs away from her, yes—that's what Sir J. Garratt did, and his story about having to go on a long sea-voyage for the benefit of his health deceived no one; but discharge her—no.

However, Mostyn swears that he was going to do it, and only the sudden and painful recollection of the fact that he did not, at the moment, possess twelve pounds ten shillings prevented him. As if his worst enemy would not, in the circumstances, have lent him the money!

"Oh, but, Miss McVitty, I couldn't possibly expect you to work for me as long as that every day," was what he *did* say, accompanied by a hypocritical affectation of concern for her welfare. "It wouldn't be fair."

"Long hours are naething to me," was all Miss McVitty vouchsafed in reply to this futile effort, which, no doubt, she saw through. "I like worrrk."

Of course. She would.

"And even if I didn't," the relentless creature continued, "I would have no right to complain. It's what ye pay me for."

Mostyn saw an opening and leapt for it, quicker than a panther.

"Ah, but that's the difficulty, Miss McVitty," he hastened to say, contriving to throw into his voice a tinge of ineffable sadness—the sadness of a man who, through his own folly, has had to let one of the great prizes of life slip through his fingers. "I had no idea, believe me, when I engaged you, that my affairs were in the involved condition in which they now appear to be. I should not be justified, Miss McVitty, in

asking you to continue in my employ, when it is so very doubtful whether I should be able to pay your salary with anything like regularity."

Whilst delivering himself of this magnanimous speech Mostyn had carefully placed himself in a position in which Miss McVitty's look could not, at all events, score a direct hit. He felt it scorching the back of his neck, and thanked his stars that he had not met it full. It would have blinded him. Its fell force was supplemented by one of her sniffs.

"Ye can pay my salary fine," declared Miss McVitty. "Dinna forget that ye'll be getting three-fifty from yon Tubb body at lunch to-day. Dinna sign the contract till ye get the cheque."

"But I'm not lunching with Albert Tubb to-day," objected Mostyn.

"Yes, ye are," contradicted Miss McVitty. "I made the appointment for ye. At the Carlton—one-thirty."

"It can't be done." Mostyn was terrified at his own audacity, but he held bravely on. "I'm lunching with Miss Honeywell at the Ritz at one-fifteen."

"Ye're no doing onything of the kind." Miss McVitty was quite clear on that point. "Miss Honeywell rang up a while ago to ask where it was you had arranged to lunch together because she had forgotten, and I told her you could not lunch with her at all as ye had a business appointment."

"You put her off!" cried Mostyn, horrified. Putting off Iris was a process which he had reason to know was not unattended with risk. Iris was a dear sweet soul, but she was apt to get a bit ruffled by any alteration in her arrangements for the day.

"Of course I put her off," retorted Miss McVitty. "Ye must attend to business."

Mostyn was on the point of telling Miss McVitty pretty sharply that he would be much obliged if she would kindly mind her own, but, just as he was opening his mouth, he happened to meet her eye—and decided suddenly to let the matter pass for the moment. There was something in the quality of Miss McVitty's most casual glance that checked one's rasher impulses.

"When he had to work against time," observed Miss McVitty, who evidently considered that there was nothing more to be said on the luncheon question, "Sir James Garratt generally started at about four in the afternoon and went on till about eleven or twelve at night."

"Did he? Did he really? Confound Sir James Garratt. If this infernal female imagined everybody was going to mould his ways on those of Sir J. Garratt she was very much mistaken. Oh, yes, she was. We'll soon see. We'll show her."

That was what Mostyn said—to himself.

"So I'll be going now," said Miss McVitty, rising from the table, "and be back at four."

"Sharrp," she added over her shoulder as she went out of the door.

Mostyn tried to call her back and tell her that at four sharrp he would be miles away, teaching Fred Simmonds how to play golf—but the words refused to come.

When she had gone he threw himself into a chair and uttered a hollow groan. Why, oh why, had Iris brought this monster into his life? Which reminded him—Iris. He must lose no time in ringing her up and telling her that that fool of a woman had made a mistake, and, of course, he would be lunching with her at one-fifteen as arranged. As for Albert Tubb, he could go and boil himself. He wasn't going to write revues for Albert Tubb or anybody else. He hated revues. Some of his brightest and most biting remarks in those weekly columns in *The Universe* were made at the expense of revues and revue-writers. Sir James Garratt might prostitute his pen to the writing of revues if he liked; but Mostyn Nix wouldn't. No—not if he had to starve first.

Seething with rage—the rage of the wild animal that finds itself for the first time in a cage—the flimsy bars of which it proposes to smash down with a couple of determined blows—Mostyn went over to the telephone. He hesitated for a moment before taking up the receiver.

"That you?" he said, when at last he got the number for which he had asked. He found himself speaking in a thin, far-away voice which he could scarcely recognize for his own. "I'm awfully sorry, Fred, old man, but I can't manage that golf this afternoon. I've got a very important——" He paused. "Business appointment," he was going to say; but a last pitiful attempt to retain some shred of self-respect made him substitute "cold in the head."

"Why didn't I pay the woman her month's salary out of that cheque I got from Albert Tubb and get rid of her there and then?"

Sympathizers to whom in after years Mostyn was pouring out the pitiful story of his life always seemed to ask the question, and it maddened him beyond measure.

"My dear fool, how could I? You can't sack a woman at a moment's notice when she has just got a job for you which everybody says is going to make your fortune. It isn't done. It would have been ingratitude of the basest description. Oh, yes, I know Albert Tubb had written to me long before she ever came near the place, but that isn't the point. I should have known nothing about it if that confounded busybody hadn't insisted on opening my letters that morning. That's where I was caught in a cleft stick. Apparently I was under a deep debt of obligation to her. Everybody seemed to think so. *She* did, anyhow; and never lost an opportunity of making allusions to the fact. Actually, of course, she ruined my life. Before that devil got hold of me my soul was my own. I enjoyed every minute of my existence. I did what I liked, went where I chose—had some of the most amusing friends in the world. Now I'm dependent for society on a parcel of dreary bores (I don't mean people like you, old boy, of course)—and every hour of my day is parcelled out for me by a wicked old witch who practically keeps me cooped up in a bottle like that poor unhappy djinn fellow in 'The Arabian Nights.' And there's worse." Mostyn's voice always began to shake when he came to this point, and he would have to gulp down his emotion before he could go on. "In those days I loved a girl—the sweetest girl in the world—and she loved me. Oh, if you could have seen my Iris! Why didn't I marry her? My boy, don't be absurd. Miss McVitty resembles Heaven in one respect, strange as it may seem; there is no marrying or giving in marriage there. How could you expect a splendid girl like Iris to go on loving a brute of a man who neglected her—who put off every appointment he made with her—who couldn't even find time to scribble a letter to her now and then? Yes, yes, it's no good talking like that. You've never *seen* Miss McVitty. You don't know her look. You haven't heard her sniff. The knowledge that that Gorgon was sitting in my chambers, bold upright, pencil and notebook in hand, waiting for me to get on with my work, drew me home like some horrible magnet.

"Personally I believe she has got some magic lamp, of which, without knowing it, I am the slave; and that she gives it a rub when she thinks I'm enjoying myself or doing anything wasteful like that. Two months after Miss McVitty planted herself on me Iris married a fellow in the Indian Civil. I've never seen her since."

Then Mostyn would relapse into gloomy silence and stare into the fire. Suddenly he would give a slight shiver, glance guiltily at the clock, and hurriedly rise to go.

"THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THAT GORGON WAS SITTING IN MY CHAMBERS, BOLT UPRIGHT, PENCIL AND NOTEBOOK IN HAND, DREW ME HOME LIKE SOME HORRIBLE MAGNET."

But he always had a last word of advice to give to his listener before he went, delivering it in tones of impressive warning:—

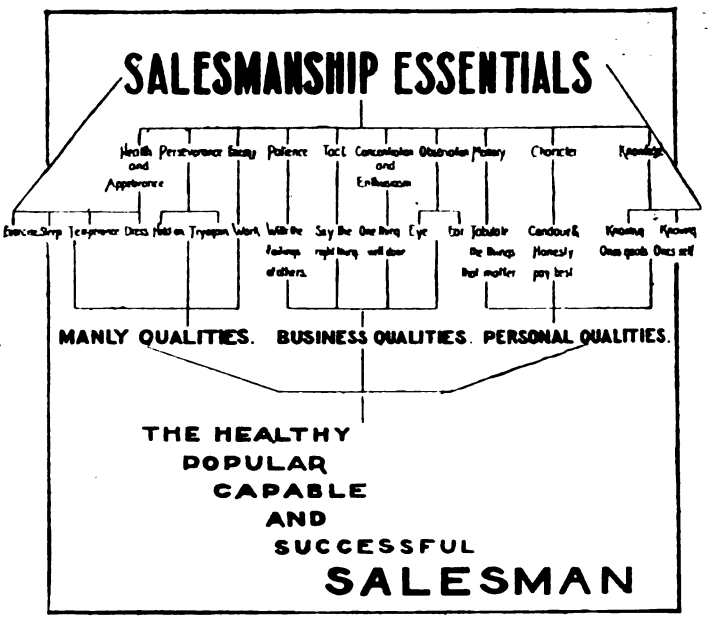
"My boy—never be without twelve pounds ten—tucked away somewhere safe. It's fatal."

The Ideal Salesman.

What may be called the Psychology of Trade is a subject at all times of great importance, but one which after the war will become still more so. The following very original and striking article will be found not only of practical value to all who are connected with the buying and selling of goods, but, to the general reader, a most interesting study of human nature. It is the bulk of a lecture delivered by Mr. Frank Willis Moore to a large audience in Kingsway Hall, London, and is given here by courtesy of the International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

The Lack of Efficiency.

IN the wholesale trade, in the retail trade, in speciality selling, or in any other class of selling, a competent staff is very hard to obtain. One of the main causes of this shortage might be found in the lack of courage noticeable in the average selling man when he is first brought face to face with the strenuous life outdoors. This, perhaps, does not apply so exactly to selling behind the counter, but both classes of salesmen fall short in another essential direction—they do not approach their work from a really analytical standpoint.



SALESMANSHIP ESSENTIALS.
A SUMMARY OF NECESSARY QUALITIES.

The Ability to Create a Demand.

I define efficiency in selling as *the ability to create a demand* —not merely to cater to existing customers, but to open up new opportunities for business. The *business-getting* salesman is really a most important person, but he does not always realize it. Salesmanship is admitted to be an art, but comparatively few untrained salesmen are *artists*.

Business Sense.

All a man has to do to study salesmanship is, *at first*, to put away ideas of business science and to get right down to business *sense*. The first applied to business is absolutely sound, but only when the human ground-work is prepared with business *sense* as a foundation. *This can be acquired*, although there are many who pin their faith to the *born* salesman, a different type altogether, and one who is usually too superficial and erratic to become a really steady producer or a good executive. The born salesman is usually more of a *showman* than a salesman. Now the plodder is different. It is the plodder who represents the better asset to a business. He is a solid man who will go out each week and will do a week's work: he needs less supervision,

SELL TO YOURSELF.

The salesman should practise selling with himself as customer.

he will come home with something in his pouch. He does not break records, but is the kind of fellow who is a better stone in the foundation of a business than the born salesman. There is nothing frothy or effervescent about him; he is substantial and reliable. Now, I draw this comparison because the average sales-manager, in discussing the problem of salesmen, will bring up that old, hackneyed phrase: "The salesman is born, not made, and you cannot make him for me." I do not *want* to make him, but I want to make a good practical imitation, and I believe it is possible to do that.

Have you ever considered that almost every

FAGGED AND FUDDLED.

The selling world has its tragedies. If the habit depicted here is indulged in, not only will his to-day be severely handicapped but his to-morrow commence under a cloud.

FIT AND FRESH.

It is always good policy to dress well, shave well. Look at a man with a bright, healthy eye, instead of carrying with you an atmosphere of dissipation.

UNPREPARED AND NERVOUS.

In this picture we see an example of a salesman who, after knocking at the purchaser's door, is seized with misgivings as to what he is going to say and how he is going to say it. The title of this picture is often the epitaph on the commercial tomb of many a salesman.

READY AND CONFIDENT.

Manners and mannerisms are very catching, and the enthusiasm displayed in face, gesture, and expression rapidly imparts itself to those with whom you come in contact.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—1.

This representative's nerve is entirely shaken at the unfortunate occurrence depicted. His wits go woolgathering.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—2.

All impedimenta gracefully disposed of, with his right hand ready. The expression of this customer indicates that a good impression has been created

LET HIM TALK.

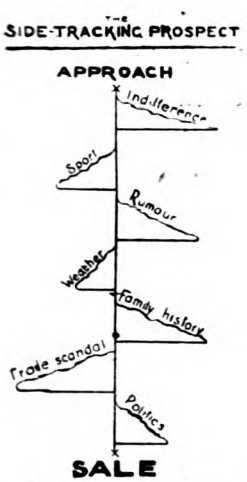
A good listener is much appreciated; but don't overdo it.

JOIN HIM IN A LITTLE JOKE, BUT (See next page.)

class of society is *affected by* the selling qualities and a very great number of grades *live by* the exhibition of these same qualities, from the street pedlar to the statesmen and diplomats of Europe?

The Question of Teaching Salesmen.

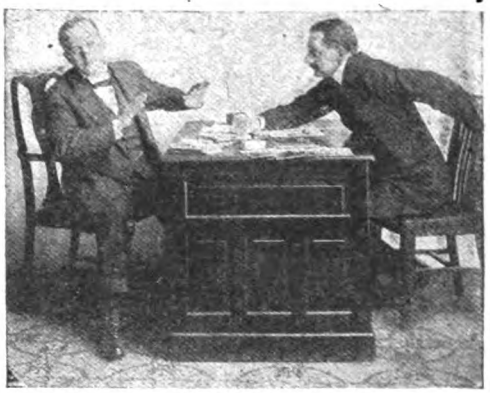
Why should an employer expect to find his salesmen ready-made, any more than he would expect to employ a clerical staff who are aware by instinct of all the little intricacies of his particular business? *Employés* of *all* grades have to be *taught*. Knowledge is not *caught*, like a disease. In the manufacturing and recording ends of a business this is generally admitted. Why, then, should the "education" of the man who creates a demand for these two departments be neglected? A man may have twenty-five years' *experience* behind him, and at the end of that time *know* less than a man who has put in five years' concentrated thought on the main issue. The first has been content to turn a handle and exist, while



SIDE TRACKING

Travel with him on those various side-tracks just so far as expediency permits, but systematically drag him back to the real issue.

BUT BEWARE OF THIS.
You are not an entertainer, you are a business man.



ONLY TALK.
The buyer wants proof. Some salesmen *talk* a lot and *say* nothing.

the latter has cultivated habits of thought and of analysis and can arrive at conclusions.

Analysis of Customer, Self, and Goods.

What is analysis? I translate it as meaning—take what is obvious and then subdivide it. There are certain points about a person or a thing which will literally hit you in the face when you sit down to study either, and it is

Self-examination reveals many surprises, and is a first-rate training for the mind which would analyze others. The same principle applies strictly to the goods which, under the mental microscope, will display all kinds of convincing selling points to the searcher after facts. Last, but not least—the customer, whose mental make-up (and, more important still, motives)

THE COMBATIVE MANNER.
Go slow. The next time you call he will be out.

THE THEATRICAL MANNER.
Useless and irritating. Bluff—and bluff does not pay in these days.

from these things that are so obvious that one draws, after delving beneath the surface, much that had hitherto been hidden. To a salesman analysis is vital, and he should begin with the thing which is closest to him—himself. We most of us brag that we know ourselves intimately; but there are few of us who would not rather trust the estimate of an intimate friend about *another* man in preference to his own. *should be* accurately judged by the would-be successful salesman. Learn to read the customer's face whilst you are listening politely to his words. The first will tell you most.

I would be prepared to prove that the salesman's career offers more fascinating opportunities for the study of human nature, and a clearer understanding of his fellow-creatures, than any other walk in life, provided he remains observing

than a criminal. "*I* was fool enough to marry without a settlement; and look how I have suffered."

Mrs. Honeywell's sufferings had consisted of being extremely well fed, clothed, and housed throughout her married life and of being left very comfortably off at her husband's death. They had left an indelible mark upon her.

"I shall have to take off my coat and do some hard slogging at something," said Mostyn, gloomily, when the old lady had withdrawn, after a bleak, but clear, intimation that unless his financial position became a good deal more stable within a very short space of time a marriage would most certainly not take place.

Iris agreed—even more gloomily. She had never seen much hard work done, but she had a vague idea that it took up a certain amount of a man's time—time that could be so much more pleasantly employed in trotting her about and amusing her.

"How long would it take you to write something which would make a lot of money?" she inquired, with a depressed note in her voice.

Mostyn was not quite clear; but he was not optimistic on the subject.

"You see, the mere process of putting the stuff down on paper takes up such a deuce of a time," he explained, dejectedly.

"Why not get a secretary—somebody who can write shorthand very quickly?" suggested Iris.

Hinc illa Miss McVitty.

Iris found her in the *Morning Post*. On the whole, it was one of the unluckiest discoveries in history—worse even than that of gold in South Africa.

Miss McVitty's references could only be described as formidable. Her last engagement had been with Sir James Garratt, the eminent Scotch dramatist.

Iris regarded this as a very happy augury and insisted upon Mostyn securing her by telegram. Unhappy girl! She little knew.

Mostyn was in bed when Miss McVitty arrived on her first morning. It was the last time in his life that he ever stayed in bed after ten o'clock. Henceforward he either went to bed overnight sufficiently early to be able to rise in time to receive Miss McVitty, or else he did not go to bed at all. But he was there. Oh, yes, most certainly he was there.

"'I SHALL HAVE TO TAKE OFF MY COAT AND DO SOME HARD SLOGGING AT SOMETHING,' SAID MOSTYN, GLOOMILY."

"I was lying peacefully asleep," he used to say afterwards, when describing what he always alludes to as "the tragedy of my life," "when suddenly I began to dream that I was at the North Pole. The cold became more and more intense, until at last it woke me up. I looked out of the window. Outside the sun was shining brightly and something which, had I not felt so absolutely chilled, I should have taken for a heat-haze,

was quivering in the air. And yet, inside, the room felt like a refrigerator. I got up, shivering, and went into the sitting-room for some brandy, thinking I must be ill. And there she was! Miss McVitty!

"'Gude morrrning,' she said. That's all. Simple words—nothing in them as you or I might speak them; but as Miss McVitty said them, I tell you they simply made my blood stop circulating altogether."

At this point Mostyn used generally to break down and have to be sent home in a cab.

When he had recovered a little from the ague of terror into which he had been thrown by the unexpected apparition of Miss McVitty, Mostyn faltered out an apology for being so late.

"I had a very bad headache when I woke up this morning."

"Oh!" was all Miss McVitty said. Then she sniffed.

Mostyn was to discover very shortly that Miss McVitty's two chief weapons for the battle of life were (1) Looks; and (2) Sniffs; and right well could she use them. Her look would have caused a stampede amongst the cowboys on a Western ranch. When she sniffed one wanted to run round and take cover. Sometimes she looked and sniffed simultaneously, and then the effect was devastating.

"If you suffer from headaches you should take six grains of quinine," said Miss McVitty. "Sir James Garratt always did." She made a note—"Quinine"—on the pad in front of her. Mostyn watched her with a sinking heart. He knew—as well as he knew his own name—that quinine, the very thought of which made him sick, was to be his portion in life hereafter.

"I presume," continued Miss McVitty, looking at him steadily through her glasses, "that you will go through your mail furrst—before you start the day's worrrk? Sir James Garratt always did that," she added, as Mostyn showed some signs of hesitation; "it's the best plan."

Of course, if Sir James Garratt always did it, why, that settled it. At the same time Sir J. Garratt's method of arranging his day differed in some essentials from Mostyn's. In the first place, Mostyn never went through his mail at all. He never wrote a letter or, for the matter of that, opened one. This system, as he would point out to friends when they inquired indignantly why he had vouchsafed no reply to their kindly invitations to dinner, greatly simplified life. Of course, one occasionally missed something pleasant—such as a jolly dinner—by throwing one's letters, unopened, on to the fire; but that was more than counterbalanced by the amount of annoyance one was saved.

In the second place what did this alarming Scotchwoman mean by that sinister phrase, "the day's worrrk"? Did she imagine he was some sort of machine which was wound up and then went on for so many hours without stopping? A day's work, indeed! What time would that leave for taking Iris out to lunch? Yes, and for that round of golf he had arranged to play in the afternoon with Fred Simmonds? Dash it all, I mean to say!

He observed with consternation that Miss McVitty had neatly slit with a paper-knife the envelopes which lay in a pile upon his table, and was now taking out their contents.

"Don't bother about those, Miss McVitty," he said, hastily. "Chuck 'em in the fire. I always do. There's nothing in 'em."

Miss McVitty looked at him. That's all. Just looked. No more.

"Ye'd better attend to this one, I'm thinking," she observed, in her quiet, implacable voice. "It's important."

She pushed over to him a terse typewritten communication, headed in menacing red ink "Final Notice." It was from his landlord, informing Mostyn that, unless he forwarded per return a cheque for the three quarters' rent which was now owing, proceedings would immediately be taken.

"But this is all nonsense!" protested Mostyn, querulously. "I can't possibly owe the fellow three quarters' rent. If I do, why didn't he say something about it before, instead of letting the thing run on and on in this scandalous way?"

"Very likely he did say something aboot it," replied Miss McVitty. "But if ye always throw your letters into the fire without opening them——"

She did not finish the sentence. Miss McVitty rarely troubled to finish a sentence. There was no need for her to do so. What Miss McVitty left unsaid was generally more eloquent than the oratory of a Demosthenes.

"I'll make out a cheque for ye to sign," she announced. "Whaur's your cheque-book?"

"Cheque-book?" Mostyn looked helplessly round the room. Heaven only knew where he had left the blessed thing! "I don't know," he admitted, weakly.

"It doesn't matter, onyway," remarked Miss McVitty, as she handed him yet another

typewritten *communiqué*. "Look at yon from the bank."

"Yon from the bank" was to inform Mostyn that as they had now made payments on his account causing an overdraft of one hundred and eleven pounds fourteen and threepence they would reluctantly be compelled to return any future cheques which he might draw until they received the favour of a remittance.

"You know, these banks are a bit too thick!" protested the aggrieved Mostyn, when he had mastered the contents of this cheery little screed. "I think it's an absolute swindle the way they let you go overdrawing and overdrawing and never giving you the slightest hint!"

"Do you mean to say," inquired Miss McVitty, in a tone which indicated clearly a grave doubt as to the young man's sanity, "that ye dinna go through your pass-book once a fortnight?"

"Go through my pass-book?"

Such an idea had never entered Mostyn's head.

Miss McVitty looked *and* sniffed. Mostyn felt like a convicted criminal waiting for the judge to pass sentence.

"There's three judgment summonses out against ye as well," announced Miss McVitty, almost triumphantly, as she extracted the contents of three more envelopes.

"Judgment summonses!" exclaimed Mostyn, incredulously, as he stared at the disagreeable documents. "Against *me?* What on earth for?"

"One's for forty-three pounds eighteen shillings and sixpence, for motor-hire," said Miss McVitty, checking the items; "another's for twenty-three pounds fifteen shillings, for flowers; and the third's for eighty-nine pounds odd, from your tailor."

"But that's all bunkum!" protested Mostyn, indignantly. "Why, I had all those things ages ago!"

He paced the room in a fever of indignation at the base ingratitude of these huckstering tradespeople.

"The pigs!" he broke out, wrathfully. "To summon me—after all the money I've spent in their loathsome places!"

"I GOT UP, SHIVERING, AND WENT INTO THE SITTING-ROOM FOR SOME BRANDY, THINKING I MUST BE ILL. AND THERE SHE WAS! MISS MCVITTY!"

"As far as I can make out," said Miss McVitty, who had been busy with a little sum in compound addition, "ye owe a bit over two hundred and fifty pounds. That's including the overdraft at the bank, of course."

Mostyn looked gloomily out of the window. How pleasant life had been, he reflected, before this interfering woman had come to cast a blight over his existence! Yesterday he had been as happy as a bird—without a care in the world; and to-day, here he was—ruined—up to his neck in debt—yes, and overdrawn at the bank, too! All her fault. He must get rid of her before any more appalling disasters came his way.

"What you'll have to do," said Miss McVitty, breaking in upon his gloomy meditations, "is to ask Albert Tubb for another hundred down. I said two hundred and fifty pounds on the 'phone this morning; but ye can say I made a mistake."

Mostyn spun round quickly on his heel.

"Albert Tubb?" he echoed, quite bewildered. "Another hundred pounds down? You made a mistake on the telephone this morning? What *are* you talking about, Miss McVitty?"

"He rang up this morning," replied Miss McVitty, in her maddeningly unemotional tones, "asking if ye'd had his letter inviting ye to write the next revue for the Imperial. I said aye, ye had——"

"But I haven't," interrupted Mostyn.

"I think this will be it," said Miss McVitty, picking out from the pile of still unopened correspondence which lay before her a dusty envelope with the words "Imperial Theatre, Managing Director, Albert Tubb," printed in large type on the flap. "Onyway, I said ye'd had the letter, but that ye were afraid your terms wouldn't suit him. He speired what they were, and I said two hundred and fifty pounds down and three and a half per cent. on the gross. He tried hard to get ye down to three per cent., but ye wouldna budge a penny."

"Wouldn't I?" said Mostyn, like a man in a dream.

"He said he'd bring ye the contract at lunch to-day," continued Miss McVitty; "but see ye don't sign till ye get the cheque for three hundred and fifty pounds."

"But what on earth makes him want me to write his revue?" asked Mostyn. "I've never done anything for the stage in my life."

"It seems," sniffed Miss McVitty, who had been perusing the neglected epistle from the Imperial Theatre, "that he likes that stuff ye write in *The Universe*, and thinks ye ought to be able to do a very good revue."

From the tones in which she spoke it was obvious that Miss McVitty scarcely shared the optimism of Mr. Albert Tubb. Still, her firm conviction that only Sir J. Garratt was capable of dramatic work with any pretensions to value did not prevent her from doing what she conceived to be her duty by her present employer.

"The only trouble," she went on, "is that he wants the book delivered in a fortnight. Still, that can be managed. It oughtn't to mean working more than eight hours a day."

Mostyn stared at her, aghast. What did she mean—with her ridiculous eight hours a day? Never in all his life had he worked for more than half an hour at a stretch. Was the woman mad? Had she no conception of the limits of human capacity?

"I've known Sir James Garratt work for fourteen hours right on end," remarked Miss McVitty. "Seven or eight hours he thought naething aboot."

Mostyn's knees began to give. Not content with the misery she had already brought upon him, did this fearsome female mean to chain him like a slave to the oar for Heaven knows how many laborious hours per diem? No, no, *no!* He must make a determined break for freedom. Unless he got rid of her, now and for ever, why, good-bye to all that made life worth living.

To this day Mostyn swears that he was going to say it—that the words, "I'm afraid, Miss McVitty, that we should not suit one another; please accept a month's salary in lieu of notice and let us call our arrangement off," were on the tip of his tongue; but, needless to say, no one believes him. A few poor, simple-minded mutts who have never seen Miss McVitty might be taken in by Mostyn's ridiculous assertion, but we, who have seen her, know better. One does not discharge Miss McVitty. One runs away from her, yes—that's what Sir J. Garratt did, and his story about having to go on a long sea-voyage for the benefit of his health deceived no one; but discharge her—no.

However, Mostyn swears that he was going to do it, and only the sudden and painful recollection of the fact that he did not, at the moment, possess twelve pounds ten shillings prevented him. As if his worst enemy would not, in the circumstances, have lent him the money!

"Oh, but, Miss McVitty, I couldn't possibly expect you to work for me as long as that every day," was what he *did* say, accompanied by a hypocritical affectation of concern for her welfare. "It wouldn't be fair."

"Long hours are naething to me," was all Miss McVitty vouchsafed in reply to this futile effort, which, no doubt, she saw through. "I like worrrk."

Of course. She would.

"And even if I didn't," the relentless creature continued, "I would have no right to complain. It's what ye pay me for."

Mostyn saw an opening and leapt for it, quicker than a panther.

"Ah, but that's the difficulty, Miss McVitty," he hastened to say, contriving to throw into his voice a tinge of ineffable sadness—the sadness of a man who, through his own folly, has had to let one of the great prizes of life slip through his fingers. "I had no idea, believe me, when I engaged you, that my affairs were in the involved condition in which they now appear to be. I should not be justified, Miss McVitty, in

asking you to continue in my employ, when it is so very doubtful whether I should be able to pay your salary with anything like regularity."

Whilst delivering himself of this magnanimous speech Mostyn had carefully placed himself in a position in which Miss McVitty's look could not, at all events, score a direct hit. He felt it scorching the back of his neck, and thanked his stars that he had not met it full. It would have blinded him. Its fell force was supplemented by one of her sniffs.

"Ye can pay my salary fine," declared Miss McVitty. "Dinna forget that ye'll be getting three-fifty from yon Tubb body at lunch to-day. Dinna sign the contract till ye get the cheque."

"But I'm not lunching with Albert Tubb to-day," objected Mostyn.

"Yes, ye are," contradicted Miss McVitty. "I made the appointment for ye. At the Carlton—one-thirty."

"It can't be done." Mostyn was terrified at his own audacity, but he held bravely on. "I'm lunching with Miss Honeywell at the Ritz at one-fifteen."

"Ye're no doing onything of the kind." Miss McVitty was quite clear on that point. "Miss Honeywell rang up a while ago to ask where it was you had arranged to lunch together because she had forgotten, and I told her you could not lunch with her at all as ye had a business appointment."

"You put her off!" cried Mostyn, horrified. Putting off Iris was a process which he had reason to know was not unattended with risk. Iris was a dear sweet soul, but she was apt to get a bit ruffled by any alteration in her arrangements for the day.

"Of course I put her off," retorted Miss McVitty. "Ye must attend to business."

Mostyn was on the point of telling Miss McVitty pretty sharply that he would be much obliged if she would kindly mind her own, but, just as he was opening his mouth, he happened to meet her eye—and decided suddenly to let the matter pass for the moment. There was something in the quality of Miss McVitty's most casual glance that checked one's rasher impulses.

"When he had to work against time," observed Miss McVitty, who evidently considered that there was nothing more to be said on the luncheon question, "Sir James Garratt generally started at about four in the afternoon and went on till about eleven or twelve at night."

"Did he? Did he really? Confound Sir James Garratt. If this infernal female imagined everybody was going to mould his ways on those of Sir J. Garratt she was very much mistaken. Oh, yes, she was. We'll soon see. We'll show her."

That was what Mostyn said—to himself.

"So I'll be going now," said Miss McVitty, rising from the table, "and be back at four."

"Sharrp," she added over her shoulder as she went out of the door.

Mostyn tried to call her back and tell her that at four sharrp he would be miles away, teaching Fred Simmonds how to play golf—but the words refused to come.

When she had gone he threw himself into a chair and uttered a hollow groan. Why, oh why, had Iris brought this monster into his life? Which reminded him—Iris. He must lose no time in ringing her up and telling her that that fool of a woman had made a mistake, and, of course, he would be lunching with her at one-fifteen as arranged. As for Albert Tubb, he could go and boil himself. He wasn't going to write revues for Albert Tubb or anybody else. He hated revues. Some of his brightest and most biting remarks in those weekly columns in *The Universe* were made at the expense of revues and revue-writers. Sir James Garratt might prostitute his pen to the writing of revues if he liked; but Mostyn Nix wouldn't. No—not if he had to starve first.

Seething with rage—the rage of the wild animal that finds itself for the first time in a cage—the flimsy bars of which it proposes to smash down with a couple of determined blows—Mostyn went over to the telephone. He hesitated for a moment before taking up the receiver.

"That you?" he said, when at last he got the number for which he had asked. He found himself speaking in a thin, far-away voice which he could scarcely recognize for his own. "I'm awfully sorry, Fred, old man, but I can't manage that golf this afternoon. I've got a very important——" He paused. "Business appointment," he was going to say; but a last pitiful attempt to retain some shred of self-respect made him substitute "cold in the head."

"Why didn't I pay the woman her month's salary out of that cheque I got from Albert Tubb and get rid of her there and then?"

Sympathizers to whom in after years Mostyn was pouring out the pitiful story of his life always seemed to ask the question, and it maddened him beyond measure.

"My dear fool, how could I? You can't sack a woman at a moment's notice when she has just got a job for you which everybody says is going to make your fortune. It isn't done. It would have been ingratitude of the basest description. Oh, yes, I know Albert Tubb had written to me long before she ever came near the place, but that isn't the point. I should have known nothing about it if that confounded busybody hadn't insisted on opening my letters that morning. That's where I was caught in a cleft stick. Apparently I was under a deep debt of obligation to her. Everybody seemed to think so. *She* did, anyhow; and never lost an opportunity of making allusions to the fact. Actually, of course, she ruined my life. Before that devil got hold of me my soul was my own. I enjoyed every minute of my existence. I did what I liked, went where I chose—had some of the most amusing friends in the world. Now I'm dependent for society on a parcel of dreary bores (I don't mean people like you, old boy, of course)—and every hour of my day is parcelled out for me by a wicked old witch who practically keeps me cooped up in a bottle like that poor unhappy djinn fellow in 'The Arabian Nights.' And there's worse." Mostyn's voice always began to shake when he came to this point, and he would have to gulp down his emotion before he could go on. "In those days I loved a girl—the sweetest girl in the world—and she loved me. Oh, if you could have seen my Iris! Why didn't I marry her? My boy, don't be absurd. Miss McVitty resembles Heaven in one respect, strange as it may seem; there is no marrying or giving in marriage there. How could you expect a splendid girl like Iris to go on loving a brute of a man who neglected her—who put off every appointment he made with her—who couldn't even find time to scribble a letter to her now and then? Yes, yes, it's no good talking like that. You've never *seen* Miss McVitty. You don't know her look. You haven't heard her sniff. The knowledge that that Gorgon was sitting in my chambers, bold upright, pencil and notebook in hand, waiting for me to get on with my work, drew me home like some horrible magnet.

"Personally I believe she has got some magic lamp, of which, without knowing it, I am the slave; and that she gives it a rub when she thinks I'm enjoying myself or doing anything wasteful like that. Two months after Miss McVitty planted herself on me Iris married a fellow in the Indian Civil. I've never seen her since."

Then Mostyn would relapse into gloomy silence and stare into the fire. Suddenly he would give a slight shiver, glance guiltily at the clock, and hurriedly rise to go.

"THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THAT GORGON WAS SITTING IN MY CHAMBERS, BOLT UPRIGHT, PENCIL AND NOTEBOOK IN HAND, DREW ME HOME LIKE SOME HORRIBLE MAGNET."

But he always had a last word of advice to give to his listener before he went, delivering it in tones of impressive warning:—

"My boy—never be without twelve pounds ten—tucked away somewhere safe. It's fatal."

The Ideal Salesman.

What may be called the Psychology of Trade is a subject at all times of great importance, but one which after the war will become still more so. The following very original and striking article will be found not only of practical value to all who are connected with the buying and selling of goods, but, to the general reader, a most interesting study of human nature. It is the bulk of a lecture delivered by Mr. Frank Willis Moore to a large audience in Kingsway Hall, London, and is given here by courtesy of the International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

The Lack of Efficiency.

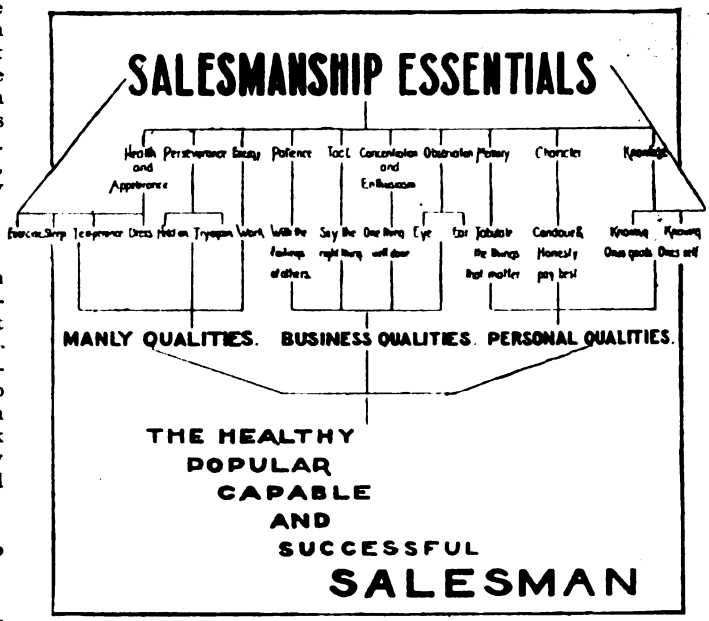
IN the wholesale trade, in the retail trade, in speciality selling, or in any other class of selling, a competent staff is very hard to obtain. One of the main causes of this shortage might be found in the lack of courage noticeable in the average selling man when he is first brought face to face with the strenuous life outdoors. This, perhaps, does not apply so exactly to selling behind the counter, but both classes of salesmen fall short in another essential direction—they do not approach their work from a really analytical standpoint.

The Ability to Create a Demand.

I define efficiency in selling as *the ability to create a demand*—not merely to cater to existing customers, but to open up new opportunities for business. The *business-getting* salesman is really a most important person, but he does not always realize it. Salesmanship is admitted to be an art, but comparatively few untrained salesmen are *artists*.

Business Sense.

All a man has to do to study salesmanship is, *at first*, to put away ideas of business science and to get right down to business *sense*. The first applied to business is absolutely sound, but only when the human ground-work is prepared with business *sense* as a foundation. *This can be acquired*, although there are many who pin their faith to the *born* salesman, a different type altogether, and one who is usually too superficial and erratic to become a really steady producer or a good executive. The born salesman is usually more of a *showman* than a salesman. Now the plodder is different. It is the plodder who represents the better asset to a business. He is a solid man who will go out each week and will do a week's work: he needs less supervision,



SALESMANSHIP ESSENTIALS.
A SUMMARY OF NECESSARY QUALITIES.

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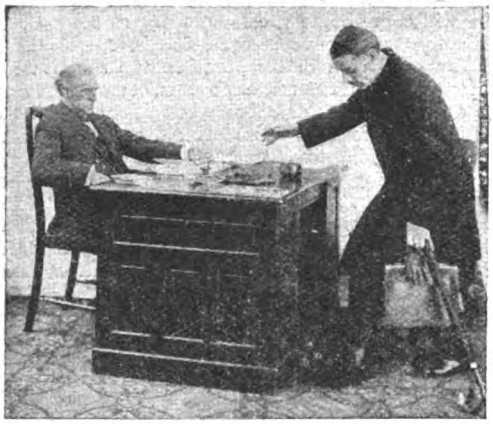
In this picture we see an example of a salesman who, after knocking at the purchaser's door, is seized with misgivings as to what he is going to say and how he is going to say it. The title of this picture is often the epitaph on the commercial tomb of many a salesman.

READY AND CONFIDENT.

Manners and mannerisms are very catching, and the enthusiasm displayed in face, gesture, and expression rapidly imparts itself to those with whom you come in contact.



FIRST IMPRESSIONS—1.
This representative's nerve is entirely shaken at the unfortunate occurrence depicted. His wits go wool-gathering.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS—2.
All impedimenta gracefully disposed of, with his right hand ready. The expression of this customer indicates that a good impression has been created

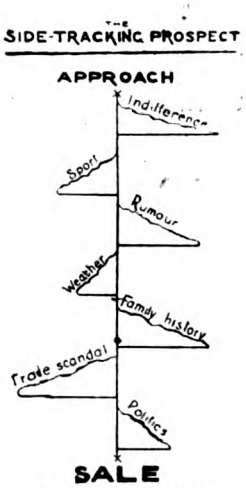
LET HIM TALK.
A good listener is much appreciated; but don't overdo it.

JOIN HIM IN A LITTLE JOKE, BUT— (See next page.)

class of society is *affected by* the selling qualities and a very great number of grades *live by* the exhibition of these same qualities, from the street pedlar to the statesmen and diplomats of Europe?

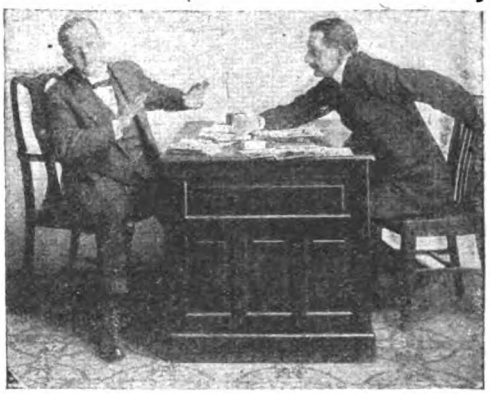
The Question of Teaching Salesmen.

Why should an employer expect to find his salesmen ready-made, any more than he would expect to employ a clerical staff who are aware by instinct of all the little intricacies of his particular business? *Employés* of *all* grades have to be *taught*. Knowledge is not *caught*, like a disease. In the manufacturing and recording ends of a business this is generally admitted. Why, then, should the "education" of the man who creates a demand for these two departments be neglected? A man may have twenty-five years' *experience* behind him, and at the end of that time *know* less than a man who has put in five years' concentrated thought on the main issue. The first has been content to turn a handle and exist, while



SIDE TRACKING
Travel with him on those various side-tracks just so far as expediency permits, but systematically drag him back to the real issue.

BUT BEWARE OF THIS.
You are not an entertainer, you are a business man.



ONLY TALK.
The buyer wants proof. Some salesmen *talk* a lot and *say* nothing.

the latter has cultivated habits of thought and of analysis and can arrive at conclusions.

Analysis of Customer, Self, and Goods.

What is analysis? I translate it as meaning—take what is obvious and then subdivide it. There are certain points about a person or a thing which will literally hit you in the face when you sit down to study either, and it is

Self-examination reveals many surprises, and is a first-rate training for the mind which would analyze others. The same principle applies strictly to the goods which, under the mental microscope, will display all kinds of convincing selling points to the searcher after facts. Last, but not least—the customer, whose mental make-up (and, more important still, motives)

THE COMBATIVE MANNER.
Go slow. The next time you call he will be out.

THE THEATRICAL MANNER.
Useless and irritating. Bluff—and bluff does not pay in these days.

from these things that are so obvious that one draws, after delving beneath the surface, much that had hitherto been hidden. To a salesman analysis is vital, and he should begin with the thing which is closest to him—himself. We most of us brag that we know ourselves intimately; but there are few of us who would not rather trust the estimate of an intimate friend about *another* man in preference to his own. *should be* accurately judged by the would-be successful salesman. Learn to read the customer's face whilst you are listening politely to his words. The first will tell you most.

I would be prepared to prove that the salesman's career offers more fascinating opportunities for the study of human nature, and a clearer understanding of his fellow-creatures, than any other walk in life, provided he remains observing

THE FAMILIAR MANNER.

A short cut to antagonism. A man's office table and papers are sacred to him.

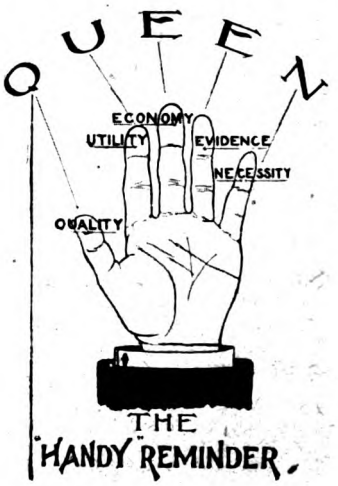
and receptive. The habit of thought after analysis will strengthen and broaden the man, whilst the most highly developed analytical mind need not be cynical.

The Essentials of Salesmanship.

To make some of these points clearer, the chart under this title will illustrate the methods of analysis recommended. The division and subdivision of these essentials are largely self-explanatory, but there are two to which special attention might be drawn. A *cultivated memory* is of the utmost importance. Most people charge their mind with much that is quite unnecessary. Tabulate the things that *matter*, and forget the rest.

Then, keen observation of the eye and ear. The seeing eye and the ear which will catch the meaning of even an intonation in a voice.

In the first of the photographs is to be found a man selling to himself. This is a pictorial way of impressing upon the salesman the vital need for him to satisfy himself first that the goods he represents *should* be purchased by the customer. Let him but convince himself and the task of convincing others will be infinitely lighter. His analysis of the selling points of his articles, his examination of their usefulness to the public, will equip him for the work, and put



the weight of clean-cut conviction on his own part behind the necessary knowledge of his subject.

You will here find a group of pictures which bear titles that clearly convey their own message. They show you the salesman in fit and unfit

BEGGING FOR THE ORDER.

Directly you *ask* for something you imply that the request made may not be granted.

GETTING THE ORDER.

There is much suggestion and an air of certainty about the man who has the nerve and the grace to put the pen into the buyer's hand.

CUSTOMER A NUISANCE.
The customer is made to feel that he or she is simply nothing more than an impertinent interruption.

CUSTOMER ALWAYS WELCOME.
The salesman expresses in face and pose a cordial welcome to his establishment.

condition—nervous and confident—clumsy and finished—tactful and otherwise—the man who wastes his time with the jovial customer, or drowns that customer with words. The dogmatic man with the combative manner. The showman type of salesman. That objectionable person who indulges in vulgar familiarity. The fellow who begs for the order and the man who gets it.

There is a little illustration which, in a simple

CUSTOMER CAN WAIT.
And he evens things up by staying away in future.

THAT TIRED FEELING.
The salesman lounging negligently shows by his whole attitude the boredom which is closely akin to insult.

ALERT.
Invitation in every line

LOSING HIS ATTENTION.
By turning his back to seek for something he breaks the spell and the customer idly searches about for a distraction to occupy his mind.

KEEPING HIS INTEREST.
Keep your face toward the customer and get him to assist in the selection of the article required.

way, follows the wanderings of the talkative prospective purchaser who endeavours to evade the issue by leading the salesman off on other tracks, and finally a little illustrated suggestion which demands some few words of explanation.

SELL MORE GOODS.
(The wrong moment.) Do not wait until the customer is carrying away a packed and finished parcel.

SELL MORE GOODS.
(The right moment.) Offer the goods you are anxious to push while the parcel is packing—or before that.

The Handy Reminder.

How often is a selling man's talk disjointed, and, as a consequence, unconvincing? How often does it take a clearly-conceived and lucidly-followed line of consecutive thought? The fingers of one's hand with the keyword of "Queen" provide in rough outline the *essence* of every selling talk.

The quality, utility, and economic features of the article must appeal. Evidence or proof (testimonials, etc.) of its value are convincing, while its necessity to the person approached must be real, or the salesman wastes his time. Five words to remember, and he need never lose the thread of his discourse.

Retail Selling.

While the principles of salesmanship are the same in this connection and govern results, the over-the-counter selling man has rather different and less drastic problems to face. The essential difference is that in his case the *customer comes to him*, whilst an outdoor creative salesman's customer has to be found. The same analysis of self, analysis of goods, and quick summing up of customers is therefore just as necessary to the successful retailer as with the outdoor man. A trifle will make the difference between *securing* a good customer or losing one. Some of the little weak spots in the retailer's methods will be recognizable in the pictures that follow, while other pictures suggest a better way of handling the same situation. Every wide-awake shopkeeper realizes that it is the permanent and satisfied customer who will be at all times his best advertisement, so he lays himself out to cement a happy relationship between himself and each customer. You see it is *his* shop and *his* future at stake, but the ambitious assistant should remember that one of these days *he* may have a shop, and practise to acquire the skill of the expert against that day when it comes.

It may safely be said that behind the counter will be found less enthusiasm and more imperfections from the selling point of view than will be met with on the whole among outside commercial men. Doubtless much of this is traceable to the greater monotony of the shop assistant's life; but he should bear in mind the undeniable fact that there is no cure for monotony so effective as enthusiastic interest and endeavours at self-improvement.

REASON IT OUT
is an excellent policy for those who hope to succeed in selling, and it is equally fair to assume "that it is a principle which can be applied to the consideration of learning how to sell."

ZU BEFEHL!
("According to Orders!")

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

(Author of "In Action," "Battlewrack," etc.)

Illustrated by Ernest Prater.

THE three battalions of the —th Regiment, 300th Ersatz Division, had acquired a sentiment almost of domicile in the little French town set among the yet leafless orchards in a hollow of the rolling Picardy country. They had been long upon this sector, had come up for the fierce struggles in the Pierre St. Vaast Wood at the end of the Battle of the Somme in September, 1916, and during their spells in the front line in the dreary winter which followed, while the French shells wailed over their heads to fling up founts of mud in the quagmire behind the trenches, they looked back to their rest area with something akin to nostalgia. When, at last relieved for a few weeks, they tramped, haggard, bearded, and mud-caked, into the narrow cobbled streets which led into the tree-surrounded Grand' Place, with its Joan of Arc statue in the centre, it was almost as if they had returned to their native townships remote beyond the Rhine. Inscriptions upon the shops, indicative of the adaptability of human nature and the business instincts of the *commerçants*—or, rather, of the brave wives of the *commerçants* distant in the French trenches—helped the illusion. Strips of paper pasted across the windows bore the outlandish words, "*Delikatessen*," "*Conditorei*," "*Rauch und Speise Mittel*," traced for a dimly comprehending landlady by an obliging German soldier to the allurement of his fellows.

These good ladies stood at the doors of their shops while the ranks went swinging by in the dusk, and said to one another with a quiet certitude: "*Oui, c'est la trois-centième encore.*" From the river of faces that flowed through the twilight came hoarse, guttural cries of recognition from German soldiers childishly anxious to be remembered. They met with no response. The women at the doors stood calmly interested as company after company tramped rhythmically past, dreaming perhaps of a day when a battalion of another race should march down that street in a tumult of enthusiasm that brought a lump to the throat and a mist to the eyes merely to imagine it.

In the evening, when the battalions had broken ranks and had surged out of their billets in throngs of soldiermen arm-in-arm in twos and threes, a woman under the hanging oil-lamp in the tiny shop would look up at a remembered face with a little smile and say, half in quiet malice, half in natural human friendliness:—

"*Ah, vous n'êtes pas tué, alors?*"

And the German, grinning, would reply in his clumsy pronunciation:—

"*Non, matame—bas doué—encore.*"

Then the woman would break into a little merry laugh—"*Ah! il ne sera jamais doué—c't homme-là!*" as she pushed the desired article across the counter. And the German, grinning uncomprehendingly, would tramp heavily out of the shop.

Relations between the conquerors and the—temporarily—conquered, if not cordial, were at least friendly. The French women had homes to be kept together and young mouths to be fed. The German soldiers naturally relaxed from the strain of those long, drear weeks when they lived under the alternative of kill or be killed. Besides, human beings not actually engaged in hostilities cannot live in close propinquity without the emergence of amicable sentiments. The German soldiers looked at the little children and remembered that they, too, many of them, were fathers. The mothers remarked the caress and beamed with that maternal emotion which forgets nationality. For a final reason, the German military police system was strict. It conferred a sense of security on the one party, while it enforced a stern discipline on the other.

On a bright March morning, with the sun shining so cheerfully from a pale blue sky that there was a chatter of bird-notes among the bare trees of the orchard, the *Gefreite*, Hans Kellner, took a walk round the billet familiar to him from previous occupancy. The battalion had been dismissed early from parade on this first morning after their arrival in the rest area in order that the men might clean their kit and otherwise recuperate from the fatigues of a spell of particularly bad weather in the trenches. The *Gefreite*, whose step in rank above the simple private absolved him from the duty of cleaning up the barn in which his squad had slept, wandered around the house, his long porcelain-bowled pipe hanging from his teeth, and looked critically for any change that might have occurred since his last visit. There was none.

The inhabitants were unchanged also. M. Delavigne, the farmer, a man of about forty years, whose class had not yet been called to the colours when the invaders swept over the land and shut him off from the French authorities,

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passed through the yard on his way to the house. The German touched his cap and diffidently murmured "*Bon jour, monsieur,*" without, however, removing his pipe from his teeth. The Frenchman answered by the curt nod which had been his invariable response when Hans Kellner had, in his last visit, proffered friendliness. He heard Marie, the servant-maid, giggling as of old with the soldiers cleaning the barn, as, rather sheepishly, he followed the farmer to his door. Uncomfortably sensible of his idleness in this busy household, he shamefacedly craved companionship. On the threshold of the big kitchen, with its clean-scrubbed wooden furniture, its black gulf of a chimney, he hesitated, gazed in without entering. Two women were at work there: the farmer's wife, fresh and buxom, some ten years younger than her husband, and her mother, old and bent with many years of toil in the fields. The old woman turned away her head with a scowl. The farmer's wife came boldly towards the German.

"MARIE-LOUISE, THE FARMER'S THREE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER, TODDLED OUT TO HANS AND WATCHED HIM WHILE HE WORKED."

"*Ah, gros paresseux!*" she said, vivaciously. "And there is a heap of wood to be chopped in the corner of the yard!"

The German stared at her for a moment while his dull intelligence lumbered after the swift run of her words. Then, seizing their import, he smiled, touched his cap, and turned with docility to do her bidding.

He procured the axe with a precise and long-founded knowledge of its whereabouts. Then, putting away his pipe, he set to work vigorously upon the heap of rough timber. The chopped wood he piled in a shed with scrupulous neatness. Marie-Louise, the farmer's three-year-old daughter, toddled out to him and watched him while he worked.

"*Bon jour, Marie-Louise!*" said Hans, more at home with the child than with any other member of the family.

"*'Jour, m'sieu,*" responded Marie-Louise, gravely, her none-too-clean face in process of further defilement from the morsel of chocolate, acquired from one of the other soldiers, which leaked from the corner of her mouth.

His task finished, Hans Kellner put away the axe, and once more lit the pipe which was his dearest possession.

Marie-Louise brightened at once.

"*Regarde—pipe,*" she said, decisively

The German held down the porcelain bowl, painted with a highly-coloured lady in yellow hair and red peasant-jacket, for her inspection. Then, replacing the mouthpiece between his teeth, he suddenly hoisted the child to his shoulder and marched off with her to the gateway opening to the street.

There he stood sunning himself, the little one held high, prattling and laughing, beating upon his cap with one fist while the other arm tightly encircled his head.

Suddenly the German soldier perceived a motor-car, followed by a second, rushing towards the town. He had a glimpse of a Staff flag fluttering above the radiator. In an instant the child was thrown down, the German soldier stood rigid, saluted with exact precision as the first car dashed past. The child flung down upon the ground burst into a shriek of bewilderment and pain. The German soldier stood like a statute, saluted again as the second car shot by. The first had contained the Divisional General; the second held members of his Staff. To Hans Kellner it was as though the gods from Olympus had whirled along the road, suspending the functions of humanity.

When he relaxed from his stiff posture, after a decent interval to assure himself that no third car followed, the child had fled from him, was disappearing with last audible sobs into the house.

Hans Kellner gazed stupidly after it, then philosophically replaced his pipe-stem between his teeth.

The child's grandmother shook her fist at him from the doorway.

The Divisional General, followed by several of his Staff officers, climbed the wooden staircase of the little *Mairie*, and strode into the office of the regiment commander. That officer jumped from his seat into erect rigidity with a click of heels and spurs.

"Good morning, Herr Oberst," said the Divisional General.

"Good morning, Excellenz," replied the colonel, wondering uneasily if all the regimental returns had been correct while he stood respectfully immobile.

"Be seated, colonel," said the General, dropping himself heavily into the chair which a subaltern member of the regimental staff hastened to place for him. "I have important orders for you."

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*" said the regiment commander, zealously, ere he unbent from his parade attitude and resumed his seat.

The Divisional General tapped his hand upon the table.

"We are evacuating the area, colonel. The retirement will be carried out immediately."

The *Oberst's* eyebrows shot up at this startling intelligence. He looked at his superior as though scarcely crediting his ears.

The General waved away his doubts with an airy motion of his hand

"A matter of strategy, *lieber Oberst—glänzende Kriegslist!*—Hindenburg's master-stroke! We escape from the enemy at the moment he intends to deliver his decisive blow, and leave him a vacuum—a desert! However, *lieber Oberst*, it is not for us to discuss the decisions which have been ratified by the All-Highest War-Lord—it is for us to execute them."

He blew pompously down his nose into his thrust-out bristling white moustache, and glared at the colonel as he finished this sentence.

"*Jawohl, Excellenz — natürlich,*" said the colonel, all subservience.

"*Gut,*" said the General. "The situation has already been long foreseen. You have your orders. Open your Grosses-Haupt-Quartier secret order No. 355, and you will find your instructions in detail. You have only to execute them. The greatest possible speed is essential. The regiment must be on the march by dawn to-morrow. Follow your orders strictly. No sentimental considerations may be allowed to interfere with their exact performance. Get the civilian population under guard at once. You will find it all in your orders. Men under sixty. Women from fifteen to forty-five. Children at the breast go with the women. The train for the men will be at the railway station at four this afternoon. The women's trains will leave at five and six o'clock. See that the orders about fruit-trees are thoroughly carried out—also the cattle. A pioneer company will report to you in half an hour to assist in the demolition of the town." He rose to his feet. "Those are your orders. I rely on you, colonel."

The regiment commander also rose to his feet, stood rigid as before.

"*Zu Befehl, Excellenz!*"

With a mutual clicking of heels, the Divisional General and his satellites departed.

In as short a time as they could answer the telephonic summons, the three battalion commanders stood before the colonel. He handed each of them written orders, emphasized particular points, quieted their astonishment. "*Das Meisterstück Hindenburgs*": that was the keyword to confidence, thoroughly impressed upon them.

"Destruction, *meine Herren*," concluded the colonel, "no looting! That is what your men must be made to understand. We have no time to pack up souvenirs. Complete destruction. You will find your times for marching off in your orders. You must be strictly punctual. And when you leave you must leave only a desert behind you. You quite understand? Then get to work quickly!"

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst!*" said the three battalion commanders in chorus, saluting like one man with a simultaneous click of spurs. The colonel swept his glance over the row of middle-aged faces, flushed with good living, in front of him; the faces of three not-unkind fathers of families, despite the military uniform. Their eyes were steady, their mouths calm. He dismissed his subordinates with an imperious gesture.

The bugles sounded in the streets. There was a rush of heavy feet as the men fell in their ranks.

A quarter of an hour later two battalions stood ranked in long lines through the streets. The third battalion was massed in column of companies in the Grand' Place. The major commanding that battalion stood in conference with his company commanders close under the statue of Joan of Arc. A group of pioneers was busy excavating a hole under the base of the monument. The battalion commander concluded his orders.

"As far as possible the men will carry out the work of destruction in the vicinity of their own billets. They are most familiar with those areas. These orders will be executed with the utmost speed and thoroughness."

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Major!*" chorused the four company commanders, saluting, ere they returned to their men.

Almost immediately the battalion commenced to move off. As the last files left the square there was a loud explosion, a cloud of smoke and dust behind them. The statue of Joan of Arc toppled and crashed. A rush of women to the doorways of the shops bordering on the square followed the detonation. Shrill feminine cries of alarm resounded over the steady foot-beats of the marching troops. Anxious mothers

clutched their children to them and demanded of one another the significance of this portent. A pioneer disfigured the calm features of the prostrate statue with vehement strokes of his pick. A strong patrol of mounted military police rode into the square, descended from their horses.

In the kitchen of the farmstead on the outskirts of the town, M. Delavigne finished his eleven o'clock repast without troubling himself about this sudden assemblage of the troops. He, his wife, his mother-in-law, fondly attending to the wants of Marie-Louise, and Marie, the servant, sat in common at the bare wood table, cut in common from the long loaf of bread, and helped themselves as their appetite prompted from the big enamel tureen of soup which was between them. Suddenly the farmer looked up. His ear, long habituated to the usual muttering thunders of the battle-line seven or eight miles away, had caught a series of unfamiliar detonations. They were not particularly loud detonations—not so loud as the jarring roar, regularly repeated, which he knew to come from the big gun mounted on the railway truck—but they were sharper and decidedly louder than the customary dull reports of the warring artilleries. The sharp detonations continued. His wife also remarked them, exchanged a puzzled look.

"They are nearer!" exclaimed the young woman. The routine of war had been so long established for them that any deviation from the normal was full of significance. "Perhaps—perhaps it is true—after all——?"

Her husband shook his head pessimistically.

"No—we have heard it too many times."

The old woman looked up from her soup, gave a glance of fondness at the child, and then scowled.

"*Ces sales boches!* But they are going—they are going! I feel it in my bones!"

The farmer did not reply. At a repetition of the uncustomary sounds, he pushed his plate from him and went out of the house. He crossed the courtyard and passed through the gateway into the street.

Along the main road from the westward, whence proceeded the strange detonations, a battery of heavy guns, drawn by rumbling, rattling petrol tractors, was approaching him. Behind that, in the distance, was a column of motor-lorries, also coming towards the town. Beyond them was a cloud of dust, indicative of yet more traffic on the road. Of signs of hostilities there was none. The sunshine flooded a rolling landscape where most of the fields were brown. From an isolated farm between him and the battle-front the chimney-smoke ascended peacefully.

The heavy battery went noisily past him. He paid it no attention. For the last week similar batteries had been coming from the front every day in such numbers as to give rise to the rumour that the Germans were preparing a retreat. The farmer's bitter scepticism was the product of a long series of such rumours and their corollary of deception. The column of motor-lorries followed, loaded high with baulks of timber, huge reels of barbed wire, and other engineers' stores. Behind them an interminably long column of field artillery, moving at the trot, approached.

The farmer could make nothing of the sharp detonations save that a battery had been newly placed in position nearer than usual to the town.

Suddenly he heard a voice behind him, crying his name in accents of alarm. It was Jules, the lad who should have been working with the horses in the fields.

"Monsieur Delavigne! Monsieur Delavigne! They have shot the horses! They have shot the horses!"

The farmer turned on him sharply.

"Shot the horses? *Qui-ça?*"

"*Les boches!*—the Germans!" The lad hurriedly substituted the politer designation he had unwarily forgotten in the excitement of the moment. The vernacular was unsafe for public use. He entered upon a long, incoherent story of the incident, trotting by the side of the farmer, who strode hurriedly, in blazing wrath, towards the scene of the outrage.

"We were working in the big field, m'sieu—just at the end of the furrow, m'sieu—and they came and shot them—five of them—they laughed, m'sieu."

At that moment Marie came running after them.

"Monsieur Delavigne! Monsieur Delavigne!" Her voice was a raucous scream. The farmer stopped — immediately conscious of a new calamity. "They are cutting down the trees! They are cutting down the trees in the orchard!"

M. Delavigne did not ask—who? There was an accent on the "*they*" which was sufficiently indicative. The blood rushed to his face. His fingers clawed at the palms of his hands as his fists worked in an overmastering rage. His existence was crumbling about him. He turned and ran towards the orchard. It had been the pride of his father, of his grandfather; it was now his. He ran as a man runs to fend off disaster.

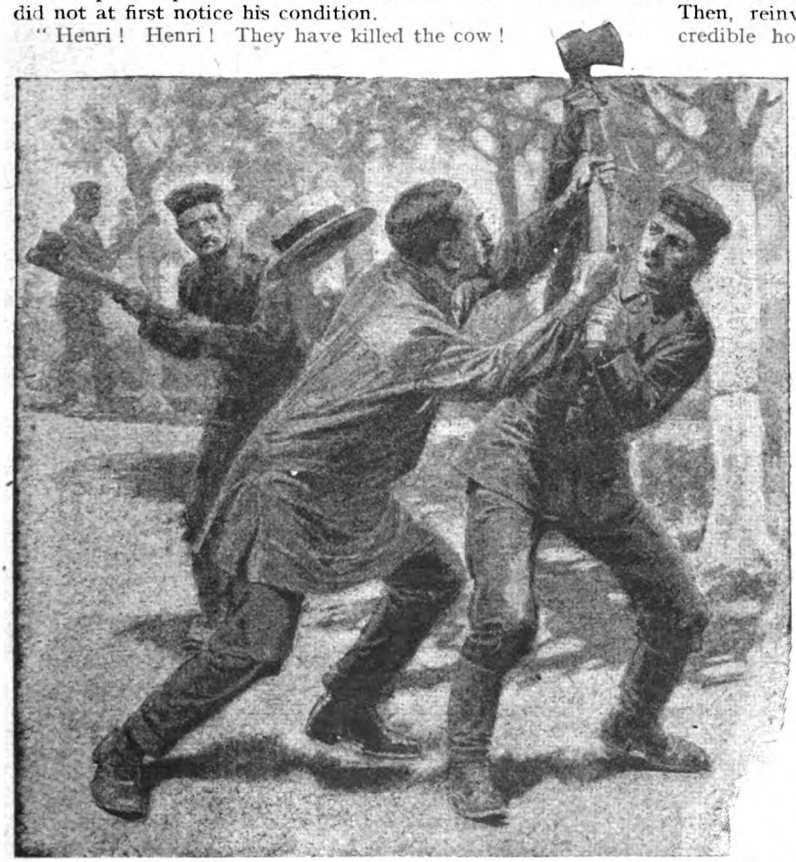
He dashed round the house to where the long rows of whitewashed tree-trunks gleamed in the spring sunshine. The orchard was filled with German soldiers furiously at work, resounded to the thuds of many axes. The Germans were not cutting the trees down. They had not time for that. They were deeply gashing all round the trunks, so that the trees would inevitably die. To the farmer it was the equivalent of cold-blooded murder.

He rushed at the nearest man with a snarl, flung himself upon him in a struggle to wrest away the axe. For a moment the two men swayed, evenly matched, the farmer uttering unintelligible sounds, the German grinning. Then another German aimed a blow at him with the back of an axe, which, just missing his head, struck his shoulder and felled him to the ground. He half rose, felt his right arm useless, and cursed savagely at the two men who stood over him, smiling in their comfortable superiority. A German officer sauntered up, elegant and close-buttoned, monocle dangling. In crisp, decisive

French he ordered the farmer out of the orchard ; in his own language he brutally ordered his men to get on with their work. The Frenchman looked at him with the eyes of a man who despairs for lack of a weapon that will kill.

Jules and Marie ran up, assisted the farmer to his feet, supported him, dazed and unsteady, out of the orchard. His wife came running towards him, so preoccupied with her own news that she did not at first notice his condition.

" Henri ! Henri ! They have killed the cow !



" HE RUSHED AT THE NEAREST MAN WITH A SNARL, FLUNG HIMSELF UPON HIM IN A STRUGGLE TO WREST AWAY THE AXE."

They have killed the cow ! Oh ! *Henri !* Oh, what is it that they have done ? What is it that they have done to you ? "

She flung her arms round him, pushing aside the servants. They stood speechless, clinging to one another, man and wife, drowning in an unexpected flood of disaster. They stood locked, paralyzed for a long moment before the woman let her face drop suddenly on her husband's breast in an outburst of tears. This was ruin—deliberately inflicted. In the shock of it their numbed brains sought no explanation.

The voice of the old woman roused them.

" Henri ! Henri ! Elise ! Elise ! Quickly ! quickly ! "

She was out of sight ; in the courtyard. Alarmed, they hastened towards her. She stood clutching another old woman who spoke with excited volubility. At the appearance of her son-in-law she turned, cried in triumph.

" *Henri ! Henri ! Les boches s'en vont ! Les boches s'en vont !* " She shouted the opprobrious name with a wild indifference to the German soldiers in the courtyard. " They are going everywhere—everywhere ! "

The farmer listened to the first few sentences of the old woman who had brought the news. Then, reinvigorated with an incredible hope, he dashed to the gateway.

The street was blocked with the long column of field artillery, immobile until some obstruction in the town was cleared. The limbers were piled high with packages ; the gunners who sat upon them were gloomy and silent, their long pipes hanging from their mouths. Behind them the road to the westward was packed with troops. On parallel roads he saw the dust of marching columns. A dense smoke was welling out of the isolated farmhouse in the near distance.

Coupled with the old woman's intelligence, these signs were decisive. He flung his arm into the air, forgetting his pain.

" *It is the retreat !* " he cried. " *The retreat at last !* Come, all of you, and look ! *The retreat !* "

He could find no other words to express his joy. The entire household crowded round him at the gateway. Even Marie-Louise toddled out, clutching at her mother's hand.

The old woman who had brought the news began to sob, recommenced the recital of her wrongs. It was her farmhouse that was now whelmed in dense smoke yonder.

" I am ruined ! " she moaned. " Ruined ! "

" Ruined ! " cried the farmer. " So am I. But what matters ? What does anything matter ? They are retreating—*retreating !* We shall be France once more—France ! *Oh, ma femme !* " He kissed her. " France ! France ! Freedom ! "

At that moment a squad of infantry, led by an officer, came up the street towards them from the town, just finding room to pass against the stationary artillery.

The squad halted at a sharp word of command. The group of peasants at the gateway, intoxicated with the prospect of deliverance, scarcely saw them, perceived only the long columns heading eastward. Only Marie, the servant, giggled at the *Gefreite*, Hans Kellner, stolid in the near ranks.

The officer barked out his orders.

"Kellner! Take two men, escort that man to the square!" He pointed at the farmer.

The *Gefreite*, Hans Kellner, stepped out of the ranks.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*" he said, and saluted.

A moment later the farmer found himself in the powerful grasp of two soldiers. The shriek from his wife was simultaneous.

"March!" cried Kellner, raising his rifle.

The farmer stared around him in horror and despair, stunned by this pitiless reversal of fortune. The blue sky seemed black. His eyes rested on the flashing bayonet, the ugly little dark hole of the rifle-muzzle, close against his face. The menace held them fascinated.

With a wild cry his wife sprang at the *Gefreite*, clutching at his weapon.

"*Et toi, Hans Kellner! Qu'est-ce que tu penses à faire?*" She used the second person singular, as she would to a servant, to this man whom she had many times ordered to chop wood, to perform a dozen other menial tasks.

The German thrust her from him with a violent hand. He bulked huge, stolid, terribly impersonal.

"March!" he commanded, and there was no disputing the order.

Like a condemned man the farmer moved away between his guards. With another shriek, his wife threw herself at the officer, clamoured: "Why? Why? Why? What are they going to do?" She fell on her knees to him.

The officer turned his back on her as though she did not exist, issued further orders to his squad.

The young woman got up, panting, wild-eyed. She was unaware that she held the tiny Marie-Louise tightly clutched by the hand. She saw her husband disappearing down the street, along the endless line of guns and limbers where the artillerymen sat aloft, immobile like barbaric gods, cruelly indifferent. She sprang after him, dragging the now whimpering child by the hand. In a haze of perception she heard her old mother cursing the German officer behind her.

The three Germans and their prisoner marched steadily down the long street into the town. Other captives, similarly escorted, preceded them, were brought out of the houses as they passed. Mme. Delavigne hastened to keep up, deaf to the cries of Marie-Louise pulled off her feet.

They reached the square just as the artillery commenced to move on again. At its farther end was a mass of male civilians, guarded by German soldiers with fixed bayonets. Covering the mass were two machine-guns on their low tripods. The men who squatted by the weapons ready to work them laughed to one another at the comic despair of some of the men in the crowd.

At the near end of the square was a mass of women, soldiers walking up and down in front of them, shouting at the females in exasperation at the shrieks and cries.

Between the two masses was a group of superior officers, calmly chatting. One had seated himself on the head of the prostrate statue, was flicking dust from his riding-boots.

The farmer was led across the square, towards the mass of his compatriots. His wife dodged a German soldier, essayed to follow him. Instantly a rough grasp fastened upon her shoulder, pulled her back. She strove towards her husband, fighting like a wild cat with her one free hand.

"Henri! Henri!" she shrieked.

The captive, firmly held by his guards, turned his head with an effort.

"*Adieu, ma femme!*" he shouted. "Adieu! Be brave!" She had a last glimpse of his face.

The young woman felt herself dragged away, heard a brutal voice shouting guttural threats into her ear. A piercing cry from Marie-Louise brought her to realization of the little one whose hand she grasped. The child was torn away from her. She let it go in the infant's yell of pain at the strain upon the tiny arm. An instant later the mother was flung violently into the mass of weeping women. She saw the child carried, kicking and struggling, by a burly German soldier, to the corner of the square. She fainted.

In the centre the group of German superior officers continued their calm conversation. One replied to a question.

"No," he said. "They go to quite different destinations. The men to one place; the women to another."

The entire group turned to watch the first batch of male civilians marched off to the railway station.

Hans Kellner stolidly marched his men up the hill again to the farmstead. On the road they passed Marie, the servant, weeping hysterically, being pushed along with several other distracted women towards the square. Their conductors joked at them in debased French. The *Gefreite* reported to his officer, was received with a curt nod.

"And the woman?" asked the lieutenant.

"With the other women in the square, Herr Leutnant."

"*So!* I expected that. Pity the servant did not go as well. It would have saved an escort." He gave further orders.

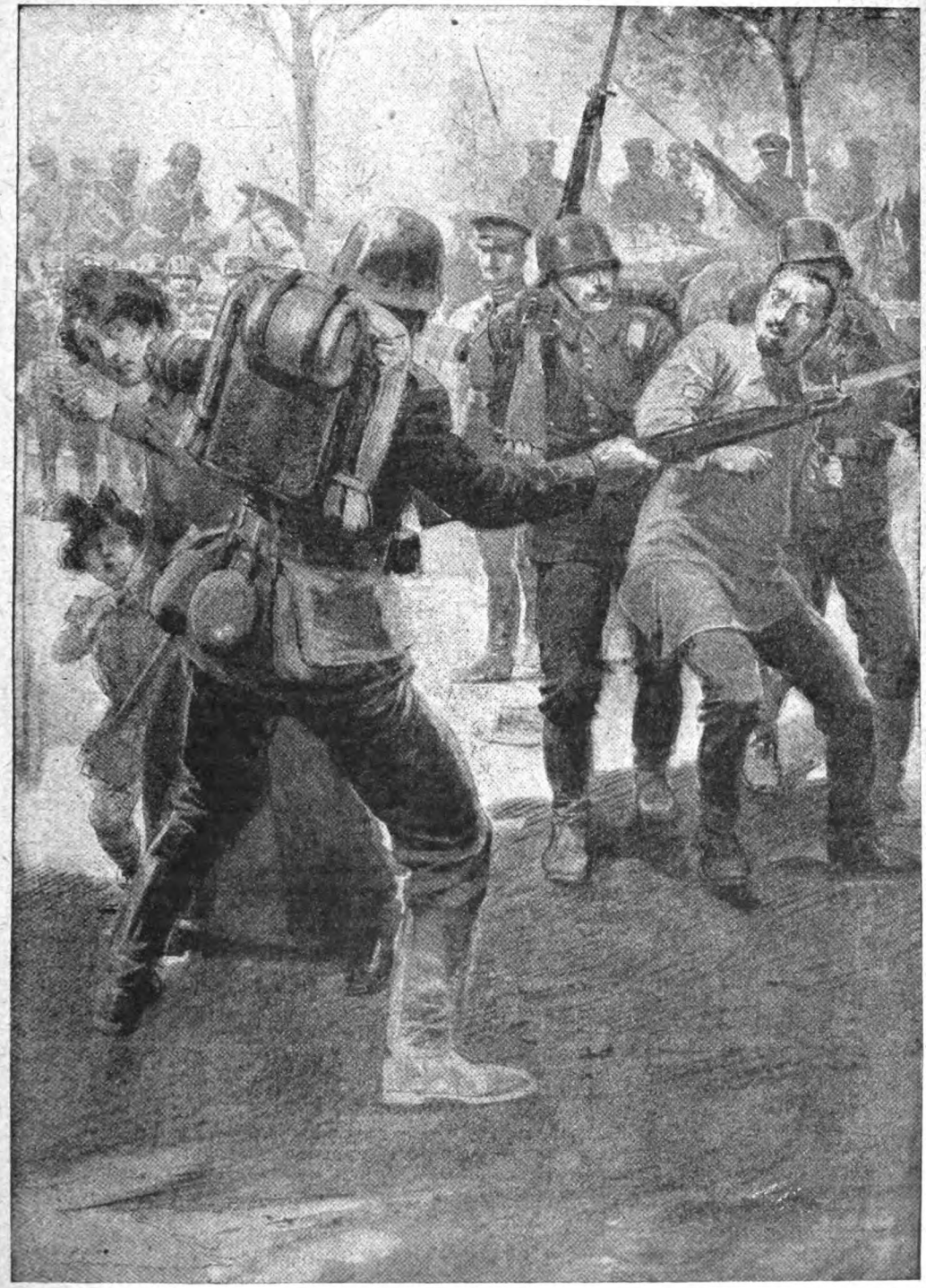
As the *Gefreite* entered the courtyard the old grandmother sprang at him, held him with griping fingers. Her face was startling in its wild despair.

"Marie-Louise!" she shrieked. "Marie-Louise! Where is she?"

The German stared at her stupidly for an instant. The child?

"*Zais bas!*" he said, brutally, and wrenched himself away from her.

The old woman screamed, rushed towards the gateway. German soldiers barred her exit.



"THE GERMAN THRUST HER FROM HIM WITH A VIOLENT HAND. 'MARCH!' HE COMMANDED, AND THERE WAS NO DISPUTING THE ORDER."

Within the house the men lately billeted upon the premises were working joyously at their task of destruction. Laughing faces appeared at the windows as they flung out articles of furniture and clothing. Other men were dragging out straw from the barns, mingling it in a great heap with the furniture thrown into the courtyard.

The old woman, endowed suddenly with the fierce energy of the insane, rushed from one group to another, hampering, though she did not stay their work. Exasperated by this annoyance, some of the soldiers seized her, forced her into a chair that had been flung into the courtyard, tied her into it. But her tongue was not stilled. Her vociferation grew unbearable. They gagged her. She sat there, bound, a towel across the lower part of her face, gazing at them as they sprinkled oil liberally over the heap and about the barns and house.

The fire commenced with choking volumes of smoke.

The three battalions laboured furiously in an orgy of destruction. They worked in little groups, hacking, smashing, applying the torch. Slaughtered animals encumbered the courtyards of the houses on the outskirts. Dogs dashed down the streets, yelping in panic, their tails between their legs. Heavy explosions shook the air and earth. Great masses of smoke rose above the roofs, rolled down the streets. There was an incessant fusillade from rifle-cartridges left by careless soldiers in their blazing billets. The Germans shouted and laughed at the constant reports, blurred to personal danger by their libations at the broached wine-casks, the snatched bottles from the litter of broken glass on the floors of the shops. The calmly-strutting officers permitted the orgy to the point of recklessness, checked it where recklessness might have passed into incapacity. A haze of smoke overhung the town, obscured the sun. The fall of the church-steeple was seen only by those in the immediate vicinity, though all lifted their heads at its resounding crash.

Through this inferno of smoking broken houses echoing to harsh cries, bodies of troops passed interminably eastwards at their best pace, halting not except for a hastily-removed obstruction. Battery after battery, long ammunition columns, dashed through at a hand gallop. Infantry, choking and cursing the fumes, poured through in long rivers of muddy field-grey, steel-helmeted, ride at the slope. Their officers urged them on with fierce shouts as they turned their heads to glance at the sanitary squads busily polluting the water supply. The first-line transport which followed them was loaded high with domestic articles, hung round with slaughtered poultry. For hour after hour the hurried procession continued.

The trains of cattle-trucks, choked full with despairing captives, had long ago left the railway station for their remote destinations. The first maddened scurry of ancient men, of old women, of young children, left behind amid this chaos, had long ceased. Their screams were heard no more. The streets were entirely filled with men in uniform. Those beneath the notice of the retreating conquerors were fleeing blindly over the countryside. Only here and there, in dark cellars underneath blazing houses, did fear-paralyzed groups of old people still cower. Some of the soldiery made a virtue of turning them out.

Night fell. The town, brick and stone built, did not catch fire readily, but in the lurid glare from houses satisfactorily ablaze groups of smoke-blackened men darted from building to building, ensured its complete destruction. Two battalions reported that there was no more to be done, fell in the ranks fitfully illumined from the red-windowed houses in the square, marched out in succession. The third battalion hastened to be finished with its area. Shells, French shells, commenced to wail over and crash among the ruins, an alarming spur to effort. Sharp bursts of rifle-fire came disturbingly from the west. The rearguard was in action, in close vicinity to the town. A German battery to the eastward sent shells rushing overhead.

The first grey of dawn crept into the sky, not perceptible through the pall of smoke, as Hans Kellner's battalion formed its ranks in the square. The *Gefreite* settled himself "at ease" between his comrades, waiting for the commands. In the interval he looked around him, saw the prostrate statue, now abandoned in the centre. A half-linked thought flitted into his mind. Marie-Louise! What had happened to her? He did not retain it, sprang sharply to attention at the word of command, stood stiff and stolid. A moment later the battalion was in column of route, was marching out of the square.

Hans Kellner was in the rear company of the battalion. Individually fatigued though they were, the men seemed to derive new strength from their corporate association, in grateful contrast to their scattered toil. The battalion swung onward like one man, with powerful strides, hurrying to leave behind it the horror of the ravaged town. The wailing, crashing French shells arrived more frequently; the German battery behind the town banged away vigorously as they approached it, smiting their ears with the double detonations of its discharges, lighting up the sky with broad white flashes. This fitful illumination helped the battalion to cross the planks which bridged the wide, deep trenches excavated from side to side of the road. The rearguard, when it finally withdrew from the town, would remove those bridges.

The battalion tramped on. The eastern sky, towards which they marched, grew lighter. But the night had not yet lifted. Looking back, a dark sky was suffused with a ruddy reflection. Fierce rifle-fire crackled, rippled, leaped to smashing volleys behind them. Distant machine-guns hammered loudly, with viciously rapid strokes. The German battery, which they had now passed, answered the evidently increasing numbers of French guns with sharp loud reports, single now that they were no longer in front of its muzzles, regularly and quickly repeated, incessant. The battalion marched on with the comfortable feeling that the fight was behind

"SOME OF THE SOLDIERS SEIZED HER, FORCED HER INTO A CHAIR THAT HAD BEEN FLUNG INTO THE COURTYARD, AND TIED HER INTO IT."

them, receding with every beat of its thousand boots upon the road.

Suddenly it halted, remained stationary for so many minutes that an anxiety arose in every man, was communicated to his fellows as they listened to the savagely vehement rifle-fire behind them. An order was passed down the column, confirming their augury. The battalion turned right about, its direction reversed. Hans Kellner's company was now at the head of the column. He heard the hollow hoof-beats of the major's horse as the commander cantered down the road to take up his new position in front. A sharp order and the battalion was once more in motion. This time they marched towards that near ruddy glow in the sky, towards the menace of the fiercely-crackling rifles. They scanned the dark horizon with questioning eyes. Men in that long, sombre succession of ranks shifted their packs with an uneasy movement of the shoulders, felt suddenly hungry.

They descended into the town, scrambled once more over the precarious bridges spanning the trenches across the road. The battery behind them banged away rapidly. They prayed inwardly that it might not cease.

The battalion halted once more in the gutted square, eerie with its faint reflections upon skeletal walls from glowing red heaps within. The commander gave his orders. The *Hauptmann* commanding Kellner's company barked out his excerpt from them. The company ascended the hill to the westward, along the main road by which the bulk of the troops had retreated. The men cast unquiet glances at the shattered houses on either hand. The French shells rushing to burst among the ruins seemed each one vindictively accurate as it approached.

The company halted. The subaltern officers received their final orders, returned to their sections. Once more upon the march, Hans Kellner turned into that gateway where, not twenty-four hours before, he had sunned himself with Marie-Louise perched upon his shoulder. The barns on either side of it were now mere glowing heaps, hot to the face as he passed between them. The farmhouse beyond was a mass of charred rafters, studded with spots of red fire vivid in the gloom. His squad was halted in the courtyard; the remainder of the section passed on.

A sergeant led them to their position, just outside the smoking wreck of a line of stables, fronting the dark night westward. The men lay down, sheltered more or less by heaps of bricks. The sergeant left them to contemplate the invisible rifle-fire, now loud and near in front of them. Hans Kellner turned himself, looked back, saw the ghostly glimmering white trunks of the silent orchard wounded unto death.

Suddenly a memory lodged itself in his mind, haunted him as he lay there awaiting the moment for action. It was the memory of the old woman, bound, gagged, in a chair in the courtyard just behind him. He wondered. He had not seen her. But then he had not looked, had not remembered her. What if she were still there, helpless—the fight to surge around her at any moment? He tried to dismiss the thought, vaguely feeling it an unworthy weakness, but failed. At last, impelled as by a decision emanating from without himself, he rose, crept back into the courtyard.

He found her. She sat there, beyond a glowing, smoking heap, her eyes glaring, terrible in her silent immobility among this ruin. Shrinking from her in a curious fear, he cut her free. She sat for a moment or two numbed. Her body seemed dead, only her eyes alive. He stood beside her, fascinated; pushed her to assure himself that she yet lived. On the instant, with a wild effort, a horrid cry, she sprang at his face. Startled into self-defence, he felled her headlong to the ground.

He had scarcely settled himself again shoulder to shoulder with his comrades behind the heaps of bricks when he heard a torrent of hoof-beats, a wild rush of cavalrymen in panic, gallop upon the main road to his left. They swept past, like *wilde Jäger* pursued by demons, down into the town. Behind them the rifle-fire burst out loud and prolonged. Hans Kellner saw sharp spurts of flame leap out away in the darkness into which he gazed. Bullets cracked above his head. The French were pressing very close. At the same moment he realized that the German battery on the other side of the town had ceased fire. From the company of infantry which now guarded this approach to the town came no sound.

He looked up to see his officer standing behind him, rose at his word.

"Kellner, you are in command of this squad! There will be no retreat. You will die at your post!"

Hans Kellner saluted.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*" he said, simply.

The officer passed on.

Suddenly Kellner thought he saw shadowy figures advancing across the field in front of him. He steadied himself into a firing position, after one brief glance behind him, where he thanked God that the fire in the farmhouse had died down into darkness. He pulled trigger with the rest in one long, irregular volley from the company stretched far to right and left of him. The spurts of flame, the rapid detonations continued, were supported by the quick, loud hammering of a machine-gun; were answered by similar spurts, similar detonations from the darkness in front. After a few minutes the tumult subsided. Single shots preceded an uncanny silence.

In that silence Hans Kellner suddenly jumped with superstitious terror. A voice wailed mournfully, "*Marie-Louise! Marie-Louise!*" in a long-drawn cry. He half-raised himself, glanced back at the farmhouse. A bright glow rose from it. With the first hostile shot he understood, in a flash, that he was fatally silhouetted.

The victorious Frenchmen surged over the wrecked stables into the courtyard; found an insane old woman raking among a heap of embers, stirred into fresh flame, seeking Marie-Louise.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

LORD RHONDDA.

DAVID ALFRED THOMAS, as Lord Rhondda was familiarly known before the war raised him to the peerage, owes a good deal to the vital influences of heredity. Born on March 26th, 1856, he is a son of the late Mr. Samuel Thomas, of Yscyborwen, a far-sighted man of business, who built up his wealth through realizing, from the beginning, the great possibilities of Welsh coal for naval and maritime purposes. Both the brains and the business passed from father to son, and by him they have been enormously developed. As a young man, Lord Rhondda entered upon his career with the immense advantage of the best education that England could give him, for, following a period of private tuition, he went to Cambridge, becoming a scholar of Caius and Jesus Colleges, and taking his M.A. degree while at the former. Returning to Wales, his early activities were devoted to the extension of the business the foundations of which were laid by his father, and which was ultimately developed into the great Cambrian Combine. A few years later—in 1882—he was married to Miss Sybil Haig, a daughter of Mr. George Augustus Haig, of Pen Ithon, Radnorshire, and, it is interesting here to note, a first cousin of Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France.

Photo.] AGE 10. *[Wills.*

In later years Lord Rhondda cast his influence far beyond the confines of Wales. He assumed large colliery and railway interests in Canada and the United States, where he is now almost as well known as in Britain. More recently, however, Lord Rhondda has made a series of gigantic "deals" in coal and shipping which have established him not only as the unquestioned sovereign figure in the Welsh coalfield, but the greatest individual coalowner in the world. Before entering the Government he was associated, as chairman, managing-director, director, or shareholder, with over thirty colliery, shipping, railway, or other undertakings, in concerns handling over twenty million tons of coal per annum, employing over sixty thousand men, and capitalized at eighteen million pounds.

Notwithstanding these great interests, Lord Rhondda has found time for a great deal of valuable public work. From 1888 until 1909 he represented Merthyr Boroughs in Parliament, and afterwards sat for a few months as member for Cardiff; but he was no party hack, and it was largely as a revolt from the growing limitations of the activities of the private member that he retired from Parliament to concentrate upon his commercial interests. The outbreak of the war found him immersed in the management and oversight of these industrial concerns, but he set these tasks aside in order to discharge, at the request of the Government, an important mission to Canada and the United States. When Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, urged Lord Rhondda to cross the Atlantic, the munitions industry in America was in a state of chaos and confusion, but, without fee or reward, he worked for over five months, harmonizing, accelerating, and increasing production, saving millions of pounds to the Exchequer, and rendering inestimable service to the Empire.

Lord Rhondda's assumption of office in December of 1916 is a matter of recent history. There has been widespread recognition of his

Photo.] AGE 15. [*Wills.*

fine work at the Local Government Board and at the Ministry of Food in spite of difficulties almost insuperable, his lordship has been unsparing and untiring in his efforts to increase supplies and to keep down prices.

Lord Rhondda's opportunities for leisure have been seriously curtailed since he entered the "win the war" Government, but even now he generally finds time to go down every week-end to Llanwern Park, which for over thirty years has been his Welsh home, although a good deal of official work accompanies him. Leaving London on Friday evening between five and six, accompanied by his lady secretary, he arrives at Llanwern about nine o'clock, returning to his town house in Ashley Gardens usually late on Sunday evening or early on Monday morning. He is, of course, in close and constant telephonic touch with the chief officials at the Ministry of Food. On Friday evening Lord Rhondda retires early, but he is down betimes the following morning, and is usually engaged until late afternoon with many scores of letters, both official and personal, and other important duties. During these hours many of the most vital schemes issued from the Food Ministry have been drafted. After three o'clock, however, these tasks are set aside, and Lord Rhondda takes a good walk in the park or a ride on his bicycle, for he is passionately fond of the wheel. Whereas in town his lordship is bound to dress in the conventional fashion, he knows no such regulations at Llanwern. There he is simple, almost careless, in attire, reminding one of the late Duke of Norfolk in his complete indifference to convention. In a suit of rough grey cloth he frequently spins down during the summer to the coast, for he hugely enjoys a bathe. After dinner the evening is spent with Lady Rhondda, or perhaps a public engagement in Cardiff or Newport.

There has never been a great deal of entertaining at Llanwern, and nowadays visitors are fewer than ever, partly because Lord Rhondda is so busy, and partly also because the major portion of the house has been turned into a Red Cross Hospital, where about forty wounded soldiers are being cared for. Lord Rhondda's personal visitors are those who come there to discuss with him the affairs of the great Cambrian Coal Combine (of which, in normal times, he is the directing genius) or railway matters, or his lordship's huge interests in Canada and the United States. Everybody, however, is assured of a most cordial welcome there, and to one joke all guests are made participants. Lord Rhondda conducts you to a great safe recently installed, and then hands out for inspection the life-saving jacket which he wore when, as Mr. D. A. Thomas, he was rescued from the

Photo.] AGE 31. [*Mayall.*

torpedoed *Lusitania*. Then, with a broad smile and a chuckle of enjoyment, he brings from the safe the copy of a placard issued at the time by a Welsh evening newspaper as follows:—

GREAT NATIONAL DISASTER.

"D.A." SAVED.

Lord Rhondda made a special journey of many miles in order to secure one of these posters, and the incident continues to amuse him so immensely that the poster is kept jealously guarded under lock and key.

Photo. AGE 42. [*Elliott & Fry.*

Sunday at Llanwern is not a strenuous day. In the morning there are more letters awaiting attention, but about eleven o'clock the despatch-box is put aside and his lordship walks over to Langstone Court, the home farm, for a chat with Mr. Trotman. A couple of hours are occupied in discussion and inspection, and luncheon is followed by a perusal of the newspapers or a book, for Lord Rhondda enjoys a good tale, and when tea is cleared it is time to begin preparing for a return to town.

In every direction in which, as Food Controller, Lord Rhondda has to appeal for conservation and economy he himself sets a most excellent example. In normal times there is no more hospitable home in the world than Llanwern for those privileged to receive invitations there, but to-day a standard of frugality is practised probably unexampled in the establishment of any other gentleman of his lordship's rank and wealth. When the Herefordshire breeders were at the Park a little before Christmas, the luncheon consisted of bread, beef, pickles, and apples! Here, whether in town or at Llanwern, is his lordship's own dietary: At breakfast he takes oatmeal porridge, kippered herring, coffee, no bread. For lunch he has fish with potatoes, a banana, custard pudding, with coffee; whilst the usual menu at dinner is as follows: Fish with potatoes (occasionally an egg), nuts and fruit (apple or pear). It will be noted that he has dispensed with the institution of afternoon tea, and that he rarely, if ever, touches bread, making use of potatoes in its place. With his potatoes Lord Rhondda will take butter (if he can get it!) but he does not drink tea more than once a week. A total abstainer also, coffee (which I may add he most thoroughly enjoys) is his only stimulant.

Photo. PRESENT DAY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

In many other ways also Lord Rhondda continues to effect economy. The size of his private notepaper has been reduced, and if a letter can be typed on half a quarto sheet, then only half a quarto sheet is used. Despite the arduous and important nature of his official duties he will only use his car when absolutely necessary, for he knows the value of petrol at the Front, and although Llanwern Park is a brisk twenty minutes' walk from the station he very frequently makes the journey on foot.

The Test of Courage.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

"YOU see, Miss Rodney, it isn't a small job—this blowing up of a mountain. It's my first coyote, and I hope it works. It means a lot to me."

Philip Dalton, eleven months out of an engineering college, looked at his watch, and then across at the grim ugliness of the black mountain of rock which lay in the path of the new Transcontinental.

"We shall know in a little less than four hours," he said, and from the mountain, fired in the last glow of sunset, his eyes turned to the girl. "She goes up at nine o'clock sharp to-night. It will be a beautiful piece of fireworks."

The vice-president's daughter was standing with her back to him, her slim figure profiled against the crimson light hovering still over the western wilderness, the light breeze tossing shining wisps of her golden hair about her face and shoulders. The others had gone.

For the first time since she and Dalton had met each other a month before they were alone. The fact thrilled Philip, and he looked at her unobserved, his face flushing with the emotions which she stirred within him, his eyes filled with the love which he would never have dared to let her see. They had been together often during this month, but there had always been someone else with them—her father, some of his guests, or her *fiancé*, the Englishman who was giving her a title.

They had never been alone like this, and Philip squared his strong young shoulders and drew in deep breaths of the keen evening air, and forgot that he was only one of the half-dozen young engineers in camp.

For a little longer Miss Rodney stood with her back to him, looking off into the thousand miles of peopleless waste through which the builders of the new Transcontinental were driving their thin lines of steel. When she turned to him there was a wistful look in her eyes.

"It's wonderful—wonderful!" she said. "Oh! what can't you do—you great big strong men who work?"

Her voice, her eyes, the flush in her cheeks were other than he had ever known them before.

"I'm sorry that I'm going away to-morrow," she continued, and there was a tone of bitterness in her words. "I've never seen this big, glorious world before. It's the first time I've ever known real men!"

He felt a throbbing joy in his breast that held him speechless.

"And you really believe that you can blow up that mountain?"

"To-night, at nine o'clock, Miss Rodney."

"And you—you are doing it!"

It was not a question. Wonder, delight, admiration shone in her eyes.

"I'm only the engineer," he replied. "I've superintended the building of the coyote. See that other knob of the mountain off there? Billinger has had charge of that. His coyote goes up at eight-forty-five; mine at nine."

"I wish I could see it!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

"You can!" The words shot from him with a suddenness that deepened the tan of wind and sun in his face. "There is still time. I will take you down now, if you will let me, Miss Rodney."

"I wanted to go the other day, but Lord Chelton said that it was no place for a woman."

Her lips tightened a little. Chelton was the man she was to marry.

"Will you go?" he asked. "Will you look at my coyote?"

"Yes."

She laughed at the unconcealed pleasure in his face. Her blue eyes dazzled him with the sudden mischievous excitement that leaped into them.

"We'll begin here," he exclaimed. "You see these wires, Miss Rodney? One runs a quarter of a mile over there to my coyote; the other to Billinger's. At the other end of this wire—mine—there are two hundred cases of dynamite and a hundred and fifty sacks of powder. To-night we will bring an electric battery up to this rock, attach the wire, and when you press the button the mountain blows up. Do you understand?"

"I see—I see!" she cried, softly, leaning close to him as he picked up the ends of the wires. "I wonder——" She looked at him. "I wonder if they'd let me press the button to your coyote?"

His hands trembled as he replaced the wires.

"I—I'd be the happiest man in the camp if you would," he said.

"I will, if they'll let me."

"They——"

"I mean my father and Lord Chelton."

Again he saw her lips tighten.

He led the way down the ridge into the little valley that lay between them and the mountain. The pa h was rough and filled with masses of broken trap and boulders. In places he held back his hand to her, and she gave him her own, laughing into his eyes.

"What would they say?" she demanded.

He knew whom she meant by they, and he laughed back at her, with a thrill of pleasure which she could not fail to see.

A sombre gloom had begun to shroud the black wall of the mountain when they came to the mouth of the coyote. The opening was about four feet square. Philip went in first, and the girl followed him. The blackness of night lay ahead of them. The girl's hand clung suddenly to his arm, and he felt her shudder.

"Ugh! it's dark—and cold!"

"There's a lantern here," he said. "I'll light it."

In the glow of the light the girl's face shone pale and tense. They had gone twenty paces in the chamber. Suddenly he stopped.

"You're not afraid, are you?" he asked.

"No-o-o-o—not afraid. Only—two hundred cases of dynamite——"

He laughed again, with a joyous ring in his voice, and in this moment, as they stood alone under the mountain, with the faint glow of the lantern lighting up their faces, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to take the little hand that still clung to his arm.

"It can't hurt us," he said. "You could build a bonfire in here and nothing would happen. Look——" He held the lantern high above his head, and she saw that the rock-wall of the chamber was four or five feet above them. "The dynamite and the powder are under us," he went on, "with the exception of fifty cases which are piled up at the end of this chamber. There's ten feet of space here, and the chamber is twenty feet wide. It runs back a hundred yards under the mountain. The dynamite and the powder are covered over with six feet of cement and broken rock. The wire goes under ground just outside the mouth of the chamber, and causes the explosion from beneath. Now——" He was talking to her eagerly in his enthusiasm. "Now—by leaving this air-chamber—we shall get more than one explosion. There will be three or four where, if there were no air-chamber and no vent, there would be but one, and we should lose three times the explosive force we will now get. The first or second explosion will explode the fifty cases of dynamite back there at the end of the chamber. By George, it ought to rip thunder out of the mountain!"

"By George, it will!" she cried, and for an instant he felt her fingers tighten about his own.

"I—I beg your pardon——" he stammered.

"For what?" she demanded. "Because you can work up enthusiasm enough in real work to forget yourself? It's glorious! I wish I were a man. If I were I'd—I'd do something—something big—like blowing up mountains, building railroads——"

"You really think it's big?", he asked, in a whisper. "I thought—you know——"

"Yes, I know what you thought," the girl interrupted, as he hesitated. "Everyone thinks the same. If I were a man I'd be a man!"

This time he could not see that curious tightening of her lips.

"I'll show you the dynamite," he suggested. "You're not afraid?"

"No."

He led her deeper into the chamber. No sound came to them now. In the intensity of the silence he could hear the girl at his side breathing quickly, and when he raised the lantern above his head he saw that her eyes were wide open and their pupils big and dark. A moment more and the lantern glow began to reveal row upon row of boxes in their path.

"That's the dynamite," he said, and his voice sounded hollow and unreal.

"Ugh!" shuddered his companion, and he felt her pressing closer to him. Almost in the same breath she clutched his arm with her free hand. "What was that?"

"Nothing," he began—and stopped.

He had heard the sound, faint at first, like a shovelful of gravel falling upon the rock-floor behind them. It was followed now by a strange rushing sound that seemed to send a throb through the mountain, and

The squad halted at a sharp word of command. The group of peasants at the gateway, intoxicated with the prospect of deliverance, scarcely saw them, perceived only the long columns heading eastward. Only Marie, the servant, giggled at the *Gefreite*, Hans Kellner, stolid in the near ranks.

The officer barked out his orders.

"Kellner! Take two men, escort that man to the square!" He pointed at the farmer.

The *Gefreite*, Hans Kellner, stepped out of the ranks.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*" he said, and saluted.

A moment later the farmer found himself in the powerful grasp of two soldiers. The shriek from his wife was simultaneous.

"March!" cried Kellner, raising his rifle.

The farmer stared around him in horror and despair, stunned by this pitiless reversal of fortune. The blue sky seemed black. His eyes rested on the flashing bayonet, the ugly little dark hole of the rifle-muzzle, close against his face. The menace held them fascinated.

With a wild cry his wife sprang at the *Gefreite*, clutching at his weapon.

"*Et toi, Hans Kellner! Qu'est-ce que tu penses à faire?*" She used the second person singular, as she would to a servant, to this man whom she had many times ordered to chop wood, to perform a dozen other menial tasks.

The German thrust her from him with a violent hand. He bulked huge, stolid, terribly impersonal.

"March!" he commanded, and there was no disputing the order.

Like a condemned man the farmer moved away between his guards. With another shriek, his wife threw herself at the officer, clamoured: "Why? Why? Why? What are they going to do?" She fell on her knees to him.

The officer turned his back on her as though she did not exist, issued further orders to his squad.

The young woman got up, panting, wild-eyed. She was unaware that she held the tiny Marie-Louise tightly clutched by the hand. She saw her husband disappearing down the street, along the endless line of guns and limbers where the artillerymen sat aloft, immobile like barbaric gods, cruelly indifferent. She sprang after him, dragging the now whimpering child by the hand. In a haze of perception she heard her old mother cursing the German officer behind her.

The three Germans and their prisoner marched steadily down the long street into the town. Other captives, similarly escorted, preceded them, were brought out of the houses as they passed. Mme. Delavigne hastened to keep up, deaf to the cries of Marie-Louise pulled off her feet.

They reached the square just as the artillery commenced to move on again. At its farther end was a mass of male civilians, guarded by German soldiers with fixed bayonets. Covering the mass were two machine-guns on their low tripods. The men who squatted by the weapons ready to work them laughed to one another at the comic despair of some of the men in the crowd.

At the near end of the square was a mass of women, soldiers walking up and down in front of them, shouting at the females in exasperation at the shrieks and cries.

Between the two masses was a group of superior officers, calmly chatting. One had seated himself on the head of the prostrate statue, was flicking dust from his riding-boots.

The farmer was led across the square, towards the mass of his compatriots. His wife dodged a German soldier, essayed to follow him. Instantly a rough grasp fastened upon her shoulder, pulled her back. She strove towards her husband, fighting like a wild cat with her one free hand.

"Henri! Henri!" she shrieked.

The captive, firmly held by his guards, turned his head with an effort.

"*Adieu, ma femme!*" he shouted. "Adieu! Be brave!" She had a last glimpse of his face.

The young woman felt herself dragged away, heard a brutal voice shouting guttural threats into her ear. A piercing cry from Marie-Louise brought her to realization of the little one whose hand she grasped. The child was torn away from her. She let it go in the infant's yell of pain at the strain upon the tiny arm. An instant later the mother was flung violently into the mass of weeping women. She saw the child carried, kicking and struggling, by a burly German soldier, to the corner of the square. She fainted.

In the centre the group of German superior officers continued their calm conversation. One replied to a question.

"No," he said. "They go to quite different destinations. The men to one place; the women to another."

The entire group turned to watch the first batch of male civilians marched off to the railway station.

Hans Kellner stolidly marched his men up the hill again to the farmstead. On the road they passed Marie, the servant, weeping hysterically, being pushed along with several other distracted women towards the square. Their conductors joked at them in debased French. The *Gefreite* reported to his officer, was received with a curt nod.

"And the woman?" asked the lieutenant.

"With the other women in the square, Herr Leutnant."

"*So!* I expected that. Pity the servant did not go as well. It would have saved an escort." He gave further orders.

As the *Gefreite* entered the courtyard the old grandmother sprang at him, held him with griping fingers. Her face was startling in its wild despair.

"Marie-Louise!" she shrieked. "Marie-Louise! Where is she?"

The German stared at her stupidly for an instant. The child?

"*Zais bas!*" he said, brutally, and wrenched himself away from her.

The old woman screamed, rushed towards the gateway. German soldiers barred her exit.

"THE GERMAN THRUST HER FROM HIM WITH A VIOLENT HAND. 'MARCH!' HE COMMANDED, AND THERE WAS NO DISPUTING THE ORDER."

Within the house the men lately billeted upon the premises were working joyously at their task of destruction. Laughing faces appeared at the windows as they flung out articles of furniture and clothing. Other men were dragging out straw from the barns, mingling it in a great heap with the furniture thrown into the courtyard.

The old woman, endowed suddenly with the fierce energy of the insane, rushed from one group to another, hampering, though she did not stay their work. Exasperated by this annoyance, some of the soldiers seized her, forced her into a chair that had been flung into the courtyard, tied her into it. But her tongue was not stilled. Her vociferation grew unbearable. They gagged her. She sat there, bound, a towel across the lower part of her face, gazing at them as they sprinkled oil liberally over the heap and about the barns and house.

The fire commenced with choking volumes of smoke.

The three battalions laboured furiously in an orgy of destruction. They worked in little groups, hacking, smashing, applying the torch. Slaughtered animals encumbered the courtyards of the houses on the outskirts. Dogs dashed down the streets, yelping in panic, their tails between their legs. Heavy explosions shook the air and earth. Great masses of smoke rose above the roofs, rolled down the streets. There was an incessant fusillade from rifle-cartridges left by careless soldiers in their blazing billets. The Germans shouted and laughed at the constant reports, blurred to personal danger by their libations at the broached wine-casks, the snatched bottles from the litter of broken glass on the floors of the shops. The calmly-strutting officers permitted the orgy to the point of recklessness, checked it where recklessness might have passed into incapacity. A haze of smoke overhung the town, obscured the sun. The fall of the church-steeple was seen only by those in the immediate vicinity, though all lifted their heads at its resounding crash.

Through this inferno of smoking broken houses echoing to harsh cries, bodies of troops passed interminably eastwards at their best pace, halting not except for a hastily-removed obstruction. Battery after battery, long ammunition columns, dashed through at a hand gallop. Infantry, choking and cursing the fumes, poured through in long rivers of muddy field-grey, steel-helmeted, rifles at the slope. Their officers urged them on with fierce shouts as they turned their heads to glance at the sanitary squads busily polluting the water supply. The first-line transport which followed them was loaded high with domestic articles, hung round with slaughtered poultry. For hour after hour the hurried procession continued.

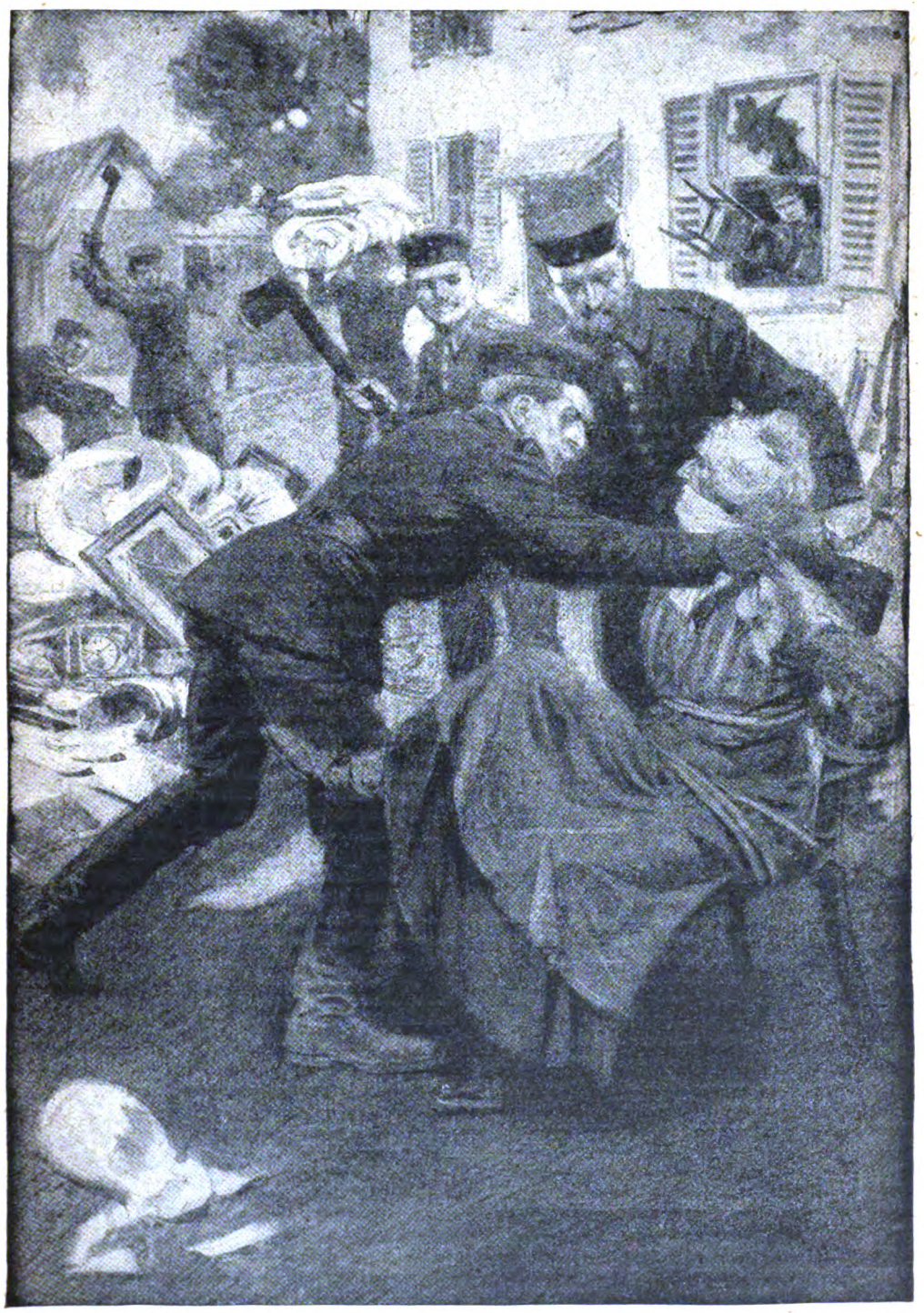
The trains of cattle-trucks, choked full with despairing captives, had long ago left the railway station for their remote destinations. The first maddened scurry of ancient men, of old women, of young children, left behind amid this chaos, had long ceased. Their screams were heard no more. The streets were entirely filled with men in uniform. Those beneath the notice of the retreating conquerors were fleeing blindly over the countryside. Only here and there, in dark cellars underneath blazing houses, did fear-paralyzed groups of old people still cower. Some of the soldiery made a virtue of turning them out.

Night fell. The town, brick and stone built, did not catch fire readily, but in the lurid glare from houses satisfactorily ablaze groups of smoke-blackened men darted from building to building, ensured its complete destruction. Two battalions reported that there was no more to be done, fell in the ranks fitfully illumined from the red-windowed houses in the square, marched out in succession. The third battalion hastened to be finished with its area. Shells, French shells, commenced to wail over and crash among the ruins, an alarming spur to effort. Sharp bursts of rifle-fire came disturbingly from the west. The rearguard was in action, in close vicinity to the town. A German battery to the eastward sent shells rushing overhead.

The first grey of dawn crept into the sky, not perceptible through the pall of smoke, as Hans Kellner's battalion formed its ranks in the square. The *Gefreite* settled himself "at ease" between his comrades, waiting for the commands. In the interval he looked around him, saw the prostrate statue, now abandoned in the centre. A half-linked thought flitted into his mind. Marie-Louise! What had happened to her? He did not retain it, sprang sharply to attention at the word of command, stood stiff and stolid. A moment later the battalion was in column of route, was marching out of the square.

Hans Kellner was in the rear company of the battalion. Individually fatigued though they were, the men seemed to derive new strength from their corporate association, in grateful contrast to their scattered toil. The battalion swung onward like one man, with powerful strides, hurrying to leave behind it the horror of the ravaged town. The wailing, crashing French shells arrived more frequently; the German battery behind the town banged away vigorously as they approached it, smiting their ears with the double detonations of its discharges, lighting up the sky with broad white flashes. This fitful illumination helped the battalion to cross the planks which bridged the wide, deep trenches excavated from side to side of the road. The rearguard, when it finally withdrew from the town, would remove those bridges.

The battalion tramped on. The eastern sky, towards which they marched, grew lighter. But the night had not yet lifted. Looking back, a dark sky was suffused with a ruddy reflection. Fierce rifle-fire crackled, rippled, leaped to smashing volleys behind them. Distant machine-guns hammered loudly, with viciously rapid strokes. The German battery, which they had now passed, answered the evidently increasing numbers of French guns with sharp loud reports, single now that they were no longer in front of its muzzles, regularly and quickly repeated, incessant. The battalion marched on with the comfortable feeling that the fight was behind



"SOME OF THE SOLDIERS SEIZED HER, FORCED HER INTO A CHAIR THAT HAD BEEN FLUNG INTO THE COURTYARD, AND TIED HER INTO IT."

them, receding with every beat of its thousand boots upon the road.

Suddenly it halted, remained stationary for so many minutes that an anxiety arose in every man, was communicated to his fellows as they listened to the savagely vehement rifle-fire behind them. An order was passed down the column, confirming their augury. The battalion turned right about, its direction reversed. Hans Kellner's company was now at the head of the column. He heard the hollow hoof-beats of the major's horse as the commander cantered down the road to take up his new position in front. A sharp order and the battalion was once more in motion. This time they marched towards that near ruddy glow in the sky, towards the menace of the fiercely-crackling rifles. They scanned the dark horizon with questioning eyes. Men in that long, sombre succession of ranks shifted their packs with an uneasy movement of the shoulders, felt suddenly hungry.

They descended into the town, scrambled once more over the precarious bridges spanning the trenches across the road. The battery behind them banged away rapidly. They prayed inwardly that it might not cease.

The battalion halted once more in the gutted square, eerie with its faint reflections upon skeletal walls from glowing red heaps within. The commander gave his orders. The *Hauptmann* commanding Kellner's company barked out his excerpt from them. The company ascended the hill to the westward, along the main road by which the bulk of the troops had retreated. The men cast unquiet glances at the shattered houses on either hand. The French shells rushing to burst among the ruins seemed each one vindictively accurate as it approached.

The company halted. The subaltern officers received their final orders, returned to their sections. Once more upon the march, Hans Kellner turned into that gateway where, not twenty-four hours before, he had sunned himself with Marie-Louise perched upon his shoulder. The barns on either side of it were now mere glowing heaps, hot to the face as he passed between them. The farmhouse beyond was a mass of charred rafters, studded with spots of red fire vivid in the gloom. His squad was halted in the courtyard; the remainder of the section passed on.

A sergeant led them to their position, just outside the smoking wreck of a line of stables, fronting the dark night westward. The men lay down, sheltered more or less by heaps of bricks. The sergeant left them to contemplate the invisible rifle-fire, now loud and near in front of them. Hans Kellner turned himself, looked back, saw the ghostly glimmering white trunks of the silent orchard wounded unto death.

Suddenly a memory lodged itself in his mind, haunted him as he lay there awaiting the moment for action. It was the memory of the old woman, bound, gagged, in a chair in the courtyard just behind him. He wondered. He had not seen her. But then he had not looked, had not remembered her. What if she were still there, helpless—the fight to surge around her at any moment? He tried to dismiss the thought, vaguely feeling it an unworthy weakness, but failed. At last, impelled as by a decision emanating from without himself, he rose, crept back into the courtyard.

He found her. She sat there, beyond a glowing, smoking heap, her eyes glaring, terrible in her silent immobility among this ruin. Shrinking from her in a curious fear, he cut her free. She sat for a moment or two numbed. Her body seemed dead, only her eyes alive. He stood beside her, fascinated; pushed her to assure himself that she yet lived. On the instant, with a wild effort, a horrid cry, she sprang at his face. Startled into self-defence, he felled her headlong to the ground.

He had scarcely settled himself again shoulder to shoulder with his comrades behind the heaps of bricks when he heard a torrent of hoof-beats, a wild rush of cavalrymen in panic, gallop upon the main road to his left. They swept past, like *wilde Jäger* pursued by demons, down into the town. Behind them the rifle-fire burst out loud and prolonged. Hans Kellner saw sharp spurts of flame leap out away in the darkness into which he gazed. Bullets cracked above his head. The French were pressing very close. At the same moment he realized that the German battery on the other side of the town had ceased fire. From the company of infantry which now guarded this approach to the town came no sound.

He looked up to see his officer standing behind him, rose at his word.

"Kellner, you are in command of this squad! There will be no retreat. You will die at your post!"

Hans Kellner saluted.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Leutnant!*" he said, simply.

The officer passed on.

Suddenly Kellner thought he saw shadowy figures advancing across the field in front of him. He steadied himself into a firing position, after one brief glance behind him, where he thanked God that the fire in the farmhouse had died down into darkness. He pulled trigger with the rest in one long, irregular volley from the company stretched far to right and left of him. The spurts of flame, the rapid detonations continued, were supported by the quick, loud hammering of a machine-gun; were answered by similar spurts, similar detonations from the darkness in front. After a few minutes the tumult subsided. Single shots preceded an uncanny silence.

In that silence Hans Kellner suddenly jumped with superstitious terror. A voice wailed mournfully, "*Marie-Louise! Marie-Louise!*" in a long-drawn cry. He half-raised himself, glanced back at the farmhouse. A bright glow rose from it. With the first hostile shot he understood, in a flash, that he was fatally silhouetted.

The victorious Frenchmen surged over the wrecked stables into the courtyard; found an insane old woman raking among a heap of embers, stirred into fresh flame, seeking Marie-Louise.

Portraits of Celebrities at Different Ages.

LORD RHONDDA.

DAVID ALFRED THOMAS, as Lord Rhondda was familiarly known before the war raised him to the peerage, owes a good deal to the vital influences of heredity. Born on March 26th, 1856, he is a son of the late Mr. Samuel Thomas, of Yscyborwen, a far-sighted man of business, who built up his wealth through realizing, from the beginning, the great possibilities of Welsh coal for naval and maritime purposes. Both the brains and the business passed from father to son, and by him they have been enormously developed. As a young man, Lord Rhondda entered upon his career with the immense advantage of the best education that England could give him, for, following a period of private tuition, he went to Cambridge, becoming a scholar of Caius and Jesus Colleges, and taking his M.A. degree while at the former. Returning to Wales, his early activities were devoted to the extension of the business the foundations of which were laid by his father, and which was ultimately developed into the great Cambrian Combine. A few years later—in 1882—he was married to Miss Sybil Haig, a daughter of Mr. George Augustus Haig, of Pen Ithon, Radnorshire, and, it is interesting here to note, a first cousin of Sir Douglas Haig, Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France.

Photo.] AGE 10. *[Wills.*

In later years Lord Rhondda cast his influence far beyond the confines of Wales. He assumed large colliery and railway interests in Canada and the United States, where he is now almost as well known as in Britain. More recently, however, Lord Rhondda has made a series of gigantic "deals" in coal and shipping which have established him not only as the unquestioned sovereign figure in the Welsh coalfield, but the greatest individual coalowner in the world. Before entering the Government he was associated, as chairman, managing-director, director, or shareholder, with over thirty colliery, shipping, railway, or other undertakings, in concerns handling over twenty million tons of coal per annum, employing over sixty thousand men, and capitalized at eighteen million pounds.

Notwithstanding these great interests, Lord Rhondda has found time for a great deal of valuable public work. From 1888 until 1909 he represented Merthyr Boroughs in Parliament, and afterwards sat for a few months as member for Cardiff; but he was no party hack, and it was largely as a revolt from the growing limitations of the activities of the private member that he retired from Parliament to concentrate upon his commercial interests. The outbreak of the war found him immersed in the management and oversight of these industrial concerns, but he set these tasks aside in order to discharge, at the request of the Government, an important mission to Canada and the United States. When Mr. Lloyd George, then Minister of Munitions, urged Lord Rhondda to cross the Atlantic, the munitions industry in America was in a state of chaos and confusion, but, without fee or reward, he worked for over five months, harmonizing, accelerating, and increasing production, saving millions of pounds to the Exchequer, and rendering inestimable service to the Empire.

Lord Rhondda's assumption of office in December of 1916 is a matter of recent history. There has been widespread recognition of his

Photo.] AGE 15. [*Wells.*

fine work at the Local Government Board and at the Ministry of Food in spite of difficulties almost insuperable, his lordship has been unsparing and untiring in his efforts to increase supplies and to keep down prices.

Lord Rhondda's opportunities for leisure have been seriously curtailed since he entered the "win the war" Government, but even now he generally finds time to go down every week-end to Llanwern Park, which for over thirty years has been his Welsh home, although a good deal of official work accompanies him. Leaving London on Friday evening between five and six, accompanied by his lady secretary, he arrives at Llanwern about nine o'clock, returning to his town house in Ashley Gardens usually late on Sunday evening or early on Monday morning. He is, of course, in close and constant telephonic touch with the chief officials at the Ministry of Food. On Friday evening Lord Rhondda retires early, but he is down betimes the following morning, and is usually engaged until late afternoon with many scores of letters, both official and personal, and other important duties. During these hours many of the most vital schemes issued from the Food Ministry have been drafted. After three o'clock, however, these tasks are set aside, and Lord Rhondda takes a good walk in the park or a ride on his bicycle, for he is passionately fond of the wheel. Whereas in town his lordship is bound to dress in the conventional fashion, he knows no such regulations at Llanwern. There he is simple, almost careless, in attire, reminding one of the late Duke of Norfolk in his complete indifference to convention. In a suit of rough grey cloth he frequently spins down during the summer to the coast, for he hugely enjoys a bathe. After dinner the evening is spent with Lady Rhondda, or perhaps a public engagement in Cardiff or Newport.

There has never been a great deal of entertaining at Llanwern, and nowadays visitors are fewer than ever, partly because Lord Rhondda is so busy, and partly also because the major portion of the house has been turned into a Red Cross Hospital, where about forty wounded soldiers are being cared for. Lord Rhondda's personal visitors are those who come there to discuss with him the affairs of the great Cambrian Coal Combine (of which, in normal times, he is the directing genius) or railway matters, or his lordship's huge interests in Canada and the United States. Everybody, however, is assured of a most cordial welcome there, and to one joke all guests are made participants. Lord Rhondda conducts you to a great safe recently installed, and then hands out for inspection the life-saving jacket which he wore when, as Mr. D. A. Thomas, he was rescued from the

Photo.] AGE 31. [*Mapall.*

torpedoed *Lusitania*. Then, with a broad smile and a chuckle of enjoyment, he brings from the safe the copy of a placard issued at the time by a Welsh evening newspaper as follows :—

GREAT NATIONAL DISASTER.

"D.A." SAVED.

Lord Rhondda made a special journey of many miles in order to secure one of these posters, and the incident continues to amuse him so immensely that the poster is kept jealously guarded under lock and key.

Photo. AGE 42. [*Elliott & Fry.*

Sunday at Llanwern is not a strenuous day. In the morning there are more letters awaiting attention, but about eleven o'clock the despatch-box is put aside and his lordship walks over to Langstone Court, the home farm, for a chat with Mr. Trotman. A couple of hours are occupied in discussion and inspection, and luncheon is followed by a perusal of the newspapers or a book, for Lord Rhondda enjoys a good tale, and when tea is cleared it is time to begin preparing for a return to town.

In every direction in which, as Food Controller, Lord Rhondda has to appeal for conservation and economy he himself sets a most excellent example. In normal times there is no more hospitable home in the world than Llanwern for those privileged to receive invitations there, but to-day a standard of frugality is practised probably unexampled in the establishment of any other gentleman of his lordship's rankand wealth. When the Herefordshire breeders were at the Park a little before Christmas, the luncheon consisted of bread, beef, pickles, and apples! Here, whether in town or at Llanwern, is his lordship's own dietary: At breakfast he takes oatmeal porridge, kippered herring, coffee, no bread. For lunch he has fish with potatoes, a banana, custard pudding, with coffee; whilst the usual menu at dinner is as follows: Fish with potatoes (occasionally an egg), nuts and fruit (apple or pear). It will be noted that he has dispensed with the institution of afternoon tea, and that he rarely, if ever, touches bread, making use of potatoes in its place. With his potatoes Lord Rhondda will take butter (if he can get it!) but he does not drink tea more than once a week. A total abstainer also, coffee (which I may add he most thoroughly enjoys) is his only stimulant.

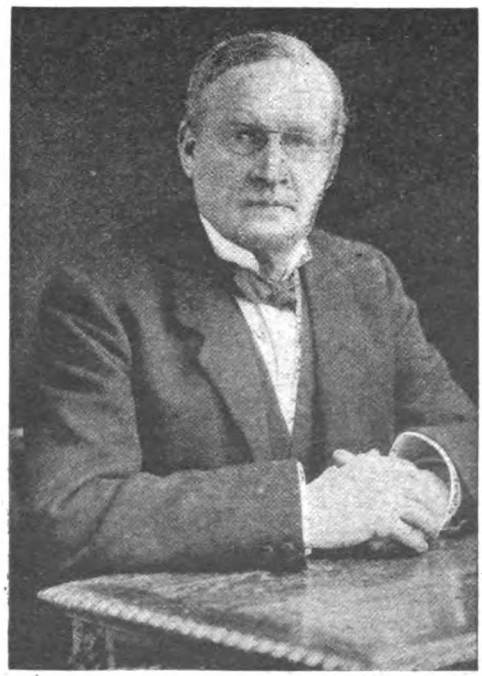


Photo. PRESENT DAY. [*Elliott & Fry.*

In many other ways also Lord Rhondda continues to effect economy. The size of his private notepaper has been reduced, and if a letter can be typed on half a quarto sheet, then only half a quarto sheet is used. Despite the arduous and important nature of his official duties he will only use his car when absolutely necessary, for he knows the value of petrol at the Front, and although Llanwern Park is a brisk twenty minutes' walk from the station he very frequently makes the journey on foot.

The Test of Courage.

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD.

Illustrated by W. R. S. Stott.

"YOU see, Miss Rodney, it isn't a small job—this blowing up of a mountain. It's my first coyote, and I hope it works. It means a lot to me."

Philip Dalton, eleven months out of an engineering college, looked at his watch, and then across at the grim ugliness of the black mountain of rock which lay in the path of the new Transcontinental.

"We shall know in a little less than four hours," he said, and from the mountain, fired in the last glow of sunset, his eyes turned to the girl. "She goes up at nine o'clock sharp to-night. It will be a beautiful piece of fireworks."

The vice-president's daughter was standing with her back to him, her slim figure profiled against the crimson light hovering still over the western wilderness, the light breeze tossing shining wisps of her golden hair about her face and shoulders. The others had gone.

For the first time since she and Dalton had met each other a month before they were alone. The fact thrilled Philip, and he looked at her unobserved, his face flushing with the emotions which she stirred within him, his eyes filled with the love which he would never have dared to let her see. They had been together often during this month, but there had always been someone else with them—her father, some of his guests, or her *fiancé*, the Englishman who was giving her a title.

They had never been alone like this, and Philip squared his strong young shoulders and drew in deep breaths of the keen evening air, and forgot that he was only one of the half-dozen young engineers in camp.

For a little longer Miss Rodney stood with her back to him, looking off into the thousand miles of peopleless waste through which the builders of the new Transcontinental were driving their thin lines of steel. When she turned to him there was a wistful look in her eyes.

"It's wonderful—wonderful!" she said. "Oh! what can't you do—you great big strong men who work?"

Her voice, her eyes, the flush in her cheeks were other than he had ever known them before.

"I'm sorry that I'm going away to-morrow," she continued, and there was a tone of bitterness in her words. "I've never seen this big, glorious world before. It's the first time I've ever known real men!"

He felt a throbbing joy in his breast that held him speechless.

"And you really believe that you can blow up that mountain?"

"To-night, at nine o'clock, Miss Rodney."

"And you—you are doing it!"

It was not a question. Wonder, delight, admiration shone in her eyes.

"I'm only the engineer," he replied. "I've superintended the building of the coyote. See that other knob of the mountain off there? Billinger has had charge of that. His coyote goes up at eight-forty-five; mine at nine."

"I wish I could see it!" she exclaimed, suddenly.

"You can!" The words shot from him with a suddenness that deepened the tan of wind and sun in his face. "There is still time. I will take you down now, if you will let me, Miss Rodney."

"I wanted to go the other day, but Lord Chelton said that it was no place for a woman."

Her lips tightened a little. Chelton was the man she was to marry.

"Will you go?" he asked. "Will you look at my coyote?"

"Yes."

She laughed at the unconcealed pleasure in his face. Her blue eyes dazzled him with the sudden mischievous excitement that leaped into them.

"We'll begin here," he exclaimed. "You see these wires, Miss Rodney? One runs a quarter of a mile over there to my coyote; the other to Billinger's. At the other end of this wire—mine—there are two hundred cases of dynamite and a hundred and fifty sacks of powder. To-night we will bring an electric battery up to this rock, attach the wire, and when you press the button the mountain blows up. Do you understand?"

"I see—I see!" she cried, softly, leaning close to him as he picked up the ends of the wires. "I wonder——" She looked at him. "I wonder if they'd let me press the button to your coyote?"

His hands trembled as he replaced the wires.

"I—I'd be the happiest man in the camp if you would," he said.

"I will, if they'll let me."

"They——"

"I mean my father and Lord Chelton."

Again he saw her lips tighten.

He led the way down the ridge into the little valley that lay between them and the mountain. The pa h was rough and filled with masses of broken trap and boulders. In places he held back his hand to her, and she gave him her own, laughing into his eyes.

"What would they say?" she demanded.

He knew whom she meant by they, and he laughed back at her, with a thrill of pleasure which she could not fail to see.

A sombre gloom had begun to shroud the black wall of the mountain when they came to the mouth of the coyote. The opening was about four feet square. Philip went in first, and the girl followed him. The blackness of night lay ahead of them. The girl's hand clung suddenly to his arm, and he felt her shudder.

"Ugh! it's dark—and cold!"

"There's a lantern here," he said. "I'll light it."

In the glow of the light the girl's face shone pale and tense. They had gone twenty paces in the chamber. Suddenly he stopped.

"You're not afraid, are you?" he asked.

"No-o-o-o—not afraid. Only—two hundred cases of dynamite——"

He laughed again, with a joyous ring in his voice, and in this moment, as they stood alone under the mountain, with the faint glow of the lantern lighting up their faces, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for him to take the little hand that still clung to his arm.

"It can't hurt us," he said. "You could build a bonfire in here and nothing would happen. Look——" He held the lantern high above his head, and she saw that the rock-wall of the chamber was four or five feet above them. "The dynamite and the powder are under us," he went on, "with the exception of fifty cases which are piled up at the end of this chamber. There's ten feet of space here, and the chamber is twenty feet wide. It runs back a hundred yards under the mountain. The dynamite and the powder are covered over with six feet of cement and broken rock. The wire goes under ground just outside the mouth of the chamber, and causes the explosion from beneath. Now——" He was talking to her eagerly in his enthusiasm. "Now—by leaving this air-chamber—we shall get more than one explosion. There will be three or four where, if there were no air-chamber and no vent, there would be but one, and we should lose three times the explosive force we will now get. The first or second explosion will explode the fifty cases of dynamite back there at the end of the chamber. By George, it ought to rip thunder out of the mountain!"

"By George, it will!" she cried, and for an instant he felt her fingers tighten about his own.

"I—I beg your pardon——" he stammered.

"For what?" she demanded. "Because you can work up enthusiasm enough in real work to forget yourself? It's glorious! I wish I were a man. If I were I'd—I'd do something—something big—like blowing up mountains, building railroads——"

"You really think it's big?", he asked, in a whisper. "I thought—you know——"

"Yes, I know what you thought," the girl interrupted, as he hesitated. "Everyone thinks the same. If I were a man I'd be a man!"

This time he could not see that curious tightening of her lips.

"I'll show you the dynamite," he suggested. "You're not afraid?"

"No."

He led her deeper into the chamber. No sound came to them now. In the intensity of the silence he could hear the girl at his side breathing quickly, and when he raised the lantern above his head he saw that her eyes were wide open and their pupils big and dark. A moment more and the lantern glow began to reveal row upon row of boxes in their path.

"That's the dynamite," he said, and his voice sounded hollow and unreal.

"Ugh!" shuddered his companion, and he felt her pressing closer to him. Almost in the same breath she clutched his arm with her free hand. "What was that?"

"Nothing," he began—and stopped.

He had heard the sound, faint at first, like a shovelful of gravel falling upon the rock-floor behind them. It was followed now by a strange rushing sound that seemed to send a throb through the mountain, and

Philip whirled toward the mouth of the coyote. There he should still have seen the pale light of day filtering through the outlet. In place of that there was the blackness of night. He held the lantern behind him, and looked hard. It was still black, and there rushed over him a feeling of horror. If he had been alone he would have cried out, and would have run like a madman to the place where the light should have been. In a flash he knew what had happened. A rock had loosened over the mouth of the chamber, letting down a slide of rock and earth. They were shut in! He tried to speak calmly, but Miss Rodney had felt the thrill of horror that passed like an electric shock through his body.

"A little dirt falling over the mouth of the tunnel," he said. "I'm afraid you'll have to soil your dress getting out, Miss Rodney, and incidentally you'll have the pleasure of seeing me work for a few minutes."

Miss Rodney did not reply as they retraced their steps. The lantern-light revealed the coyote vent choked with earth and broken trap, and when Philip saw the trap, wedged and crushed in the hole, he placed the lantern on the floor, so that the girl could not see his face. He dared not speak for a moment, and turned from her to strip off his coat. With a little cry Miss Rodney sprang to the lantern, and in another moment she was holding it close to his face, staring into his horror-filled eyes. His face was as white as death, and his lips were set in a hard, tense line. In the girl's face Philip did not see what he had expected to see. She said nothing. Her eyes were almost black. The lantern shook in her hand. He knew that she had seen in his face all that he could have told her, and yet in her own there was none of the weakness that he had feared. It was like a white cameo in the half gloom.

He turned from her and began to work, while she held the lantern at his back. At first he made easy progress into the loose trap. Then he came to the wedged chunks, and he knew that he was fighting against a wall almost as solid as the mountain itself. As an engineer he knew the force and weight that it had taken to choke the mouth of the coyote in this way. Outside there were hundreds, perhaps thousands, of tons of rock and earth. But he did not stop. Something seemed to break in his head.

Only the presence of Miss Rodney kept him from shouting—from shrieking out in his despair for human help, though his voice would have died in the heart of the mountain. He rolled and tossed back mass after mass of rock. His hands were torn and bleeding. The knife-edged trap ripped the arms of his flannel shirt into shreds. Beads of water ran down his face—a sweat of horror more than of exertion. He worked—because he did not want to face the girl, and because there always lingers a hope—one chance in ten thousand—even in the face of death. He knew there was no more than that chance. A little later he saw that there was no use in continuing the hopeless fight. Rocks which ten men could not have moved barred his way. He straightened himself, and with his pocket handkerchief wiped the sweat and dirt from his face. Before he had looked at her Miss Rodney put her hand on his bruised and naked arm. When he turned she held the lantern on a level with their faces. There was no need of words—of explanations. For three-quarters of an hour she had watched him fight in the face of that wall of rock and earth with a strength which she had never before seen in a man.

"You have done splendidly," she said, "but I don't believe you can go on."

"No—I can't go on," he said, knowing that she was demanding the truth of him. "I can't go on. We're shut in. Oh, my God——" His panting breath sounded terrible in the death-like stillness of the chamber, and suddenly he caught the hand that was on his arm and crushed it almost fiercely to his breast. "If I had ten thousand lives I'd give them up—every one—if you were out there—and I was in here—alone!"

"I know you would," she replied, and her voice was steadier than his. "I've been watching you, and I know. It's because you're of that sort that I'm—I'm—not afraid."

"But you don't understand," he said. "A thousand men——"

"I do understand," she interrupted. "What time is it?"

He took out his watch. Her soft hair touched his cheek as they bent together over the timepiece. It was a quarter past seven.

"An hour and forty-five minutes," said the girl. A shudder ran through her body. She placed the lantern on the floor and looked at him, her face a pale shadow in the gloom. "We shall never know what happens," she went on, and he wondered if horror and fear had driven her mad. "We shall never know what happens—and they'll never know what has happened. All their lives they'll wonder where we disappeared to. I've been thinking—thinking—thinking—while you were at work there, and, do you

"WITH A LITTLE CRY MISS RODNEY SPRANG TO THE LANTERN, AND IN ANOTHER MOMENT SHE WAS HOLDING IT CLOSE TO HIS FACE, STARING INTO HIS HORROR-FILLED EYES."

know, I'm not afraid. It's curious, but I'm not. I suppose it's because there's a lot of man in me. I've always wanted to be a man, to do things—big things. This is the first time I've ever been glad—that I'm a woman."

He came close to her and placed the lantern at their feet.

"If you had only been a man—if you only had!" he exclaimed in a voice that was low and thrilling. "If you had been a man I wouldn't have brought you down here. If you had been any other woman on the earth I wouldn't have brought you. I did it because——"

"Why?" she asked, softly.

He had taken her hands again, but he dropped them now.

"Miss Rodney, we're almost equals here now, aren't we? I'm no longer just a mere engineer paid a salary that would just about buy your father's cigars. I'm a man. And you're no longer a vice-president's daughter, a great heiress, and the *fiancé* of a titled man. You're just a woman. Our world is this little chamber under the mountain, the last little world we shall ever have. If it won't hurt you—if you don't care—I'd like to—to tell you——"

He stopped, almost wishing that he might recall his words.

"Go on," she urged, softly. "Go on—please."

"I asked you to come down, Miss Rodney, because—just once—I wanted to be alone with you, to have you all to myself. I knew it wouldn't happen again—that you were going away to-morrow—and I was sure that it wouldn't do any harm, and that I should be happier afterward. I did it because I loved you."

There was a silence. It seemed like an eternity. And then, swiftly, in that terrible stillness, the light began to fade away. It grew lower, flickered, and went out.

"The oil is gone," he said.

He heard a movement. Something groped out to him in that stark blackness. It was the girl's hand. It touched his shoulder. Her other hand touched his face. He felt her near—nearer. And then, suddenly, her arms were around his neck.

"And that—that's just why this is the first time in my life I'm glad that I'm a woman," she whispered. "It's the first time I've ever known a man and I love him, if he is nothing but a great big god of a civil engineer."

In the silence of that moment's thrilling joy there sounded the low tinkling note of the little bell in Philip Dalton's watch. It was half-past seven. In the sound there was something indescribably more significant than the mere intonation of time. It was like the first tolling stroke of a church bell miles and miles away, softened by great distance, and muffled by the walls of the mountain until it came to them only in a whisper. The girl's arms tightened about Philip's neck, and he felt her shudder, as though the note of the little bell had touched a vibrant chord in her body, and he drew her closer and closer in his own arms, until he was straining her to him with a strength which he did not realize until a little cry of pain broke from her lips. He loosened his arms, and in the darkness he turned up her face until their lips met, and then he heard her breath come quickly and sobbingly, and, in a moment, she was crying with her face against his breast. He kissed her again and again, and in the cavernous stillness of the mountain his low words rang with a strength and courage that after a little lifted her face from his breast, and made her take his own face between her two hands.

"I'm sorry, Philip," she said, speaking his name for the first time, "but I just couldn't help it. It—it isn't because I'm afraid. I'm not afraid. I'm not!"

She drew his face down to her.

"I can't be afraid with you," she said.

Her courage, her faith, her love—the warm throbbing of her body against him, filled him with a madness which he struggled to fight back. For a few moments he dared not speak, but stroked her hair and fondled her face while he bit his lips until the blood came. She was his. She had given herself to him, and never had life called to him as it did now. She felt his arms and his shoulders harden, she felt the stiffening of his whole body, and suddenly he held her back from him, and his madness found vent in words.

"By Heaven, you shall live—you *shall!*" he cried. "There's another lantern on a ledge near the vent. Wait until I find it."

She stood alone, trembling in the blackness, while he struck a match and searched for the lantern. He found it—half-filled with oil. His face was not white now. His eyes almost frightened her. She stood near, holding the light, while he went at the rocks again. Her presence put the strength of five men in his arms and body, and he rolled back rock after rock that he had not been able to move before. In the madness of his fight, in the superhuman efforts he was putting in this last struggle, time ceased to exist for him. He did not hear his watch when it tinkled off the hour of eight.

Only, each time as he turned his eyes, he saw Isobel Rodney's golden head shining in the dim lantern glow, her eyes fixed upon him with a love and faith that drove reason and judgment from him. But at last he came to the end. He came to rocks that he could not move, and as he strained until every muscle in his body seemed to tear themselves asunder his breath came in a groaning cry. The girl came to him. Her arms were around him again, and he sank down, broken, bleeding, conquered.

"You can't," she whispered, stroking back his hair. "You can't do it, and—and——" The look in his eyes frightened her again. "Philip—you look so strange—you frighten me. You're—you're not——"

"I'm all right," he said, pulling himself together with an effort. "Little sweetheart, I'm afraid we've lost."

"What time is it?" she asked.

He pulled out his watch.

"Twenty-five minutes to nine," said the girl. There was not a tremor in her voice. Her fingers continued to fondle his hair. "Yes, we've lost; but haven't we won a little something, Philip?" She put her face down against his hot cheek. "I want to walk," she said. "Can't we walk—backwards and forwards?"

He placed the lantern on one of the rocks, and with her hand in his they walked slowly out into the gloom.

"Yes, I've won something—the greatest thing in the world," he said, and there was a thrill of the old strength and fearlessness in his voice. "I wouldn't exchange what I've won for life—not for ten lives! It's you. You're losing everything. But after all—it won't be so very bad——"

She interrupted him, her fingers clasping his more firmly.

"No, it won't be so very bad," she said, bravely. "There are a good many worse things, Philip. I, too, would not exchange what I've found in this mountain for that out there. Do you know, if I had to keep that contract—money for a title—and I had a choice, I'd stay here with you."

"God bless you!" he whispered.

"I would," she said, as though she thought he doubted her. "And now, Philip, let's talk of what we would have done if you had only told me that you loved me, up there on the rock—where the wires are. Let's make it real. I'm going with you—everywhere—and I'm going to help you build railroads and bridges, and blow up mountains. You'll let me, won't you?"

He was choking. He drew her close in his arms, and held his face away from her so that she would not discover the hot tears that were running down his cheeks.

"Yes," he said; "we'll go everywhere—together. Nothing can part us—even in death."

"Nothing," she said.

They both stood silent, and under their feet there came a sudden and terrible throb—a throb that grew stronger even as they held their breath, until the mountain seemed to tremble over their heads and under their feet, and was followed by a dull and distant roar, like rumbling thunder smothered in the bowels of the earth.

"Fifteen minutes more," she said, and the hand that stroked his face was like ice.

"Yes," he replied, "that's Billinger's mountain."

They went back into the circle of ghostly light thrown out by the lantern. She lifted her eyes straight to his face, and he marvelled at the strength which he saw in them. Her cheeks were like wax. Her lips were pale. Against this white contrast her blue eyes shone deeper and darker. The coils of her golden hair had loosened, and suddenly he reached up and shook them down, so that her shining tresses rippled about her shoulders, filling his nostrils with a sweet breath as he strained her close to him again, burying his face in that golden glory.

"My wife!" he cried to her, softly.

He felt her arms tighten about him.

Clear and distinct the bell in Philip Dalton's watch began tinkling off the hour of nine.

One—two—three—four. He crushed the girl's head in his arm, smothering the sound from her. Five—six—seven. He pressed his lips to hers. Eight—nine!

Her face was growing cold. Her lips were cold. Her arms slipped from his shoulders. She became a weight in his arms.

"God in heaven be praised!" he breathed.

He looked into her white, still face again, buried his face in the warm sweetness of her hair, and as he waited whispers of prayer formed themselves on his lips.

Tick—tick—tick—tick.

He could hear his watch. A clammy chill crept through him. The roar of the bursting mountain seemed already to fill his head. Sickness—weakness—overcame him, and he sank down upon the cold rock-floor with his unconscious burden.

Tick—tick—tick.

His watch was beating off the seconds, faster and faster. He counted them—ten

"A DOZEN LANTERNS FLASHED IN THEIR FACES. A SCORE OF MEN HAD DRAWN BACK, STARING AT THEM WHITE-FACED AND SILENT."

twenty, forty, sixty—and they raced so swiftly that his brain could not follow. Something had happened to the wire up on the rock. They were attaching the battery. A moment more——

The seconds grew into minutes. Five—ten—he lifted his head. Good heavens, what did it mean? The girl moved, and he strained her to him. She was coming back to life. His fingers touched her soft throat, and he groaned aloud. The bell in his watch struck again. It was a quarter past nine. It would happen soon—it must happen soon. There had been a delay—they were pressing the button now. A little longer—just a little longer.

A sound came to him. It was not the ticking of his watch. It was not the little bell. He raised his head, his eyes shining madly. It was a voice—a faint shout—beyond the choked-up mouth of the coyote.

He dropped the girl and sprang to the rocks, and his voice rose in shrieks that were like those of a madman. Answering shouts came to him through the mass of earth and rock. They heard him! He heard the beat of metal picks on hard rock!—one, two, three, and then an army of them! Their click, click, click, came to him faintly, swiftly, and he continued to shout, until he staggered back exhausted. The girl had regained consciousness and was swaying on her feet, holding out her arms to him and murmuring incoherent things. He sprang to her and caught her in his arms.

"We're saved!" he shouted. "Something has happened! They're out there—they hear us—I can hear them working!"

She looked at him dumbly, uncomprehendingly, and her hands went to his face again, and in her eyes there was a look as though she feared the strain had been too much for him.

"Come—listen!" he cried, and he drew her to the choked mouth of the coyote, holding her trembling form in his arms.

For a moment they held their breath.

In the silence there came to them distinctly the rapid beating of many picks upon rock.

An hour later a crumbling slide of rock and earth cleared the mouth of the coyote. A flood of warm fresh air rushed in upon Philip and the girl he still held in his arms. In a moment he was carrying her over the *débris*. A dozen lanterns flashed in their faces. A score of men had drawn back, leaning on their picks and crowbars, staring at them white-faced and silent, as men will stare at those who have come out of the jaws of death. But one sprang forward and caught the girl from Philip. It was her father, the vice-president, and from behind him Philip heard the voice of one of the men which told him what had happened. A rock had fallen upon the wire leading to the dynamite and had severed it. The battery had failed to explode the mountain, and men had come down to investigate.

He drew in great draughts of air, and looked at Isobel and her father. The girl had freed herself from his arms, and another man was standing near, holding out his hands to her. It was the Englishman. And then Philip saw the girl draw herself erect—turn—and search for him; and when she saw him standing there in the glow of many lanterns, white, torn, and waiting, she went to him with a great, sobbing cry.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 42.

Two places in our island home
Reveal the influence of Rome.

1. A bloom in Nature's choicest dress,
   A clustered mass of loveliness.
2. "But, while she speaks, he's seen no more";
   And other hopes than "hers are o'er!"
3. A name of one of royal line,
   Who died when nearly forty-nine.
4. Two words a place in England show;
   The last and last of first must go.
5. The star acquired both love and fame;
   What was the lady's other name?
6. Foreign, and English, beauty spot,
   Here head and tail possessing not.
7. In gloom the world is overspread,
   Unless it is bereft of head.
8. A man's opinion; turn it round,
   Unchanged the sentiments are found.
9. Though fastened up it ought to stay,
   Some of it means to run away.
10. The half of sixty-four to us
    Is simply zero to the Russ. PAX.

Answers to Acrostic No. 42 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on March 12th.*

Two answers may be sent to every light.

With their answers to this acrostic, solvers must send also their names and addresses.

ANSWER TO No. 40.

1. F	atho	M
2. U	nd	O
3. L	e	O
4. L	au	N

NOTES.—Light 1. *The Tempest*, "Full fathom five." 4. Laundry, dry.

ANSWER TO No. 41.

1. T	u	B
2. E	ate	R
3. N	on	O
4. N	o	W
5. Y	o	N
6. S	ina	I
7. O	cea	N
8. N	aggin	G

NOTES.—Light 1. Diogenes. 2. Samson's riddle. 8. Or "Nag."

"THIS IS NOT A NOVEL, BUT A FAITHFUL RECORD."

RASPUTIN REVEALED

The TRUE STORY of the MONK who was MASTER OF RUSSIA.

Photo. GREGORY RASPUTIN. [*E.N.A*
AN EXCLUSIVE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE.

By

CHARLES OMESSA.

Translated from the French by Frances Keyzer.

THIS is not a novel, but a faithful record. During a recent visit to Russia I became acquainted—in all its secret details—with the marvellous adventures of the rough and mystical Don Juan, whom a neurasthenic Empress aspired to transform into a Mazarin—one of the most extraordinary phenomena in human history. I have even obtained from a former Minister a copy of the facts compiled by the Okrana regarding this bearded pseudo-monk. And I have thus been able to follow, step by step, the strange destiny of the impostor, from the humble Siberian village to the imperial palace, and thence to his tragic end.

Rasputin's body is hardly cold, and the majority of those who knew him are there to establish the truth. I have cast aside the numberless legends that have gathered over the favourite's tomb, only retaining facts that could be proved, and have carefully kept to the domain of history, not allowing myself to introduce an atom of invention in the story that follows.

Gregory Effimovitch, called "Rasputin."

THE small village of Pokrovskoie, far in the Siberian *taiga*, is never mentioned in the district without a feeling of horror. When a "mammouchka" wants to frighten her children, she says: "I'll send you to Pokrovskoie!"

What is the reason of this evil reputation?

Pokrovskoie was founded about a century ago by a score of discharged convicts. Having found wives in the neighbouring villages these peculiar settlers sought an easy profession—they became horse-thieves. Their descendants followed in their footsteps. As drinks at a horse-sale are a universal custom, life in Pokrovskoie was soon one perpetual orgy of vodka.

In this knaves' paradise Gregory Effimovitch was born on the 7th of July, 1872.

His father, an incorrigible drunkard, had the worst possible reputation. He was nicknamed "Rasputin," which signifies a rake—considered quite a glorious title at Pokrovskoie, where vice of every kind was the order of the day.

Gregory inherited from his father a tumble-down hut, a few acres of land, and this enviable nickname, which he was eventually to make so singularly notorious.

From childhood he had a taste for every form of crime and vice. Dr. Litchernof, who treated him for smallpox, has given an extraordinary account of him.

"He was," said the doctor, "a fine dark child, with such a burning expression in his eyes that even I felt strangely affected by it. Thick-set, strongly built, brave, an arrant liar, he soon became the terror of the district. The old priest used to give him ten copecks a week to keep away from church. Strangely enough, three or four gendarmes followed him wherever

he led. Among them were Striapcheff and Barnaby, who afterwards shared in his successes."

When he was fourteen he robbed and nearly killed an old man, for which he received twenty strokes of the whip in the market-place. This public chastisement roused in him one of those religious fits that often recurred at a later date. He began to frequent the churches and monasteries in the district, and was to be seen on his knees by the roadside murmuring prayers and lashing himself with thistles and nettles.

"He is inspired!" was whispered on all sides. The roubles showered into the small wooden bowl that he carried with him. But something occurred that put a stop to his growing reputation as a holy man. One evening in one of his paroxysms he assaulted an old beggar woman. An inquiry ensued, but owing to the age of the victim it led to no result. But from that day he gave up his religious comedy and returned to burglary and drink. Shortly afterwards he was condemned for horse-stealing, and two years later for perjury.

Notwithstanding his evil reputation he married in 1895 a charming girl, Olga Chanigoff, who brought him a cart and a pair of horses, a few acres of land, and three thousand roubles. These Rasputin converted into vodka, keeping only the cart and horses, and became a carrier.

Rasputin Finds his Vocation.

On the night of the 5th of February, 1903, a bright and frosty night, a young priest roused Rasputin from a drunken sleep to drive him to a neighbouring village. During the drive the priest told Rasputin bluntly that he ought to be ashamed of the life he was leading. The carrier was furious.

Photos.] GREGORY RASPUTIN. [*E.N.A.*

THREE PORTRAITS OF THE MAN WHO WAS MASTER OF RUSSIA.

"If you don't leave off insulting me I'll drive the horses against a tree and we shall both of us be killed like dogs!"

"You alone, Rasputin, will be killed, because I am favoured by the Lord."

"All you priests say that," grumbled the drunkard.

"You have only to make the experiment. It is not priests alone who enjoy protection from heaven. Everybody can become worthy of divine help by prayers and sacrifice. Even you could become the favourite of our Lord."

"What must I do?" asked Gregory, somewhat shaken.

"Nothing simpler. Go to-morrow to the monastery of Verkhotourie. Remain there a fortnight in meditation and fasting. When you leave you will be a changed man. Instead of passing pleasures you will know the ecstasy of prayer. The troubles of this life will no longer affect you. Something tells me that a brilliant future awaits you."

Zaborovsky's ardent words made a strong impression on his companion.

A fortnight after this curious conversation Gregory Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie. His wife and children wore mourning, believing him to be dead.

"You are right, my beloved ones," said the carrier, "for he who returns to-day is not the Gregory you have known hitherto. Gregory, the thief and drunkard, has gone for ever. St. Michael appeared to me whilst I was in the monastery. He inspired me from heaven, and I am now the humble representative of divine virtue on earth."

Pokrovskoie still remembers this remarkable miracle. Gregory, once a disgrace to the community, was now imbued with religious fervour. He wandered from village to village, making mysterious speeches in the name of Jesus, the

Virgin, and St. Michael, and was frequently seen shedding copious tears, kneeling before the icons and praying that he might suffer in order to be worthy of Paradise.

At night, by candlelight, whilst his household slept, he would study holy books.

This mystical period came, practically enough, at a time when Rasputin had difficulty in meeting the daily necessities of life. He declared that St. Michael had commanded him to build a great church in honour of the Archangel. Little by little he collected enough money to enable him to extend his circle. He went to Kazan, to Kiew, to Moscow, making incoherent speeches to the people, who were attracted by his personal magnetism.

When he had acquired the reputation of a *stapata*, or holy man, Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie, with the intention of remaining there and following his fruitful calling.

He was, however, somewhat troubled by his home life, and he had to leave his wife and children. Therefore, although he continued to provide for them, he no longer resided under the same roof, but in a humble cottage, surrounded by icons and wax candles, in an atmosphere of prayer.

RASPUTIN AND HIS CHILDREN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

Peope began to flock from all sides to this former demon who had become a prophet. Sinners, male and female, acquired the right, by giving plentifully in coin, to kiss the hem of his cloak and gain the good will of St. Michael.

One morning he announced his intention of entering the monastery at Argueff, whither St. Michael had called him to confide to him matters of a sensational and secret nature which he, Rasputin, would eventually communicate to all.

He kept his word, and a month later brought back from Argueff the grotesque doctrine that was soon to secure him glory, power, and fortune.

"I am now able," he proclaimed, "to guarantee the salvation of every soul, as the Supreme Being has just transmitted to me a spark of his omnipotence."

In a few days the news circulated all through Siberia and even beyond. Then followed a huge arrival of believers of both sexes.

The new doctrine, in the words of the prophet himself, was as follows:—

"In order that there should be contrition there must be sin. Sin only brings repentance when it has been committed voluntarily. Sin, then, my dear brethren; and our united prayers will bring divine mercy."

Numerous were the adepts who favoured this new cult that allied frailty with forgiveness. Soon "prayer with sacrifice" attracted to Pokrovskoie all that was demented in Russia.

Mr. Verintsew, an inhabitant of the Siberian village, has kindly given me the following description of one of these memorable séances:—

"At eight o'clock at night, when the stars were shining in the heavens—Rasputin poetically calls them 'the eyes of the Supreme Being'—the chief and his followers people the woods that surround Pokrovskoie.

"An enormous hole is made in the ground while Rasputin invokes divine protection. The hole is filled with logs and leaves, which the prophet ignites, offering a prayer to St. Michael.

"Oriental perfumes burn in a small *casoulette*. Gregory throws handfuls of incense on the pyre, from which issue columns of smoke.

"Men and women seek each other's hands in the growing darkness and are soon turning madly in a circle around the perfumed hearth. Little by little the rhythm and the dance are accelerated.

"'Sin for salvation!' chants Rasputin, in a minor key.

"'We sin for salvation!' repeat the adepts.

"At length the 'faithful' grow giddy.

"GREGORY RASPUTIN THROWS HANDFULS OF INCENSE ON THE PYRE, FROM WHICH ISSUE COLUMNS OF SMOKE. 'SIN FOR SALVATION!' HE CHANTS."

Virgin, and St. Michael, and was frequently seen shedding copious tears, kneeling before the icons and praying that he might suffer in order to be worthy of Paradise.

At night, by candlelight, whilst his household slept, he would study holy books.

This mystical period came, practically enough, at a time when Rasputin had difficulty in meeting the daily necessities of life. He declared that St. Michael had commanded him to build a great church in honour of the Archangel. Little by little he collected enough money to enable him to extend his circle. He went to Kazan, to Kiew, to Moscow, making incoherent speeches to the people, who were attracted by his personal magnetism.

When he had acquired the reputation of a *stapata*, or holy man, Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie, with the intention of remaining there and following his fruitful calling.

He was, however, somewhat troubled by his home life, and he had to leave his wife and children. Therefore, although he continued to provide for them, he no longer resided under the same roof, but in a humble cottage, surrounded by icons and wax candles, in an atmosphere of prayer.

RASPUTIN AND HIS CHILDREN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

Peope began to flock from all sides to this former demon who had become a prophet. Sinners, male and female, acquired the right, by giving plentifully in coin, to kiss the hem of his cloak and gain the good will of St. Michael.

One morning he announced his intention of entering the monastery at Argueff, whither St. Michael had called him to confide to him matters of a sensational and secret nature which he, Rasputin, would eventually communicate to all.

He kept his word, and a month later brought back from Argueff the grotesque doctrine that was soon to secure him glory, power, and fortune.

"I am now able," he proclaimed, "to guarantee the salvation of every soul, as the Supreme Being has just transmitted to me a spark of his omnipotence."

In a few days the news circulated all through Siberia and even beyond. Then followed a huge arrival of believers of both sexes.

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Occasionally one slips and falls, dragging others with him.

"'Rise, my brethren,' commands the high priest. 'You have still to suffer.'

"And the dance continues quicker, ever quicker.

"But the last embers have died out. Darkness suddenly encompasses this mad throng.

"'Lord, we sin for salvation!'

"Above the shrieks and sobs of the people Rasputin's voice is heard and a scene ensues that baffles description.

"'Sin for salvation! Sin for salvation!' rises like a battle-cry.

"At length the folly is over. 'I cleanse you of your sins, my dear brethren, and I bless you!'

"The sacrilegious blessing of Rasputin closes the ceremony.

Ceremonies in the new church founded by Rasputin. Striapcheff became his secretary and business manager.

Lydia Bachmakow.

In April, 1904, during a pilgrimage to Kazan, Rasputin came across Madame Lydia Bachmakow, with several of her followers.

She was an amiable woman, over forty, a widow and a millionairess, and a passionate devotee. She took a constant part in religious solemnities and in acts of piety, submitting herself to the most severe penance, observing the hardest rules. Nevertheless, she was a tired and disappointed woman. Rasputin's doctrine immediately appealed to her.

"Sin for salvation!" proclaimed the cynical preacher, "and the gates of Paradise shall be opened to you!"

A DINNER GIVEN TO RASPUTIN BY SOME OF HIS "SISTERS."
From a Photograph.

"'Remember the building of our church!' proclaims the practical chief. And roubles fall faster and faster into his outstretched hands."

It would be superfluous to add anything to this picture. Gregory the carrier had at last found his vocation.

Rasputin Takes Society by Storm.

Rasputin looked philosophically on the growing success of his lucky industry.

But it would be unjust to accuse him of ingratitude towards those who had been his companions in the past. Thanks to his generosity his wife, Olga—with whom he had ceased all intercourse—lived the life of a rich widow, and brought up her son and two daughters in comfort. Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, found himself raised to the post of Grand Master of the

Madame Bachmakow had never dared dream of such a wonderful creed, and it seemed to her as if Gregory's doctrine had been expressly made for her benefit.

It was a providential piece of luck for the ex-carrier, and one that he took care to make the most of. The lady returned with him to Pokrovskoie in a magnificent motor-car which she had presented to the holy man.

She took all the expense of the community upon herself, and promised Gregory a large income, only asking, in return, to be allowed to follow the chief wherever he went, and to work for his greater glory.

Shortly afterwards Rasputin left Pokrovskoie, which was now far too small to satisfy his ambitions. Madame Bachmakow approved of his decision. She was eager to introduce *her* prophet to the whole of Russia

Under the patronage of the millionaire widow every door was thrown open to the "chosen of the Lord."

His contempt for "good manners" was regarded as a proof of sanctity. He disdained the use of a fork, and stuffed his mouth with his fingers.

"He is an apostle of the primitive period!" said Madame Bachmakow, in ecstasy.

But Striapcheff and Barnaby were watching.

"Petrograd awaits you, dear Gregory!" they constantly repeated to him. "It is only there that you will find a field worthy of your talent."

At length Rasputin allowed himself to be influenced, and on December 5th, 1904, he entered the capital.

Rasputin was not unknown in Petrograd. Madame Bachmakow had advertised *her* chief in a first-class manner among her friends.

Nor had the Press been overlooked. Frequent communications had enlightened the public about the deeds and movements of the innovator.

Over two thousand "believers" were at the station to receive the "chosen one." Women struggled to kiss the hem of his garment. Men knelt, cap in hand, while Rasputin—like the Pope—blessed them with his hand.

Fresh fields were now open to the ex-carrier of Pokrovskoie wherein to satisfy his insatiable ambition.

All the aristocracy of Petrograd were to be met in the magnificent apartment in the Prospect Newsky that Madame Bachmakow had rented and furnished for the "holy father."

Visionary, sorcerer, conjurer, palmist, priest—without ever having been ordained—Rasputin more than satisfied his numerous clients.

Evidence of this is given in a report by the *Okrana* of April 12th, 1905:—

"Crowds assemble at Rasputin's, and people wait two or three days before being able to approach the 'monk.' Everybody acknowledges his remarkable prophetic faculties and his miraculous gifts.

"He works miracles whenever it pleases him to do so. He has been able to take a handful of earth and, by simply blowing upon it, turn it into a magnificent rose-tree covered with flowers. One day, on the Newsky, he met a poor woman being wheeled about in a small carriage, and who for the past five years had lost the use of her legs. He came towards her and, after looking at her steadfastly, said in an imperious voice: 'Rise, my good woman, and walk!' And the woman rose and walked!

"His followers are chiefly among the female sex. The writer of this report counted more than four hundred women before Gregory Rasputin's house on one single afternoon. As a rule he only received the young and the pretty ones, because he says that the others have less sins to be forgiven. He devotes half an hour to each of them. When they leave him they declare themselves purified, and unanimously sing the monk's praises.

"Rasputin must make a considerable sum of money. His secretary never introduces anybody without having first received at least a hundred roubles.

"He has very powerful connections. He visits the best families, and is received like a grand duke. His place is laid at Countess Ignatieff's table every evening."

Countess Ignatieff's receptions were undoubtedly the most select in Petrograd. A very good but terribly superstitious woman, she received the Siberian thief with reverence. Everybody was soon in ecstasies over his grotesque platitudes, his rough manners, and his primitive language.

"He's a living gospel," exclaimed the aristocratic ladies of Petrograd.

Rasputin and Anna Vyronbova.

One of these women, Madame Vyronbova, was to play a notorious part in the inner history of Russia.

Anna Vyronbova was the daughter of M. Taneieff, director of the private chancellory of the Emperor. She had been lady-in-waiting to the Czarina, having married Vyrónbova, a naval lieutenant. This marriage soon ended in a divorce, with the Czar's consent, after a violent scene at the Winter Palace, when the officer struck his wife in presence of witnesses. And the moment she was free she had resumed her post as lady-in-waiting to Alexandra.

Anna Vyronbova was neither attractive nor sympathetic. She was stout and vulgar-looking, cunning and without distinction. At Court she was called "the cook," and never was a nickname better deserved. But she managed to please the Czarina by her servility and discretion, and perhaps by the hatred she bore the Dowager Empress, to whom she attributed all her conjugal misfortunes.

At all events, she was remarkably devoted to the Czarina. She had a camp-bed placed in the Imperial chamber, and day and night she acted the part of the meek and consoling confidante.

Anna Vyronbova knew very little of what occurred in the city, owing to the seclusion in which she lived with the Czarina. These ladies spent the day and a portion of the night in consulting Egyptian cards and coffee grounds. But at last Rasputin's fame reached them. The gentleman-in-waiting, Stakevitch, who had spent an evening with him at Countess Ignatieff's, gave such a glowing description of the monk that the Empress could no longer restrain her curiosity.

"Anna," she said, "go and see this new saint, and, if you consider him as marvellous as he is said to be, bring him to the palace!"

Anna Vyronbova therefore went to Rasputin. The wily peasant was expecting her.

He had no great trouble in satisfying the Empress's confidante. This coarse, vulgar person was easily influenced. Rasputin, a shrewd psychologist, did not hesitate to explain his methods to her, without omitting the smallest detail. The final doctrine of "sin for salvation," with which the pseudo-monk always ended his consultations whenever he was in

contact with hysterical devotees, put the finishing touch.

A pact was soon made between these two. Gregory threw over Madame Bachmakow and adopted Anna Vyronbova as "sister"-in-chief. And Anna in return promised to open the gates of the Imperial Palace for him and obtain him the Empress's favour.

"But you must remember," said Alexandra's companion, "that the Czarina is very puritan in her ideas. Your nickname of Rasputin will not please her. Henceforth you must call yourself 'Novy' (Innovator), which is better suited to the originality of your doctrine."

The same evening Gregory was presented at Court and introduced to the Emperor and Empress.

"Work a miracle for us!" said the Czar, whose childish mind was always interested in conjuring.

Meekly Rasputin obeyed the autocrat.

"Here is a box of matches," he said. "I assure her gracious Majesty Alexandra Feodorovna that she cannot lift it. It weighs over a ton."

Nicholas laughed loudly and incredulously.

The monk continued :—

"What am I saying? One ton! Two, three tons, and more! Try!"

The Czarina extended her hand towards the match-box, which she wished to move. It was impossible to lift it!

"Try again," said Gregory.

Alexandra, astounded, cast a frightened glance at the smiling monk. As for the Czar, this classical experiment of suggestion, known to all frequenters of circuses and fairs, appeared to him to be supernatural.

"He is really a chosen of the Lord!" declared Anna Vyronbova, emphatically.

Rasputin, henceforth the official prophet, could at length work for the greater glory of Russia and the Romanoffs.

Rasputin Saves the Czarevitch.

From 1909 to 1914 Gregory was frequently driven in a closed motor-car to Tsarskoye Selo. In order that his visits should pass unnoticed he disguised himself as a Cossack officer, and hid his piercing eyes beneath thick black glasses.

What was he doing at the Imperial Palace?

Was there more between this wretched being and the Czarina than the relations of a spiritual director and a penitent sinner? Is it not simpler and nobler to suppose that Alexandra Feodorovna could not exist without that mystical intercourse where, in her religious fervour, she believed herself to be in direct communication with Providence?

The reader will judge for himself by the documents that will be submitted to him.

Another reason, on the other hand, may perhaps explain the inexplicable.

Young Alexis, the heir-presumptive, "ataman" of all the Cossacks, was of a very delicate constitution, and, often ailing, constantly caused great anxiety to those around him. We will not repeat the melodramatic legends that have been current about him. The story of that mysterious attempt of which he was a victim, while he was staying at Yalka, has never been confirmed. Was there not even a question of some abominable crime committed by a sailor who sought to exterminate the dynasty of the Romanoffs?

At all events, Alexis's health was always precarious. Alexandra Feodorovna adored her son, and it is very probable that Rasputin, aided by Anna Vyronbova, succeeded in making her believe that he alone could save the Czarevitch, owing to a divine spark—that is to say the miraculous power—he possessed.

Something that occurred at Tsarskoye Selo in the month of March, 1913, throws a singular light on this question.

The Czarevitch was in the habit of playing of an afternoon in one of the big drawing-rooms adjoining his mother's private apartments, where an English billiard-table was a constant source of amusement to him.

One day Gregory Rasputin, who had arrived the night before, was in the Czarina's boudoir conversing with the Empress and Anna Vyronbova. The conversation turned on warnings from above, and the pseudo-monk told the ladies how on various occasions Providence had informed him of the dangers that threatened those dear to him.

Suddenly Gregory jumped up.

"Where is Alexis Nicolaievitch?" he asked, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

Alexandra, still under the influence of all she had heard, murmured :—

"He is in the blue room, I suppose."

"Come quickly!" cried Rasputin, "to be in time to save him."

He started off, followed by the Empress and her lady-in-waiting. The young prince was quietly making cannons on the green table. Rasputin threw himself upon him and pulled him backwards. At this precise moment the huge chandelier just above the billiard-table fell with a crash, burying the table beneath it. There is no doubt that without Gregory's intervention Alexis Nicolaievitch would have been killed.

It can be imagined what impression this remarkable incident made on Alexandra! The Czar himself was so much affected by it that he gave "his son's saviour" a magnificent diamond worth thirty thousand roubles.

Nevertheless a careful inquiry might have explained the circumstances. Since the revolution the servants of Tsarskoye Selo have made certain revelations, and one of them has given an interesting version of what occurred on that eventful day in the "blue room." By Anna Vyronbova's orders the young prince's playroom had been fitted up with machinery as for a pantomime. The iron rod that held the chandelier was attached to a beam in the ceiling. To saw through this beam and, by means of an accomplice on the roof, to drop the weight at a given moment was child's play for the wily peasant and Anna Vyronbova.

But the officials at Tsarskoye Selo did not go

closely into the matter. The report on this occasion concluded as follows :—

" Wear and tear had caused a crack in the beam that held the chandelier, and the latter suddenly gave way. The necessary repairs were made in the course of the day."

Three Letters from the Czarina to Rasputin.

Rasputin was absent in Pokrovskoie when war broke out in Europe. The Czarina and Anna Vyronbova did not forget their holy man.

These are the words in which the Empress wrote to the " Novy " on this occasion :—

" I am infinitely happy, my beloved master, to be able to inform you that ' Niky ' has realized the importance of your dear presence at Tsarskoye Selo. Come back quickly, as my poor heart suffers to know you are so far away, and I am lost if I cannot hold your hands in mine and find, in your eyes, the light of my soul.

" Do not let me wait an hour, as I have been terribly bored from the moment you left me. I hope, dearest Gricha, that this time our troubles are at an end ; and that we shall never be separated again. As for me, I shall thank God if He allows me to die with you and gain—in your company—the heavenly paradise for which you have so delightfully prepared me.

" I am not the only one wishing for your return. Anna is also dying of impatience. Take pity on two women who adore you and can no longer live without you.

" Give me, in your thoughts, your most ardent blessing in anticipation of being able to give it me in person, my whole being in touch with yours.

" Your daughter who cherishes you.

" A."

This document, which is published for the first time, and which I have tried to translate as faithfully as possible, is more like a letter from a loving friend than a communication from an Empress.

The letter that follows, which has been published in Russia, is still more curious :—

" I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for all you have been and all you are to me, my dear Gricha. Is there a divine happiness greater than mine, when I rest my head on your shoulder and, in silence, appreciate the joy of being near you, touching you, forgetful of all my troubles ? I owe this happiness to you, and you know I am grateful.

" You must forgive me if I am not always perfect. It is so difficult to be really a good Christian in the true sense of the word. I have some very bad habits that are difficult to get rid of. You will help me, will you not ? Remember that you must never leave me, that I adore you, and that I have confidence in you alone.

" Be kind to Anna. You know she has many troubles. Ask Providence to let me see you soon. In the meantime, I embrace you, imploring your dear blessing.

" Your daughter,

" A."

And this short note, the copy of which was given to me by one of the Czar's former Ministers :—

" I have been awake all night. You were absent, and I was dead with grief. Come quickly, I want you more than the air I breathe. How can you be so hard to torture my poor heart ? You know I love nobody but you.

" Your daughter,

" A."

When we read these documents, which are indisputably authentic, must we believe, as it has frequently been insinuated in Russia, that Rasputin was something more than a spiritual director to Alexandra Feodorovna ?

It is a question on which every reader must form his own opinion.

Rasputin continued to lead a brilliant and profitable life. His influence at Court had never been greater. In the excitement of war the rather childish mysticism of the imperial couple had increased and the false monk obtained whatever he required.

He was living now somewhat simply in the Gorokhovaia, not far from the Winter Palace, which allowed him to be at the Empress's orders any hour of the day or night.

In his leisure moments he became interested in business. His study, where the rich presents showered upon him by Alexandra and Nicholas and the gifts of the generous and grateful followers of the new cult were untidily tossed here and there, was always crowded with visitors, army contractors, shady bankers, generals of little standing, all eager for honours and wealth, ready to pay dearly for the ex-carrier's protection.

His power at Court was supreme. The Czarina even decided that the venerable chief should have the spiritual care of the Princesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and of the Czarevitch Alexis, upon which their English governess immediately resigned, on the ground that their Majesties had lost their senses !

The Czar, too, was exceptionally amiable to him.

" Tell me, my dear fellow," he said to him on one occasion, " what favour would you like to ask of me. I swear it shall be granted immediately ! "

Rasputin was silent for a moment, and then answered, gravely :—

" I should like my friend Barnaby to be made Bishop of Tobolsk ! "

Two days later an official telegram from the Holy Synod appointed Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, to the episcopacy of the Siberian town.

It was about this time that we hear of the marvellous history of the pseudo-monk's two daughters. Mariska and Zenia were now about eighteen and seventeen years old. They were both dark, with magnificent black eyes like their father's. They carried themselves with a certain natural grace rarely seen in peasants from Pokrovskoie, for they had acquired a certain

[illegible] REQUEST THAT HIS FRIEND BARNABY [illegible] SHOULD BE MADE BISHOP OF TOBOLSK.

[illegible] contact with the aristo- [illegible] approached their father for [illegible] In this way they learned [illegible] to their own accompaniment, [illegible] echoes.

[illegible]'s *protegés*, a priest of the [illegible] and a fervent believer in the [illegible] about the populous districts of [illegible] seeking certain prophecies that had [illegible] ess.

[illegible]day Boris announced that the Virgin [illegible] appeared to him and had said :—

"It is necessary for the salvation of Russia [illegible] daughters of the man who has been [illegible] The spark of divine omnipotence, and [illegible] already established in the position he [illegible] at the right hand of our little father [illegible] and his spouse, should marry. Their [illegible] will become the beloved sons of Providence and nothing will be refused unto them."

It is not difficult to gather from whom this [illegible] communication came. Rasputin re- [illegible]less offers of marriage for his [illegible]s would have occurred, no [illegible] he intervention of the Virgin if [illegible] a relation of these young [illegible] had been known. But hitherto Gregory had not spoken about his family.

A general, two members of the Duma, several financiers, and a professor of the Moscow University were among the candidates for the honour of becoming Rasputin's sons-in-law.

But the ex-carrier was in no hurry. He no doubt considered that his daughters could aspire higher.

He lost no time in having [illegible] come to live with him. [illegible] undertook [illegible] society, [illegible] took anything [illegible] knew from [illegible] own experience that she was sure to succeed.

"They may perhaps marry a grand duke!" she told him.

And the pseudo-monk already pictured himself the father-in-law of a Romanoff!

An anecdote will illustrate the power which had been achieved by the village carrier.

One morning he went to the G.Q.G. and had himself introduced immediately to the General in chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch.

The Emperor's uncle had always shown the greatest antipathy to the charlatan. But he nevertheless received him.

"I have come to inform you of a communication that the Virgin made to me last night. She ordered me to come and tell you that she wished the war to end as soon as possible, and that if you did not do your utmost to bring about this result she would curse you and your descendants."

The Grand Duke Nicholas listened to him patiently. When he had finished he replied :—

"And to me, *moujik*, the Virgin appeared, telling me that a vile impostor would call on me to-day and that I should be well advised if I had him flogged and kicked out like a dog!"

Rasputin did not require the hint to be repeated, and went away.

But shortly afterwards the Grand Duke Nicholas received the news of his downfall and left for the Caucasus.

The pseudo-monk had had his revenge!

The Downfall.

There was nothing now to oppose his plans. He was the uncontested master of Russia! Nevertheless, the day of reckoning was near!

One night early in the winter of 1916 a number of people were making merry at Coutant's

Restaurant. The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, son of the Grand Duke Paul and first cousin of the Czar, was seated with Prince Youssoupoff at a table, with Staritchin and two other guests.

At another table, a little farther off, were Rasputin, Prince Andromikoff, Striapcheff—the pseudo-monk's faithful secretary—General Vokoutitch, and two or three minor stars.

Everybody was laughing and joking and talking at the top of their voices. Rasputin, more noisy than usual, was speaking disparagingly of the whole of Russia.

"I don't care a button for the grand dukes, nor the Ministers, nor the president of the Holy Synod, nor all the Alexieffs and Broussiloffs on earth!" he cried; "and when I do a dirty dancer like Karoli the honour——"

Vera Karoli was a well-known ballet-dancer who had repelled Rasputin's advances.

On hearing Rasputin's insulting reference to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, the Grand Duke rose and was about to throw himself on the monk. Luckily for Rasputin, some well-known people entered at this moment and caused a diversion.

Among them was Pourichkievitch, a member of the Duma, who hated Rasputin. He now approached the table where Rasputin was holding forth.

"Enjoy yourself, Gregory, have a good time," he sneered; "it won't be for long."

Taken by surprise, the monk nevertheless wished to impress the people around him.

"Yes, I *am* having a good time, and I advise you to do the same, as I imagine that yours will be even shorter than mine."

But Pourichkievitch continued looking the ex-carrier straight in the face.

"Don't stint yourself in pleasure and orgies, you vile innovator! Death is near, and a man will soon be found to rid Russia of your hideous presence."

PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF, WHO SHOT RASPUTIN.
Photo Vandyk.

Then the member, taking no further notice of his adversary, seated himself at the table close by. Rasputin ceased laughing. He was evidently disturbed.

He left with his followers. There were now only two tables occupied: the Grand Duke's and the member of the Duma's.

Then the Prince Youssoupoff, Count of Soumarck Elston, a young fellow about twenty-three, married to Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of Nicholas II., approached Pourichkievitch.

"I have listened to you with delight," he said, holding out his hand. "Allow me to thank you in all our names for what you said. You expressed the wish that a man would soon be found to suppress this repugnant person. With your consent I will be that man!"

The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch joined in:—

"And I will help you to my utmost. We have borne with this *moujik* long enough. Let us swear, for the dignity and the glory of Russia and the empire, to do away with Rasputin!"

And in the big dining hall of the restaurant, where by chance they were now entirely alone, the fateful oath was taken.

The Death of Rasputin.

On December 15th, 1916, Russian style, about ten o'clock on Friday night, in a pretty little house belonging to Prince Youssoupoff, there were three men and a woman in the drawing-room on the first floor—the Prince himself, the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, Pourichkievitch, and Karoli, the dancer.

The house stands in the midst of a large garden, and the principal entrance is in the Moskaia. But there is a special door opening on the Offizerskaia, reserved for private visits and the servants, near the little pavilion where the Youssoupoff family dispose of their celebrated

"THIS IS NOT A NOVEL, BUT A FAITHFUL RECORD."

RASPUTIN REVEALED

The TRUE STORY of the MONK who was MASTER OF RUSSIA.

By

CHARLES OMESSA.

Translated from the French by Frances Keyzer.

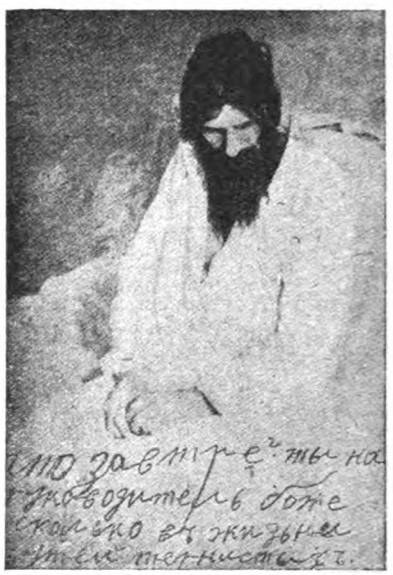


Photo. GREGORY RASPUTIN. [*K. N. A*
AN EXCLUSIVE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE.

THIS is not a novel, but a faithful record. During a recent visit to Russia I became acquainted—in all its secret details—with the marvellous adventures of the rough and mystical Don Juan, whom a neurasthenic Empress aspired to transform into a Mazarin—one of the most extraordinary phenomena in human history. I have even obtained from a former Minister a copy of the facts compiled by the Okrana regarding this bearded pseudo-monk. And I have thus been able to follow, step by step, the strange destiny of the impostor, from the humble Siberian village to the imperial palace, and thence to his tragic end.

Rasputin's body is hardly cold, and the majority of those who knew him are there to establish the truth. I have cast aside the numberless legends that have gathered over the favourite's tomb, only retaining facts that could be proved, and have carefully kept to the domain of history, not allowing myself to introduce an atom of invention in the story that follows.

Gregory Effimovitch, called "Rasputin."

THE small village of Pokrovskoie, far in the Siberian *taiga*, is never mentioned in the district without a feeling of horror. When a "mammouchka" wants to frighten her children, she says: "I'll send you to Pokrovskoie!"

What is the reason of this evil reputation?

Pokrovskoie was founded about a century ago by a score of discharged convicts. Having found wives in the neighbouring villages these peculiar settlers sought an easy profession—they became horse-thieves. Their descendants followed in their footsteps. As drinks at a horse-sale are a universal custom, life in Pokrovskoie was soon one perpetual orgy of vodka.

In this knaves' paradise Gregory Effimovitch was born on the 7th of July, 1872.

His father, an incorrigible drunkard, had the worst possible reputation. He was nicknamed "Rasputin," which signifies a rake—considered quite a glorious title at Pokrovskoie, where vice of every kind was the order of the day.

Gregory inherited from his father a tumble-down hut, a few acres of land, and this enviable nickname, which he was eventually to make so singularly notorious.

From childhood he had a taste for every form of crime and vice. Dr. Litchernof, who treated him for smallpox, has given an extraordinary account of him.

"He was," said the doctor, "a fine dark child, with such a burning expression in his eyes that even I felt strangely affected by it. Thick-set, strongly built, brave, an arrant liar, he soon became the terror of the district. The old priest used to give him ten copecks a week to keep away from church. Strangely enough, three or four gendarmes followed him wherever

he led. Among them were Striapcheff and Barnaby, who afterwards shared in his successes."

When he was fourteen he robbed and nearly killed an old man, for which he received twenty strokes of the whip in the market-place. This public chastisement roused in him one of those religious fits that often recurred at a later date. He began to frequent the churches and monasteries in the district, and was to be seen on his knees by the roadside murmuring prayers and lashing himself with thistles and nettles.

"He is inspired!" was whispered on all sides. The roubles showered into the small wooden bowl that he carried with him. But something occurred that put a stop to his growing reputation as a holy man. One evening in one of his paroxysms he assaulted an old beggar woman. An inquiry ensued, but owing to the age of the victim it led to no result. But from that day he gave up his religious comedy and returned to burglary and drink. Shortly afterwards he was condemned for horse-stealing, and two years later for perjury.

Notwithstanding his evil reputation he married in 1895 a charming girl, Olga Chanigoff, who brought him a cart and a pair of horses, a few acres of land, and three thousand roubles. These Rasputin converted into vodka, keeping only the cart and horses, and became a carrier.

Rasputin Finds his Vocation.

On the night of the 5th of February, 1903, a bright and frosty night, a young priest roused Rasputin from a drunken sleep to drive him to a neighbouring village. During the drive the priest told Rasputin bluntly that he ought to be ashamed of the life he was leading. The carrier was furious.

Photos.] GREGORY RASPUTIN. *[E.N.A.*

THREE PORTRAITS OF THE MAN WHO WAS MASTER OF RUSSIA.

"If you don't leave off insulting me I'll drive the horses against a tree and we shall both of us be killed like dogs!"

"You alone, Rasputin, will be killed, because I am favoured by the Lord."

"All you priests say that," grumbled the drunkard.

"You have only to make the experiment. It is not priests alone who enjoy protection from heaven. Everybody can become worthy of divine help by prayers and sacrifice. Even you could become the favourite of our Lord."

"What must I do?" asked Gregory, somewhat shaken.

"Nothing simpler. Go to-morrow to the monastery of Verkhotourie. Remain there a fortnight in meditation and fasting. When you leave you will be a changed man. Instead of passing pleasures you will know the ecstasy of prayer. The troubles of this life will no longer affect you. Something tells me that a brilliant future awaits you."

Zaborovsky's ardent words made a strong impression on his companion.

A fortnight after this curious conversation Gregory Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie. His wife and children wore mourning, believing him to be dead.

"You are right, my beloved ones," said the carrier, "for he who returns to-day is not the Gregory you have known hitherto. Gregory, the thief and drunkard, has gone for ever. St. Michael appeared to me whilst I was in the monastery. He inspired me from heaven, and I am now the humble representative of divine virtue on earth."

Pokrovskoie still remembers this remarkable miracle. Gregory, once a disgrace to the community, was now imbued with religious fervour. He wandered from village to village, making mysterious speeches in the name of Jesus, the

Virgin, and St. Michael, and was frequently seen shedding copious tears, kneeling before the icons and praying that he might suffer in order to be worthy of Paradise.

At night, by candlelight, whilst his household slept, he would study holy books.

This mystical period came, practically enough, at a time when Rasputin had difficulty in meeting the daily necessities of life. He declared that St. Michael had commanded him to build a great church in honour of the Archangel. Little by little he collected enough money to enable him to extend his circle. He went to Kazan, to Kiew, to Moscow, making incoherent speeches to the people, who were attracted by his personal magnetism.

When he had acquired the reputation of a *stapata*, or holy man, Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie, with the intention of remaining there and following his fruitful calling.

He was, however, somewhat troubled by his home life, and he had to leave his wife and children. Therefore, although he continued to provide for them, he no longer resided under the same roof, but in a humble cottage, surrounded by icons and wax candles, in an atmosphere of prayer.

RASPUTIN AND HIS CHILDREN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

Peope began to flock from all sides to this former demon who had become a prophet. Sinners, male and female, acquired the right, by giving plentifully in coin, to kiss the hem of his cloak and gain the good will of St. Michael.

One morning he announced his intention of entering the monastery at Argueff, whither St. Michael had called him to confide to him matters of a sensational and secret nature which he, Rasputin, would eventually communicate to all.

He kept his word, and a month later brought back from Argueff the grotesque doctrine that was soon to secure him glory, power, and fortune.

"I am now able," he proclaimed, "to guarantee the salvation of every soul, as the Supreme Being has just transmitted to me a spark of his omnipotence."

In a few days the news circulated all through Siberia and even beyond. Then followed a huge arrival of believers of both sexes.

The new doctrine, in the words of the prophet himself, was as follows:—

"In order that there should be contrition there must be sin. Sin only brings repentance when it has been committed voluntarily. Sin, then, my dear brethren; and our united prayers will bring divine mercy."

Numerous were the adepts who favoured this new cult that allied frailty with forgiveness. Soon "prayer with sacrifice" attracted to Pokrovskoie all that was demented in Russia.

Mr. Verintsew, an inhabitant of the Siberian village, has kindly given me the following description of one of these memorable séances:—

"At eight o'clock at night, when the stars were shining in the heavens—Rasputin poetically calls them 'the eyes of the Supreme Being'—the chief and his followers people the woods that surround Pokrovskoie.

"An enormous hole is made in the ground while Rasputin invokes divine protection. The hole is filled with logs and leaves, which the prophet ignites, offering a prayer to St. Michael.

"Oriental perfumes burn in a small *casoulette*. Gregory throws handfuls of incense on the pyre, from which issue columns of smoke.

"Men and women seek each other's hands in the growing darkness and are soon turning madly in a circle around the perfumed hearth. Little by little the rhythm and the dance are accelerated.

"'Sin for salvation!' chants Rasputin, in a minor key.

"'We sin for salvation!' repeat the adepts.

"At length the 'faithful' grow giddy.

"GREGORY RASPUTIN THROWS HANDFULS OF INCENSE ON THE PYRE, FROM WHICH ISSUE COLUMNS OF SMOKE. 'SIN FOR SALVATION!' HE CHANTS."

Occasionally one slips and falls, dragging others with him.

"'Rise, my brethren,' commands the high priest. 'You have still to suffer.'

"And the dance continues quicker, ever quicker.

"But the last embers have died out. Darkness suddenly encompasses this mad throng.

"'Lord, we sin for salvation!'

"Above the shrieks and sobs of the people Rasputin's voice is heard and a scene ensues that baffles description.

"'Sin for salvation! Sin for salvation!' rises like a battle-cry.

"At length the folly is over. 'I cleanse you of your sins, my dear brethren, and I bless you!'

"The sacrilegious blessing of Rasputin closes the ceremony.

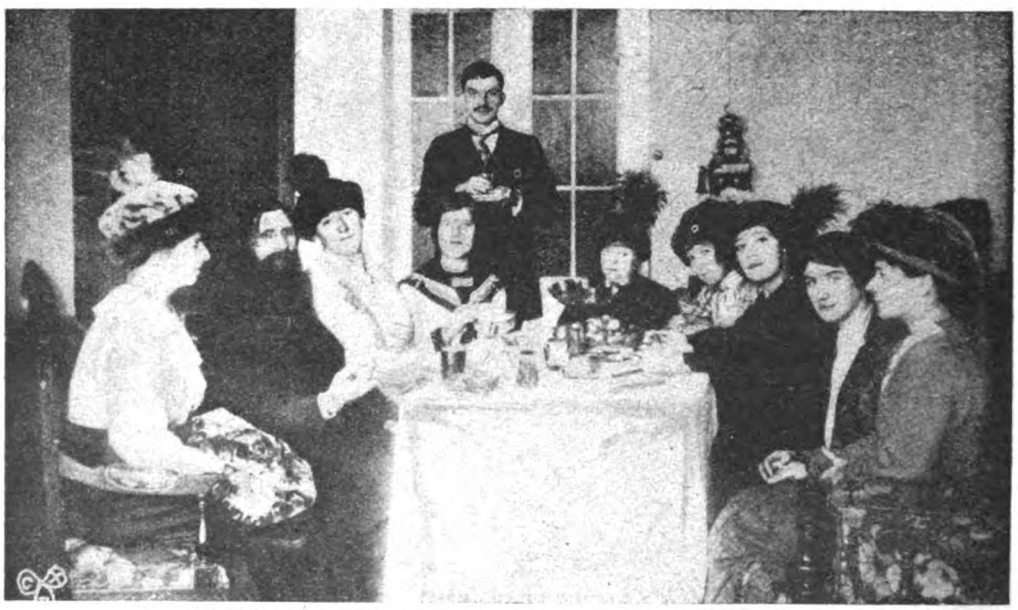
Ceremonies in the new church founded by Rasputin. Striapcheff became his secretary and business manager.

Lydia Bachmakow.

In April, 1904, during a pilgrimage to Kazan, Rasputin came across Madame Lydia Bachmakow, with several of her followers.

She was an amiable woman, over forty, a widow and a millionairess, and a passionate devotee. She took a constant part in religious solemnities and in acts of piety, submitting herself to the most severe penance, observing the hardest rules. Nevertheless, she was a tired and disappointed woman. Rasputin's doctrine immediately appealed to her.

"Sin for salvation!" proclaimed the cynical preacher, "and the gates of Paradise shall be opened to you!"



A DINNER GIVEN TO RASPUTIN BY SOME OF HIS "SISTERS."
From a Photograph.

"'Remember the building of our church!' proclaims the practical chief. And roubles fall faster and faster into his outstretched hands."

It would be superfluous to add anything to this picture. Gregory the carrier had at last found his vocation.

Rasputin Takes Society by Storm.

Rasputin looked philosophically on the growing success of his lucky industry.

But it would be unjust to accuse him of ingratitude towards those who had been his companions in the past. Thanks to his generosity his wife, Olga—with whom he had ceased all intercourse—lived the life of a rich widow, and brought up her son and two daughters in comfort. Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, found himself raised to the post of Grand Master of the

Madame Bachmakow had never dared dream of such a wonderful creed, and it seemed to her as if Gregory's doctrine had been expressly made for her benefit.

It was a providential piece of luck for the ex-carrier, and one that he took care to make the most of. The lady returned with him to Pokrovskoie in a magnificent motor-car which she had presented to the holy man.

She took all the expense of the community upon herself, and promised Gregory a large income, only asking, in return, to be allowed to follow the chief wherever he went, and to work for his greater glory.

Shortly afterwards Rasputin left Pokrovskoie, which was now far too small to satisfy his ambitions. Madame Bachmakow approved of his decision. She was eager to introduce *her* prophet to the whole of Russia

Under the patronage of the millionaire widow every door was thrown open to the "chosen of the Lord."

His contempt for "good manners" was regarded as a proof of sanctity. He disdained the use of a fork, and stuffed his mouth with his fingers.

"He is an apostle of the primitive period!" said Madame Bachmakow, in ecstasy.

But Striapcheff and Barnaby were watching.

"Petrograd awaits you, dear Gregory!" they constantly repeated to him. "It is only there that you will find a field worthy of your talent."

At length Rasputin allowed himself to be influenced, and on December 5th, 1904, he entered the capital.

Rasputin was not unknown in Petrograd. Madame Bachmakow had advertised *her* chief in a first-class manner among her friends.

Nor had the Press been overlooked. Frequent communications had enlightened the public about the deeds and movements of the innovator.

Over two thousand "believers" were at the station to receive the "chosen one." Women struggled to kiss the hem of his garment. Men knelt, cap in hand, while Rasputin—like the Pope—blessed them with his hand.

Fresh fields were now open to the ex-carrier of Pokrovskoie wherein to satisfy his insatiable ambition.

All the aristocracy of Petrograd were to be met in the magnificent apartment in the Prospect Newsky that Madame Bachmakow had rented and furnished for the "holy father."

Visionary, sorcerer, conjurer, palmist, priest—without ever having been ordained—Rasputin more than satisfied his numerous clients.

Evidence of this is given in a report by the *Okrana* of April 12th, 1905:—

"Crowds assemble at Rasputin's, and people wait two or three days before being able to approach the 'monk.' Everybody acknowledges his remarkable prophetic faculties and his miraculous gifts.

"He works miracles whenever it pleases him to do so. He has been able to take a handful of earth and, by simply blowing upon it, turn it into a magnificent rose-tree covered with flowers. One day, on the Newsky, he met a poor woman being wheeled about in a small carriage, and who for the past five years had lost the use of her legs. He came towards her and, after looking at her steadfastly, said in an imperious voice: 'Rise, my good woman, and walk!' And the woman rose and walked!

"His followers are chiefly among the female sex. The writer of this report counted more than four hundred women before Gregory Rasputin's house on one single afternoon. As a rule he only received the young and the pretty ones, because he says that the others have less sins to be forgiven. He devotes half an hour to each of them. When they leave him they declare themselves purified, and unanimously sing the monk's praises.

"Rasputin must make a considerable sum of money. His secretary never introduces anybody without having first received at least a hundred roubles.

"He has very powerful connections. He visits the best families, and is received like a grand duke. His place is laid at Countess Ignatieff's table every evening."

Countess Ignatieff's receptions were undoubtedly the most select in Petrograd. A very good but terribly superstitious woman, she received the Siberian thief with reverence. Everybody was soon in ecstasies over his grotesque platitudes, his rough manners, and his primitive language.

"He's a living gospel," exclaimed the aristocratic ladies of Petrograd.

Rasputin and Anna Vyronbova.

One of these women, Madame Vyronbova, was to play a notorious part in the inner history of Russia.

Anna Vyronbova was the daughter of M. Taneieff, director of the private chancellory of the Emperor. She had been lady-in-waiting to the Czarina, having married Vyrónbova, a naval lieutenant. This marriage soon ended in a divorce, with the Czar's consent, after a violent scene at the Winter Palace, when the officer struck his wife in presence of witnesses. And the moment she was free she had resumed her post as lady-in-waiting to Alexandra.

Anna Vyronbova was neither attractive nor sympathetic. She was stout and vulgar-looking, cunning and without distinction. At Court she was called "the cook," and never was a nickname better deserved. But she managed to please the Czarina by her servility and discretion, and perhaps by the hatred she bore the Dowager Empress, to whom she attributed all her conjugal misfortunes.

At all events, she was remarkably devoted to the Czarina. She had a camp-bed placed in the Imperial chamber, and day and night she acted the part of the meek and consoling confidante.

Anna Vyronbova knew very little of what occurred in the city, owing to the seclusion in which she lived with the Czarina. These ladies spent the day and a portion of the night in consulting Egyptian cards and coffee grounds. But at last Rasputin's fame reached them. The gentleman-in-waiting, Stakevitch, who had spent an evening with him at Countess Ignatieff's, gave such a glowing description of the monk that the Empress could no longer restrain her curiosity.

"Anna," she said, "go and see this new saint, and, if you consider him as marvellous as he is said to be, bring him to the palace!"

Anna Vyronbova therefore went to Rasputin. The wily peasant was expecting her.

He had no great trouble in satisfying the Empress's confidante. This coarse, vulgar person was easily influenced. Rasputin, a shrewd psychologist, did not hesitate to explain his methods to her, without omitting the smallest detail. The final doctrine of "sin for salvation," with which the pseudo-monk always ended his consultations whenever he was in

contact with hysterical devotees, put the finishing touch.

A pact was soon made between these two. Gregory threw over Madame Bachmakow and adopted Anna Vyronbova as "sister"-in-chief. And Anna in return promised to open the gates of the Imperial Palace for him and obtain him the Empress's favour.

"But you must remember," said Alexandra's companion, "that the Czarina is very puritan in her ideas. Your nickname of Rasputin will not please her. Henceforth you must call yourself 'Novy' (Innovator), which is better suited to the originality of your doctrine."

The same evening Gregory was presented at Court and introduced to the Emperor and Empress.

"Work a miracle for us!" said the Czar, whose childish mind was always interested in conjuring.

Meekly Rasputin obeyed the autocrat.

"Here is a box of matches," he said. "I assure her gracious Majesty Alexandra Feodorovna that she cannot lift it. It weighs over a ton."

Nicholas laughed loudly and incredulously.

The monk continued:—

"What am I saying? One ton! Two, three tons, and more! Try!"

The Czarina extended her hand towards the match-box, which she wished to move. It was impossible to lift it!

"Try again," said Gregory.

Alexandra, astounded, cast a frightened glance at the smiling monk. As for the Czar, this classical experiment of suggestion, known to all frequenters of circuses and fairs, appeared to him to be supernatural.

"He is really a chosen of the Lord!" declared Anna Vyronbova, emphatically.

Rasputin, henceforth the official prophet, could at length work for the greater glory of Russia and the Romanoffs.

Rasputin Saves the Czarevitch.

From 1909 to 1914 Gregory was frequently driven in a closed motor-car to Tsarskoye Selo. In order that his visits should pass unnoticed he disguised himself as a Cossack officer, and hid his piercing eyes beneath thick black glasses.

What was he doing at the Imperial Palace?

Was there more between this wretched being and the Czarina than the relations of a spiritual director and a penitent sinner? Is it not simpler and nobler to suppose that Alexandra Feodorovna could not exist without that mystical intercourse where, in her religious fervour, she believed herself to be in direct communication with Providence?

The reader will judge for himself by the documents that will be submitted to him.

Another reason, on the other hand, may perhaps explain the inexplicable.

Young Alexis, the heir-presumptive, "ataman" of all the Cossacks, was of a very delicate constitution, and, often ailing, constantly caused great anxiety to those around him. We will not repeat the melodramatic legends that have been current about him. The story of that mysterious attempt of which he was a victim, while he was staying at Yalka, has never been confirmed. Was there not even a question of some abominable crime committed by a sailor who sought to exterminate the dynasty of the Romanoffs?

At all events, Alexis's health was always precarious. Alexandra Feodorovna adored her son, and it is very probable that Rasputin, aided by Anna Vyronbova, succeeded in making her believe that he alone could save the Czarevitch, owing to a divine spark—that is to say, the miraculous power—he possessed.

Something that occurred at Tsarskoye Selo in the month of March, 1913, throws a singular light on this question.

The Czarevitch was in the habit of playing of an afternoon in one of the big drawing-rooms adjoining his mother's private apartments, where an English billiard-table was a constant source of amusement to him.

One day Gregory Rasputin, who had arrived the night before, was in the Czarina's boudoir conversing with the Empress and Anna Vyronbova. The conversation turned on warnings from above, and the pseudo-monk told the ladies how on various occasions Providence had informed him of the dangers that threatened those dear to him.

Suddenly Gregory jumped up.

"Where is Alexis Nicolaievitch?" he asked, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

Alexandra, still under the influence of all she had heard, murmured:—

"He is in the blue room, I suppose."

"Come quickly!" cried Rasputin, "to be in time to save him."

He started off, followed by the Empress and her lady-in-waiting. The young prince was quietly making cannons on the green table. Rasputin threw himself upon him and pulled him backwards. At this precise moment the huge chandelier just above the billiard-table fell with a crash, burying the table beneath it. There is no doubt that without Gregory's intervention Alexis Nicolaievitch would have been killed.

It can be imagined what impression this remarkable incident made on Alexandra! The Czar himself was so much affected by it that he gave "his son's saviour" a magnificent diamond worth thirty thousand roubles.

Nevertheless a careful inquiry might have explained the circumstances. Since the revolution the servants of Tsarskoye Selo have made certain revelations, and one of them has given an interesting version of what occurred on that eventful day in the "blue room." By Anna Vyronbova's orders the young prince's playroom had been fitted up with machinery as for a pantomime. The iron rod that held the chandelier was attached to a beam in the ceiling. To saw through this beam and, by means of an accomplice on the roof, to drop the weight at a given moment was child's play for the wily peasant and Anna Vyronbova.

But the officials at Tsarskoye Selo did not go

closely into the matter. The report on this occasion concluded as follows :—

" Wear and tear had caused a crack in the beam that held the chandelier, and the latter suddenly gave way. The necessary repairs were made in the course of the day."

Three Letters from the Czarina to Rasputin.

Rasputin was absent in Pokrovskoie when war broke out in Europe. The Czarina and Anna Vyronbova did not forget their holy man.

These are the words in which the Empress wrote to the " Novy " on this occasion :—

" I am infinitely happy, my beloved master, to be able to inform you that ' Niky ' has realized the importance of your dear presence at Tsarskoye Selo. Come back quickly, as my poor heart suffers to know you are so far away, and I am lost if I cannot hold your hands in mine and find, in your eyes, the light of my soul.

" Do not let me wait an hour, as I have been terribly bored from the moment you left me. I hope, dearest Gricha, that this time our troubles are at an end ; and that we shall never be separated again. As for me, I shall thank God if He allows me to die with you and gain—in your company—the heavenly paradise for which you have so delightfully prepared me.

" I am not the only one wishing for your return. Anna is also dying of impatience. Take pity on two women who adore you and can no longer live without you.

" Give me, in your thoughts, your most ardent blessing in anticipation of being able to give it me in person, my whole being in touch with yours.

" Your daughter who cherishes you.

" A."

This document, which is published for the first time, and which I have tried to translate as faithfully as possible, is more like a letter from a loving friend than a communication from an Empress.

The letter that follows, which has been published in Russia, is still more curious :—

" I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for all you have been and all you are to me, my dear Gricha. Is there a divine happiness greater than mine, when I rest my head on your shoulder and, in silence, appreciate the joy of being near you, touching you, forgetful of all my troubles ? I owe this happiness to you, and you know I am grateful.

" You must forgive me if I am not always perfect. It is so difficult to be really a good Christian in the true sense of the word. I have some very bad habits that are difficult to get rid of. You will help me, will you not ? Remember that you must never leave me, that I adore you, and that I have confidence in you alone.

" Be kind to Anna. You know she has many troubles. Ask Providence to let me see you soon. In the meantime, I embrace you, imploring your dear blessing.

" Your daughter,

" A."

And this short note, the copy of which was given to me by one of the Czar's former Ministers :—

" I have been awake all night. You were absent, and I was dead with grief. Come quickly, I want you more than the air I breathe. How can you be so hard to torture my poor heart ? You know I love nobody but you.

" Your daughter,

" A."

When we read these documents, which are indisputably authentic, must we believe, as it has frequently been insinuated in Russia, that Rasputin was something more than a spiritual director to Alexandra Feodorovna ?

It is a question on which every reader must form his own opinion.

Rasputin continued to lead a brilliant and profitable life. His influence at Court had never been greater. In the excitement of war the rather childish mysticism of the imperial couple had increased and the false monk obtained whatever he required.

He was living now somewhat simply in the Gorokhovaia, not far from the Winter Palace, which allowed him to be at the Empress's orders any hour of the day or night.

In his leisure moments he became interested in business. His study, where the rich presents showered upon him by Alexandra and Nicholas and the gifts of the generous and grateful followers of the new cult were untidily tossed here and there, was always crowded with visitors, army contractors, shady bankers, generals of little standing, all eager for honours and wealth, ready to pay dearly for the ex-carrier's protection.

His power at Court was supreme. The Czarina even decided that the venerable chief should have the spiritual care of the Princesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and of the Czarevitch Alexis, upon which their English governess immediately resigned, on the ground that their Majesties had lost their senses !

The Czar, too, was exceptionally amiable to him.

" Tell me, my dear fellow," he said to him on one occasion, " what favour would you like to ask of me. I swear it shall be granted immediately ! "

Rasputin was silent for a moment, and then answered, gravely :—

" I should like my friend Barnaby to be made Bishop of Tobolsk ! "

Two days later an official telegram from the Holy Synod appointed Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, to the episcopacy of the Siberian town.

It was about this time that we hear of the marvellous history of the pseudo-monk's two daughters. Mariska and Zenia were now about eighteen and seventeen years old. They were both dark, with magnificent black eyes like their father's. They carried themselves with a certain natural grace rarely seen in peasants from Pokrovskoie, for they had acquired a certain

"A DOZEN LANTERNS FLASHED IN THEIR FACES. A SCORE OF MEN HAD DRAWN BACK, STARING AT THEM WHITE-FACED AND SILENT."

twenty, forty, sixty—and they raced so swiftly that his brain could not follow. Something had happened to the wire up on the rock. They were attaching the battery. A moment more——

The seconds grew into minutes. Five—ten—he lifted his head. Good heavens, what did it mean? The girl moved, and he strained her to him. She was coming back to life. His fingers touched her soft throat, and he groaned aloud. The bell in his watch struck again. It was a quarter past nine. It would happen soon—it must happen soon. There had been a delay—they were pressing the button now. A little longer—just a little longer.

A sound came to him. It was not the ticking of his watch. It was not the little bell. He raised his head, his eyes shining madly. It was a voice—a faint shout—beyond the choked-up mouth of the coyote.

He dropped the girl and sprang to the rocks, and his voice rose in shrieks that were like those of a madman. Answering shouts came to him through the mass of earth and rock. They heard him! He heard the beat of metal picks on hard rock!—one, two, three, and then an army of them! Their click, click, click, came to him faintly, swiftly, and he continued to shout, until he staggered back exhausted. The girl had regained consciousness and was swaying on her feet, holding out her arms to him and murmuring incoherent things. He sprang to her and caught her in his arms.

"We're saved!" he shouted. "Something has happened! They're out there—they hear us—I can hear them working!"

She looked at him dumbly, uncomprehendingly, and her hands went to his face again, and in her eyes there was a look as though she feared the strain had been too much for him.

"Come—listen!" he cried, and he drew her to the choked mouth of the coyote, holding her trembling form in his arms.

For a moment they held their breath.

In the silence there came to them distinctly the rapid beating of many picks upon rock.

An hour later a crumbling slide of rock and earth cleared the mouth of the coyote. A flood of warm fresh air rushed in upon Philip and the girl he still held in his arms. In a moment he was carrying her over the *débris*. A dozen lanterns flashed in their faces. A score of men had drawn back, leaning on their picks and crowbars, staring at them white-faced and silent, as men will stare at those who have come out of the jaws of death. But one sprang forward and caught the girl from Philip. It was her father, the vice-president, and from behind him Philip heard the voice of one of the men which told him what had happened. A rock had fallen upon the wire leading to the dynamite and had severed it. The battery had failed to explode the mountain, and men had come down to investigate.

He drew in great draughts of air, and looked at Isobel and her father. The girl had freed herself from his arms, and another man was standing near, holding out his hands to her. It was the Englishman. And then Philip saw the girl draw herself erect—turn—and search for him; and when she saw him standing there in the glow of many lanterns, white, torn, and waiting, she went to him with a great, sobbing cry.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 42.

Two places in our island home
Reveal the influence of Rome.

1. A bloom in Nature's choicest dress,
   A clustered mass of loveliness.
2. "But, while she speaks, he's seen no more";
   And other hopes than "hers are o'er!"
3. A name of one of royal line,
   Who died when nearly forty-nine.
4. Two words a place in England show;
   The last and last of first must go.
5. The star acquired both love and fame;
   What was the lady's other name?
6. Foreign, and English, beauty spot,
   Here head and tail possessing not.
7. In gloom the world is overspread,
   Unless it is bereft of head.
8. A man's opinion; turn it round,
   Unchanged the sentiments are found.
9. Though fastened up it ought to stay,
   Some of it means to run away.
10. The half of sixty-four to us
    Is simply zero to the Russ.

PAX.

Answers to Acrostic No. 42 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on March 12th.*

Two answers may be sent to every light.

With their answers to this acrostic, solvers must send also their names and addresses.

ANSWER TO No. 40.

1. F	atho	M
2. U	nd	O
3. L	e	O
4. L	au	N

NOTES.—Light 1. *The Tempest,* "Full fathom five." 4. Laundry, dry.

ANSWER TO No. 41.

1. T	u	B
2. E	ate	R
3. N	on	O
4. N	o	W
5. Y	o	N
6. S	ina	I
7. O	cea	N
8. N	aggin	G

NOTES.—Light 1. Diogenes. 2. Samson's riddle. 8. Or "Nag."

"THIS IS NOT A NOVEL, BUT A FAITHFUL RECORD."

RASPUTIN REVEALED

The TRUE STORY of the MONK who was MASTER OF RUSSIA.

Photo. GREGORY RASPUTIN. [*E.N.A.*
AN EXCLUSIVE AUTOGRAPHED PICTURE.

By

CHARLES OMESSA.

Translated from the French by Frances Keyzer.

THIS is not a novel, but a faithful record. During a recent visit to Russia I became acquainted—in all its secret details—with the marvellous adventures of the rough and mystical Don Juan, whom a neurasthenic Empress aspired to transform into a Mazarin—one of the most extraordinary phenomena in human history. I have even obtained from a former Minister a copy of the facts compiled by the Okrana regarding this bearded pseudo-monk. And I have thus been able to follow, step by step, the strange destiny of the impostor, from the humble Siberian village to the imperial palace, and thence to his tragic end.

Rasputin's body is hardly cold, and the majority of those who knew him are there to establish the truth. I have cast aside the numberless legends that have gathered over the favourite's tomb, only retaining facts that could be proved, and have carefully kept to the domain of history, not allowing myself to introduce an atom of invention in the story that follows.

Gregory Effimovitch, called "Rasputin."

THE small village of Pokrovskoie, far in the Siberian *taiga*, is never mentioned in the district without a feeling of horror. When a "mammouchka" wants to frighten her children, she says: "I'll send you to Pokrovskoie!"

What is the reason of this evil reputation?

Pokrovskoie was founded about a century ago by a score of discharged convicts. Having found wives in the neighbouring villages these peculiar settlers sought an easy profession—they became horse-thieves. Their descendants followed in their footsteps. As drinks at a horse-sale are a universal custom, life in Pokrovskoie was soon one perpetual orgy of vodka.

In this knaves' paradise Gregory Effimovitch was born on the 7th of July, 1872.

His father, an incorrigible drunkard, had the worst possible reputation. He was nicknamed "Rasputin," which signifies a rake—considered quite a glorious title at Pokrovskoie, where vice of every kind was the order of the day.

Gregory inherited from his father a tumble-down hut, a few acres of land, and this enviable nickname, which he was eventually to make so singularly notorious.

From childhood he had a taste for every form of crime and vice. Dr. Litchernof, who treated him for smallpox, has given an extraordinary account of him.

"He was," said the doctor, "a fine dark child, with such a burning expression in his eyes that even I felt strangely affected by it. Thick-set, strongly built, brave, an arrant liar, he soon became the terror of the district. The old priest used to give him ten copecks a week to keep away from church. Strangely enough, three or four gendarmes followed him wherever

he led. Among them were Striapcheff and Barnaby, who afterwards shared in his successes."

When he was fourteen he robbed and nearly killed an old man, for which he received twenty strokes of the whip in the market-place. This public chastisement roused in him one of those religious fits that often recurred at a later date. He began to frequent the churches and monasteries in the district, and was to be seen on his knees by the roadside murmuring prayers and lashing himself with thistles and nettles.

"He is inspired!" was whispered on all sides. The roubles showered into the small wooden bowl that he carried with him. But something occurred that put a stop to his growing reputation as a holy man. One evening in one of his paroxysms he assaulted an old beggar woman. An inquiry ensued, but owing to the age of the victim it led to no result. But from that day he gave up his religious comedy and returned to burglary and drink. Shortly afterwards he was condemned for horse-stealing, and two years later for perjury.

Notwithstanding his evil reputation he married in 1895 a charming girl, Olga Chanigoff, who brought him a cart and a pair of horses, a few acres of land, and three thousand roubles. These Rasputin converted into vodka, keeping only the cart and horses, and became a carrier.

Rasputin Finds his Vocation.

On the night of the 5th of February, 1903, a bright and frosty night, a young priest roused Rasputin from a drunken sleep to drive him to a neighbouring village. During the drive the priest told Rasputin bluntly that he ought to be ashamed of the life he was leading. The carrier was furious.

Photos.] GREGORY RASPUTIN. [*E.N.A.*

THREE PORTRAITS OF THE MAN WHO WAS MASTER OF RUSSIA.

"If you don't leave off insulting me I'll drive the horses against a tree and we shall both of us be killed like dogs!"

"You alone, Rasputin, will be killed, because I am favoured by the Lord."

"All you priests say that," grumbled the drunkard.

"You have only to make the experiment. It is not priests alone who enjoy protection from heaven. Everybody can become worthy of divine help by prayers and sacrifice. Even you could become the favourite of our Lord."

"What must I do?" asked Gregory, somewhat shaken.

"Nothing simpler. Go to-morrow to the monastery of Verkhotourie. Remain there a fortnight in meditation and fasting. When you leave you will be a changed man. Instead of passing pleasures you will know the ecstasy of prayer. The troubles of this life will no longer affect you. Something tells me that a brilliant future awaits you."

Zaborovsky's ardent words made a strong impression on his companion.

A fortnight after this curious conversation Gregory Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie. His wife and children wore mourning, believing him to be dead.

"You are right, my beloved ones," said the carrier, "for he who returns to-day is not the Gregory you have known hitherto. Gregory, the thief and drunkard, has gone for ever. St. Michael appeared to me whilst I was in the monastery. He inspired me from heaven, and I am now the humble representative of divine virtue on earth."

Pokrovskoie still remembers this remarkable miracle. Gregory, once a disgrace to the community, was now imbued with religious fervour. He wandered from village to village, making mysterious speeches in the name of Jesus, the

Virgin, and St. Michael, and was frequently seen shedding copious tears, kneeling before the icons and praying that he might suffer in order to be worthy of Paradise.

At night, by candlelight, whilst his household slept, he would study holy books.

This mystical period came, practically enough, at a time when Rasputin had difficulty in meeting the daily necessities of life. He declared that St. Michael had commanded him to build a great church in honour of the Archangel. Little by little he collected enough money to enable him to extend his circle. He went to Kazan, to Kiew, to Moscow, making incoherent speeches to the people, who were attracted by his personal magnetism.

When he had acquired the reputation of a *stapata*, or holy man, Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie, with the intention of remaining there and following his fruitful calling.

He was, however, somewhat troubled by his home life, and he had to leave his wife and children. Therefore, although he continued to provide for them, he no longer resided under the same roof, but in a humble cottage, surrounded by icons and wax candles, in an atmosphere of prayer.

RASPUTIN AND HIS CHILDREN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

Peope began to flock from all sides to this former demon who had become a prophet. Sinners, male and female, acquired the right, by giving plentifully in coin, to kiss the hem of his cloak and gain the good will of St. Michael.

One morning he announced his intention of entering the monastery at Argueff, whither St. Michael had called him to confide to him matters of a sensational and secret nature which he, Rasputin, would eventually communicate to all.

He kept his word, and a month later brought back from Argueff the grotesque doctrine that was soon to secure him glory, power, and fortune.

"I am now able," he proclaimed, "to guarantee the salvation of every soul, as the Supreme Being has just transmitted to me a spark of his omnipotence."

In a few days the news circulated all through Siberia and even beyond. Then followed a huge arrival of believers of both sexes.

The new doctrine, in the words of the prophet himself, was as follows:—

"In order that there should be contrition there must be sin. Sin only brings repentance when it has been committed voluntarily. Sin, then, my dear brethren; and our united prayers will bring divine mercy."

Numerous were the adepts who favoured this new cult that allied frailty with forgiveness. Soon "prayer with sacrifice" attracted to Pokrovskoie all that was demented in Russia.

Mr. Verintsew, an inhabitant of the Siberian village, has kindly given me the following description of one of these memorable séances:—

"At eight o'clock at night, when the stars were shining in the heavens—Rasputin poetically calls them 'the eyes of the Supreme Being'—the chief and his followers people the woods that surround Pokrovskoie.

"An enormous hole is made in the ground while Rasputin invokes divine protection. The hole is filled with logs and leaves, which the prophet ignites, offering a prayer to St. Michael.

"Oriental perfumes burn in a small *casoulette*. Gregory throws handfuls of incense on the pyre, from which issue columns of smoke.

"Men and women seek each other's hands in the growing darkness and are soon turning madly in a circle around the perfumed hearth. Little by little the rhythm and the dance are accelerated.

"'Sin for salvation!' chants Rasputin, in a minor key.

"'We sin for salvation!' repeat the adepts.

"At length the 'faithful' grow giddy.

"GREGORY RASPUTIN THROWS HANDFULS OF INCENSE ON THE PYRE, FROM WHICH ISSUE COLUMNS OF SMOKE. 'SIN FOR SALVATION!' HE CHANTS."

Occasionally one slips and falls, dragging others with him.

"'Rise, my brethren,' commands the high priest. 'You have still to suffer.'

"And the dance continues quicker, ever quicker.

"But the last embers have died out. Darkness suddenly encompasses this mad throng.

"'Lord, we sin for salvation!'

"Above the shrieks and sobs of the people Rasputin's voice is heard and a scene ensues that baffles description.

"'Sin for salvation! Sin for salvation!' rises like a battle-cry.

"At length the folly is over. 'I cleanse you of your sins, my dear brethren, and I bless you!'

"The sacrilegious blessing of Rasputin closes the ceremony.

Ceremonies in the new church founded by Rasputin. Striapcheff became his secretary and business manager.

Lydia Bachmakow.

In April, 1904, during a pilgrimage to Kazan, Rasputin came across Madame Lydia Bachmakow, with several of her followers.

She was an amiable woman, over forty, a widow and a millionairess, and a passionate devotee. She took a constant part in religious solemnities and in acts of piety, submitting herself to the most severe penance, observing the hardest rules. Nevertheless, she was a tired and disappointed woman. Rasputin's doctrine immediately appealed to her.

"Sin for salvation!" proclaimed the cynical preacher, "and the gates of Paradise shall be opened to you!"

A DINNER GIVEN TO RASPUTIN BY SOME OF HIS "SISTERS."
From a Photograph.

"'Remember the building of our church!' proclaims the practical chief. And roubles fall faster and faster into his outstretched hands."

It would be superfluous to add anything to this picture. Gregory the carrier had at last found his vocation.

Rasputin Takes Society by Storm.

Rasputin looked philosophically on the growing success of his lucky industry.

But it would be unjust to accuse him of ingratitude towards those who had been his companions in the past. Thanks to his generosity his wife, Olga—with whom he had ceased all intercourse—lived the life of a rich widow, and brought up her son and two daughters in comfort. Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, found himself raised to the post of Grand Master of the

Madame Bachmakow had never dared dream of such a wonderful creed, and it seemed to her as if Gregory's doctrine had been expressly made for her benefit.

It was a providential piece of luck for the ex-carrier, and one that he took care to make the most of. The lady returned with him to Pokrovskoie in a magnificent motor-car which she had presented to the holy man.

She took all the expense of the community upon herself, and promised Gregory a large income, only asking, in return, to be allowed to follow the chief wherever he went, and to work for his greater glory.

Shortly afterwards Rasputin left Pokrovskoie, which was now far too small to satisfy his ambitions. Madame Bachmakow approved of his decision. She was eager to introduce *her* prophet to the whole of Russia

Under the patronage of the millionaire widow every door was thrown open to the "chosen of the Lord."

His contempt for "good manners" was regarded as a proof of sanctity. He disdained the use of a fork, and stuffed his mouth with his fingers.

"He is an apostle of the primitive period!" said Madame Bachmakow, in ecstasy.

But Striapcheff and Barnaby were watching.

"Petrograd awaits you, dear Gregory!" they constantly repeated to him. "It is only there that you will find a field worthy of your talent."

At length Rasputin allowed himself to be influenced, and on December 5th, 1904, he entered the capital.

Rasputin was not unknown in Petrograd. Madame Bachmakow had advertised *her* chief in a first-class manner among her friends.

Nor had the Press been overlooked. Frequent communications had enlightened the public about the deeds and movements of the innovator.

Over two thousand "believers" were at the station to receive the "chosen one." Women struggled to kiss the hem of his garment. Men knelt, cap in hand, while Rasputin—like the Pope—blessed them with his hand.

Fresh fields were now open to the ex-carrier of Pokrovskoie wherein to satisfy his insatiable ambition.

All the aristocracy of Petrograd were to be met in the magnificent apartment in the Prospect Newsky that Madame Bachmakow had rented and furnished for the "holy father."

Visionary, sorcerer, conjurer, palmist, priest—without ever having been ordained—Rasputin more than satisfied his numerous clients.

Evidence of this is given in a report by the *Okrana* of April 12th, 1905:—

"Crowds assemble at Rasputin's, and people wait two or three days before being able to approach the 'monk.' Everybody acknowledges his remarkable prophetic faculties and his miraculous gifts.

"He works miracles whenever it pleases him to do so. He has been able to take a handful of earth and, by simply blowing upon it, turn it into a magnificent rose-tree covered with flowers. One day, on the Newsky, he met a poor woman being wheeled about in a small carriage, and who for the past five years had lost the use of her legs. He came towards her and, after looking at her steadfastly, said in an imperious voice: 'Rise, my good woman, and walk!' And the woman rose and walked!

"His followers are chiefly among the female sex. The writer of this report counted more than four hundred women before Gregory Rasputin's house on one single afternoon. As a rule he only received the young and the pretty ones, because he says that the others have less sins to be forgiven. He devotes half an hour to each of them. When they leave him they declare themselves purified, and unanimously sing the monk's praises.

"Rasputin must make a considerable sum of money. His secretary never introduces anybody without having first received at least a hundred roubles.

"He has very powerful connections. He visits the best families, and is received like a grand duke. His place is laid at Countess Ignatieff's table every evening."

Countess Ignatieff's receptions were undoubtedly the most select in Petrograd. A very good but terribly superstitious woman, she received the Siberian thief with reverence. Everybody was soon in ecstasies over his grotesque platitudes, his rough manners, and his primitive language.

"He's a living gospel," exclaimed the aristocratic ladies of Petrograd.

Rasputin and Anna Vyronbova.

One of these women, Madame Vyronbova, was to play a notorious part in the inner history of Russia.

Anna Vyronbova was the daughter of M. Taneieff, director of the private chancellory of the Emperor. She had been lady-in-waiting to the Czarina, having married Vyrónbova, a naval lieutenant. This marriage soon ended in a divorce, with the Czar's consent, after a violent scene at the Winter Palace, when the officer struck his wife in presence of witnesses. And the moment she was free she had resumed her post as lady-in-waiting to Alexandra.

Anna Vyronbova was neither attractive nor sympathetic. She was stout and vulgar-looking, cunning and without distinction. At Court she was called "the cook," and never was a nickname better deserved. But she managed to please the Czarina by her servility and discretion, and perhaps by the hatred she bore the Dowager Empress, to whom she attributed all her conjugal misfortunes.

At all events, she was remarkably devoted to the Czarina. She had a camp-bed placed in the Imperial chamber, and day and night she acted the part of the meek and consoling confidante.

Anna Vyronbova knew very little of what occurred in the city, owing to the seclusion in which she lived with the Czarina. These ladies spent the day and a portion of the night in consulting Egyptian cards and coffee grounds. But at last Rasputin's fame reached them. The gentleman-in-waiting, Stakevitch, who had spent an evening with him at Countess Ignatieff's, gave such a glowing description of the monk that the Empress could no longer restrain her curiosity.

"Anna," she said, "go and see this new saint, and, if you consider him as marvellous as he is said to be, bring him to the palace!"

Anna Vyronbova therefore went to Rasputin. The wily peasant was expecting her.

He had no great trouble in satisfying the Empress's confidante. This coarse, vulgar person was easily influenced. Rasputin, a shrewd psychologist, did not hesitate to explain his methods to her, without omitting the smallest detail. The final doctrine of "sin for salvation," with which the pseudo-monk always ended his consultations whenever he was in

contact with hysterical devotees, put the finishing touch.

A pact was soon made between these two. Gregory threw over Madame Bachmakow and adopted Anna Vyronbova as "sister"-in-chief. And Anna in return promised to open the gates of the Imperial Palace for him and obtain him the Empress's favour.

"But you must remember," said Alexandra's companion, "that the Czarina is very puritan in her ideas. Your nickname of Rasputin will not please her. Henceforth you must call yourself 'Novy' (Innovator), which is better suited to the originality of your doctrine."

The same evening Gregory was presented at Court and introduced to the Emperor and Empress.

"Work a miracle for us!" said the Czar, whose childish mind was always interested in conjuring.

Meekly Rasputin obeyed the autocrat.

"Here is a box of matches," he said. "I assure her gracious Majesty Alexandra Feodorovna that she cannot lift it. It weighs over a ton."

Nicholas laughed loudly and incredulously.

The monk continued:—

"What am I saying? One ton! Two, three tons, and more! Try!"

The Czarina extended her hand towards the match-box, which she wished to move. It was impossible to lift it!

"Try again," said Gregory.

Alexandra, astounded, cast a frightened glance at the smiling monk. As for the Czar, this classical experiment of suggestion, known to all frequenters of circuses and fairs, appeared to him to be supernatural.

"He is really a chosen of the Lord!" declared Anna Vyronbova, emphatically.

Rasputin, henceforth the official prophet, could at length work for the greater glory of Russia and the Romanoffs.

Rasputin Saves the Czarevitch.

From 1909 to 1914 Gregory was frequently driven in a closed motor-car to Tsarskoye Selo. In order that his visits should pass unnoticed he disguised himself as a Cossack officer, and hid his piercing eyes beneath thick black glasses.

What was he doing at the Imperial Palace?

Was there more between this wretched being and the Czarina than the relations of a spiritual director and a penitent sinner? Is it not simpler and nobler to suppose that Alexandra Feodorovna could not exist without that mystical intercourse where, in her religious fervour, she believed herself to be in direct communication with Providence?

The reader will judge for himself by the documents that will be submitted to him.

Another reason, on the other hand, may perhaps explain the inexplicable.

Young Alexis, the heir-presumptive, "ataman" of all the Cossacks, was of a very delicate constitution, and, often ailing, constantly caused great anxiety to those around him. We will not repeat the melodramatic legends that have been current about him. The story of that mysterious attempt of which he was a victim, while he was staying at Yalka, has never been confirmed. Was there not even a question of some abominable crime committed by a sailor who sought to exterminate the dynasty of the Romanoffs?

At all events, Alexis's health was always precarious. Alexandra Feodorovna adored her son, and it is very probable that Rasputin, aided by Anna Vyronbova, succeeded in making her believe that he alone could save the Czarevitch, owing to a divine spark—that is to say, the miraculous power—he possessed.

Something that occurred at Tsarskoye Selo in the month of March, 1913, throws a singular light on this question.

The Czarevitch was in the habit of playing of an afternoon in one of the big drawing-rooms adjoining his mother's private apartments, where an English billiard-table was a constant source of amusement to him.

One day Gregory Rasputin, who had arrived the night before, was in the Czarina's boudoir conversing with the Empress and Anna Vyronbova. The conversation turned on warnings from above, and the pseudo-monk told the ladies how on various occasions Providence had informed him of the dangers that threatened those dear to him.

Suddenly Gregory jumped up.

"Where is Alexis Nicolaievitch?" he asked, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

Alexandra, still under the influence of all she had heard, murmured:—

"He is in the blue room, I suppose."

"Come quickly!" cried Rasputin, "to be in time to save him."

He started off, followed by the Empress and her lady-in-waiting. The young prince was quietly making cannons on the green table. Rasputin threw himself upon him and pulled him backwards. At this precise moment the huge chandelier just above the billiard-table fell with a crash, burying the table beneath it. There is no doubt that without Gregory's intervention Alexis Nicolaievitch would have been killed.

It can be imagined what impression this remarkable incident made on Alexandra! The Czar himself was so much affected by it that he gave "his son's saviour" a magnificent diamond worth thirty thousand roubles.

Nevertheless a careful inquiry might have explained the circumstances. Since the revolution the servants of Tsarskoye Selo have made certain revelations, and one of them has given an interesting version of what occurred on that eventful day in the "blue room." By Anna Vyronbova's orders the young prince's playroom had been fitted up with machinery as for a pantomime. The iron rod that held the chandelier was attached to a beam in the ceiling. To saw through this beam and, by means of an accomplice on the roof, to drop the weight at a given moment was child's play for the wily peasant and Anna Vyronbova.

But the officials at Tsarskoye Selo did not go

closely into the matter. The report on this occasion concluded as follows :—

" Wear and tear had caused a crack in the beam that held the chandelier, and the latter suddenly gave way. The necessary repairs were made in the course of the day."

Three Letters from the Czarina to Rasputin.

Rasputin was absent in Pokrovskoie when war broke out in Europe. The Czarina and Anna Vyronbova did not forget their holy man.

These are the words in which the Empress wrote to the " Novy " on this occasion :—

" I am infinitely happy, my beloved master, to be able to inform you that ' Niky ' has realized the importance of your dear presence at Tsarskoye Selo. Come back quickly, as my poor heart suffers to know you are so far away, and I am lost if I cannot hold your hands in mine and find, in your eyes, the light of my soul.

" Do not let me wait an hour, as I have been terribly bored from the moment you left me. I hope, dearest Gricha, that this time our troubles are at an end ; and that we shall never be separated again. As for me, I shall thank God if He allows me to die with you and gain—in your company—the heavenly paradise for which you have so delightfully prepared me.

" I am not the only one wishing for your return. Anna is also dying of impatience. Take pity on two women who adore you and can no longer live without you.

" Give me, in your thoughts, your most ardent blessing in anticipation of being able to give it me in person, my whole being in touch with yours.

" Your daughter who cherishes you.

" A."

This document, which is published for the first time, and which I have tried to translate as faithfully as possible, is more like a letter from a loving friend than a communication from an Empress.

The letter that follows, which has been published in Russia, is still more curious :—

" I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for all you have been and all you are to me, my dear Gricha. Is there a divine happiness greater than mine, when I rest my head on your shoulder and, in silence, appreciate the joy of being near you, touching you, forgetful of all my troubles ? I owe this happiness to you, and you know I am grateful.

" You must forgive me if I am not always perfect. It is so difficult to be really a good Christian in the true sense of the word. I have some very bad habits that are difficult to get rid of. You will help me, will you not ? Remember that you must never leave me, that I adore you, and that I have confidence in you alone.

" Be kind to Anna. You know she has many troubles. Ask Providence to let me see you soon. In the meantime, I embrace you, imploring your dear blessing.

" Your daughter,

" A."

And this short note, the copy of which was given to me by one of the Czar's former Ministers :—

" I have been awake all night. You were absent, and I was dead with grief. Come quickly, I want you more than the air I breathe. How can you be so hard to torture my poor heart ? You know I love nobody but you.

" Your daughter,

" A."

When we read these documents, which are indisputably authentic, must we believe, as it has frequently been insinuated in Russia, that Rasputin was something more than a spiritual director to Alexandra Feodorovna ?

It is a question on which every reader must form his own opinion.

Rasputin continued to lead a brilliant and profitable life. His influence at Court had never been greater. In the excitement of war the rather childish mysticism of the imperial couple had increased and the false monk obtained whatever he required.

He was living now somewhat simply in the Gorokhovaia, not far from the Winter Palace, which allowed him to be at the Empress's orders any hour of the day or night.

In his leisure moments he became interested in business. His study, where the rich presents showered upon him by Alexandra and Nicholas and the gifts of the generous and grateful followers of the new cult were untidily tossed here and there, was always crowded with visitors, army contractors, shady bankers, generals of little standing, all eager for honours and wealth, ready to pay dearly for the ex-carrier's protection.

His power at Court was supreme. The Czarina even decided that the venerable chief should have the spiritual care of the Princesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and of the Czarevitch Alexis, upon which their English governess immediately resigned, on the ground that their Majesties had lost their senses !

The Czar, too, was exceptionally amiable to him.

" Tell me, my dear fellow," he said to him on one occasion, " what favour would you like to ask of me. I swear it shall be granted immediately ! "

Rasputin was silent for a moment, and then answered, gravely :—

" I should like my friend Barnaby to be made Bishop of Tobolsk ! "

Two days later an official telegram from the Holy Synod appointed Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, to the episcopacy of the Siberian town.

It was about this time that we hear of the marvellous history of the pseudo-monk's two daughters. Mariska and Zenia were now about eighteen and seventeen years old. They were both dark, with magnificent black eyes like their father's. They carried themselves with a certain natural grace rarely seen in peasants from Pokrovskoie, for they had acquired a certain

THE CZAR GRANTS RASPUTIN'S REQUEST THAT HIS FRIEND BARNABY —AN EX-POLICEMAN—SHOULD BE MADE BISHOP OF TOBOLSK.

polish by coming in contact with the aristocratic ladies who approached their father for their spiritual cure. In this way they learned to play tennis, sing to their own accompaniment, and talk about fashions.

One of Rasputin's *protégés*, a priest of the name of Boris and a fervent believer in the chief, went about the populous districts of Petrograd making certain prophecies that had a great success.

One day Boris announced that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and had said :—

"It is necessary for the salvation of Russia that the daughters of the man who has been given the spark of divine omnipotence, and who is already established in the position he merits, at the right hand of our little father Nicholas and his spouse, should marry. Their husbands will become the beloved sons of Providence and nothing will be refused unto them."

It is not difficult to gather from whom this celestial communication came. Rasputin received countless offers of marriage for his daughters. This would have occurred, no doubt, before the intervention of the Virgin if the existence of these young ladies had been known. But hitherto Gregory had not spoken about his family.

A general, two members of the Duma, several financiers, and a professor of the Moscow University were among the candidates for the honour of becoming Rasputin's sons-in-law.

But the ex-carrier was in no hurry. He no doubt considered that his daughters could aspire higher.

He lost no time in having them come to live with him. Anna Vyrobova undertook to introduce them into society, and when she took anything in hand Rasputin knew from his own experience that she was sure to succeed.

"They may perhaps marry a grand duke!" she told him.

And the pseudo-monk already pictured himself the father-in-law of a Romanoff!

An anecdote will illustrate the power which had been achieved by the village carrier.

One morning he went to the G.Q.G. and had himself introduced immediately to the General in chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch.

The Emperor's uncle had always shown the greatest antipathy to the charlatan. But he nevertheless received him.

"I have come to inform you of a communication that the Virgin made to me last night. She ordered me to come and tell you that she wished the war to end as soon as possible, and that if you did not do your utmost to bring about this result she would curse you and your descendants."

The Grand Duke Nicholas listened to him patiently. When he had finished he replied :—

"And to me, *moujik*, the Virgin appeared, telling me that a vile impostor would call on me to-day and that I should be well advised if I had him flogged and kicked out like a dog!"

Rasputin did not require the hint to be repeated, and went away.

But shortly afterwards the Grand Duke Nicholas received the news of his downfall and left for the Caucasus.

The pseudo-monk had had his revenge!

The Downfall.

There was nothing now to oppose his plans. He was the uncontested master of Russia! Nevertheless, the day of reckoning was near!

One night early in the winter of 1916 a number of people were making merry at Coutant's

Restaurant. The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, son of the Grand Duke Paul and first cousin of the Czar, was seated with Prince Youssoupoff at a table, with Staritchin and two other guests.

At another table, a little farther off, were Rasputin, Prince Andromikoff, Striapcheff—the pseudo-monk's faithful secretary—General Vokoutitch, and two or three minor stars.

Everybody was laughing and joking and talking at the top of their voices. Rasputin, more noisy than usual, was speaking disparagingly of the whole of Russia.

"I don't care a button for the grand dukes, nor the Ministers, nor the president of the Holy Synod, nor all the Alexieffs and Broussiloffs on earth!" he cried; "and when I do a dirty dancer like Karoli the honour——"

Vera Karoli was a well-known ballet-dancer who had repelled Rasputin's advances.

On hearing Rasputin's insulting reference to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, the Grand Duke rose and was about to throw himself on the monk. Luckily for Rasputin, some well-known people entered at this moment and caused a diversion.

Among them was Pourichkievitch, a member of the Duma, who hated Rasputin. He now approached the table where Rasputin was holding forth.

"Enjoy yourself, Gregory, have a good time," he sneered; "it won't be for long."

Taken by surprise, the monk nevertheless wished to impress the people around him.

"Yes, I *am* having a good time, and I advise you to do the same, as I imagine that yours will be even shorter than mine."

But Pourichkievitch continued looking the ex-carrier straight in the face.

"Don't stint yourself in pleasure and orgies, you vile innovator! Death is near, and a man will soon be found to rid Russia of your hideous presence."

PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF, WHO SHOT RASPUTIN.
Photo Vandyk

Then the member, taking no further notice of his adversary, seated himself at the table close by. Rasputin ceased laughing. He was evidently disturbed.

He left with his followers. There were now only two tables occupied: the Grand Duke's and the member of the Duma's.

Then the Prince Youssoupoff, Count of Soumarck Elston, a young fellow about twenty-three, married to Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of Nicholas II., approached Pourichkievitch.

"I have listened to you with delight," he said, holding out his hand. "Allow me to thank you in all our names for what you said. You expressed the wish that a man would soon be found to suppress this repugnant person. With your consent I will be that man!"

The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch joined in:—

"And I will help you to my utmost. We have borne with this *moujik* long enough. Let us swear, for the dignity and the glory of Russia and the empire, to do away with Rasputin!"

And in the big dining hall of the restaurant, where by chance they were now entirely alone, the fateful oath was taken.

The Death of Rasputin.

On December 15th, 1916, Russian style, about ten o'clock on Friday night, in a pretty little house belonging to Prince Youssoupoff, there were three men and a woman in the drawing-room on the first floor—the Prince himself, the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, Pourichkievitch, and Karoli, the dancer.

The house stands in the midst of a large garden, and the principal entrance is in the Moskaia. But there is a special door opening on the Offizerskaia, reserved for private visits and the servants, near the little pavilion where the Youssoupoff family dispose of their celebrated

Crimean wine. Rasputin was to enter by this door, to keep an appointment with the Prince, who had introduced himself to the monk as a proselyte of his cult.

Rasputin arrived, and was admitted by Prince Youssoupoff, as the servants, he explained, were all away.

Rasputin removed his goloshes in the hall.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked his host.

"To the dining-room. We shall be less disturbed there," answered the Prince. "And I have had a few bottles of wine brought up to help us pass the time."

THE GRAND DUKE DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH.
IT WAS IN HIS CAR THAT RASPUTIN'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO THE NEVA.
Photo. Stanley.

There were three steps leading to the dining room on the ground floor. Two bottles of red wine were on the table. One, decantered, contained a strong dose of poison. Youssoupoff took up one of the bottles—the inoffensive one, of course—poured out a glassful, and drank it off. Rasputin took up the poisoned bottle and helped himself.

His host, facing him, looked on pale and breathless. Had the last moment come for this man who had lived such a life of infamy? Apparently not! Rasputin continued to drink without feeling the slightest inconvenience from the poison.

Youssoupoff became terrified. He was seized with the mystic feeling that is in every Slav. Was it not supernatural that a man could absorb a poison without effect? Was he really protected by the Lord?

Making some excuse, the Prince left his guest and rushed up to the drawing-room. "He won't die!" he said, in an anxious whisper.

"You are joking," said one of the conspirators. "Take this revolver and use it; you will see if Rasputin is as impervious to bullets as to poison!"

Youssoupoff took the revolver in his left hand, hid it behind his back, went downstairs, opened the dining-room door with his right hand, and perceived the monk in an agitated condition, his face covered with perspiration, walking up and down the room, groaning and hiccoughing terribly.

The Prince passed the revolver to his right hand, pointed the weapon at the man's heart, and fired twice.

Rasputin fell like a stone. The Prince hastened to inform his friends. The Grand Duke Dimitri offered to go home—he lived quite near—to fetch his car and take the body to the Neva, where the conspirators had arranged to throw it into the water. He had already gone, when suddenly a heavy step was heard on the ground floor.

"Who is there?" cried Pourichkievitch.

He bent over the banisters. There, in the vestibule, he saw a horrible sight. Covered with blood, as white as a ghost, the monk had mounted the three stairs, had put on his goloshes, and managed to open the street door and get into the garden.

Pourichkievitch pulled out his revolver and followed, while Youssoupoff took an enormous club that hung on the wall. Rasputin hurried as fast as his strength allowed him towards the door that leads to the Offizerskaia. Every step he took was marked by drops of blood on the snow.

He was nearing the door when Pourichkievitch fired three shots, and he fell once more. Youssoupoff struck him on the head with his club.

Just then the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch returned with his car.

They placed the body in the car and drove at full speed toward the Petrovsky bridge. At two o'clock in the morning the car stopped between the second and third arch. Rasputin's body was dragged out by the legs and shoulders and rested against the balustrade. But to their horror they found that the monk was still alive. With his right hand he grasped the epaulette of one of his assailants, and had strength enough to tear it off. It was a final effort. One last push, and the body dashed against the pillar, rebounded, fell on a block of ice in the Neva, toppled over, and was lost in the tide.

Justice was done! Rasputin was dead!

Such was the end of the illiterate peasant who had made himself master of a mighty empire, and who shook in his fall one of the most powerful thrones in the world.

"THE PRINCE PASSED THE REVOLVER TO HIS RIGHT HAND, POINTED THE WEAPON AT RASPUTIN'S HEART, AND FIRED TWICE."

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

No. 4.

THE WIN-AND-LOSE PROBLEM.

T the forty-sixth meeting of the Problem Club, the waiters having left the room, Mr. Matthews, smiling and rubicund, took his place as chairman. He finished his glass of an old and veritable Cognac, lit with care and a cedar-wood spill a cigar that can only be obtained by the favour of the planter, and read out the terms of the Win-and-Lose Problem :—

"It is required to win an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net loss of one pound to the winner; and to lose an even bet of one pound resulting in a net gain of one pound to the loser. No competitor is to make more than two bets."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Matthews, "I'm supposed to make one or two preliminary observations. Now here's a thing that strikes me. You may remember that when we tackled the Kiss Problem, our reverend friend Mr. Cunliffe said that it revealed the artful Leonard as an apostle of morality. Of course, the padre took the jack-pot on that occasion, and so he may have been prejudiced, but it looks to me now as if he may have been right. See for yourselves. You've got to win a bet and lose money by it, and then you've got to lose a bet and make money by it, and at the end of it you're left just where you were when you started. There's not much deadly fascination and excitement about that—why, it's enough to make you lose your taste for gambling.

"Yes, and there's one more point. I noticed a good deal of preoccupation at dinner to-night. Very few of you seemed to be putting your heart into the work, and I believe I was the only man who had the *vol-au-vent* brought back to him for further reference. Great mistake that of yours. Some of you tried to work out sums on the back of your menus. I detected Major Byles, with corrugated brows, in the act of making pencil calculations on the tablecloth. Yes, there's not a doubt that Leonard has given you a worrying time, and some of you were wrestling with it right up to the last moment. It won't surprise me if there's not a winner among the whole lot of you. However, we'll begin with a likely chance. You, Sir Charles, have got a reputation as a learned man; can I ask the secretary to draw a cheque in your favour?"

"I'd be sorry to stop you," said Sir Charles, "but I'm afraid I can't claim it. Archæology don't help with arithmetic. As an eminent classical scholar once observed, I've not got the low cunning that makes a mathematician. The only thing I could think of was to insure the chances of each bet appropriately, but it seemed to me that you would regard such insurance as being in itself a bet."

"I certainly should. You don't change a thing by changing its name. You are limited to the two bets, and I shall not allow four even if you call two of them insurance. Come now, Jimmy, have you profited sufficiently by your racing experiences to have won the prize to-night?"

"Profited by my racing experiences?" said the Hon. James Feldane, wearily. "If you'd go and talk to the bank that has charge of my overdraft you wouldn't use words like those. But backing horses, though it's a mug's game, is at any rate easy. There are too many complications in Leonard's fancy-work for a simple child of Nature like myself. I can't engineer a two-cylinder gamble with a double back-jump actuated

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by the cam-shaft. The only man I know who could face it without mental overstrain is my bookmaker. He's a wonder. He'd give you fifteen different ways of perforating this problem inside a minute. No juggle with figures can beat him. I don't know if you'd call it a talent or a disease, but I've not got it. As a competitor I've failed, but I don't mind admitting that I've made a little actual money out of the competition." Jimmy smiled reminiscently.

"May we have the details?" asked the chairman.

"I'd sooner you got them from Hesseltine."

The chairman called upon Mr. Hesseltine.

"I don't wonder," said that young man, "that Jimmy don't like to tell you. If I'd stolen money from a crossing-sweeper in St. James's Street I shouldn't be proud of it myself. The silly ass thinks he's scored off me, but as I was out to lose a quid anyhow——"

"May we have the actual facts?" suggested the chairman.

"Certainly. I was thinking about this problem and I got a sudden brain-wave. I saw how to do the first half—to win a bet of a pound that would leave me one pound down when I'd won it. Well, I happened to be going up St. James's Street with Jimmy later that morning, and by way of leading up to it I asked him what he generally gave to a street-beggar. 'Nix,' he said. 'What do you?' So I told him that I generally gave a sovereign. He told me in his coarse sort of way that he didn't believe it. That was what I had expected. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll bet you a pound that I give two golden sovereigns to the next beggar or crossing-sweeper I come across.' He thought about it and then said: 'I'll take that, and to guard against accidents I'll be the next beggar. Give me a little assistance, kind sir?'

"I'LL TAKE THAT, AND TO GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS I'LL BE THE NEXT BEGGAR. GIVE ME A LITTLE ASSISTANCE, KIND SIR?"

"Of course, in that way he put himself on velvet. Whether I decided to win my bet or to lose it, Jimmy had to make one sovereign out of me. Didn't affect me at all, for according to Leonard I'd got to win my bet and lose a pound by it, which I did. The only person hit was the crossing-sweeper up the street, who would otherwise have made two quid. Of course, what I ought to have done was to have handed Jimmy over to the police for begging—wish I'd thought of it.

"Well, I negotiated the first half of the problem, but the second half beat me. I'm inclined to think the sting of the beast is in its tail. It takes two people to make a bet. I'm not a poet or any sort of imaginative chap, but I could think of a bet which for a dead certainty it would pay me to lose. I couldn't think of anybody, even including that rotter Jimmy, who would be fool enough to take it. You must try somebody else, Mr. Chairman."

"Major Byles?" the chairman suggested.

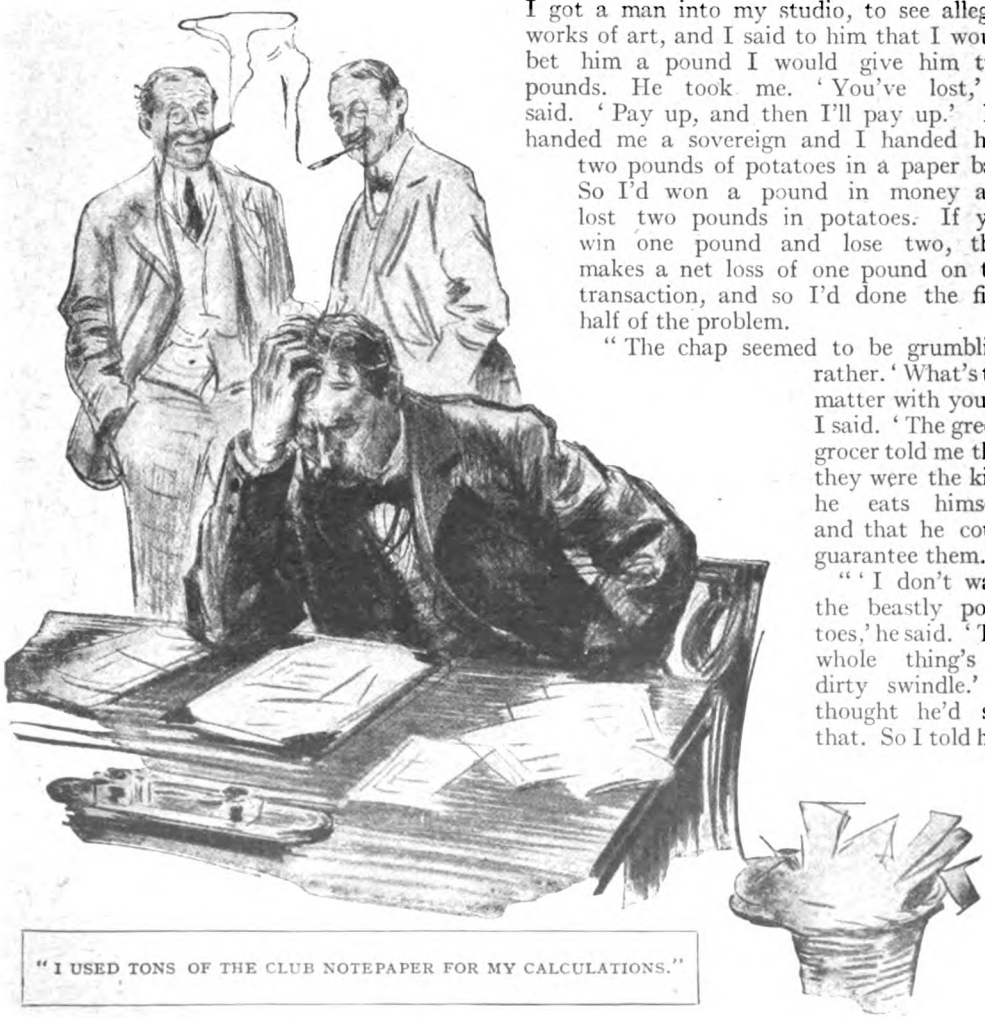
"As a head-waiter," said the Major, "I've got nothing against Leonard. As a setter of problems he's given general satisfaction, but this time I should like to back my bill to the effect that he has mixed up too much arithmetic with the sport. I've spent a month on this win-and-lose business, all the time with the feeling that a boy fresh from school would work out the whole thing on the back of an envelope in ten minutes, and I've done nothing. I spent the first fortnight at home, and at the end of it I had contracted insomnia, headache, and what you might call pardonable irritability. At the end of that time my wife said that of course she had noticed the change, and that I seemed to be doing sums all day, and that if we were ruined I had better say so and she would face it bravely. I reassured her and came to town on important business. I used tons of the club notepaper for my calculations, put an undue strain on the club wastepaper-baskets, quarrelled with two of my best friends, was sarcastic in addressing club servants, and am expecting a letter from the committee to ask for my resignation. The amazing thing is that all the time I have been on the very point of getting the solution. In my opinion it's the most horribly worrying thing that Leonard has ever given us."

"Well," said the chairman, "artists are not generally supposed to be particularly strong at arithmetic, but I'll ask Mr. Wildersley what he's done about it."

"Can't say I agree with the Major," said Wildersley. "I call it a jolly easy problem, and I claim to be a winner. It didn't take me any time to think of it, either. I got a man into my studio, to see alleged works of art, and I said to him that I would bet him a pound I would give him two pounds. He took me. 'You've lost,' I said. 'Pay up, and then I'll pay up.' He handed me a sovereign and I handed him two pounds of potatoes in a paper bag. So I'd won a pound in money and lost two pounds in potatoes. If you win one pound and lose two, that makes a net loss of one pound on the transaction, and so I'd done the first half of the problem.

"The chap seemed to be grumbling rather. 'What's the matter with you?' I said. 'The greengrocer told me that they were the kind he eats himself, and that he could guarantee them.'

"'I don't want the beastly potatoes,' he said. 'The whole thing's a dirty swindle.' I thought he'd say that. So I told him



"I USED TONS OF THE CLUB NOTEPAPER FOR MY CALCULATIONS."

that it was no swindle and I would be quite willing to take the same bet myself. He jumped at it, but to make sure he said he would bet me a sovereign he would give me two pounds. I took him, lost, paid the sovereign, and got back my two pounds of potatoes. That finished the second half of the problem. I'd lost a bet of one pound, and had made two pounds, giving a net gain of one pound. Naturally, he wanted to know what I had done it for, and I said it was to stop him from trying to talk about art—the chap's a critic."

"'I DON'T WANT THE BEASTLY POTATOES,' HE SAID. 'THE WHOLE THING'S A DIRTY SWINDLE.'"

Mr. Matthews took two minutes and a brandy-and-soda before giving his decision as follows: —

"Ingenious, but it won't do. Mr. Wildersley professes to have subtracted money to the value of a sovereign from two pounds by weight of potatoes, and to have got a result of one pound. Of what did that pound consist? Even after dinner we can't have mental confusion of this kind. The claim is disallowed."

Mr. Harding Pope, M.P., made an uninteresting confession of failure, and the chairman then called upon Mr. Quillian, K.C., who was acting as secretary for the evening.

Mr. Quillian removed his pince-nez and glanced round the room with that look of amiable superiority that some people found irritating.

"I claim to have won this fairly simple competition," he said. "Of course, it has a psychological as well as an arithmetical side; the bets have to be actually made and not merely worked out on paper. I made my plan one afternoon, and then went over to my club to see if I could find my friend Blenkinsop. He is generally at the club at that hour, and I felt sure that he would accept the two bets that I had to propose.

"Well, as it happened, Blenkinsop was not at the club, but I found Mr. Pusely-Smythe alone in the smaller reading-room. I've had to submit to a good deal of chaff —not particularly amusing—from Pusely-Smythe, and by way of return it seemed appropriate that he should help me to win our one hundred and ten pound prize. Also, if he will forgive me for saying so, he has just the commonplace shrewdness that I required in my victim.

"After a little preliminary conversation, I produced my sovereign-case. I told him that there was a certain sum of money in gold in that case, and that I was willing to bet him a sovereign I would make him a present of it. He said, as I knew he would, that this meant that the sum of money in the case was half a sovereign, and that in consequence he would lose ten shillings on the transaction if he took the bet.

"'Yes,' I said, 'there is that possibility, but I am willing to protect you against it by a second bet. We will agree that the loser by the first transaction shall have the option to give the other man double what he has lost for double the sum now in my sovereign-case. And I will bet you a sovereign that he will not exercise that option. You see how it works out. If the sum in my sovereign-case is half a sovereign, as you suppose, you will lose ten shillings on the

first transaction, but you will win a sovereign on the second transaction by exercising an option to exchange twenty shillings for twenty shillings.'

"Without taking the time to think, he accepted both bets. I then opened my sovereign-case and showed him that it contained two pounds. I gave them to him, and as by so doing I had won my bet he gave me one of them back again. Kindly observe that I had now solved the first part of Leonard's problem. I had won an even bet of one pound the net result of which was that I had lost a pound. Having made myself the loser on the first transaction, I now had the option to exchange twice my loss against twice the sum that had been in the sovereign-case—that is, to exchange two pounds for four pounds. I had bet that the loser would not exercise this option. I lost the bet and exercised the option. Thus, I lost an even bet of one pound with the net result that I made one pound. This settles the second half of the problem. I await, sir, with confidence, your decision in my favour."

Mr. Matthews referred once more to the terms of the problem. "Yes," he said, "it seems to me that you have met all Leonard's requirements. Very smart bit of work, in my opinion. You take the club cheque for one hundred and ten pounds, unless, of course, some claim to share it with you is substantiated. Is there any such claim?"

"Naturally, there's mine," said Pusely-Smythe, with his deceptive air of melancholy.

"Yours? How did you do it?"

"My learned friend has just been telling you. I was going away for a brief and well-earned holiday, and I had decided to give the competition a miss this time. As I was sitting in the club, studying a guide-book, in came Quillian looking like a thimble-rigger who has just set up his little plush-covered table. He offered me his first bet. I put it aside. He offered the second, and he says I didn't take time to think. Thought with me does not take the prolonged period of gestation that it does in the case of the nobler animals, such as K.C.'s. I thought two thoughts. The first was that Quillian was out after this competition. The second was that when two men gamble together what one wins the other loses and *vice versa*. That was enough. I took him. He won the first bet but lost a pound by it. It follows that I lost the first bet but won a pound by it. Similarly, when he lost the bet but won a pound I won the bet and lost a pound. It's all very simple and elementary. I hope he's going to make a victim of me again soon. This time without any effort on my part he has shoved fifty-five pounds at me. I've only had to take it. And I don't care whether it was benevolence or mental short-sightedness—I'm going to thank him just the same."

"The claim's allowed, of course," said the chairman. "The thing that makes me mad is that I didn't see it myself until you pointed it out. It's obvious. It simply shrieks at you. My mind must be going."

"The menu that you devised for our dinner to-night, sir," said Pusely-Smythe, "was sufficient proof of the contrary. Those that study the recondite must sometimes find the obvious out of their focus."

"Thank you," said Mr. Matthews. "I'll learn the last sentence by heart—it'll make a ripping excuse next time I do a dam' silly thing."

Cheques were drawn for Quillian and Pusely-Smythe, and the chairman then opened the envelope containing the problem that Leonard had set for the following month. It was entitled "The Handkerchief Problem," and on the face of it scarcely supported the theory that the ingenious Leonard was a Great Moral Teacher. The Hon. James Feldane was reminded that it would be his duty to preside on the next occasion and to adjudicate on this problem, which was as follows: "It is required to steal as many handkerchiefs as possible from a member or members of the Problem Club. Violence may not be used and thefts detected in the act will not score. Restitution will be made of the stolen handkerchiefs within twenty-four hours of the adjudication, but felonious intent is to be presumed in every case."

"Rotten luck," said Feldane, to his friend, Hesseltine. "I should have enjoyed working on this problem. It appeals to my natural instincts. I should probably have won it, and in that case might have given one or two of them something on account. And so this has to be the occasion when I'm shut out of the competition and have to act as chairman."

"Yes," said Hesseltine. "Nobody's so sure of himself as the non-starter."

What the War Has Done to Me.

By HARRY LAUDER.

HARRY LAUDER.
Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

For years Harry Lauder has been going up and down the world singing his marvellous songs and spinning yarns that made us forget our troubles. Into the life of this remarkable man there has come a terrible experience—the loss of his only son in the Great War. We thought that you would like Harry Lauder himself to tell you the story of what he has been through, what the war means to him—and how he is facing the future. Here it is—nakedly pathetic, yet curiously inspiring. His story is an unforgetable human document.

FROM the state of glorious, proud parenthood to the utter loneliness of one without a son, have I come in the last two years. And the things I have seen and the things I have heard and the things I have personally had to bear during that period have been almost too much for the strength of any one man, and I firmly believe that were it not for the simple fact that during my hours of greatest agony and trial I have clung to my God and to my strong faith in a future life, I should not have been able to survive.

Because I have been before the public for thirty-five years, I suppose that people think I am an old man. But I am only forty-seven. At that age, a man should feel as though he were coming into the fullness of his powers, as if, for the first time, he was ready to use his experience, his brains, and his ability to push farther on, to make new conquests, and to form new ambitions.

But to accomplish anything of worth in this world, one must have an incentive of some sort, and the reason that the future seems dreary and desolate and filled with blackness for me is because I have lost my incentive. When the Germans killed my only son, Captain John Lauder, on the 28th of December, 1915, they killed every spark of ambition, every hope for the future that was burning within my breast. It was for my boy, my son John, that I had worked, travelling thousands and thousands of miles around the world, playing almost continuously, with very little rest between seasons.

My son John was more to me than anything else in the wide world. From the day he was born until the day of his death, he was my one pride and my one joy. He was always with us on our travels, no matter where we went, and between the *matinée* and evening performances I would rush back from the theatre to the hotel room to watch my wife, with jealous eye, tuck him into his bed, and to get his good-night kiss and feel his warm arms around my neck. That nightly process of putting John to bed was almost a sacred event.

And as he grew up, I spent my happiest moments with him. He was tremendously proud of my ability to cheer people up and make them laugh, and he always used to tell me I was doing a great work, and that I should feel the equal of the highest peer in the land. And he would talk to me of many things, confiding in me as man to man, and asking my advice about things which few sons have the courage to discuss with their fathers. We were more like two friends than like father and son, and to have spared his life I would gladly have taken his place on the battle-field.

When he graduated from Cambridge he told me he wanted to be a barrister. Although I know he could have made a success of stage work, because he had a fine, sweet voice, I

was just as glad when he did not choose to follow in my footsteps.

While he was at Cambridge, my wife and I, of course, were travelling most of the time, and had to content ourselves with his letters, which came very often. And how we would pore over those letters, reading them again and again until either one of us could have recited them by heart. And at night we would talk of him, and what he was doing, and how he was to be our comfort in our old age.

And then, just shortly after he had joined us for a few weeks in Australia in the summer of 1914, the fire that is burning in the world broke loose, and he left us to help quench the flame. He had been training for some time in the reserve forces, and so the English War Office cabled him to our address in Australia. There were just two words in the message, and they were :—

"Mobilize—return."

And the next day he bade us farewell and sailed for England, to return to us for only two short visits before God called upon him to give his life for his country. And so . . . he is gone, gone from our side for ever, as far as this life is concerned.

Where once my life was filled and crammed and made joyous by the thought and presence of my boy, it is now empty and void. Where once I could say to myself that I was going through the strain of so many performances a week, so many weeks in the year, because I wished to make my boy's future secure, I now can no longer have that consolation. Where once my work was a joy and a pleasure, because there was something to spur me on, it is now practically tasteless and flat. And at times black despair settles down upon me, and I am unable to see what life holds for me in the future. I am unable to see any use in going on.

It was on New Year's Day of 1916 that the news came to us of John's death at the Front. I was lying in bed at my home in London, resting for my performance in the theatre that afternoon, when all at once I heard a terrible cry from the front of the house. I was stunned for a moment, and then my head began to swim because of the awful fear that clutched at my heart.

"No, no, no!" I cried to myself, propping myself up in bed. "God couldn't be so cruel. He simply couldn't take my boy."

But when I saw my wife's face, I knew . . . She was standing in the doorway, her agony reflected in her eyes, holding out the telegram to me. Somehow, she crossed to my bed, and sobbing her heart out as she gave me the printed message, she rested her head against mine and cried out her woe and her pain, while with eyes blinded with tears and a heart suddenly struck numb, I read the fateful telegram which informed us that Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in action on the 28th of December, 1915.

"What are we going to do now?" I cried to my wife, after a moment. "What are we going to do now?"

For days I burned my brain with sickening, despairing thoughts, and asked of what use, indeed, were all my labours, all my toil during all these years. At times, the raging agony at the realization of my loss was almost too much. At times, too, during those first days, I almost questioned the justice and wisdom of a God who would allow such a thing to happen.

And then, one day, it suddenly came to me, as if in a revelation, that I had not made use of something in which I had always believed. All this time, while I had been raging against the cruel fates which had taken my son, there had been comfort and peace in store for me, and I had not known it. And that comfort and peace lay in my belief in God, and a future life beyond this earthly sphere.

While the pain and grief had been blinding my eyes, God had been waiting patiently for the first sharp agony to pass away, and when it did He gently lifted the veil from my eyes and showed me the promised land beyond. I mean that suddenly I realized that I had not seen the last of John, and that we were sure to meet in another world.

Oh, that I could convey to you the healing balm that that thought was to my soul! I would that I could picture to you the joy of the thought that I was to see my John again at some future date, just as if he had simply gone on a long journey, and was waiting for his mother and me to come to him. And I brought his image before me, and imagined him holding out his arms to his mother and myself to fold us within his loving embrace, and in the joy created by that picture I was able to assuage some of my pain and distress and return to an almost normal state of mind.

And that is what every father and mother who loses a son must do—have strong, unbreakable faith in the future life, in the world beyond, where you will see your son once again. Do not give way to grief as I did. Instead, keep your gaze and your faith firmly

fixed on the world beyond, and regard your boy's absence as though he were but on a long journey. By keeping your faith you will help to win this war. For if you lose it, the war and your own personal self—are lost.

Do not think that I am bitter that my son was called by God to make the supreme sacrifice. Killed in any other manner, in times of peace, I think my life would have soured, and I should have become embittered against the world, but dying as John Lauder did, I can only say that, even with the knowledge of what pain his death has cost me, I would send him to France again to risk his life anew were it possible to-day to resurrect him from the ground. Because, since his death, I have been to France, and I have seen the bleeding lily, and have come to realize more than ever that John Lauder's life was not given in vain, or uselessly.

HARRY LAUDER'S SON,
THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN LAUDER.
Photo. by Swaine.

For, unless you have been to France, you cannot realize what is happening to that gentle country. I was riding in a motor-car one day on what seemed to be a country road. There was nothing but torn-up fields to be seen, and the road itself was wrecked with shells and filled with rocks and bits of wood. Then suddenly our car happened to hit some obstruction, and gazing over the side of the machine I saw what seemed to me to be a kerbstone sticking up from beneath a pile of rubbish.

I called an officer's attention to this, and glancing carelessly over the side of the car, he said :—

"Yes, that's about all that is left of the town of X——. It was here about two months ago, but the Huns cleaned out the town and the three thousand inhabitants, and they made a damn' thorough job of it."

My blood froze as he spoke, for upon gazing around me I could not even visualize the outlines of a town. There was not a ruin to be seen, not a wrecked house or church in sight. It was as if the place had never existed, for the people, homes, churches—everything—had been completely destroyed by shell-fire. That is what the Germans do to a town they bombard or pass through when on a retreat.

I spent many days in the trenches, in the rest camps, the hospitals, and in the surrounding towns, and the most definite impression I carried away was one concerning the spiritual atmosphere which surrounds the French and English soldiers in France. I talked with some of the men for hours at a time about their experiences in battle, about their thoughts of home, about their feeling toward the enemy, but the one thing I came away with, above all other impressions, was the conviction that every single one of these men, no matter what manner of lives they had lived before, now possesses a calm, clear conviction that if they fall in the thick of the fight, they will pass into the life beyond.

"That's why we take such chances," one man told me simply. "Do you think for a moment that if we thought that life held nothing for us than the earthly body we possess, we would fight with such a confidence and eagerness? We should not be able to, because we should be doing everything in our power to preserve this life of ours. But seeing men die as I have seen them, I know better than to disbelieve in a future life. And because we have no fear of death, every one of us flings himself over the bags and on to the Huns with a fierce, almost savage joy."

In the days before the war, young English and French men were leading gay, careless lives, with hardly a thought for the morrow or for such shadowy things as death or a future life. "Let us live and be merry!" was the cry then, but now it is all different. Because when men know that at any moment a shell may explode in their midst and blow

them to shreds, or that an order may come during the night for certain regiments to make ready to go over the top at dawn, their thoughts are mostly on their God and on their life to come. And because they are all thinking of the same thing, a spiritual silence seems to come among them. The men go off by themselves and write their wills, to be delivered at home in case they do not come back, and all through the night you see silent, yet calm and peaceful, faces in the dug-outs, and, somehow, the religious atmosphere makes a definite impression upon you. So much so that one night an officer said to me, very quietly :—

"When I see the men this way, I sometimes wonder if this war was not brought about by God as the only means of making the world think of Him and His laws more often!"

I heard and saw many examples of the fiendishness of the Germans, but there are only two incidents which I care to tell about in this article. And the first one is about sixty Highlanders of the gallant Black Watch regiment.

These sixty men were captured by the Germans one night. They neither expected mercy nor wanted it, but, to their great surprise, instead of killing them at once the Germans harshly ordered them to strip every bit of clothes from their bodies. Then they left them, all night, shivering and naked, up to their waists in mud in one of the trenches.

Toward morning, an officer approached the Highlanders and told them that they might go back to their own trenches. The men could not believe the words they heard, but, overjoyed at their unexpected liberty, they started forth across No Man's Land, telling one another that they must have misjudged these Germans, after all.

But they hadn't. For, when the Highlanders were fifty yards out on No Man's Land, they heard the Germans laughing and jeering, and the next second a machine gun whined viciously and sprayed these sixty Highlanders, mowing them down instantly, to the great enjoyment of the Huns in the trenches.

Only one man was not killed outright, and when he was brought in by an ambulance man he told the officers what had happened.

The Huns do not know of such a word as mercy. In one of our hospitals, I found a poor fellow who had one eye and half his face blown away. When he talked, his mouth was so hideous it was difficult to look upon him. It was sickening to gaze at that poor creature.

Yet, when I asked him how he had received his injuries, he tried to smile as he told me the story.

"It was a fountain-pen that did for me," he said. "I was one of the first to reach a trench that the Huns had just vacated, and looking down on the floor of the dug out I happened to see a fountain-pen. Thinking to write to my wife and children with it, I stuck it in my pocket. A few days later, having a minute's time, I pulled it out and unscrewed the cap . . . and when I woke up I was as you see me now. It was filled with dynamite, that fountain-pen, and was just another trick of the Huns to wound and cripple our men. But I'm mighty glad, sir, that they were fooled in one respect, at least. They probably expected to bag half-a-dozen of our boys, but all they got . . . was just me."

Crippled beyond description, suffering the agonies of the damned, his one consoling thought was "all they got was just me!"

And now I go on, doing my day's work as best I can, because I know that I must go on, that I cannot stop until my God calls me to come to my boy. And I try to be cheerful, too; but when your heart and your thoughts are with those boys in France, and specially on a lonely grave in No Man's Land where lies John Lauder, killed in action one winter day while storming the trenches of the Hun, it is hard to be cheerful.

It is so hard, indeed, that I thank my God daily that I have my two comforts always with me. And those comforts are God and my wife.

My God, of course, has always been with me, and has helped me in my hour of trial, but so has my wonderful, wonderful wife. And although I have always appreciated her qualities and always been happy with her, I do not know what would become of me if I did not have her now as my companion, as my consolation in the dark hours of the night when sometimes I just can't help but despair at the thought of my John. But with God and my wife to help me, I know I shall somehow overcome the deadly effects of the great blow. And without them I know I would have been lost in those first dark, hopeless days.

And so, because I have been through much, and have suffered as I have never suffered before, I want to offer up this prayer for every father and mother who sends his or her boy to the Front. And that prayer is :—

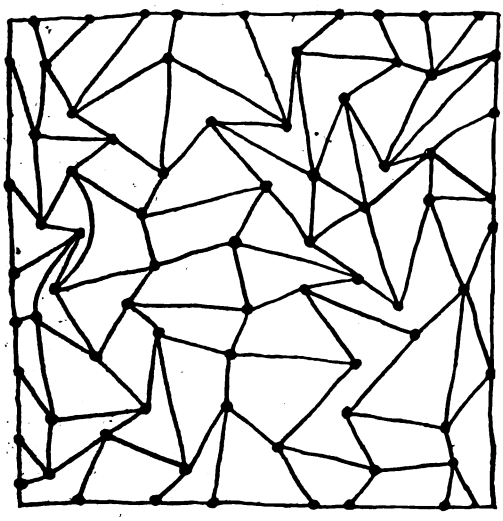
"May your boy come back to you alive and well!"

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

396.—THE SUBMARINE NET.

AT one period of the war our nets were so effective in snaring submarines that the enemy was driven to devise methods for dealing with them. I understand that he has now fitted his boats with apparatus for cutting through these nets; but whether shears or other appliances are used, or whether the working is



automatic or not, I have not the slightest idea. I confess a complete ignorance concerning the matter. But while considering it the idea occurs to make a little puzzle in net-cutting. The illustration is supposed to represent a portion of a long submarine net, and the puzzle is to make as few cuts as possible, from top to bottom, to divide the net into two parts, and so make an opening for a submarine to pass through. Where would you make the cuts? No cuts can be made through the knots. Only remember the cuts must be made from the top line to the bottom.

397.—THE LADDER.

SOMEWHERE in France a private was sent to a certain place to ascertain the length of a ladder that was fixed on end against the high wall of a building. He unfastened the ladder, pulled it out four yards at the bottom, and climbed it, measuring as he went. Curiosity then led him, for some extraordinary reason, to measure the distance that the ladder had descended at the top in consequence of its being pulled out at the bottom. While doing so he unfortunately lost his balance and fell, luckily landing on a heap of straw. He returned considerably shaken, but with no serious injury.

"I am glad you did not break your neck," said the officer. "But how long is the ladder?"

"The shock has quite driven it out of my mind," replied the man; "but I do happen to remember that the distance the top of the ladder had descended was just a fifth of the length of the ladder."

"That's all I need," the officer told him, with a smile, "since you have said how far you pulled the ladder out." And after making a brief calculation he gave the required length.

"You are quite right, sir," said the private. "It comes back to me now that you mention the figures."

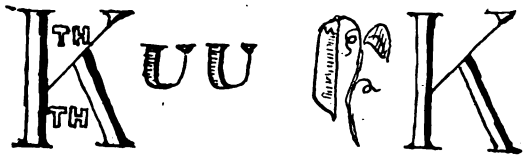
Now, what was the exact length of that ladder?

398.—THE QUARRELSOME OFFSPRING.

A YORKSHIREMAN married a widow, and they each already had children. Ten years later there was a pitched battle in which the present family of twelve children were violently engaged. The mother came running to the father, crying: "Come at once! Your children and my children are fighting our children!" As the parents now had each nine children of their own, how many were born during those ten years?

399.—A REBUS.

THIS is a little picture-rebus containing a homely maxim. It will probably not take the reader long to discover it.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

392.—THE "PILL-BOXES."

MOVE the men in the following order: 6—G, 2—B, 1—E, 3—H, 4—I, 3—L, 6—K, 4—G, 1—I, 2—J, 5—H, 4—A, 7—F, 8—E, 4—D, 8—C, 7—A, 8—G, 5—C, 2—B, 1—E, 8—I, 1—G, 2—J, 7—H, 1—A, 7—G, 2—B, 6—E, 3—H, 8—L, 3—I, 7—K, 3—G, 6—I, 2—J, 5—H, 3—C, 5—G, 2—B, 6—E, 5—I, 6—J. Of course, "6—G" means that the man numbered 6 moves to the box G. There are other ways in forty-three moves, but I do not think the number of moves can be reduced.

393.—A DIGITAL PUZZLE.

THE number 9 4 8 5 7 3 1 2 multiplied by 6 gives the product 5 6 9 1 4 3 8 7 2, the nine digits being used once, and once only, in each case.

394.—LARGE WORD SQUARES.

P A L A T E D
A N E M O N E
L E V A N T S
A M A S S E S
T O N S U R E
E N T E R E R
D E S S E R T

The verb "palate": to perceive by the taste, to relish, has the authority of Shakespeare. "Not palating the taste of her dishonour" ("Troilus and Cressida," Act IV., sc. 1; also "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V., sc. 2, seventh line). To "levant" is, of course, to abscond dishonourably.

395.—A PRETTY END-GAME.

1. R to Q Kt 7, ch.; K to B sq. (*a*). 2. R to Q Kt 5; P queens. 3. R to Q B 5, ch.; Q takes R, and White is stalemated. (*a*) If Black refuses to go to B sq., the game is drawn by perpetual check.

Did She Do Right?

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

What is the answer of our readers—especially of our lady readers—to the question of this title?

I.

"IT'S the end of her!"

"Can't she get better?"

"Impossible!"

"Will Trefusis stick to her?"

"How can I tell you? But in his position—wanting a wife who can play hostess—can you blame him if he breaks!"

The two men who held this conversation sat in large lounge-chairs in a little garden on the North Cornwall coast. Both were actors: the elder, Turnham Green—who owned the bungalow—was famous in two hemispheres; the younger—Claude Pelham—was perhaps a year or two over thirty—one of the most rising *jeunes premiers* of the day. They were to play together in a piece which was to be produced in October; and, their parts being interdependent, the elder had asked the younger down to stay. Pelham—who was perhaps too worldly fully to appreciate the country—had come the less reluctantly in that there was agreeable society at remote Polsurrow which had been discovered—and made relatively fashionable—by a famous theatrical pair. The bungalow—with some other houses—was on the base of a famous headland and looked sheer across to America; below it—two hundred feet above the Atlantic—ran a wide white gravel road.

On this road the subject of their talk was walking at this moment; a woman of great distinction—tall and fair and somewhat slender of figure, with a Siddons-like carriage and face. Two men were with her—one was probably seventy, with a massive head which seemed immense upon a frail and somewhat shrunken body; the other was much younger, but in his way no less distinguished than his companions—dark, with a grave, yet not heavy, expression and a beautifully-chiselled nose.

The woman had her arm within the younger man's. She did not stoop or weigh on him. But it was plain to all Polsurrow—who knew her story—that she could not walk alone.

She was blind: That was why Turnham Green, in the lounge-chair before his bungalow, had said that it was "the end of her"; he meant that the extinguisher had been set, finally, on a meteoric career. Kathleen Rosewarne was certainly the finest emotional actress of her generation, if not of her day.

She had begun almost as a schoolgirl; her superb physique, her rich voice, her dramatic sense, a lucky *début*, and, above all, that supreme intensity which is genius, had thrust her into the front rank of Shakespearean comedy actresses before she was twenty-one. Success, which destroys so many, seemed only to increase her qualities; modern dramatists had hurried to create parts for her: disdainful of long runs, she had relinquished *rôle* upon *rôle* to understudies, had abandoned comedy, had embraced tragedy, and at twenty-nine had run the gamut of every emotion presentable upon the stage. She had worked indefatigably; so indefatigably that a cynical critic had said that she had been so busy simulating hate and love and jealousy that she had never known any of them, and was all fire externally yet Arctic ice within. Then, suddenly, on the eve of her thirtieth birthday, it was announced that she was leaving the boards.

She had become engaged to Sir Charles Trefusis, one of the most brilliant of young Englishmen, a man of thirty-seven who, after a distinguished career at Balliol, had entered politics, had become an Under-Secretary, and was certain of a Ministry and a seat in the Cabinet when next his party held power. They had met quite casually at Mürren. Superficially, they should have had little in common. But a kindred intensity had allied them, like the fusing of white-hot flames. She was to have another year's acting. Then she would

abandon it wholly. She could hardly remain in the profession and be the wife to a Minister of State.

Six months had passed, happily. Then had come this monster-stroke of Fate. Splendid as had been her physique, she must have drawn frightfully on her vitality; neuro-retinitis was Nature's swift revenge. She wore a shade always. To bear light without it seemed to madden her. Already she was virtually blind.

She had left London immediately the inevitable had been made known to her by her uncle and former guardian, Sir Hercules Chesson, the great oculist, to whom she had flown in her fear. The next thing had been to tell her *fiancé*, who was in Italy on a special mission and could not compass immediate return. He had hurried to Cornwall a few days back and had seen her condition. And he had heard Sir Hercules's dictum: "You may take her to every oculist in Europe—she will never see again!"

She *was* to see Continental doctors; Sir Charles Trefusis had been more than insistent; but at heart he realized that Sir Hercules Chesson was only too terribly right. Her appearance showed it—apart from the eye-strain; she had lost her vitality and could not—as was apparent—travel for some weeks. She lay much in the darkened lounge of the bungalow which she had rented and—as at this moment—walked twice daily on the broad road above the cliffs.

It was a tragic and a melancholy passage. They spoke little; Sir Charles's anxiety and tender solicitude were very beautiful to see. Many people passed them—for this habitual pre-lunch promenade had become known to everybody; and others watched from the window of boarding-house or bungalow, insatiably curious to see the famous actress who was going to act no more. There was something ghoul-like in the habit. Happily, to break it, a pleasant diversion came.

It came in the shape of a little child wheeled by a sister in a go-cart; a child of two or three, with silky yellow locks and dark eyebrows and beautiful dark-blue eyes. At the sight of the trio, she waved her hands and shouted joyously. Kathleen Rosewarne lifted her head eagerly, and her face lighted up.

"Is that Dorothy Brewster?" she asked. "It *must* be. I know her voice!"

"Yes." Her companions spoke together. "It is your little friend!"

They took her to the tiny go-cart. The great actress said something kindly to the elder sister who wheeled it; then she put out her right hand towards this little daughter of the local omnibus proprietor, who caught a long white finger and held it—happily and tightly—and kept her eyes shyly on the ground. Kathleen Rosewarne put out her other hand and patted the child's face with it; then she stooped down, drew the child to her, and, kneeling, kissed her ardently, pressing her to her heart.

And presently she rose again and took Sir Charles's arm.

"You must bring her to tea with me," she said to the sister, warmly. "I will arrange an afternoon!"

She rose and passed on in her walk back to her rented bungalow, which was close to the one owned by Turnham Green. And Claude Pelham addressed the elder actor, twisting a little in his chair.

"The actress still!" he said, cynically. "Even in her blindness she regards the Gallery. And—the whole of Polsurrow being eager to observe her—a very good house she has had!"

"I wonder!" The elder man's voice was slow and kind and thoughtful. "Possibly you are right, Pelham. The world would say that you *are*. But, suppose it was not the actress but the woman—the mother she was born to be!"

II.

KATHLEEN ROSEWARNE'S condition had undergone no alteration; she was lying on a low couch in the lounge of her bungalow; the room marvellously restful with the deep, heavy, yet somehow transparent curtains which had been specially hung for her; cool, too, since the breeze from the Atlantic sighed through the open windows and brought its marvellous ozone.

She had been sleeping, seemingly. Sir Charles Trefusis sat opposite in a large divan-chair. He had a book in his hand, but his eyes rested on her frequently with a tender and protective air. She sat up suddenly. He rose and came to her side.

"Sleeping, Kathleen?" he said, gently.

"No; thinking, Charles. I want to talk to you seriously. Please go back to your chair!"

He obeyed reluctantly—as if slightly troubled by her manner. She adjusted her shade, put her hands to her hair, to tidy it, hesitated, and began to speak in her beautiful, rich, low tones.

"Charles," she said, "I have been

"Major Byles?" the chairman suggested.

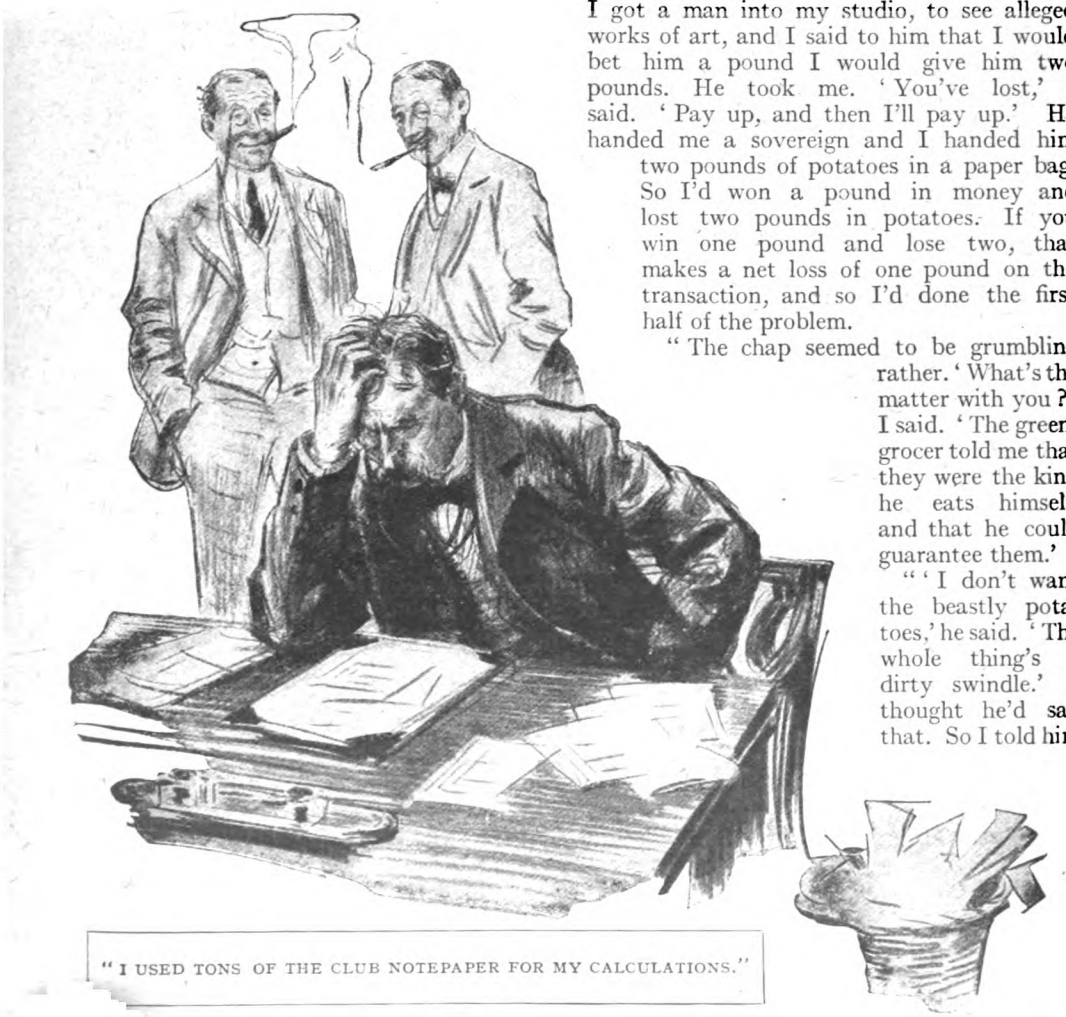
"As a head-waiter," said the Major, "I've got nothing against Leonard. As a setter of problems he's given general satisfaction, but this time I should like to back my bill to the effect that he has mixed up too much arithmetic with the sport. I've spent a month on this win-and-lose business, all the time with the feeling that a boy fresh from school would work out the whole thing on the back of an envelope in ten minutes, and I've done nothing. I spent the first fortnight at home, and at the end of it I had contracted insomnia, headache, and what you might call pardonable irritability. At the end of that time my wife said that of course she had noticed the change, and that I seemed to be doing sums all day, and that if we were ruined I had better say so and she would face it bravely. I reassured her and came to town on important business. I used tons of the club notepaper for my calculations, put an undue strain on the club wastepaper-baskets, quarrelled with two of my best friends, was sarcastic in addressing club servants, and am expecting a letter from the committee to ask for my resignation. The amazing thing is that all the time I have been on the very point of getting the solution. In my opinion it's the most horribly worrying thing that Leonard has ever given us."

"Well," said the chairman, "artists are not generally supposed to be particularly strong at arithmetic, but I'll ask Mr. Wildersley what he's done about it."

"Can't say I agree with the Major," said Wildersley. "I call it a jolly easy problem, and I claim to be a winner. It didn't take me any time to think of it, either. I got a man into my studio, to see alleged works of art, and I said to him that I would bet him a pound I would give him two pounds. He took me. 'You've lost,' I said. 'Pay up, and then I'll pay up.' He handed me a sovereign and I handed him two pounds of potatoes in a paper bag. So I'd won a pound in money and lost two pounds in potatoes. If you win one pound and lose two, that makes a net loss of one pound on the transaction, and so I'd done the first half of the problem.

"The chap seemed to be grumbling rather. 'What's the matter with you?' I said. 'The greengrocer told me that they were the kind he eats himself, and that he could guarantee them.'

"'I don't want the beastly potatoes,' he said. 'The whole thing's a dirty swindle.' I thought he'd say that. So I told him



"I USED TONS OF THE CLUB NOTEPAPER FOR MY CALCULATIONS."

that it was no swindle and I would be quite willing to take the same bet myself. He jumped at it, but to make sure he said he would bet me a sovereign he would give me two pounds. I took him, lost, paid the sovereign, and got back my two pounds of potatoes. That finished the second half of the problem. I'd lost a bet of one pound, and had made two pounds, giving a net gain of one pound. Naturally, he wanted to know what I had done it for, and I said it was to stop him from trying to talk about art—the chap's a critic."

"'I DON'T WANT THE BEASTLY POTATOES,' HE SAID. 'THE WHOLE THING'S A DIRTY SWINDLE.'"

Mr. Matthews took two minutes and a brandy-and-soda before giving his decision as follows: —

"Ingenious, but it won't do. Mr. Wildersley professes to have subtracted money to the value of a sovereign from two pounds by weight of potatoes, and to have got a result of one pound. Of what did that pound consist? Even after dinner we can't have mental confusion of this kind. The claim is disallowed."

Mr. Harding Pope, M.P., made an uninteresting confession of failure, and the chairman then called upon Mr. Quillian, K.C., who was acting as secretary for the evening.

Mr. Quillian removed his pince-nez and glanced round the room with that look of amiable superiority that some people found irritating.

"I claim to have won this fairly simple competition," he said. "Of course, it has a psychological as well as an arithmetical side; the bets have to be actually made and not merely worked out on paper. I made my plan one afternoon, and then went over to my club to see if I could find my friend Blenkinsop. He is generally at the club at that hour, and I felt sure that he would accept the two bets that I had to propose.

"Well, as it happened, Blenkinsop was not at the club, but I found Mr. Pusely-Smythe alone in the smaller reading-room. I've had to submit to a good deal of chaff—not particularly amusing—from Pusely-Smythe, and by way of return it seemed appropriate that he should help me to win our one hundred and ten pound prize. Also, if he will forgive me for saying so, he has just the commonplace shrewdness that I required in my victim.

"After a little preliminary conversation, I produced my sovereign-case. I told him that there was a certain sum of money in gold in that case, and that I was willing to bet him a sovereign I would make him a present of it. He said, as I knew he would, that this meant that the sum of money in the case was half a sovereign, and that in consequence he would lose ten shillings on the transaction if he took the bet.

"'Yes,' I said, 'there is that possibility, but I am willing to protect you against it by a second bet. We will agree that the loser by the first transaction shall have the option to give the other man double what he has lost for double the sum now in my sovereign-case. And I will bet you a sovereign that he will not exercise that option. You see how it works out. If the sum in my sovereign-case is half a sovereign, as you suppose, you will lose ten shillings on the

first transaction, but you will win a sovereign on the second transaction by exercising an option to exchange twenty shillings for twenty shillings.'

"Without taking the time to think, he accepted both bets. I then opened my sovereign-case and showed him that it contained two pounds. I gave them to him, and as by so doing I had won my bet he gave me one of them back again. Kindly observe that I had now solved the first part of Leonard's problem. I had won an even bet of one pound the net result of which was that I had lost a pound. Having made myself the loser on the first transaction, I now had the option to exchange twice my loss against twice the sum that had been in the sovereign-case—that is, to exchange two pounds for four pounds. I had bet that the loser would not exercise this option. I lost the bet and exercised the option. Thus, I lost an even bet of one pound with the net result that I made one pound. This settles the second half of the problem. I await, sir, with confidence, your decision in my favour."

Mr. Matthews referred once more to the terms of the problem. "Yes," he said, "it seems to me that you have met all Leonard's requirements. Very smart bit of work, in my opinion. You take the club cheque for one hundred and ten pounds, unless, of course, some claim to share it with you is substantiated. Is there any such claim?"

"Naturally, there's mine," said Pusely-Smythe, with his deceptive air of melancholy.

"Yours? How did you do it?"

"My learned friend has just been telling you. I was going away for a brief and well-earned holiday, and I had decided to give the competition a miss this time. As I was sitting in the club, studying a guide-book, in came Quillian looking like a thimble-rigger who has just set up his little plush-covered table. He offered me his first bet. I put it aside. He offered the second, and he says I didn't take time to think. Thought with me does not take the prolonged period of gestation that it does in the case of the nobler animals, such as K.C.'s. I thought two thoughts. The first was that Quillian was out after this competition. The second was that when two men gamble together what one wins the other loses and *vice versa*. That was enough. I took him. He won the first bet but lost a pound by it. It follows that I lost the first bet but won a pound by it. Similarly, when he lost the bet but won a pound I won the bet and lost a pound. It's all very simple and elementary. I hope he's going to make a victim of me again soon. This time without any effort on my part he has shoved fifty-five pounds at me. I've only had to take it. And I don't care whether it was benevolence or mental short-sightedness—I'm going to thank him just the same."

"The claim's allowed, of course," said the chairman. "The thing that makes me mad is that I didn't see it myself until you pointed it out. It's obvious. It simply shrieks at you. My mind must be going."

"The menu that you devised for our dinner to-night, sir," said Pusely-Smythe, "was sufficient proof of the contrary. Those that study the recondite must sometimes find the obvious out of their focus."

"Thank you," said Mr. Matthews. "I'll learn the last sentence by heart—it'll make a ripping excuse next time I do a dam' silly thing."

Cheques were drawn for Quillian and Pusely-Smythe, and the chairman then opened the envelope containing the problem that Leonard had set for the following month. It was entitled "The Handkerchief Problem," and on the face of it scarcely supported the theory that the ingenious Leonard was a Great Moral Teacher. The Hon. James Feldane was reminded that it would be his duty to preside on the next occasion and to adjudicate on this problem, which was as follows: "It is required to steal as many handkerchiefs as possible from a member or members of the Problem Club. Violence may not be used and thefts detected in the act will not score. Restitution will be made of the stolen handkerchiefs within twenty-four hours of the adjudication, but felonious intent is to be presumed in every case."

"Rotten luck," said Feldane, to his friend, Hesseltine. "I should have enjoyed working on this problem. It appeals to my natural instincts. I should probably have won it, and in that case might have given one or two of them something on account. And so this has to be the occasion when I'm shut out of the competition and have to act as chairman."

"Yes," said Hesseltine. "Nobody's so sure of himself as the non-starter."

What the War Has Done to Me.

By HARRY LAUDER.

HARRY LAUDER.
Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

For years Harry Lauder has been going up and down the world singing his marvellous songs and spinning yarns that made us forget our troubles. Into the life of this remarkable man there has come a terrible experience—the loss of his only son in the Great War. We thought that you would like Harry Lauder himself to tell you the story of what he has been through, what the war means to him—and how he is facing the future. Here it is—nakedly pathetic, yet curiously inspiring. His story is an unforgetable human document.

FROM the state of glorious, proud parenthood to the utter loneliness of one without a son, have I come in the last two years. And the things I have seen and the things I have heard and the things I have personally had to bear during that period have been almost too much for the strength of any one man, and I firmly believe that were it not for the simple fact that during my hours of greatest agony and trial I have clung to my God and to my strong faith in a future life, I should not have been able to survive.

Because I have been before the public for thirty-five years, I suppose that people think I am an old man. But I am only forty-seven. At that age, a man should feel as though he were coming into the fullness of his powers, as if, for the first time, he was ready to use his experience, his brains, and his ability to push farther on, to make new conquests, and to form new ambitions.

But to accomplish anything of worth in this world, one must have an incentive of some sort, and the reason that the future seems dreary and desolate and filled with blackness for me is because I have lost my incentive. When the Germans killed my only son, Captain John Lauder, on the 28th of December, 1915, they killed every spark of ambition, every hope for the future that was burning within my breast. It was for my boy, my son John, that I had worked, travelling thousands and thousands of miles around the world, playing almost continuously, with very little rest between seasons.

My son John was more to me than anything else in the wide world. From the day he was born until the day of his death, he was my one pride and my one joy. He was always with us on our travels, no matter where we went, and between the *matinée* and evening performances I would rush back from the theatre to the hotel room to watch my wife, with jealous eye, tuck him into his bed, and to get his good-night kiss and feel his warm arms around my neck. That nightly process of putting John to bed was almost a sacred event.

And as he grew up, I spent my happiest moments with him. He was tremendously proud of my ability to cheer people up and make them laugh, and he always used to tell me I was doing a great work, and that I should feel the equal of the highest peer in the land. And he would talk to me of many things, confiding in me as man to man, and asking my advice about things which few sons have the courage to discuss with their fathers. We were more like two friends than like father and son, and to have spared his life I would gladly have taken his place on the battle-field.

When he graduated from Cambridge he told me he wanted to be a barrister. Although I know he could have made a success of stage work, because he had a fine, sweet voice, I

was just as glad when he did not choose to follow in my footsteps.

While he was at Cambridge, my wife and I, of course, were travelling most of the time, and had to content ourselves with his letters, which came very often. And how we would pore over those letters, reading them again and again until either one of us could have recited them by heart. And at night we would talk of him, and what he was doing, and how he was to be our comfort in our old age.

And then, just shortly after he had joined us for a few weeks in Australia in the summer of 1914, the fire that is burning in the world broke loose, and he left us to help quench the flame. He had been training for some time in the reserve forces, and so the English War Office cabled him to our address in Australia. There were just two words in the message, and they were :—

"Mobilize—return."

And the next day he bade us farewell and sailed for England, to return to us for only two short visits before God called upon him to give his life for his country. And so . . . he is gone, gone from our side for ever, as far as this life is concerned.

Where once my life was filled and crammed and made joyous by the thought and presence of my boy, it is now empty and void. Where once I could say to myself that I was going through the strain of so many performances a week, so many weeks in the year, because I wished to make my boy's future secure, I now can no longer have that consolation. Where once my work was a joy and a pleasure, because there was something to spur me on, it is now practically tasteless and flat. And at times black despair settles down upon me, and I am unable to see what life holds for me in the future. I am unable to see any use in going on.

It was on New Year's Day of 1916 that the news came to us of John's death at the Front. I was lying in bed at my home in London, resting for my performance in the theatre that afternoon, when all at once I heard a terrible cry from the front of the house. I was stunned for a moment, and then my head began to swim because of the awful fear that clutched at my heart.

"No, no, no!" I cried to myself, propping myself up in bed. "God couldn't be so cruel. He simply couldn't take my boy."

But when I saw my wife's face, I knew . . . She was standing in the doorway, her agony reflected in her eyes, holding out the telegram to me. Somehow, she crossed to my bed, and sobbing her heart out as she gave me the printed message, she rested her head against mine and cried out her woe and her pain, while with eyes blinded with tears and a heart suddenly struck numb, I read the fateful telegram which informed us that Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in action on the 28th of December, 1915.

"What are we going to do now?" I cried to my wife, after a moment. "What are we going to do now?"

For days I burned my brain with sickening, despairing thoughts, and asked of what use, indeed, were all my labours, all my toil during all these years. At times, the raging agony at the realization of my loss was almost too much. At times, too, during those first days, I almost questioned the justice and wisdom of a God who would allow such a thing to happen.

And then, one day, it suddenly came to me, as if in a revelation, that I had not made use of something in which I had always believed. All this time, while I had been raging against the cruel fates which had taken my son, there had been comfort and peace in store for me, and I had not known it. And that comfort and peace lay in my belief in God, and a future life beyond this earthly sphere.

While the pain and grief had been blinding my eyes, God had been waiting patiently for the first sharp agony to pass away, and when it did He gently lifted the veil from my eyes and showed me the promised land beyond. I mean that suddenly I realized that I had not seen the last of John, and that we were sure to meet in another world.

Oh, that I could convey to you the healing balm that that thought was to my soul! I would that I could picture to you the joy of the thought that I was to see my John again at some future date, just as if he had simply gone on a long journey, and was waiting for his mother and me to come to him. And I brought his image before me, and imagined him holding out his arms to his mother and myself to fold us within his loving embrace, and in the joy created by that picture I was able to assuage some of my pain and distress and return to an almost normal state of mind.

And that is what every father and mother who loses a son must do—have strong, unbreakable faith in the future life, in the world beyond, where you will see your son once again. Do not give way to grief as I did. Instead, keep your gaze and your faith firmly

fixed on the world beyond, and regard your boy's absence as though he were but on a long journey. By keeping your faith you will help to win this war. For if you lose it, the war and your own personal self—are lost.

Do not think that I am bitter that my son was called by God to make the supreme sacrifice. Killed in any other manner, in times of peace, I think my life would have soured, and I should have become embittered against the world, but dying as John Lauder did, I can only say that, even with the knowledge of what pain his death has cost me, I would send him to France again to risk his life anew were it possible to-day to resurrect him from the ground. Because, since his death, I have been to France, and I have seen the bleeding lily, and have come to realize more than ever that John Lauder's life was not given in vain, or uselessly.

HARRY LAUDER'S SON,
THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN LAUDER.
Photo. by Swaine.

For, unless you have been to France, you cannot realize what is happening to that gentle country. I was riding in a motor-car one day on what seemed to be a country road. There was nothing but torn-up fields to be seen, and the road itself was wrecked with shells and filled with rocks and bits of wood. Then suddenly our car happened to hit some obstruction, and gazing over the side of the machine I saw what seemed to me to be a kerbstone sticking up from beneath a pile of rubbish.

I called an officer's attention to this, and glancing carelessly over the side of the car, he said :—

"Yes, that's about all that is left of the town of X——. It was here about two months ago, but the Huns cleaned out the town and the three thousand inhabitants, and they made a damn' thorough job of it."

My blood froze as he spoke, for upon gazing around me I could not even visualize the outlines of a town. There was not a ruin to be seen, not a wrecked house or church in sight. It was as if the place had never existed, for the people, homes, churches—everything—had been completely destroyed by shell-fire. That is what the Germans do to a town they bombard or pass through when on a retreat.

I spent many days in the trenches, in the rest camps, the hospitals, and in the surrounding towns, and the most definite impression I carried away was one concerning the spiritual atmosphere which surrounds the French and English soldiers in France. I talked with some of the men for hours at a time about their experiences in battle, about their thoughts of home, about their feeling toward the enemy, but the one thing I came away with, above all other impressions, was the conviction that every single one of these men, no matter what manner of lives they had lived before, now possesses a calm, clear conviction that if they fall in the thick of the fight, they will pass into the life beyond.

"That's why we take such chances," one man told me simply. "Do you think for a moment that if we thought that life held nothing for us than the earthly body we possess, we would fight with such a confidence and eagerness? We should not be able to, because we should be doing everything in our power to preserve this life of ours. But seeing men die as I have seen them, I know better than to disbelieve in a future life. And because we have no fear of death, every one of us flings himself over the bags and on to the Huns with a fierce, almost savage joy."

In the days before the war, young English and French men were leading gay, careless lives, with hardly a thought for the morrow or for such shadowy things as death or a future life. "Let us live and be merry!" was the cry then, but now it is all different. Because when men know that at any moment a shell may explode in their midst and blow

THE CZAR GRANTS RASPUTIN'S REQUEST THAT HIS FRIEND BARNABY —AN EX-POLICEMAN—SHOULD BE MADE BISHOP OF TOBOLSK.

polish by coming in contact with the aristocratic ladies who approached their father for their spiritual cure. In this way they learned to play tennis, sing to their own accompaniment, and talk about fashions.

One of Rasputin's *protégés*, a priest of the name of Boris and a fervent believer in the chief, went about the populous districts of Petrograd making certain prophecies that had a great success.

One day Boris announced that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and had said :—

"It is necessary for the salvation of Russia that the daughters of the man who has been given the spark of divine omnipotence, and who is already established in the position he merits, at the right hand of our little father Nicholas and his spouse, should marry. Their husbands will become the beloved sons of Providence and nothing will be refused unto them."

It is not difficult to gather from whom this celestial communication came. Rasputin received countless offers of marriage for his daughters. This would have occurred, no doubt, before the intervention of the Virgin if the existence of these young ladies had been known. But hitherto Gregory had not spoken about his family.

A general, two members of the Duma, several financiers, and a professor of the Moscow University were among the candidates for the honour of becoming Rasputin's sons-in-law.

But the ex-carrier was in no hurry. He no doubt considered that his daughters could aspire higher.

He lost no time in having them come to live with him. Anna Vyrobova undertook to introduce them into society, and when she took anything in hand Rasputin knew from his own experience that she was sure to succeed.

"They may perhaps marry a grand duke!" she told him.

And the pseudo-monk already pictured himself the father-in-law of a Romanoff!

An anecdote will illustrate the power which had been achieved by the village carrier.

One morning he went to the G.Q.G. and had himself introduced immediately to the General in chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch.

The Emperor's uncle had always shown the greatest antipathy to the charlatan. But he nevertheless received him.

"I have come to inform you of a communication that the Virgin made to me last night. She ordered me to come and tell you that she wished the war to end as soon as possible, and that if you did not do your utmost to bring about this result she would curse you and your descendants."

The Grand Duke Nicholas listened to him patiently. When he had finished he replied :—

"And to me, *moujik*, the Virgin appeared, telling me that a vile impostor would call on me to-day and that I should be well advised if I had him flogged and kicked out like a dog!"

Rasputin did not require the hint to be repeated, and went away.

But shortly afterwards the Grand Duke Nicholas received the news of his downfall and left for the Caucasus.

The pseudo-monk had had his revenge!

The Downfall.

There was nothing now to oppose his plans. He was the uncontested master of Russia! Nevertheless, the day of reckoning was near!

One night early in the winter of 1916 a number of people were making merry at Coutant's

Restaurant. The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, son of the Grand Duke Paul and first cousin of the Czar, was seated with Prince Youssoupoff at a table, with Staritchin and two other guests.

At another table, a little farther off, were Rasputin, Prince Andromikoff, Striapcheff—the pseudo-monk's faithful secretary—General Vokoutitch, and two or three minor stars.

Everybody was laughing and joking and talking at the top of their voices. Rasputin, more noisy than usual, was speaking disparagingly of the whole of Russia.

"I don't care a button for the grand dukes, nor the Ministers, nor the president of the Holy Synod, nor all the Alexieffs and Broussiloffs on earth!" he cried; "and when I do a dirty dancer like Karoli the honour——"

Vera Karoli was a well-known ballet-dancer who had repelled Rasputin's advances.

On hearing Rasputin's insulting reference to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, the Grand Duke rose and was about to throw himself on the monk. Luckily for Rasputin, some well-known people entered at this moment and caused a diversion.

Among them was Pourichkievitch, a member of the Duma, who hated Rasputin. He now approached the table where Rasputin was holding forth.

"Enjoy yourself, Gregory, have a good time," he sneered; "it won't be for long."

Taken by surprise, the monk nevertheless wished to impress the people around him.

"Yes, I *am* having a good time, and I advise you to do the same, as I imagine that yours will be even shorter than mine."

But Pourichkievitch continued looking the ex-carrier straight in the face.

"Don't stint yourself in pleasure and orgies, you vile innovator! Death is near, and a man will soon be found to rid Russia of your hideous presence."

Then the member, taking no further notice of his adversary, seated himself at the table close by. Rasputin ceased laughing. He was evidently disturbed.

He left with his followers. There were now only two tables occupied: the Grand Duke's and the member of the Duma's.

Then the Prince Youssoupoff, Count of Soumarck Elston, a young fellow about twenty three, married to Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of Nicholas II., approached Pourichkievitch.

"I have listened to you with delight," he said, holding out his hand. "Allow me to thank you in all our names for what you said. You expressed the wish that a man would soon be found to suppress this repugnant person. With your consent I will be that man!"

The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch joined in:—

"And I will help you to my utmost. We have borne with this *moujik* long enough. Let us swear, for the dignity and the glory of Russia and the empire, to do away with Rasputin!"

And in the big dining hall of the restaurant, where by chance they were now entirely alone, the fateful oath was taken.

PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF, WHO SHOT RASPUTIN.
Photo. Vandyk

The Death of Rasputin.

On December 15th, 1916, Russian style, about ten o'clock on Friday night, in a pretty little house belonging to Prince Youssoupoff, there were three men and a woman in the drawing-room on the first floor—the Prince himself, the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, Pourichkievitch, and Karoli, the dancer.

The house stands in the midst of a large garden, and the principal entrance is in the Moskaia. But there is a special door opening on the Offizerskaia, reserved for private visits and the servants, near the little pavilion where the Youssoupoff family dispose of their celebrated

Crimean wine. Rasputin was to enter by this door, to keep an appointment with the Prince, who had introduced himself to the monk as a proselyte of his cult.

Rasputin arrived, and was admitted by Prince Youssoupoff, as the servants, he explained, were all away.

Rasputin removed his goloshes in the hall.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked his host.

"To the dining-room. We shall be less disturbed there," answered the Prince. "And I have had a few bottles of wine brought up to help us pass the time."

THE GRAND DUKE DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH.
IT WAS IN HIS CAR THAT RASPUTIN'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO THE NEVA.
Photo. Stanley.

There were three steps leading to the dining-room on the ground floor. Two bottles of red wine were on the table. One, decantered, contained a strong dose of poison. Youssoupoff took up one of the bottles—the inoffensive one, of course—poured out a glassful, and drank it off. Rasputin took up the poisoned bottle and helped himself.

His host, facing him, looked on pale and breathless. Had the last moment come for this man who had lived such a life of infamy? Apparently not! Rasputin continued to drink without feeling the slightest inconvenience from the poison.

Youssoupoff became terrified. He was seized with the mystic feeling that is in every Slav. Was it not supernatural that a man could absorb a poison without effect? Was he really protected by the Lord?

Making some excuse, the Prince left his guest and rushed up to the drawing-room. "He won't die!" he said, in an anxious whisper.

"You are joking," said one of the conspirators. "Take this revolver and use it; you will see if Rasputin is as impervious to bullets as to poison!"

Youssoupoff took the revolver in his left hand, hid it behind his back, went downstairs, opened the dining-room door with his right hand, and perceived the monk in an agitated condition, his face covered with perspiration, walking up and down the room, groaning and hiccoughing terribly.

The Prince passed the revolver to his right hand, pointed the weapon at the man's heart, and fired twice.

Rasputin fell like a stone. The Prince hastened to inform his friends. The Grand Duke Dimitri offered to go home—he lived quite near—to fetch his car and take the body to the Neva, where the conspirators had arranged to throw it into the water. He had already gone, when suddenly a heavy step was heard on the ground floor.

"Who is there?" cried Pourichkievitch.

He bent over the banisters. There, in the vestibule, he saw a horrible sight. Covered with blood, as white as a ghost, the monk had mounted the three stairs, had put on his goloshes, and managed to open the street door and get into the garden.

Pourichkievitch pulled out his revolver and followed, while Youssoupoff took an enormous club that hung on the wall. Rasputin hurried as fast as his strength allowed him towards the door that leads to the Offizerskaia. Every step he took was marked by drops of blood on the snow.

He was nearing the door when Pourichkievitch fired three shots, and he fell once more. Youssoupoff struck him on the head with his club.

Just then the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch returned with his car.

They placed the body in the car and drove at full speed toward the Petrovsky bridge. At two o'clock in the morning the car stopped between the second and third arch. Rasputin's body was dragged out by the legs and shoulders and rested against the balustrade. But to their horror they found that the monk was still alive. With his right hand he grasped the epaulette of one of his assailants, and had strength enough to tear it off. It was a final effort. One last push, and the body dashed against the pillar, rebounded, fell on a block of ice in the Neva, toppled over, and was lost in the tide.

Justice was done! Rasputin was dead!

Such was the end of the illiterate peasant who had made himself master of a mighty empire, and who shook in his fall one of the most powerful thrones in the world.

"THE PRINCE PASSED THE REVOLVER TO HIS RIGHT HAND, POINTED THE WEAPON AT RASPUTIN'S HEART, AND FIRED TWICE."

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

No. 4.

THE WIN-AND-LOSE PROBLEM.

AT the forty-sixth meeting of the Problem Club, the waiters having left the room, Mr. Matthews, smiling and rubicund, took his place as chairman. He finished his glass of an old and veritable Cognac, lit with care and a cedar-wood spill a cigar that can only be obtained by the favour of the planter, and read out the terms of the Win-and-Lose Problem :—

"It is required to win an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net loss of one pound to the winner; and to lose an even bet of one pound resulting in a net gain of one pound to the loser. No competitor is to make more than two bets."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Matthews, "I'm supposed to make one or two preliminary observations. Now here's a thing that strikes me. You may remember that when we tackled the Kiss Problem, our reverend friend Mr. Cunliffe said that it revealed the artful Leonard as an apostle of morality. Of course, the padre took the jack-pot on that occasion, and so he may have been prejudiced, but it looks to me now as if he may have been right. See for yourselves. You've got to win a bet and lose money by it, and then you've got to lose a bet and make money by it, and at the end of it you're left just where you were when you started. There's not much deadly fascination and excitement about that—why, it's enough to make you lose your taste for gambling.

"Yes, and there's one more point. I noticed a good deal of preoccupation at dinner to-night. Very few of you seemed to be putting your heart into the work, and I believe I was the only man who had the *vol-au-vent* brought back to him for further reference. Great mistake that of yours. Some of you tried to work out sums on the back of your menus. I detected Major Byles, with corrugated brows, in the act of making pencil calculations on the tablecloth. Yes, there's not a doubt that Leonard has given you a worrying time, and some of you were wrestling with it right up to the last moment. It won't surprise me if there's not a winner among the whole lot of you. However, we'll begin with a likely chance. You, Sir Charles, have got a reputation as a learned man; can I ask the secretary to draw a cheque in your favour?"

"I'd be sorry to stop you," said Sir Charles, "but I'm afraid I can't claim it. Archæology don't help with arithmetic. As an eminent classical scholar once observed, I've not got the low cunning that makes a mathematician. The only thing I could think of was to insure the chances of each bet appropriately, but it seemed to me that you would regard such insurance as being in itself a bet."

"I certainly should. You don't change a thing by changing its name. You are limited to the two bets, and I shall not allow four even if you call two of them insurance. Come now, Jimmy, have you profited sufficiently by your racing experiences to have won the prize to-night?"

"Profited by my racing experiences?" said the Hon. James Feldane, wearily. "If you'd go and talk to the bank that has charge of my overdraft you wouldn't use words like those. But backing horses, though it's a mug's game, is at any rate easy. There are too many complications in Leonard's fancy-work for a simple child of Nature like myself. I can't engineer a two-cylinder gamble with a double back-jump actuated

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by the cam-shaft. The only man I know who could face it without mental overstrain is my bookmaker. He's a wonder. He'd give you fifteen different ways of perforating this problem inside a minute. No juggle with figures can beat him. I don't know if you'd call it a talent or a disease, but I've not got it. As a competitor I've failed, but I don't mind admitting that I've made a little actual money out of the competition." Jimmy smiled reminiscently.

"May we have the details?" asked the chairman.

"I'd sooner you got them from Hesseltine."

The chairman called upon Mr. Hesseltine.

"I don't wonder," said that young man, "that Jimmy don't like to tell you. If I'd stolen money from a crossing-sweeper in St. James's Street I shouldn't be proud of it myself. The silly ass thinks he's scored off me, but as I was out to lose a quid anyhow——"

"May we have the actual facts?" suggested the chairman.

"Certainly. I was thinking about this problem and I got a sudden brain-wave. I saw how to do the first half—to win a bet of a pound that would leave me one pound down when I'd won it. Well, I happened to be going up St. James's Street with Jimmy later that morning, and by way of leading up to it I asked him what he generally gave to a street-beggar. 'Nix,' he said. 'What do you?' So I told him that I generally gave a sovereign. He told me in his coarse sort of way that he didn't believe it. That was what I had expected. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll bet you a pound that I give two golden sovereigns to the next beggar or crossing-sweeper I come across.' He thought about it and then said: 'I'll take that, and to guard against accidents I'll be the next beggar. Give me a little assistance, kind sir?'

"I'LL TAKE THAT, AND TO GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS I'LL BE THE NEXT BEGGAR. GIVE ME A LITTLE ASSISTANCE, KIND SIR?"

"Of course, in that way he put himself on velvet. Whether I decided to win my bet or to lose it, Jimmy had to make one sovereign out of me. Didn't affect me at all, for according to Leonard I'd got to win my bet and lose a pound by it, which I did. The only person hit was the crossing-sweeper up the street, who would otherwise have made two quid. Of course, what I ought to have done was to have handed Jimmy over to the police for begging—wish I'd thought of it.

"Well, I negotiated the first half of the problem, but the second half beat me. I'm inclined to think the sting of the beast is in its tail. It takes two people to make a bet. I'm not a poet or any sort of imaginative chap, but I could think of a bet which for a dead certainty it would pay me to lose. I couldn't think of anybody, even including that rotter Jimmy, who would be fool enough to take it. You must try somebody else, Mr. Chairman."

Virgin, and St. Michael, and was frequently seen shedding copious tears, kneeling before the icons and praying that he might suffer in order to be worthy of Paradise.

At night, by candlelight, whilst his household slept, he would study holy books.

This mystical period came, practically enough, at a time when Rasputin had difficulty in meeting the daily necessities of life. He declared that St. Michael had commanded him to build a great church in honour of the Archangel. Little by little he collected enough money to enable him to extend his circle. He went to Kazan, to Kiew, to Moscow, making incoherent speeches to the people, who were attracted by his personal magnetism.

When he had acquired the reputation of a *stapata*, or holy man, Rasputin returned to Pokrovskoie, with the intention of remaining there and following his fruitful calling.

He was, however, somewhat troubled by his home life, and he had to leave his wife and children. Therefore, although he continued to provide for them, he no longer resided under the same roof, but in a humble cottage, surrounded by icons and wax candles, in an atmosphere of prayer.

RASPUTIN AND HIS CHILDREN—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN HIS NATIVE VILLAGE.

Peope began to flock from all sides to this former demon who had become a prophet. Sinners, male and female, acquired the right, by giving plentifully in coin, to kiss the hem of his cloak and gain the good will of St. Michael.

One morning he announced his intention of entering the monastery at Argueff, whither St. Michael had called him to confide to him matters of a sensational and secret nature which he, Rasputin, would eventually communicate to all.

He kept his word, and a month later brought back from Argueff the grotesque doctrine that was soon to secure him glory, power, and fortune.

"I am now able," he proclaimed, "to guarantee the salvation of every soul, as the Supreme Being has just transmitted to me a spark of his omnipotence."

In a few days the news circulated all through Siberia and even beyond. Then followed a huge arrival of believers of both sexes.

The new doctrine, in the words of the prophet himself, was as follows:—

"In order that there should be contrition there must be sin. Sin only brings repentance when it has been committed voluntarily. Sin, then, my dear brethren; and our united prayers will bring divine mercy."

Numerous were the adepts who favoured this new cult that allied frailty with forgiveness. Soon "prayer with sacrifice" attracted to Pokrovskoie all that was demented in Russia.

Mr. Verintsew, an inhabitant of the Siberian village, has kindly given me the following description of one of these memorable séances:—

"At eight o'clock at night, when the stars were shining in the heavens—Rasputin poetically calls them 'the eyes of the Supreme Being'—the chief and his followers people the woods that surround Pokrovskoie.

"An enormous hole is made in the ground while Rasputin invokes divine protection. The hole is filled with logs and leaves, which the prophet ignites, offering a prayer to St. Michael.

"Oriental perfumes burn in a small *casoulette*. Gregory throws handfuls of incense on the pyre, from which issue columns of smoke.

"Men and women seek each other's hands in the growing darkness and are soon turning madly in a circle around the perfumed hearth. Little by little the rhythm and the dance are accelerated.

"'Sin for salvation!' chants Rasputin, in a minor key.

"'We sin for salvation!' repeat the adepts.

"At length the 'faithful' grow giddy.

"GREGORY RASPUTIN THROWS HANDFULS OF INCENSE ON THE PYRE, FROM WHICH ISSUE COLUMNS OF SMOKE. 'SIN FOR SALVATION!' HE CHANTS."

Occasionally one slips and falls, dragging others with him.

"'Rise, my brethren,' commands the high priest. 'You have still to suffer.'

"And the dance continues quicker, ever quicker.

"But the last embers have died out. Darkness suddenly encompasses this mad throng.

"'Lord, we sin for salvation!'

"Above the shrieks and sobs of the people Rasputin's voice is heard and a scene ensues that baffles description.

"'Sin for salvation! Sin for salvation!' rises like a battle-cry.

"At length the folly is over. 'I cleanse you of your sins, my dear brethren, and I bless you!'

"The sacrilegious blessing of Rasputin closes the ceremony.

Ceremonies in the new church founded by Rasputin. Striapcheff became his secretary and business manager.

Lydia Bachmakow.

In April, 1904, during a pilgrimage to Kazan, Rasputin came across Madame Lydia Bachmakow, with several of her followers.

She was an amiable woman, over forty, a widow and a millionairess, and a passionate devotee. She took a constant part in religious solemnities and in acts of piety, submitting herself to the most severe penance, observing the hardest rules. Nevertheless, she was a tired and disappointed woman. Rasputin's doctrine immediately appealed to her.

"Sin for salvation!" proclaimed the cynical preacher, "and the gates of Paradise shall be opened to you!"

A DINNER GIVEN TO RASPUTIN BY SOME OF HIS "SISTERS."
From a Photograph.

"'Remember the building of our church!' proclaims the practical chief. And roubles fall faster and faster into his outstretched hands."

It would be superfluous to add anything to this picture. Gregory the carrier had at last found his vocation.

Rasputin Takes Society by Storm.

Rasputin looked philosophically on the growing success of his lucky industry.

But it would be unjust to accuse him of ingratitude towards those who had been his companions in the past. Thanks to his generosity his wife, Olga—with whom he had ceased all intercourse—lived the life of a rich widow, and brought up her son and two daughters in comfort. Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, found himself raised to the post of Grand Master of the

Madame Bachmakow had never dared dream of such a wonderful creed, and it seemed to her as if Gregory's doctrine had been expressly made for her benefit.

It was a providential piece of luck for the ex-carrier, and one that he took care to make the most of. The lady returned with him to Pokrovskoie in a magnificent motor-car which she had presented to the holy man.

She took all the expense of the community upon herself, and promised Gregory a large income, only asking, in return, to be allowed to follow the chief wherever he went, and to work for his greater glory.

Shortly afterwards Rasputin left Pokrovskoie, which was now far too small to satisfy his ambitions. Madame Bachmakow approved of his decision. She was eager to introduce *her* prophet to the whole of Russia

Under the patronage of the millionaire widow every door was thrown open to the "chosen of the Lord."

His contempt for "good manners" was regarded as a proof of sanctity. He disdained the use of a fork, and stuffed his mouth with his fingers.

"He is an apostle of the primitive period!" said Madame Bachmakow, in ecstasy.

But Striapcheff and Barnaby were watching.

"Petrograd awaits you, dear Gregory!" they constantly repeated to him. "It is only there that you will find a field worthy of your talent."

At length Rasputin allowed himself to be influenced, and on December 5th, 1904, he entered the capital.

Rasputin was not unknown in Petrograd. Madame Bachmakow had advertised *her* chief in a first-class manner among her friends.

Nor had the Press been overlooked. Frequent communications had enlightened the public about the deeds and movements of the innovator.

Over two thousand "believers" were at the station to receive the "chosen one." Women struggled to kiss the hem of his garment. Men knelt, cap in hand, while Rasputin—like the Pope—blessed them with his hand.

Fresh fields were now open to the ex-carrier of Pokrovskoie wherein to satisfy his insatiable ambition.

All the aristocracy of Petrograd were to be met in the magnificent apartment in the Prospect Newsky that Madame Bachmakow had rented and furnished for the "holy father."

Visionary, sorcerer, conjurer, palmist, priest—without ever having been ordained—Rasputin more than satisfied his numerous clients.

Evidence of this is given in a report by the *Okrana* of April 12th, 1905:—

"Crowds assemble at Rasputin's, and people wait two or three days before being able to approach the 'monk.' Everybody acknowledges his remarkable prophetic faculties and his miraculous gifts.

"He works miracles whenever it pleases him to do so. He has been able to take a handful of earth and, by simply blowing upon it, turn it into a magnificent rose-tree covered with flowers. One day, on the Newsky, he met a poor woman being wheeled about in a small carriage, and who for the past five years had lost the use of her legs. He came towards her and, after looking at her steadfastly, said in an imperious voice: 'Rise, my good woman, and walk!' And the woman rose and walked!

"His followers are chiefly among the female sex. The writer of this report counted more than four hundred women before Gregory Rasputin's house on one single afternoon. As a rule he only received the young and the pretty ones, because he says that the others have less sins to be forgiven. He devotes half an hour to each of them. When they leave him they declare themselves purified, and unanimously sing the monk's praises.

"Rasputin must make a considerable sum of money. His secretary never introduces anybody without having first received at least a hundred roubles.

"He has very powerful connections. He visits the best families, and is received like a grand duke. His place is laid at Countess Ignatieff's table every evening."

Countess Ignatieff's receptions were undoubtedly the most select in Petrograd. A very good but terribly superstitious woman, she received the Siberian thief with reverence. Everybody was soon in ecstasies over his grotesque platitudes, his rough manners, and his primitive language.

"He's a living gospel," exclaimed the aristocratic ladies of Petrograd.

Rasputin and Anna Vyronbova.

One of these women, Madame Vyronbova, was to play a notorious part in the inner history of Russia.

Anna Vyronbova was the daughter of M. Taneieff, director of the private chancellory of the Emperor. She had been lady-in-waiting to the Czarina, having married Vyrónbova, a naval lieutenant. This marriage soon ended in a divorce, with the Czar's consent, after a violent scene at the Winter Palace, when the officer struck his wife in presence of witnesses. And the moment she was free she had resumed her post as lady-in-waiting to Alexandra.

Anna Vyronbova was neither attractive nor sympathetic. She was stout and vulgar-looking, cunning and without distinction. At Court she was called "the cook," and never was a nickname better deserved. But she managed to please the Czarina by her servility and discretion, and perhaps by the hatred she bore the Dowager Empress, to whom she attributed all her conjugal misfortunes.

At all events, she was remarkably devoted to the Czarina. She had a camp-bed placed in the Imperial chamber, and day and night she acted the part of the meek and consoling confidante.

Anna Vyronbova knew very little of what occurred in the city, owing to the seclusion in which she lived with the Czarina. These ladies spent the day and a portion of the night in consulting Egyptian cards and coffee grounds. But at last Rasputin's fame reached them. The gentleman-in-waiting, Stakevitch, who had spent an evening with him at Countess Ignatieff's, gave such a glowing description of the monk that the Empress could no longer restrain her curiosity.

"Anna," she said, "go and see this new saint, and, if you consider him as marvellous as he is said to be, bring him to the palace!"

Anna Vyronbova therefore went to Rasputin. The wily peasant was expecting her.

He had no great trouble in satisfying the Empress's confidante. This coarse, vulgar person was easily influenced. Rasputin, a shrewd psychologist, did not hesitate to explain his methods to her, without omitting the smallest detail. The final doctrine of "sin for salvation," with which the pseudo-monk always ended his consultations whenever he was in

contact with hysterical devotees, put the finishing touch.

A pact was soon made between these two. Gregory threw over Madame Bachmakow and adopted Anna Vyronbova as "sister"-in-chief. And Anna in return promised to open the gates of the Imperial Palace for him and obtain him the Empress's favour.

"But you must remember," said Alexandra's companion, "that the Czarina is very puritan in her ideas. Your nickname of Rasputin will not please her. Henceforth you must call yourself 'Novy' (Innovator), which is better suited to the originality of your doctrine."

The same evening Gregory was presented at Court and introduced to the Emperor and Empress.

"Work a miracle for us!" said the Czar, whose childish mind was always interested in conjuring.

Meekly Rasputin obeyed the autocrat.

"Here is a box of matches," he said. "I assure her gracious Majesty Alexandra Feodorovna that she cannot lift it. It weighs over a ton."

Nicholas laughed loudly and incredulously.

The monk continued :—

"What am I saying? One ton! Two, three tons, and more! Try!"

The Czarina extended her hand towards the match-box, which she wished to move. It was impossible to lift it!

"Try again," said Gregory.

Alexandra, astounded, cast a frightened glance at the smiling monk. As for the Czar, this classical experiment of suggestion, known to all frequenters of circuses and fairs, appeared to him to be supernatural.

"He is really a chosen of the Lord!" declared Anna Vyronbova, emphatically.

Rasputin, henceforth the official prophet, could at length work for the greater glory of Russia and the Romanoffs.

Rasputin Saves the Czarevitch.

From 1909 to 1914 Gregory was frequently driven in a closed motor-car to Tsarskoye Selo. In order that his visits should pass unnoticed he disguised himself as a Cossack officer, and hid his piercing eyes beneath thick black glasses.

What was he doing at the Imperial Palace?

Was there more between this wretched being and the Czarina than the relations of a spiritual director and a penitent sinner? Is it not simpler and nobler to suppose that Alexandra Feodorovna could not exist without that mystical intercourse where, in her religious fervour, she believed herself to be in direct communication with Providence?

The reader will judge for himself by the documents that will be submitted to him.

Another reason, on the other hand, may perhaps explain the inexplicable.

Young Alexis, the heir-presumptive, "ataman" of all the Cossacks, was of a very delicate constitution, and, often ailing, constantly caused great anxiety to those around him. We will not repeat the melodramatic legends that have been current about him. The story of that mysterious attempt of which he was a victim, while he was staying at Yalka, has never been confirmed. Was there not even a question of some abominable crime committed by a sailor who sought to exterminate the dynasty of the Romanoffs?

At all events, Alexis's health was always precarious. Alexandra Feodorovna adored her son, and it is very probable that Rasputin, aided by Anna Vyronbova, succeeded in making her believe that he alone could save the Czarevitch, owing to a divine spark—that is to say, the miraculous power—he possessed.

Something that occurred at Tsarskoye Selo in the month of March, 1913, throws a singular light on this question.

The Czarevitch was in the habit of playing of an afternoon in one of the big drawing-rooms adjoining his mother's private apartments, where an English billiard-table was a constant source of amusement to him.

One day Gregory Rasputin, who had arrived the night before, was in the Czarina's boudoir conversing with the Empress and Anna Vyronbova. The conversation turned on warnings from above, and the pseudo-monk told the ladies how on various occasions Providence had informed him of the dangers that threatened those dear to him.

Suddenly Gregory jumped up.

"Where is Alexis Nicolaievitch?" he asked, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

Alexandra, still under the influence of all she had heard, murmured :—

"He is in the blue room, I suppose."

"Come quickly!" cried Rasputin, "to be in time to save him."

He started off, followed by the Empress and her lady-in-waiting. The young prince was quietly making cannons on the green table. Rasputin threw himself upon him and pulled him backwards. At this precise moment the huge chandelier just above the billiard-table fell with a crash, burying the table beneath it. There is no doubt that without Gregory's intervention Alexis Nicolaievitch would have been killed.

It can be imagined what impression this remarkable incident made on Alexandra! The Czar himself was so much affected by it that he gave "his son's saviour" a magnificent diamond worth thirty thousand roubles.

Nevertheless a careful inquiry might have explained the circumstances. Since the revolution the servants of Tsarskoye Selo have made certain revelations, and one of them has given an interesting version of what occurred on that eventful day in the "blue room." By Anna Vyronbova's orders the young prince's playroom had been fitted up with machinery as for a pantomime. The iron rod that held the chandelier was attached to a beam in the ceiling. To saw through this beam and, by means of an accomplice on the roof, to drop the weight at a given moment was child's play for the wily peasant and Anna Vyronbova.

But the officials at Tsarskoye Selo did not go

closely into the matter. The report on this occasion concluded as follows :—

" Wear and tear had caused a crack in the beam that held the chandelier, and the latter suddenly gave way. The necessary repairs were made in the course of the day."

Three Letters from the Czarina to Rasputin.

Rasputin was absent in Pokrovskoie when war broke out in Europe. The Czarina and Anna Vyronbova did not forget their holy man.

These are the words in which the Empress wrote to the " Novy " on this occasion :—

" I am infinitely happy, my beloved master, to be able to inform you that ' Niky ' has realized the importance of your dear presence at Tsarskoye Selo. Come back quickly, as my poor heart suffers to know you are so far away, and I am lost if I cannot hold your hands in mine and find, in your eyes, the light of my soul.

" Do not let me wait an hour, as I have been terribly bored from the moment you left me. I hope, dearest Gricha, that this time our troubles are at an end ; and that we shall never be separated again. As for me, I shall thank God if He allows me to die with you and gain—in your company—the heavenly paradise for which you have so delightfully prepared me.

" I am not the only one wishing for your return. Anna is also dying of impatience. Take pity on two women who adore you and can no longer live without you.

" Give me, in your thoughts, your most ardent blessing in anticipation of being able to give it me in person, my whole being in touch with yours.

" Your daughter who cherishes you.

" A."

This document, which is published for the first time, and which I have tried to translate as faithfully as possible, is more like a letter from a loving friend than a communication from an Empress.

The letter that follows, which has been published in Russia, is still more curious :—

" I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for all you have been and all you are to me, my dear Gricha. Is there a divine happiness greater than mine, when I rest my head on your shoulder and, in silence, appreciate the joy of being near you, touching you, forgetful of all my troubles ? I owe this happiness to you, and you know I am grateful.

" You must forgive me if I am not always perfect. It is so difficult to be really a good Christian in the true sense of the word. I have some very bad habits that are difficult to get rid of. You will help me, will you not ? Remember that you must never leave me, that I adore you, and that I have confidence in you alone.

" Be kind to Anna. You know she has many troubles. Ask Providence to let me see you soon. In the meantime, I embrace you, imploring your dear blessing.

" Your daughter,

" A."

And this short note, the copy of which was given to me by one of the Czar's former Ministers :—

" I have been awake all night. You were absent, and I was dead with grief. Come quickly, I want you more than the air I breathe. How can you be so hard to torture my poor heart ? You know I love nobody but you.

" Your daughter,

" A."

When we read these documents, which are indisputably authentic, must we believe, as it has frequently been insinuated in Russia, that Rasputin was something more than a spiritual director to Alexandra Feodorovna ?

It is a question on which every reader must form his own opinion.

Rasputin continued to lead a brilliant and profitable life. His influence at Court had never been greater. In the excitement of war the rather childish mysticism of the imperial couple had increased and the false monk obtained whatever he required.

He was living now somewhat simply in the Gorokhovaia, not far from the Winter Palace, which allowed him to be at the Empress's orders any hour of the day or night.

In his leisure moments he became interested in business. His study, where the rich presents showered upon him by Alexandra and Nicholas and the gifts of the generous and grateful followers of the new cult were untidily tossed here and there, was always crowded with visitors, army contractors, shady bankers, generals of little standing, all eager for honours and wealth, ready to pay dearly for the ex-carrier's protection.

His power at Court was supreme. The Czarina even decided that the venerable chief should have the spiritual care of the Princesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and of the Czarevitch Alexis, upon which their English governess immediately resigned, on the ground that their Majesties had lost their senses !

The Czar, too, was exceptionally amiable to him.

" Tell me, my dear fellow," he said to him on one occasion, " what favour would you like to ask of me. I swear it shall be granted immediately ! "

Rasputin was silent for a moment, and then answered, gravely :—

" I should like my friend Barnaby to be made Bishop of Tobolsk ! "

Two days later an official telegram from the Holy Synod appointed Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, to the episcopacy of the Siberian town.

It was about this time that we hear of the marvellous history of the pseudo-monk's two daughters. Mariska and Zenia were now about eighteen and seventeen years old. They were both dark, with magnificent black eyes like their father's. They carried themselves with a certain natural grace rarely seen in peasants from Pokrovskoie, for they had acquired a certain

THE CZAR GRANTS RASPUTIN'S REQUEST THAT HIS FRIEND BARNABY —AN EX-POLICEMAN—SHOULD BE MADE BISHOP OF TOBOLSK.

polish by coming in contact with the aristocratic ladies who approached their father for their spiritual cure. In this way they learned to play tennis, sing to their own accompaniment, and talk about fashions.

One of Rasputin's *protégés*, a priest of the name of Boris and a fervent believer in the chief, went about the populous districts of Petrograd making certain prophecies that had a great success.

One day Boris announced that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and had said :—

"It is necessary for the salvation of Russia that the daughters of the man who has been given the spark of divine omnipotence, and who is already established in the position he merits, at the right hand of our little father Nicholas and his spouse, should marry. Their husbands will become the beloved sons of Providence and nothing will be refused unto them."

It is not difficult to gather from whom this celestial communication came. Rasputin received countless offers of marriage for his daughters. This would have occurred, no doubt, before the intervention of the Virgin if the existence of these young ladies had been known. But hitherto Gregory had not spoken about his family.

A general, two members of the Duma, several financiers, and a professor of the Moscow University were among the candidates for the honour of becoming Rasputin's sons-in-law.

But the ex-carrier was in no hurry. He no doubt considered that his daughters could aspire higher.

He lost no time in having them come to live with him. Anna Vyrobova undertook to introduce them into society, and when she took anything in hand Rasputin knew from his own experience that she was sure to succeed.

"They may perhaps marry a grand duke!" she told him.

And the pseudo-monk already pictured himself the father-in-law of a Romanoff!

An anecdote will illustrate the power which had been achieved by the village carrier.

One morning he went to the G.Q.G. and had himself introduced immediately to the General in chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch.

The Emperor's uncle had always shown the greatest antipathy to the charlatan. But he nevertheless received him.

"I have come to inform you of a communication that the Virgin made to me last night. She ordered me to come and tell you that she wished the war to end as soon as possible, and that if you did not do your utmost to bring about this result she would curse you and your descendants."

The Grand Duke Nicholas listened to him patiently. When he had finished he replied :—

"And to me, *moujik*, the Virgin appeared, telling me that a vile impostor would call on me to-day and that I should be well advised if I had him flogged and kicked out like a dog!"

Rasputin did not require the hint to be repeated, and went away.

But shortly afterwards the Grand Duke Nicholas received the news of his downfall and left for the Caucasus.

The pseudo-monk had had his revenge!

The Downfall.

There was nothing now to oppose his plans. He was the uncontested master of Russia! Nevertheless, the day of reckoning was near!

One night early in the winter of 1916 a number of people were making merry at Coutant's

Restaurant. The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, son of the Grand Duke Paul and first cousin of the Czar, was seated with Prince Youssoupoff at a table, with Staritchin and two other guests.

At another table, a little farther off, were Rasputin, Prince Andromikoff, Striapcheff—the pseudo-monk's faithful secretary—General Vokoutitch, and two or three minor stars.

Everybody was laughing and joking and talking at the top of their voices. Rasputin, more noisy than usual, was speaking disparagingly of the whole of Russia.

"I don't care a button for the grand dukes, nor the Ministers, nor the president of the Holy Synod, nor all the Alexieffs and Broussiloffs on earth!" he cried; "and when I do a dirty dancer like Karoli the honour——"

Vera Karoli was a well-known ballet-dancer who had repelled Rasputin's advances.

On hearing Rasputin's insulting reference to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, the Grand Duke rose and was about to throw himself on the monk. Luckily for Rasputin, some well-known people entered at this moment and caused a diversion.

Among them was Pourichkievitch, a member of the Duma, who hated Rasputin. He now approached the table where Rasputin was holding forth.

"Enjoy yourself, Gregory, have a good time," he sneered; "it won't be for long."

Taken by surprise, the monk nevertheless wished to impress the people around him.

"Yes, I *am* having a good time, and I advise you to do the same, as I imagine that yours will be even shorter than mine."

But Pourichkievitch continued looking the ex-carrier straight in the face.

"Don't stint yourself in pleasure and orgies, you vile innovator! Death is near, and a man will soon be found to rid Russia of your hideous presence."

PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF, WHO SHOT RASPUTIN.
Photo Vandyk

Then the member, taking no further notice of his adversary, seated himself at the table close by. Rasputin ceased laughing. He was evidently disturbed.

He left with his followers. There were now only two tables occupied: the Grand Duke's and the member of the Duma's.

Then the Prince Youssoupoff, Count of Soumarck Elston, a young fellow about twenty-three, married to Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of Nicholas II., approached Pourichkievitch.

"I have listened to you with delight," he said, holding out his hand. "Allow me to thank you in all our names for what you said. You expressed the wish that a man would soon be found to suppress this repugnant person. With your consent I will be that man!"

The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch joined in:—

"And I will help you to my utmost. We have borne with this *moujik* long enough. Let us swear, for the dignity and the glory of Russia and the empire, to do away with Rasputin!"

And in the big dining hall of the restaurant, where by chance they were now entirely alone, the fateful oath was taken.

The Death of Rasputin.

On December 15th, 1916, Russian style, about ten o'clock on Friday night, in a pretty little house belonging to Prince Youssoupoff, there were three men and a woman in the drawing-room on the first floor—the Prince himself, the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, Pourichkievitch, and Karoli, the dancer.

The house stands in the midst of a large garden, and the principal entrance is in the Moskaia. But there is a special door opening on the Offizerskaia, reserved for private visits and the servants, near the little pavilion where the Youssoupoff family dispose of their celebrated

Crimean wine. Rasputin was to enter by this door, to keep an appointment with the Prince, who had introduced himself to the monk as a proselyte of his cult.

Rasputin arrived, and was admitted by Prince Youssoupoff, as the servants, he explained, were all away.

Rasputin removed his goloshes in the hall.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked his host.

"To the dining-room. We shall be less disturbed there," answered the Prince. "And I have had a few bottles of wine brought up to help us pass the time."

THE GRAND DUKE DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH.
IT WAS IN HIS CAR THAT RASPUTIN'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO THE NEVA.
Photo. Stanley.

There were three steps leading to the dining room on the ground floor. Two bottles of red wine were on the table. One, decantered, contained a strong dose of poison. Youssoupoff took up one of the bottles—the inoffensive one, of course—poured out a glassful, and drank it off. Rasputin took up the poisoned bottle and helped himself.

His host, facing him, looked on pale and breathless. Had the last moment come for this man who had lived such a life of infamy? Apparently not! Rasputin continued to drink without feeling the slightest inconvenience from the poison.

Youssoupoff became terrified. He was seized with the mystic feeling that is in every Slav. Was it not supernatural that a man could absorb a poison without effect? Was he really protected by the Lord?

Making some excuse, the Prince left his guest and rushed up to the drawing-room. "He won't die!" he said, in an anxious whisper.

"You are joking," said one of the conspirators. "Take this revolver and use it; you will see if Rasputin is as impervious to bullets as to poison!"

Youssoupoff took the revolver in his left hand, hid it behind his back, went downstairs, opened the dining-room door with his right hand, and perceived the monk in an agitated condition, his face covered with perspiration, walking up and down the room, groaning and hiccoughing terribly.

The Prince passed the revolver to his right hand, pointed the weapon at the man's heart, and fired twice.

Rasputin fell like a stone. The Prince hastened to inform his friends. The Grand Duke Dimitri offered to go home—he lived quite near—to fetch his car and take the body to the Neva, where the conspirators had arranged to throw it [illegible] had already gone, when [illegible] heard on the ground flo[illegible]

" Who is there ? " cried Pourichkievitch.

He bent over the banisters. There, in the vestibule, he saw a horrible sight. Covered with blood, as white as a ghost, the monk had mounted the three stairs, had put on his goloshes, and managed to open the street door and get into the garden.

Pourichkievitch pulled out his revolver and followed, while Youssoupoff took an enormous club that hung on the wall. Rasputin hurried as fast as his strength allowed him towards the door that leads to the Offizerskaia. Every step he took was marked by drops of blood on the snow.

He was nearing the door when Pourichkievitch fired three shots, and he fell once more. Youssoupoff struck him on the head with his club.

Just then the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch returned with his car.

They placed the body in the car and drove at full speed toward the Petrovsky bridge. At two o'clock in the morning the car stopped between the second and third arch. Rasputin's body was dragged out by the legs and shoulders and rested against the balustrade. But to their horror they found that the monk was still alive. With his right hand he grasped the epaulette of one of his assailants, and had strength enough to tear it off. It was a final effort. One last push, and the body dashed against the pillar, rebounded, fell on a block of ice in the Neva, toppled over, and was lost in the tide.

Justice was done! Rasputin was dead!

Such was the end of the illiterate peasant who had made himself master of a mighty empire, and who shook in his fall one of the most powerful thrones in the world.

" THE PRINCE PASSED THE REVOLVER TO HIS RIGHT HAND, POINTED THE WEAPON AT RASPUTIN'S HEART, AND FIRED TWICE."

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

No. 4.

THE WIN-AND-LOSE PROBLEM.

A [illegible]

[illegible] mistake that of [illegible] to work out sums [illegible] your menus. I detected [illegible] brows, in the [illegible] on the table- [illegible] not a doubt that Leonard [illegible] time, and some of [illegible] with it right up to the [illegible]. It won't surprise me if there's [illegible] among the whole lot of you. [illegible] with a likely chance. [illegible] got a reputation as [illegible] but I ask the secretary to [illegible] in your favour?"

"[illegible] to stop you," said Sir Charles, "[illegible] I can't claim it. Archæ- [illegible] help with arithmetic. As an [illegible] classical scholar once observed, [illegible] not got the low cunning that makes [illegible] mathematician. The only thing I could think of was to insure the chances of each bet appropriately, but it seemed to me that you would regard such insurance as being in itself a bet."

"I certainly should. You don't change a thing by changing its name. You are [illegible] to the two bets, and I shall not allow [illegible] even if you call two of them insurance. [illegible] have you profited suffi- [illegible] your racing experiences to have [illegible]?"

"[illegible] racing experiences?" [illegible] wearily. "If [illegible] bank that has [illegible] you wouldn't use [illegible] horses, though [illegible] There [illegible] Leonard's [illegible] Nature like [illegible] a two-cylinder [illegible] actuated [illegible]

by the cam-shaft. The only man I know who could face it without mental overstrain is my bookmaker. He's a wonder. He'd give you fifteen different ways of perforating this problem inside a minute. No juggle with figures can beat him. I don't know if you'd call it a talent or a disease, but I've not got it. As a competitor I've failed, but I don't mind admitting that I've made a little actual money out of the competition." Jimmy smiled reminiscently.

"May we have the details?" asked the chairman.

"I'd sooner you got them from Hesseltine."

The chairman called upon Mr. Hesseltine.

"I don't wonder," said that young man, "that Jimmy don't like to tell you. If I'd stolen money from a crossing-sweeper in St. James's Street I shouldn't be proud of it myself. The silly ass thinks he's scored off me, but as I was out to lose a quid anyhow——"

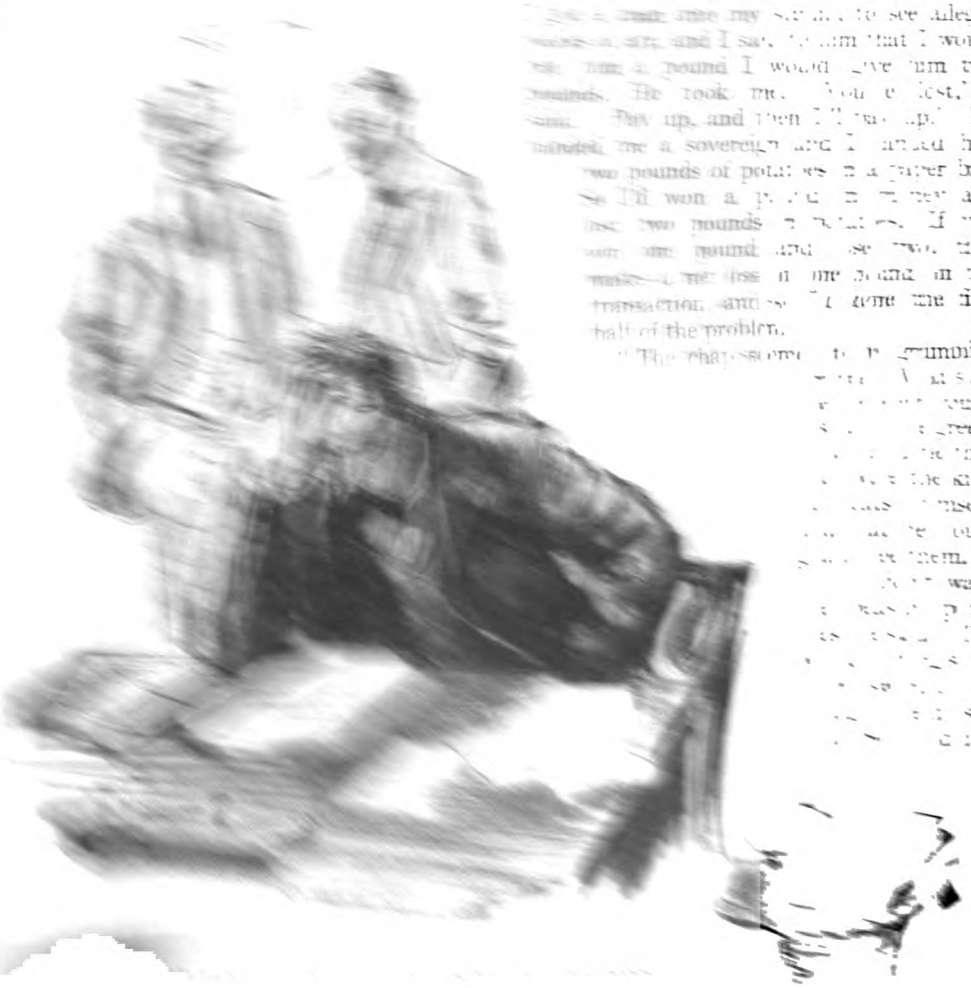
"May we have the actual facts?" suggested the chairman.

"Certainly. I was thinking about this problem and I got a sudden brain-wave. I saw how to do the first half—to win a bet of a pound that would leave me one pound down when I'd won it. Well, I happened to be going up St. James's Street with Jimmy later that morning, and by way of leading up to it I asked him what he generally gave to a street-beggar. 'Nix,' he said. 'What do you?' So I told him that I generally gave a sovereign. He told me in his coarse sort of way that he didn't believe it. That was what I had expected. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll bet you a pound that I give two golden sovereigns to the next beggar or crossing-sweeper I come across.' He thought about it and then said: 'I'll take that, and to guard against accidents I'll be the next beggar. Give me a little assistance, kind sir?'

"I'LL TAKE THAT, AND TO GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS I'LL BE THE NEXT BEGGAR. GIVE ME A LITTLE ASSISTANCE, KIND SIR?"

"Of course, in that way he put himself on velvet. Whether I decided to win my bet or to lose it, Jimmy had to make one sovereign out of me. Didn't affect me at all, for according to Leonard I'd got to win my bet and lose a pound by it, which I did. The only person hit was the crossing-sweeper up the street, who would otherwise have made two quid. Of course, what I ought to have done was to have handed Jimmy over to the police for begging—wish I'd thought of it.

"Well, I negotiated the first half of the problem, but the second half beat me. I'm inclined to think the sting of the beast is in its tail. It takes two people to make a bet. I'm not a poet or any sort of imaginative chap, but I could think of a bet which for a dead certainty it would pay me to lose. I couldn't think of anybody, even including that rotter Jimmy, who would be fool enough to take it. You must try somebody else, Mr. Chairman."



that it was no swindle and I would be quite willing to take the same bet myself. He jumped at it, but to make sure he said he would bet me a sovereign he would give me two pounds. I took him, lost, paid the sovereign, and got back my two pounds of potatoes. That finished the second half of the problem. I'd lost a bet of one pound, and had made two pounds, giving a net gain of one pound. Naturally, he wanted to know what I had done it for, and I said it was to stop him from trying to talk about art—the chap's a critic."

"'I DON'T WANT THE BEASTLY POTATOES,' HE SAID. 'THE WHOLE THING'S A DIRTY SWINDLE.'"

Mr. Matthews took two minutes and a brandy-and-soda before giving his decision as follows: —

"Ingenious, but it won't do. Mr. Wildersley professes to have subtracted money to the value of a sovereign from two pounds by weight of potatoes, and to have got a result of one pound. Of what did that pound consist? Even after dinner we can't have mental confusion of this kind. The claim is disallowed."

Mr. Harding Pope, M.P., made an uninteresting confession of failure, and the chairman then called upon Mr. Quillian, K.C., who was acting as secretary for the evening.

Mr. Quillian removed his pince-nez and glanced round the room with that look of amiable superiority that some people found irritating.

"I claim to have won this fairly simple competition," he said. "Of course, it has a psychological as well as an arithmetical side; the bets have to be actually made and not merely worked out on paper. I made my plan one afternoon, and then went over to my club to see if I could find my friend Blenkinsop. He is generally at the club at that hour, and I felt sure that he would accept the two bets that I had to propose.

"Well, as it happened, Blenkinsop was not at the club, but I found Mr. Pusely-Smythe alone in the smaller reading-room. I've had to submit to a good deal of chaff—not particularly amusing—from Pusely-Smythe, and by way of return it seemed appropriate that he should help me to win our one hundred and ten pound prize. Also, if he will forgive me for saying so, he has just the commonplace shrewdness that I required in my victim.

"After a little preliminary conversation, I produced my sovereign-case. I told him that there was a certain sum of money in gold in that case, and that I was willing to bet him a sovereign I would make him a present of it. He said, as I knew he would, that this meant that the sum of money in the case was half a sovereign, and that in consequence he would lose ten shillings on the transaction if he took the bet.

"'Yes,' I said, 'there is that possibility, but I am willing to protect you against it by a second bet. We will agree that the loser by the first transaction shall have the option to give the other man double what he has lost for double the sum now in my sovereign-case. And I will bet you a sovereign that he will not exercise that option. You see how it works out. If the sum in my sovereign-case is half a sovereign, as you suppose, you will lose ten shillings on the

first transaction, but you will win a sovereign on the second transaction by exercising an option to exchange twenty shillings for twenty shillings.'

"Without taking the time to think, he accepted both bets. I then opened my sovereign-case and showed him that it contained two pounds. I gave them to him, and as by so doing I had won my bet he gave me one of them back again. Kindly observe that I had now solved the first part of Leonard's problem. I had won an even bet of one pound the net result of which was that I had lost a pound. Having made myself the loser on the first transaction, I now had the option to exchange twice my loss against twice the sum that had been in the sovereign-case—that is, to exchange two pounds for four pounds. I had bet that the loser would not exercise this option. I lost the bet and exercised the option. Thus, I lost an even bet of one pound with the net result that I made one pound. This settles the second half of the problem. I await, sir, with confidence, your decision in my favour."

Mr. Matthews referred once more to the terms of the problem. "Yes," he said, "it seems to me that you have met all Leonard's requirements. Very smart bit of work, in my opinion. You take the club cheque for one hundred and ten pounds, unless, of course, some claim to share it with you is substantiated. Is there any such claim?"

"Naturally, there's mine," said Pusely-Smythe, with his deceptive air of melancholy.

"Yours? How did you do it?"

"My learned friend has just been telling you. I was going away for a brief and well-earned holiday, and I had decided to give the competition a miss this time. As I was sitting in the club, studying a guide-book, in came Quillian looking like a thimble-rigger who has just set up his little plush-covered table. He offered me his first bet. I put it aside. He offered the second, and he says I didn't take time to think. Thought with me does not take the prolonged period of gestation that it does in the case of the nobler animals, such as K.C.'s. I thought two thoughts. The first was that Quillian was out after this competition. The second was that when two men gamble together what one wins the other loses and *vice versa*. That was enough. I took him. He won the first bet but lost a pound by it. It follows that I lost the first bet but won a pound by it. Similarly, when he lost the bet but won a pound I won the bet and lost a pound. It's all very simple and elementary. I hope he's going to make a victim of me again soon. This time without any effort on my part he has shoved fifty-five pounds at me. I've only had to take it. And I don't care whether it was benevolence or mental short-sightedness—I'm going to thank him just the same."

"The claim's allowed, of course," said the chairman. "The thing that makes me mad is that I didn't see it myself until you pointed it out. It's obvious. It simply shrieks at you. My mind must be going."

"The menu that you devised for our dinner to-night, sir," said Pusely-Smythe, "was sufficient proof of the contrary. Those that study the recondite must sometimes find the obvious out of their focus."

"Thank you," said Mr. Matthews. "I'll learn the last sentence by heart—it'll make a ripping excuse next time I do a dam' silly thing."

Cheques were drawn for Quillian and Pusely-Smythe, and the chairman then opened the envelope containing the problem that Leonard had set for the following month. It was entitled "The Handkerchief Problem," and on the face of it scarcely supported the theory that the ingenious Leonard was a Great Moral Teacher. The Hon. James Feldane was reminded that it would be his duty to preside on the next occasion and to adjudicate on this problem, which was as follows: "It is required to steal as many handkerchiefs as possible from a member or members of the Problem Club. Violence may not be used and thefts detected in the act will not score. Restitution will be made of the stolen handkerchiefs within twenty-four hours of the adjudication, but felonious intent is to be presumed in every case."

"Rotten luck," said Feldane, to his friend, Hesseltine. "I should have enjoyed working on this problem. It appeals to my natural instincts. I should probably have won it, and in that case might have given one or two of them something on account. And so this has to be the occasion when I'm shut out of the competition and have to act as chairman."

"Yes," said Hesseltine. "Nobody's so sure of himself as the non-starter."

What the War Has Done to Me.

By HARRY LAUDER.

HARRY LAUDER.
Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

For years Harry Lauder has been going up and down the world singing his marvellous songs and spinning yarns that made us forget our troubles. Into the life of this remarkable man there has come a terrible experience—the loss of his only son in the Great War. We thought that you would like Harry Lauder himself to tell you the story of what he has been through, what the war means to him—and how he is facing the future. Here it is—nakedly pathetic, yet curiously inspiring. His story is an unforgetable human document.

FROM the state of glorious, proud parenthood to the utter loneliness of one without a son, have I come in the last two years. And the things I have seen and the things I have heard and the things I have personally had to bear during that period have been almost too much for the strength of any one man, and I firmly believe that were it not for the simple fact that during my hours of greatest agony and trial I have clung to my God and to my strong faith in a future life, I should not have been able to survive.

Because I have been before the public for thirty-five years, I suppose that people think I am an old man. But I am only forty-seven. At that age, a man should feel as though he were coming into the fullness of his powers, as if, for the first time, he was ready to use his experience, his brains, and his ability to push farther on, to make new conquests, and to form new ambitions.

But to accomplish anything of worth in this world, one must have an incentive of some sort, and the reason that the future seems dreary and desolate and filled with blackness for me is because I have lost my incentive. When the Germans killed my only son, Captain John Lauder, on the 28th of December, 1915, they killed every spark of ambition, every hope for the future that was burning within my breast. It was for my boy, my son John, that I had worked, travelling thousands and thousands of miles around the world, playing almost continuously, with very little rest between seasons.

My son John was more to me than anything else in the wide world. From the day he was born until the day of his death, he was my one pride and my one joy. He was always with us on our travels, no matter where we went, and between the *matinée* and evening performances I would rush back from the theatre to the hotel room to watch my wife, with jealous eye, tuck him into his bed, and to get his good-night kiss and feel his warm arms around my neck. That nightly process of putting John to bed was almost a sacred event.

And as he grew up, I spent my happiest moments with him. He was tremendously proud of my ability to cheer people up and make them laugh, and he always used to tell me I was doing a great work, and that I should feel the equal of the highest peer in the land. And he would talk to me of many things, confiding in me as man to man, and asking my advice about things which few sons have the courage to discuss with their fathers. We were more like two friends than like father and son, and to have spared his life I would gladly have taken his place on the battle-field.

When he graduated from Cambridge he told me he wanted to be a barrister. Although I know he could have made a success of stage work, because he had a fine, sweet voice, I

contact with hysterical devotees, put the finishing touch.

A pact was soon made between these two. Gregory threw over Madame Bachmakow and adopted Anna Vyronbova as "sister"-in-chief. And Anna in return promised to open the gates of the Imperial Palace for him and obtain him the Empress's favour.

"But you must remember," said Alexandra's companion, "that the Czarina is very puritan in her ideas. Your nickname of Rasputin will not please her. Henceforth you must call yourself 'Novy' (Innovator), which is better suited to the originality of your doctrine."

The same evening Gregory was presented at Court and introduced to the Emperor and Empress.

"Work a miracle for us!" said the Czar, whose childish mind was always interested in conjuring.

Meekly Rasputin obeyed the autocrat.

"Here is a box of matches," he said. "I assure her gracious Majesty Alexandra Feodorovna that she cannot lift it. It weighs over a ton."

Nicholas laughed loudly and incredulously.

The monk continued :—

"What am I saying? One ton! Two, three tons, and more! Try!"

The Czarina extended her hand towards the match-box, which she wished to move. It was impossible to lift it!

"Try again," said Gregory.

Alexandra, astounded, cast a frightened glance at the smiling monk. As for the Czar, this classical experiment of suggestion, known to all frequenters of circuses and fairs, appeared to him to be supernatural.

"He is really a chosen of the Lord!" declared Anna Vyronbova, emphatically.

Rasputin, henceforth the official prophet, could at length work for the greater glory of Russia and the Romanoffs.

Rasputin Saves the Czarevitch.

From 1909 to 1914 Gregory was frequently driven in a closed motor-car to Tsarskoye Selo. In order that his visits should pass unnoticed he disguised himself as a Cossack officer, and hid his piercing eyes beneath thick black glasses.

What was he doing at the Imperial Palace?

Was there more between this wretched being and the Czarina than the relations of a spiritual director and a penitent sinner? Is it not simpler and nobler to suppose that Alexandra Feodorovna could not exist without that mystical intercourse where, in her religious fervour, she believed herself to be in direct communication with Providence?

The reader will judge for himself by the documents that will be submitted to him.

Another reason, on the other hand, may perhaps explain the inexplicable.

Young Alexis, the heir-presumptive, "ataman" of all the Cossacks, was of a very delicate constitution, and, often ailing, constantly caused great anxiety to those around him. We will not repeat the melodramatic legends that have been current about him. The story of that mysterious attempt of which he was a victim, while he was staying at Yalka, has never been confirmed. Was there not even a question of some abominable crime committed by a sailor who sought to exterminate the dynasty of the Romanoffs?

At all events, Alexis's health was always precarious. Alexandra Feodorovna adored her son, and it is very probable that Rasputin, aided by Anna Vyronbova, succeeded in making her believe that he alone could save the Czarevitch, owing to a divine spark—that is to say, the miraculous power—he possessed.

Something that occurred at Tsarskoye Selo in the month of March, 1913, throws a singular light on this question.

The Czarevitch was in the habit of playing of an afternoon in one of the big drawing-rooms adjoining his mother's private apartments, where an English billiard-table was a constant source of amusement to him.

One day Gregory Rasputin, who had arrived the night before, was in the Czarina's boudoir conversing with the Empress and Anna Vyronbova. The conversation turned on warnings from above, and the pseudo-monk told the ladies how on various occasions Providence had informed him of the dangers that threatened those dear to him.

Suddenly Gregory jumped up.

"Where is Alexis Nicolaievitch?" he asked, in a voice that trembled with emotion.

Alexandra, still under the influence of all she had heard, murmured :—

"He is in the blue room, I suppose."

"Come quickly!" cried Rasputin, "to be in time to save him."

He started off, followed by the Empress and her lady-in-waiting. The young prince was quietly making cannons on the green table. Rasputin threw himself upon him and pulled him backwards. At this precise moment the huge chandelier just above the billiard-table fell with a crash, burying the table beneath it. There is no doubt that without Gregory's intervention Alexis Nicolaievitch would have been killed.

It can be imagined what impression this remarkable incident made on Alexandra! The Czar himself was so much affected by it that he gave "his son's saviour" a magnificent diamond worth thirty thousand roubles.

Nevertheless a careful inquiry might have explained the circumstances. Since the revolution the servants of Tsarskoye Selo have made certain revelations, and one of them has given an interesting version of what occurred on that eventful day in the "blue room." By Anna Vyronbova's orders the young prince's playroom had been fitted up with machinery as for a pantomime. The iron rod that held the chandelier was attached to a beam in the ceiling. To saw through this beam and, by means of an accomplice on the roof, to drop the weight at a given moment was child's play for the wily peasant and Anna Vyronbova.

But the officials at Tsarskoye Selo did not go

closely into the matter. The report on this occasion concluded as follows :—

" Wear and tear had caused a crack in the beam that held the chandelier, and the latter suddenly gave way. The necessary repairs were made in the course of the day."

Three Letters from the Czarina to Rasputin.

Rasputin was absent in Pokrovskoie when war broke out in Europe. The Czarina and Anna Vyronbova did not forget their holy man.

These are the words in which the Empress wrote to the " Novy " on this occasion :—

" I am infinitely happy, my beloved master, to be able to inform you that ' Niky ' has realized the importance of your dear presence at Tsarskoye Selo. Come back quickly, as my poor heart suffers to know you are so far away, and I am lost if I cannot hold your hands in mine and find, in your eyes, the light of my soul.

" Do not let me wait an hour, as I have been terribly bored from the moment you left me. I hope, dearest Gricha, that this time our troubles are at an end ; and that we shall never be separated again. As for me, I shall thank God if He allows me to die with you and gain—in your company—the heavenly paradise for which you have so delightfully prepared me.

" I am not the only one wishing for your return. Anna is also dying of impatience. Take pity on two women who adore you and can no longer live without you.

" Give me, in your thoughts, your most ardent blessing in anticipation of being able to give it me in person, my whole being in touch with yours.

" Your daughter who cherishes you.

" A."

This document, which is published for the first time, and which I have tried to translate as faithfully as possible, is more like a letter from a loving friend than a communication from an Empress.

The letter that follows, which has been published in Russia, is still more curious :—

" I shall never be able to thank you sufficiently for all you have been and all you are to me, my dear Gricha. Is there a divine happiness greater than mine, when I rest my head on your shoulder and, in silence, appreciate the joy of being near you, touching you, forgetful of all my troubles ? I owe this happiness to you, and you know I am grateful.

" You must forgive me if I am not always perfect. It is so difficult to be really a good Christian in the true sense of the word. I have some very bad habits that are difficult to get rid of. You will help me, will you not ? Remember that you must never leave me, that I adore you, and that I have confidence in you alone.

" Be kind to Anna. You know she has many troubles. Ask Providence to let me see you soon. In the meantime, I embrace you, imploring your dear blessing.

" Your daughter,

" A."

And this short note, the copy of which was given to me by one of the Czar's former Ministers :—

" I have been awake all night. You were absent, and I was dead with grief. Come quickly, I want you more than the air I breathe. How can you be so hard to torture my poor heart ? You know I love nobody but you.

" Your daughter,

" A."

When we read these documents, which are indisputably authentic, must we believe, as it has frequently been insinuated in Russia, that Rasputin was something more than a spiritual director to Alexandra Feodorovna ?

It is a question on which every reader must form his own opinion.

Rasputin continued to lead a brilliant and profitable life. His influence at Court had never been greater. In the excitement of war the rather childish mysticism of the imperial couple had increased and the false monk obtained whatever he required.

He was living now somewhat simply in the Gorokhovaia, not far from the Winter Palace, which allowed him to be at the Empress's orders any hour of the day or night.

In his leisure moments he became interested in business. His study, where the rich presents showered upon him by Alexandra and Nicholas and the gifts of the generous and grateful followers of the new cult were untidily tossed here and there, was always crowded with visitors, army contractors, shady bankers, generals of little standing, all eager for honours and wealth, ready to pay dearly for the ex-carrier's protection.

His power at Court was supreme. The Czarina even decided that the venerable chief should have the spiritual care of the Princesses Olga, Tatiana, Anastasia, and of the Czarevitch Alexis, upon which their English governess immediately resigned, on the ground that their Majesties had lost their senses !

The Czar, too, was exceptionally amiable to him.

" Tell me, my dear fellow," he said to him on one occasion, " what favour would you like to ask of me. I swear it shall be granted immediately ! "

Rasputin was silent for a moment, and then answered, gravely :—

" I should like my friend Barnaby to be made Bishop of Tobolsk ! "

Two days later an official telegram from the Holy Synod appointed Barnaby, the ex-gendarme, to the episcopacy of the Siberian town.

It was about this time that we hear of the marvellous history of the pseudo-monk's two daughters. Mariska and Zenia were now about eighteen and seventeen years old. They were both dark, with magnificent black eyes like their father's. They carried themselves with a certain natural grace rarely seen in peasants from Pokrovskoie, for they had acquired a certain

THE CZAR GRANTS RASPUTIN'S REQUEST THAT HIS FRIEND BARNABY —AN EX-POLICEMAN—SHOULD BE MADE BISHOP OF TOBOLSK.

polish by coming in contact with the aristocratic ladies who approached their father for their spiritual cure. In this way they learned to play tennis, sing to their own accompaniment, and talk about fashions.

One of Rasputin's *protégés*, a priest of the name of Boris and a fervent believer in the chief, went about the populous districts of Petrograd making certain prophecies that had a great success.

One day Boris announced that the Virgin Mary had appeared to him and had said :—

"It is necessary for the salvation of Russia that the daughters of the man who has been given the spark of divine omnipotence, and who is already established in the position he merits, at the right hand of our little father Nicholas and his spouse, should marry. Their husbands will become the beloved sons of Providence and nothing will be refused unto them."

It is not difficult to gather from whom this celestial communication came. Rasputin received countless offers of marriage for his ghters. This would have occurred, no t, before the intervention of the Virgin if the existence of these young ladies had been known. But hitherto Gregory had not spoken about his family.

A general, two members of the Duma, several financiers, and a professor of the Moscow University were among the candidates for the honour of becoming Rasputin's sons-in-law.

But the ex-carrier was in no hurry. He no doubt considered that his daughters could aspire higher.

He lost no time in having them come to live with him. Anna Vyrobova undertook to introduce them into society, and when she took anything in hand Rasputin knew from his own experience that she was sure to succeed.

"They may perhaps marry a grand duke!" she told him.

And the pseudo-monk already pictured himself the father-in-law of a Romanoff!

An anecdote will illustrate the power which had been achieved by the village carrier.

One morning he went to the G.Q.G. and had himself introduced immediately to the General in chief, the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaievitch.

The Emperor's uncle had always shown the greatest antipathy to the charlatan. But he nevertheless received him.

"I have come to inform you of a communication that the Virgin made to me last night. She ordered me to come and tell you that she wished the war to end as soon as possible, and that if you did not do your utmost to bring about this result she would curse you and your descendants."

The Grand Duke Nicholas listened to him patiently. When he had finished he replied :—

"And to me, *moujik*, the Virgin appeared, telling me that a vile impostor would call on me to-day and that I should be well advised if I had him flogged and kicked out like a dog!"

Rasputin did not require the hint to be repeated, and went away.

But shortly afterwards the Grand Duke Nicholas received the news of his downfall and left for the Caucasus.

The pseudo-monk had had his revenge!

The Downfall.

There was nothing now to oppose his plans. He was the uncontested master of Russia! Nevertheless, the day of reckoning was near!

One night early in the winter of 1916 a number of people were making merry at Coutant's

Restaurant. The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, son of the Grand Duke Paul and first cousin of the Czar, was seated with Prince Youssoupoff at a table, with Staritchin and two other guests.

At another table, a little farther off, were Rasputin, Prince Andromikoff, Striapcheff—the pseudo-monk's faithful secretary—General Vokoutitch, and two or three minor stars.

Everybody was laughing and joking and talking at the top of their voices. Rasputin, more noisy than usual, was speaking disparagingly of the whole of Russia.

"I don't care a button for the grand dukes, nor the Ministers, nor the president of the Holy Synod, nor all the Alexieffs and Broussiloffs on earth!" he cried; "and when I do a dirty dancer like Karoli the honour——"

Vera Karoli was a well-known ballet-dancer who had repelled Rasputin's advances.

On hearing Rasputin's insulting reference to the lady, with whom he was acquainted, the Grand Duke rose and was about to throw himself on the monk. Luckily for Rasputin, some well-known people entered at this moment and caused a diversion.

Among them was Pourichkievitch, a member of the Duma, who hated Rasputin. He now approached the table where Rasputin was holding forth.

"Enjoy yourself, Gregory, have a good time," he sneered; "it won't be for long."

Taken by surprise, the monk nevertheless wished to impress the people around him.

"Yes, I *am* having a good time, and I advise you to do the same, as I imagine that yours will be even shorter than mine."

But Pourichkievitch continued looking the ex-carrier straight in the face.

"Don't stint yourself in pleasure and orgies, you vile innovator! Death is near, and a man will soon be found to rid Russia of your hideous presence."

PRINCE YOUSSOUPOFF, WHO SHOT RASPUTIN.
Photo Vandyk

Then the member, taking no further notice of his adversary, seated himself at the table close by. Rasputin ceased laughing. He was evidently disturbed.

He left with his followers. There were now only two tables occupied: the Grand Duke's and the member of the Duma's.

Then the Prince Youssoupoff, Count of Soumarck Elston, a young fellow about twenty-three, married to Princess Irene, daughter of the Grand Duchess Xenia, sister of Nicholas II., approached Pourichkievitch.

"I have listened to you with delight," he said, holding out his hand. "Allow me to thank you in all our names for what you said. You expressed the wish that a man would soon be found to suppress this repugnant person. With your consent I will be that man!"

The Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch joined in:—

"And I will help you to my utmost. We have borne with this *moujik* long enough. Let us swear, for the dignity and the glory of Russia and the empire, to do away with Rasputin!"

And in the big dining hall of the restaurant, where by chance they were now entirely alone, the fateful oath was taken.

The Death of Rasputin.

On December 15th, 1916, Russian style, about ten o'clock on Friday night, in a pretty little house belonging to Prince Youssoupoff, there were three men and a woman in the drawing-room on the first floor—the Prince himself, the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch, Pourichkievitch, and Karoli, the dancer.

The house stands in the midst of a large garden, and the principal entrance is in the Moskaia. But there is a special door opening on the Offizerskaia, reserved for private visits and the servants, near the little pavilion where the Youssoupoff family dispose of their celebrated

Crimean wine. Rasputin was to enter by this door, to keep an appointment with the Prince, who had introduced himself to the monk as a proselyte of his cult.

Rasputin arrived, and was admitted by Prince Youssoupoff, as the servants, he explained, were all away.

Rasputin removed his goloshes in the hall.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked his host.

"To the dining-room. We shall be less disturbed there," answered the Prince. "And I have had a few bottles of wine brought up to help us pass the time."

THE GRAND DUKE DIMITRI PAVLOVITCH.
IT WAS IN HIS CAR THAT RASPUTIN'S BODY WAS TAKEN TO THE NEVA.
Photo. Stanley.

There were three steps leading to the dining-room on the ground floor. Two bottles of red wine were on the table. One, decantered, contained a strong dose of poison. Youssoupoff took up one of the bottles—the inoffensive one, of course—poured out a glassful, and drank it off. Rasputin took up the poisoned bottle and helped himself.

His host, facing him, looked on pale and breathless. Had the last moment come for this man who had lived such a life of infamy? Apparently not! Rasputin continued to drink without feeling the slightest inconvenience from the poison.

Youssoupoff became terrified. He was seized with the mystic feeling that is in every Slav. Was it not supernatural that a man could absorb a poison without effect? Was he really protected by the Lord?

Making some excuse, the Prince left his guest and rushed up to the drawing-room. "He won't die!" he said, in an anxious whisper.

"You are joking," said one of the conspirators. "Take this revolver and use it; you will see if Rasputin is as impervious to bullets as to poison!"

Youssoupoff took the revolver in his left hand, hid it behind his back, went downstairs, opened the dining-room door with his right hand, and perceived the monk in an agitated condition, his face covered with perspiration, walking up and down the room, groaning and hiccoughing terribly.

The Prince passed the revolver to his right hand, pointed the weapon at the man's heart, and fired twice.

Rasputin fell like a stone. The Prince hastened to inform his friends. The Grand Duke Dimitri offered to go home—he lived quite near—to fetch his car and take the body to the Neva, where the conspirators had arranged to throw it into the water. He had already gone, when suddenly a heavy step was heard on the ground floor.

"Who is there?" cried Pourichkievitch.

He bent over the banisters. There, in the vestibule, he saw a horrible sight. Covered with blood, as white as a ghost, the monk had mounted the three stairs, had put on his goloshes, and managed to open the street door and get into the garden.

Pourichkievitch pulled out his revolver and followed, while Youssoupoff took an enormous club that hung on the wall. Rasputin hurried as fast as his strength allowed him towards the door that leads to the Offizerskaia. Every step he took was marked by drops of blood on the snow.

He was nearing the door when Pourichkievitch fired three shots, and he fell once more. Youssoupoff struck him on the head with his club.

Just then the Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovitch returned with his car.

They placed the body in the car and drove at full speed toward the Petrovsky bridge. At two o'clock in the morning the car stopped between the second and third arch. Rasputin's body was dragged out by the legs and shoulders and rested against the balustrade. But to their horror they found that the monk was still alive. With his right hand he grasped the epaulette of one of his assailants, and had strength enough to tear it off. It was a final effort. One last push, and the body dashed against the pillar, rebounded, fell on a block of ice in the Neva, toppled over, and was lost in the tide.

Justice was done! Rasputin was dead!

Such was the end of the illiterate peasant who had made himself master of a mighty empire, and who shook in his fall one of the most powerful thrones in the world.

"THE PRINCE PASSED THE REVOLVER TO HIS RIGHT HAND, POINTED THE WEAPON AT RASPUTIN'S HEART, AND FIRED TWICE."

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by Arthur Garrett.

No. 4.

THE WIN-AND-LOSE PROBLEM.

AT the forty-sixth meeting of the Problem Club, the waiters having left the room, Mr. Matthews, smiling and rubicund, took his place as chairman. He finished his glass of an old and veritable Cognac, lit with care and a cedar-wood spill a cigar that can only be obtained by the favour of the planter, and read out the terms of the Win-and-Lose Problem :—

"It is required to win an even bet of one pound, resulting in a net loss of one pound to the winner; and to lose an even bet of one pound resulting in a net gain of one pound to the loser. No competitor is to make more than two bets."

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Matthews, "I'm supposed to make one or two preliminary observations. Now here's a thing that strikes me. You may remember that when we tackled the Kiss Problem, our reverend friend Mr. Cunliffe said that it revealed the artful Leonard as an apostle of morality. Of course, the padre took the jack-pot on that occasion, and so he may have been prejudiced, but it looks to me now as if he may have been right. See for yourselves. You've got to win a bet and lose money by it, and then you've got to lose a bet and make money by it, and at the end of it you're left just where you were when you started. There's not much deadly fascination and excitement about that—why, it's enough to make you lose your taste for gambling.

"Yes, and there's one more point. I noticed a good deal of preoccupation at dinner to-night. Very few of you seemed to be putting your heart into the work, and I believe I was the only man who had the *vol-au-vent* brought back to him for further reference. Great mistake that of yours. Some of you tried to work out sums on the back of your menus. I detected Major Byles, with corrugated brows, in the act of making pencil calculations on the tablecloth. Yes, there's not a doubt that Leonard has given you a worrying time, and some of you were wrestling with it right up to the last moment. It won't surprise me if there's not a winner among the whole lot of you. However, we'll begin with a likely chance. You, Sir Charles, have got a reputation as a learned man; can I ask the secretary to draw a cheque in your favour?"

"I'd be sorry to stop you," said Sir Charles, "but I'm afraid I can't claim it. Archæology don't help with arithmetic. As an eminent classical scholar once observed, I've not got the low cunning that makes a mathematician. The only thing I could think of was to insure the chances of each bet appropriately, but it seemed to me that you would regard such insurance as being in itself a bet."

"I certainly should. You don't change a thing by changing its name. You are limited to the two bets, and I shall not allow four even if you call two of them insurance. Come now, Jimmy, have you profited sufficiently by your racing experiences to have won the prize to-night?"

"Profited by my racing experiences?" said the Hon. James Feldane, wearily. "If you'd go and talk to the bank that has charge of my overdraft you wouldn't use words like those. But backing horses, though it's a mug's game, is at any rate easy. There are too many complications in Leonard's fancy-work for a simple child of Nature like myself. I can't engineer a two-cylinder gamble with a double back-jump actuated

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by the cam-shaft. The only man I know who could face it without mental overstrain is my bookmaker. He's a wonder. He'd give you fifteen different ways of perforating this problem inside a minute. No juggle with figures can beat him. I don't know if you'd call it a talent or a disease, but I've not got it. As a competitor I've failed, but I don't mind admitting that I've made a little actual money out of the competition." Jimmy smiled reminiscently.

"May we have the details?" asked the chairman.

"I'd sooner you got them from Hesseltine."

The chairman called upon Mr. Hesseltine.

"I don't wonder," said that young man, "that Jimmy don't like to tell you. If I'd stolen money from a crossing-sweeper in St. James's Street I shouldn't be proud of it myself. The silly ass thinks he's scored off me, but as I was out to lose a quid anyhow——"

"May we have the actual facts?" suggested the chairman.

"Certainly. I was thinking about this problem and I got a sudden brain-wave. I saw how to do the first half—to win a bet of a pound that would leave me one pound down when I'd won it. Well, I happened to be going up St. James's Street with Jimmy later that morning, and by way of leading up to it I asked him what he generally gave to a street-beggar. 'Nix,' he said. 'What do you?' So I told him that I generally gave a sovereign. He told me in his coarse sort of way that he didn't believe it. That was what I had expected. 'All right,' I said, 'I'll bet you a pound that I give two golden sovereigns to the next beggar or crossing-sweeper I come across.' He thought about it and then said: 'I'll take that, and to guard against accidents I'll be the next beggar. Give me a little assistance, kind sir?'

"I'LL TAKE THAT, AND TO GUARD AGAINST ACCIDENTS I'LL BE THE NEXT BEGGAR. GIVE ME A LITTLE ASSISTANCE, KIND SIR?"

"Of course, in that way he put himself on velvet. Whether I decided to win my bet or to lose it, Jimmy had to make one sovereign out of me. Didn't affect me at all, for according to Leonard I'd got to win my bet and lose a pound by it, which I did. The only person hit was the crossing-sweeper up the street, who would otherwise have made two quid. Of course, what I ought to have done was to have handed Jimmy over to the police for begging—wish I'd thought of it.

"Well, I negotiated the first half of the problem, but the second half beat me. I'm inclined to think the sting of the beast is in its tail. It takes two people to make a bet. I'm not a poet or any sort of imaginative chap, but I could think of a bet which for a dead certainty it would pay me to lose. I couldn't think of anybody, even including that rotter Jimmy, who would be fool enough to take it. You must try somebody else, Mr. Chairman."

"Major Byles?" the chairman suggested.

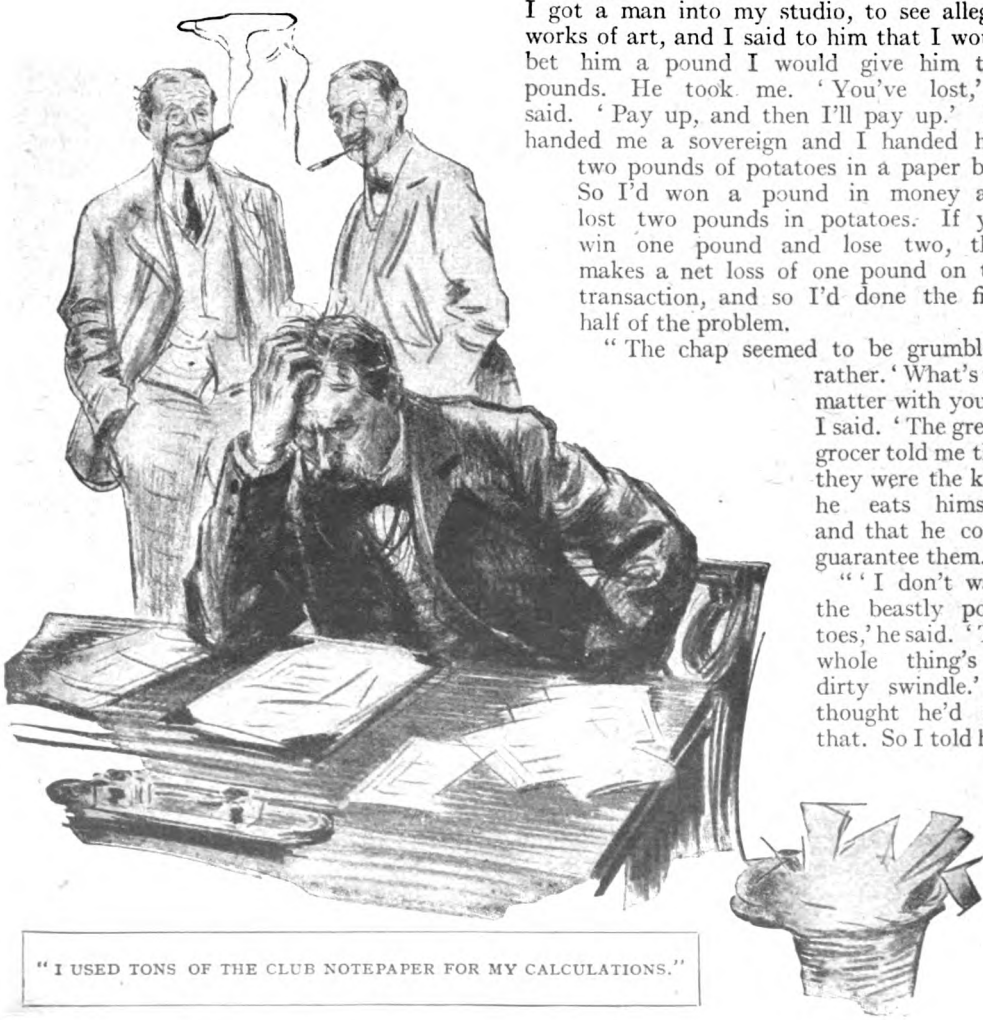
"As a head-waiter," said the Major, "I've got nothing against Leonard. As a setter of problems he's given general satisfaction, but this time I should like to back my bill to the effect that he has mixed up too much arithmetic with the sport. I've spent a month on this win-and-lose business, all the time with the feeling that a boy fresh from school would work out the whole thing on the back of an envelope in ten minutes, and I've done nothing. I spent the first fortnight at home, and at the end of it I had contracted insomnia, headache, and what you might call pardonable irritability. At the end of that time my wife said that of course she had noticed the change, and that I seemed to be doing sums all day, and that if we were ruined I had better say so and she would face it bravely. I reassured her and came to town on important business. I used tons of the club notepaper for my calculations, put an undue strain on the club wastepaper-baskets, quarrelled with two of my best friends, was sarcastic in addressing club servants, and am expecting a letter from the committee to ask for my resignation. The amazing thing is that all the time I have been on the very point of getting the solution. In my opinion it's the most horribly worrying thing that Leonard has ever given us."

"Well," said the chairman, "artists are not generally supposed to be particularly strong at arithmetic, but I'll ask Mr. Wildersley what he's done about it."

"Can't say I agree with the Major," said Wildersley. "I call it a jolly easy problem, and I claim to be a winner. It didn't take me any time to think of it, either. I got a man into my studio, to see alleged works of art, and I said to him that I would bet him a pound I would give him two pounds. He took me. 'You've lost,' I said. 'Pay up, and then I'll pay up.' He handed me a sovereign and I handed him two pounds of potatoes in a paper bag. So I'd won a pound in money and lost two pounds in potatoes. If you win one pound and lose two, that makes a net loss of one pound on the transaction, and so I'd done the first half of the problem.

"The chap seemed to be grumbling rather. 'What's the matter with you?' I said. 'The greengrocer told me that they were the kind he eats himself, and that he could guarantee them.'

"'I don't want the beastly potatoes,' he said. 'The whole thing's a dirty swindle.' I thought he'd say that. So I told him



"I USED TONS OF THE CLUB NOTEPAPER FOR MY CALCULATIONS."

that it was no swindle and I would be quite willing to take the same bet myself. He jumped at it, but to make sure he said he would bet me a sovereign he would give me two pounds. I took him, lost, paid the sovereign, and got back my two pounds of potatoes. That finished the second half of the problem. I'd lost a bet of one pound, and had made two pounds, giving a net gain of one pound. Naturally, he wanted to know what I had done it for, and I said it was to stop him from trying to talk about art—the chap's a critic."

"'I DON'T WANT THE BEASTLY POTATOES,' HE SAID. 'THE WHOLE THING'S A DIRTY SWINDLE.'"

Mr. Matthews took two minutes and a brandy-and-soda before giving his decision as follows: —

"Ingenious, but it won't do. Mr. Wildersley professes to have subtracted money to the value of a sovereign from two pounds by weight of potatoes, and to have got a result of one pound. Of what did that pound consist? Even after dinner we can't have mental confusion of this kind. The claim is disallowed."

Mr. Harding Pope, M.P., made an uninteresting confession of failure, and the chairman then called upon Mr. Quillian, K.C., who was acting as secretary for the evening.

Mr. Quillian removed his pince-nez and glanced round the room with that look of amiable superiority that some people found irritating.

"I claim to have won this fairly simple competition," he said. "Of course, it has a psychological as well as an arithmetical side; the bets have to be actually made and not merely worked out on paper. I made my plan one afternoon, and then went over to my club to see if I could find my friend Blenkinsop. He is generally at the club at that hour, and I felt sure that he would accept the two bets that I had to propose.

"Well, as it happened, Blenkinsop was not at the club, but I found Mr. Pusely-Smythe alone in the smaller reading-room. I've had to submit to a good deal of chaff —not particularly amusing—from Pusely-Smythe, and by way of return it seemed appropriate that he should help me to win our one hundred and ten pound prize. Also, if he will forgive me for saying so, he has just the commonplace shrewdness that I required in my victim.

"After a little preliminary conversation, I produced my sovereign-case. I told him that there was a certain sum of money in gold in that case, and that I was willing to bet him a sovereign I would make him a present of it. He said, as I knew he would, that this meant that the sum of money in the case was half a sovereign, and that in consequence he would lose ten shillings on the transaction if he took the bet.

"'Yes,' I said, 'there is that possibility, but I am willing to protect you against it by a second bet. We will agree that the loser by the first transaction shall have the option to give the other man double what he has lost for double the sum now in my sovereign-case. And I will bet you a sovereign that he will not exercise that option. You see how it works out. If the sum in my sovereign-case is half a sovereign, as you suppose, you will lose ten shillings on the

first transaction, but you will win a sovereign on the second transaction by exercising an option to exchange twenty shillings for twenty shillings.'

"Without taking the time to think, he accepted both bets. I then opened my sovereign-case and showed him that it contained two pounds. I gave them to him, and as by so doing I had won my bet he gave me one of them back again. Kindly observe that I had now solved the first part of Leonard's problem. I had won an even bet of one pound the net result of which was that I had lost a pound. Having made myself the loser on the first transaction, I now had the option to exchange twice my loss against twice the sum that had been in the sovereign-case—that is, to exchange two pounds for four pounds. I had bet that the loser would not exercise this option. I lost the bet and exercised the option. Thus, I lost an even bet of one pound with the net result that I made one pound. This settles the second half of the problem. I await, sir, with confidence, your decision in my favour."

Mr. Matthews referred once more to the terms of the problem. "Yes," he said, "it seems to me that you have met all Leonard's requirements. Very smart bit of work, in my opinion. You take the club cheque for one hundred and ten pounds, unless, of course, some claim to share it with you is substantiated. Is there any such claim?"

"Naturally, there's mine," said Pusely-Smythe, with his deceptive air of melancholy.

"Yours? How did you do it?"

"My learned friend has just been telling you. I was going away for a brief and well-earned holiday, and I had decided to give the competition a miss this time. As I was sitting in the club, studying a guide-book, in came Quillian looking like a thimble-rigger who has just set up his little plush-covered table. He offered me his first bet. I put it aside. He offered the second, and he says I didn't take time to think. Thought with me does not take the prolonged period of gestation that it does in the case of the nobler animals, such as K.C.'s. I thought two thoughts. The first was that Quillian was out after this competition. The second was that when two men gamble together what one wins the other loses and *vice versa*. That was enough. I took him. He won the first bet but lost a pound by it. It follows that I lost the first bet but won a pound by it. Similarly, when he lost the bet but won a pound I won the bet and lost a pound. It's all very simple and elementary. I hope he's going to make a victim of me again soon. This time without any effort on my part he has shoved fifty-five pounds at me. I've only had to take it. And I don't care whether it was benevolence or mental short-sightedness—I'm going to thank him just the same."

"The claim's allowed, of course," said the chairman. "The thing that makes me mad is that I didn't see it myself until you pointed it out. It's obvious. It simply shrieks at you. My mind must be going."

"The menu that you devised for our dinner to-night, sir," said Pusely-Smythe, "was sufficient proof of the contrary. Those that study the recondite must sometimes find the obvious out of their focus."

"Thank you," said Mr. Matthews. "I'll learn the last sentence by heart—it'll make a ripping excuse next time I do a dam' silly thing."

Cheques were drawn for Quillian and Pusely-Smythe, and the chairman then opened the envelope containing the problem that Leonard had set for the following month. It was entitled "The Handkerchief Problem," and on the face of it scarcely supported the theory that the ingenious Leonard was a Great Moral Teacher. The Hon. James Feldane was reminded that it would be his duty to preside on the next occasion and to adjudicate on this problem, which was as follows: "It is required to steal as many handkerchiefs as possible from a member or members of the Problem Club. Violence may not be used and thefts detected in the act will not score. Restitution will be made of the stolen handkerchiefs within twenty-four hours of the adjudication, but felonious intent is to be presumed in every case."

"Rotten luck," said Feldane, to his friend, Hesseltine. "I should have enjoyed working on this problem. It appeals to my natural instincts. I should probably have won it. and in that case might have given one or two of them something on account. And so this has to be the occasion when I'm shut out of the competition and have to act as chairman."

"Yes," said Hesseltine. "Nobody's so sure of himself as the non-starter."

What the War Has Done to Me.

By HARRY LAUDER.

HARRY LAUDER.
Photo by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

For years Harry Lauder has been going up and down the world singing his marvellous songs and spinning yarns that made us forget our troubles. Into the life of this remarkable man there has come a terrible experience—the loss of his only son in the Great War. We thought that you would like Harry Lauder himself to tell you the story of what he has been through, what the war means to him—and how he is facing the future. Here it is—nakedly pathetic, yet curiously inspiring. His story is an unforgetable human document.

FROM the state of glorious, proud parenthood to the utter loneliness of one without a son, have I come in the last two years. And the things I have seen and the things I have heard and the things I have personally had to bear during that period have been almost too much for the strength of any one man, and I firmly believe that were it not for the simple fact that during my hours of greatest agony and trial I have clung to my God and to my strong faith in a future life, I should not have been able to survive.

Because I have been before the public for thirty-five years, I suppose that people think I am an old man. But I am only forty-seven. At that age, a man should feel as though he were coming into the fullness of his powers, as if, for the first time, he was ready to use his experience, his brains, and his ability to push farther on, to make new conquests, and to form new ambitions.

But to accomplish anything of worth in this world, one must have an incentive of some sort, and the reason that the future seems dreary and desolate and filled with blackness for me is because I have lost my incentive. When the Germans killed my only son, Captain John Lauder, on the 28th of December, 1915, they killed every spark of ambition, every hope for the future that was burning within my breast. It was for my boy, my son John, that I had worked, travelling thousands and thousands of miles around the world, playing almost continuously, with very little rest between seasons.

My son John was more to me than anything else in the wide world. From the day he was born until the day of his death, he was my one pride and my one joy. He was always with us on our travels, no matter where we went, and between the *matinée* and evening performances I would rush back from the theatre to the hotel room to watch my wife, with jealous eye, tuck him into his bed, and to get his good-night kiss and feel his warm arms around my neck. That nightly process of putting John to bed was almost a sacred event.

And as he grew up, I spent my happiest moments with him. He was tremendously proud of my ability to cheer people up and make them laugh, and he always used to tell me I was doing a great work, and that I should feel the equal of the highest peer in the land. And he would talk to me of many things, confiding in me as man to man, and asking my advice about things which few sons have the courage to discuss with their fathers. We were more like two friends than like father and son, and to have spared his life I would gladly have taken his place on the battle-field.

When he graduated from Cambridge he told me he wanted to be a barrister. Although I know he could have made a success of stage work, because he had a fine, sweet voice, I

was just as glad when he did not choose to follow in my footsteps.

While he was at Cambridge, my wife and I, of course, were travelling most of the time, and had to content ourselves with his letters, which came very often. And how we would pore over those letters, reading them again and again until either one of us could have recited them by heart. And at night we would talk of him, and what he was doing, and how he was to be our comfort in our old age.

And then, just shortly after he had joined us for a few weeks in Australia in the summer of 1914, the fire that is burning in the world broke loose, and he left us to help quench the flame. He had been training for some time in the reserve forces, and so the English War Office cabled him to our address in Australia. There were just two words in the message, and they were :—

"Mobilize—return."

And the next day he bade us farewell and sailed for England, to return to us for only two short visits before God called upon him to give his life for his country. And so . . . he is gone, gone from our side for ever, as far as this life is concerned.

Where once my life was filled and crammed and made joyous by the thought and presence of my boy, it is now empty and void. Where once I could say to myself that I was going through the strain of so many performances a week, so many weeks in the year, because I wished to make my boy's future secure, I now can no longer have that consolation. Where once my work was a joy and a pleasure, because there was something to spur me on, it is now practically tasteless and flat. And at times black despair settles down upon me, and I am unable to see what life holds for me in the future. I am unable to see any use in going on.

It was on New Year's Day of 1916 that the news came to us of John's death at the Front. I was lying in bed at my home in London, resting for my performance in the theatre that afternoon, when all at once I heard a terrible cry from the front of the house. I was stunned for a moment, and then my head began to swim because of the awful fear that clutched at my heart.

"No, no, no!" I cried to myself, propping myself up in bed. "God couldn't be so cruel. He simply couldn't take my boy."

But when I saw my wife's face, I knew . . . She was standing in the doorway, her agony reflected in her eyes, holding out the telegram to me. Somehow, she crossed to my bed, and sobbing her heart out as she gave me the printed message, she rested her head against mine and cried out her woe and her pain, while with eyes blinded with tears and a heart suddenly struck numb, I read the fateful telegram which informed us that Captain John Lauder, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, had been killed in action on the 28th of December, 1915.

"What are we going to do now?" I cried to my wife, after a moment. "What are we going to do now?"

For days I burned my brain with sickening, despairing thoughts, and asked of what use, indeed, were all my labours, all my toil during all these years. At times, the raging agony at the realization of my loss was almost too much. At times, too, during those first days, I almost questioned the justice and wisdom of a God who would allow such a thing to happen.

And then, one day, it suddenly came to me, as if in a revelation, that I had not made use of something in which I had always believed. All this time, while I had been raging against the cruel fates which had taken my son, there had been comfort and peace in store for me, and I had not known it. And that comfort and peace lay in my belief in God, and a future life beyond this earthly sphere.

While the pain and grief had been blinding my eyes, God had been waiting patiently for the first sharp agony to pass away, and when it did He gently lifted the veil from my eyes and showed me the promised land beyond. I mean that suddenly I realized that I had not seen the last of John, and that we were sure to meet in another world.

Oh, that I could convey to you the healing balm that that thought was to my soul! I would that I could picture to you the joy of the thought that I was to see my John again at some future date, just as if he had simply gone on a long journey, and was waiting for his mother and me to come to him. And I brought his image before me, and imagined him holding out his arms to his mother and myself to fold us within his loving embrace, and in the joy created by that picture I was able to assuage some of my pain and distress and return to an almost normal state of mind.

And that is what every father and mother who loses a son must do—have strong, unbreakable faith in the future life, in the world beyond, where you will see your son once again. Do not give way to grief as I did. Instead, keep your gaze and your faith firmly

fixed on the world beyond, and regard your boy's absence as though he were but on a long journey. By keeping your faith you will help to win this war. For if you lose it, the war and your own personal self—are lost.

Do not think that I am bitter that my son was called by God to make the supreme sacrifice. Killed in any other manner, in times of peace, I think my life would have soured, and I should have become embittered against the world, but dying as John Lauder did, I can only say that, even with the knowledge of what pain his death has cost me, I would send him to France again to risk his life anew were it possible to-day to resurrect him from the ground. Because, since his death, I have been to France, and I have seen the bleeding lily, and have come to realize more than ever that John Lauder's life was not given in vain, or uselessly.

HARRY LAUDER'S SON,
THE LATE CAPTAIN JOHN LAUDER.
Photo. by Swaine.

For, unless you have been to France, you cannot realize what is happening to that gentle country. I was riding in a motor-car one day on what seemed to be a country road. There was nothing but torn-up fields to be seen, and the road itself was wrecked with shells and filled with rocks and bits of wood. Then suddenly our car happened to hit some obstruction, and gazing over the side of the machine I saw what seemed to me to be a kerbstone sticking up from beneath a pile of rubbish.

I called an officer's attention to this, and glancing carelessly over the side of the car, he said :—

"Yes, that's about all that is left of the town of X——. It was here about two months ago, but the Huns cleaned out the town and the three thousand inhabitants, and they made a damn' thorough job of it."

My blood froze as he spoke, for upon gazing around me I could not even visualize the outlines of a town. There was not a ruin to be seen, not a wrecked house or church in sight. It was as if the place had never existed, for the people, homes, churches—everything—had been completely destroyed by shell-fire. That is what the Germans do to a town they bombard or pass through when on a retreat.

I spent many days in the trenches, in the rest camps, the hospitals, and in the surrounding towns, and the most definite impression I carried away was one concerning the spiritual atmosphere which surrounds the French and English soldiers in France. I talked with some of the men for hours at a time about their experiences in battle, about their thoughts of home, about their feeling toward the enemy, but the one thing I came away with, above all other impressions, was the conviction that every single one of these men, no matter what manner of lives they had lived before, now possesses a calm, clear conviction that if they fall in the thick of the fight, they will pass into the life beyond.

"That's why we take such chances," one man told me simply. "Do you think for a moment that if we thought that life held nothing for us than the earthly body we possess, we would fight with such a confidence and eagerness? We should not be able to, because we should be doing everything in our power to preserve this life of ours. But seeing men die as I have seen them, I know better than to disbelieve in a future life. And because we have no fear of death, every one of us flings himself over the bags and on to the Huns with a fierce, almost savage joy."

In the days before the war, young English and French men were leading gay, careless lives, with hardly a thought for the morrow or for such shadowy things as death or a future life. "Let us live and be merry!" was the cry then, but now it is all different. Because when men know that at any moment a shell may explode in their midst and blow

them to shreds, or that an order may come during the night for certain regiments to make ready to go over the top at dawn, their thoughts are mostly on their God and on their life to come. And because they are all thinking of the same thing, a spiritual silence seems to come among them. The men go off by themselves and write their wills, to be delivered at home in case they do not come back, and all through the night you see silent, yet calm and peaceful, faces in the dug-outs, and, somehow, the religious atmosphere makes a definite impression upon you. So much so that one night an officer said to me, very quietly :—

"When I see the men this way, I sometimes wonder if this war was not brought about by God as the only means of making the world think of Him and His laws more often!"

I heard and saw many examples of the fiendishness of the Germans, but there are only two incidents which I care to tell about in this article. And the first one is about sixty Highlanders of the gallant Black Watch regiment.

These sixty men were captured by the Germans one night. They neither expected mercy nor wanted it, but, to their great surprise, instead of killing them at once the Germans harshly ordered them to strip every bit of clothes from their bodies. Then they left them, all night, shivering and naked, up to their waists in mud in one of the trenches.

Toward morning, an officer approached the Highlanders and told them that they might go back to their own trenches. The men could not believe the words they heard, but, overjoyed at their unexpected liberty, they started forth across No Man's Land, telling one another that they must have misjudged these Germans, after all.

But they hadn't. For, when the Highlanders were fifty yards out on No Man's Land, they heard the Germans laughing and jeering, and the next second a machine gun whined viciously and sprayed these sixty Highlanders, mowing them down instantly, to the great enjoyment of the Huns in the trenches.

Only one man was not killed outright, and when he was brought in by an ambulance man he told the officers what had happened.

The Huns do not know of such a word as mercy. In one of our hospitals, I found a poor fellow who had one eye and half his face blown away. When he talked, his mouth was so hideous it was difficult to look upon him. It was sickening to gaze at that poor creature.

Yet, when I asked him how he had received his injuries, he tried to smile as he told me the story.

"It was a fountain-pen that did for me," he said. "I was one of the first to reach a trench that the Huns had just vacated, and looking down on the floor of the dug out I happened to see a fountain-pen. Thinking to write to my wife and children with it, I stuck it in my pocket. A few days later, having a minute's time, I pulled it out and unscrewed the cap . . . and when I woke up I was as you see me now. It was filled with dynamite, that fountain-pen, and was just another trick of the Huns to wound and cripple our men. But I'm mighty glad, sir, that they were fooled in one respect, at least. They probably expected to bag half-a-dozen of our boys, but all they got . . . was just me."

Crippled beyond description, suffering the agonies of the damned, his one consoling thought was "all they got was just me!"

And now I go on, doing my day's work as best I can, because I know that I must go on, that I cannot stop until my God calls me to come to my boy. And I try to be cheerful, too; but when your heart and your thoughts are with those boys in France, and specially on a lonely grave in No Man's Land where lies John Lauder, killed in action one winter day while storming the trenches of the Hun, it is hard to be cheerful.

It is so hard, indeed, that I thank my God daily that I have my two comforts always with me. And those comforts are God and my wife.

My God, of course, has always been with me, and has helped me in my hour of trial, but so has my wonderful, wonderful wife. And although I have always appreciated her qualities and always been happy with her, I do not know what would become of me if I did not have her now as my companion, as my consolation in the dark hours of the night when sometimes I just can't help but despair at the thought of my John. But with God and my wife to help me, I know I shall somehow overcome the deadly effects of the great blow. And without them I know I would have been lost in those first dark, hopeless days.

And so, because I have been through much, and have suffered as I have never suffered before, I want to offer up this prayer for every father and mother who sends his or her boy to the Front. And that prayer is :—

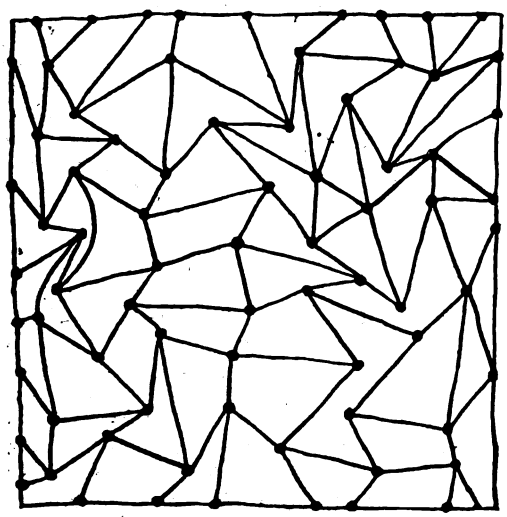
"May your boy come back to you alive and well!"

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

396.—THE SUBMARINE NET.

AT one period of the war our nets were so effective in snaring submarines that the enemy was driven to devise methods for dealing with them. I understand that he has now fitted his boats with apparatus for cutting through these nets; but whether shears or other appliances are used, or whether the working is



automatic or not, I have not the slightest idea. I confess a complete ignorance concerning the matter. But while considering it the idea occurs to make a little puzzle in net-cutting. The illustration is supposed to represent a portion of a long submarine net, and the puzzle is to make as few cuts as possible, from top to bottom, to divide the net into two parts, and so make an opening for a submarine to pass through. Where would you make the cuts? No cuts can be made through the knots. Only remember the cuts must be made from the top line to the bottom.

397.—THE LADDER.

SOMEWHERE in France a private was sent to a certain place to ascertain the length of a ladder that was fixed on end against the high wall of a building. He unfastened the ladder, pulled it out four yards at the bottom, and climbed it, measuring as he went. Curiosity then led him, for some extraordinary reason, to measure the distance that the ladder had descended at the top in consequence of its being pulled out at the bottom. While doing so he unfortunately lost his balance and fell, luckily landing on a heap of straw. He returned considerably shaken, but with no serious injury.

"I am glad you did not break your neck," said the officer. "But how long is the ladder?"

"The shock has quite driven it out of my mind," replied the man; "but I do happen to remember that the distance the top of the ladder had descended was just a fifth of the length of the ladder."

"That's all I need," the officer told him, with a smile, "since you have said how far you pulled the ladder out." And after making a brief calculation he gave the required length.

"You are quite right, sir," said the private. "It comes back to me now that you mention the figures."

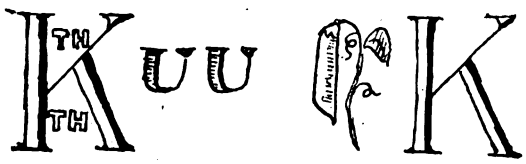
Now, what was the exact length of that ladder?

398.—THE QUARRELSOME OFFSPRING.

A YORKSHIREMAN married a widow, and they each already had children. Ten years later there was a pitched battle in which the present family of twelve children were violently engaged. The mother came running to the father, crying: "Come at once! Your children and my children are fighting our children!" As the parents now had each nine children of their own, how many were born during those ten years?

399.—A REBUS.

THIS is a little picture-rebus containing a homely maxim. It will probably not take the reader long to discover it.



Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

392.—THE "PILL-BOXES."

MOVE the men in the following order: 6—G, 2—B, 1—E, 3—H, 4—I, 3—L, 6—K, 4—G, 1—I, 2—J, 5—H, 4—A, 7—F, 8—E, 4—D, 8—C, 7—A, 8—G, 5—C, 2—B, 1—E, 8—I, 1—G, 2—J, 7—H, 1—A, 7—G, 2—B, 6—E, 3—H, 8—I, 3—I, 7—K, 3—G, 6—I, 2—J, 5—H, 3—C, 5—G, 2—B, 6—E, 5—I, 6—J. Of course, "6—G" means that the man numbered 6 moves to the box G. There are other ways in forty-three moves, but I do not think the number of moves can be reduced.

393.—A DIGITAL PUZZLE.

THE number 9 4 8 5 7 3 1 2 multiplied by 6 gives the product 5 6 9 1 4 3 8 7 2, the nine digits being used once, and once only, in each case.

394.—LARGE WORD SQUARES.

P A L A T E D
A N E M O N E
L E V A N T S
A M A S S E S
T O N S U R E
E N T E R E R
D E S S E R T

The verb "palate": to perceive by the taste, to relish, has the authority of Shakespeare. "Not palating the taste of her dishonour" ("Troilus and Cressida," Act IV., sc. 1; also "Antony and Cleopatra," Act V., sc. 2, seventh line). To "levant" is, of course, to abscond dishonourably.

395.—A PRETTY END-GAME.

1. R to Q Kt 7, ch.; K to B sq. (*a*). 2. R to Q Kt 5; P queens. 3. R to Q B 5, ch.; Q takes R, and White is stalemated. (*a*) If Black refuses to go to B sq., the game is drawn by perpetual check.

Did She Do Right?

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

What is the answer of our readers—especially of our lady readers—to the question of this title?

I.

"IT'S the end of her!"

"Can't she get better?"

"Impossible!"

"Will Trefusis stick to her?"

"How can I tell you? But in his position—wanting a wife who can play hostess—can you blame him if he breaks!"

The two men who held this conversation sat in large lounge-chairs in a little garden on the North Cornwall coast. Both were actors: the elder, Turnham Green—who owned the bungalow—was famous in two hemispheres; the younger—Claude Pelham—was perhaps a year or two over thirty—one of the most rising *jeunes premiers* of the day. They were to play together in a piece which was to be produced in October; and, their parts being interdependent, the elder had asked the younger down to stay. Pelham—who was perhaps too worldly fully to appreciate the country—had come the less reluctantly in that there was agreeable society at remote Polsurrow which had been discovered—and made relatively fashionable—by a famous theatrical pair. The bungalow—with some other houses—was on the base of a famous headland and looked sheer across to America; below it—two hundred feet above the Atlantic—ran a wide white gravel road.

On this road the subject of their talk was walking at this moment; a woman of great distinction—tall and fair and somewhat slender of figure, with a Siddons-like carriage and face. Two men were with her—one was probably seventy, with a massive head which seemed immense upon a frail and somewhat shrunken body; the other was much younger, but in his way no less distinguished than his companions—dark, with a grave, yet not heavy, expression and a beautifully-chiselled nose.

The woman had her arm within the younger man's. She did not stoop or weigh on him. But it was plain to all Polsurrow—who knew her story—that she could not walk alone.

She was blind: That was why Turnham Green, in the lounge-chair before his bungalow, had said that it was "the end of her"; he meant that the extinguisher had been set, finally, on a meteoric career. Kathleen Rosewarne was certainly the finest emotional actress of her generation, if not of her day.

She had begun almost as a schoolgirl; her superb physique, her rich voice, her dramatic sense, a lucky *début*, and, above all, that supreme intensity which is genius, had thrust her into the front rank of Shakespearean comedy actresses before she was twenty-one. Success, which destroys so many, seemed only to increase her qualities; modern dramatists had hurried to create parts for her: disdainful of long runs, she had relinquished *rôle* upon *rôle* to understudies, had abandoned comedy, had embraced tragedy, and at twenty-nine had run the gamut of every emotion presentable upon the stage. She had worked indefatigably; so indefatigably that a cynical critic had said that she had been so busy simulating hate and love and jealousy that she had never known any of them, and was all fire externally yet Arctic ice within. Then, suddenly, on the eve of her thirtieth birthday, it was announced that she was leaving the boards.

She had become engaged to Sir Charles Trefusis, one of the most brilliant of young Englishmen, a man of thirty-seven who, after a distinguished career at Balliol, had entered politics, had become an Under-Secretary, and was certain of a Ministry and a seat in the Cabinet when next his party held power. They had met quite casually at Mürren. Superficially, they should have had little in common. But a kindred intensity had allied them, like the fusing of white-hot flames. She was to have another year's acting. Then she would

abandon it wholly. She could hardly remain in the profession and be the wife to a Minister of State.

Six months had passed, happily. Then had come this monster-stroke of Fate. Splendid as had been her physique, she must have drawn frightfully on her vitality; neuro-retinitis was Nature's swift revenge. She wore a shade always. To bear light without it seemed to madden her. Already she was virtually blind.

She had left London immediately the inevitable had been made known to her by her uncle and former guardian, Sir Hercules Chesson, the great oculist, to whom she had flown in her fear. The next thing had been to tell her *fiancé*, who was in Italy on a special mission and could not compass immediate return. He had hurried to Cornwall a few days back and had seen her condition. And he had heard Sir Hercules's dictum: "You may take her to every oculist in Europe—she will never see again!"

She *was* to see Continental doctors; Sir Charles Trefusis had been more than insistent; but at heart he realized that Sir Hercules Chesson was only too terribly right. Her appearance showed it—apart from the eye-strain; she had lost her vitality and could not—as was apparent—travel for some weeks. She lay much in the darkened lounge of the bungalow which she had rented and—as at this moment—walked twice daily on the broad road above the cliffs.

It was a tragic and a melancholy passage. They spoke little; Sir Charles's anxiety and tender solicitude were very beautiful to see. Many people passed them—for this habitual pre-lunch promenade had become known to everybody; and others watched from the window of boarding-house or bungalow, insatiably curious to see the famous actress who was going to act no more. There was something ghoul-like in the habit. Happily, to break it, a pleasant diversion came.

It came in the shape of a little child wheeled by a sister in a go-cart; a child of two or three, with silky yellow locks and dark eyebrows and beautiful dark-blue eyes. At the sight of the trio, she waved her hands and shouted joyously. Kathleen Rosewarne lifted her head eagerly, and her face lighted up.

"Is that Dorothy Brewster?" she asked. "It *must* be. I know her voice!"

"Yes." Her companions spoke together. "It is your little friend!"

They took her to the tiny go-cart. The great actress said something kindly to the elder sister who wheeled it; then she put out her right hand towards this little daughter of the local omnibus proprietor, who caught a long white finger and held it—happily and tightly—and kept her eyes shyly on the ground. Kathleen Rosewarne put out her other hand and patted the child's face with it; then she stooped down, drew the child to her, and, kneeling, kissed her ardently, pressing her to her heart.

And presently she rose again and took Sir Charles's arm.

"You must bring her to tea with me," she said to the sister, warmly. "I will arrange an afternoon!"

She rose and passed on in her walk back to her rented bungalow, which was close to the one owned by Turnham Green. And Claude Pelham addressed the elder actor, twisting a little in his chair.

"The actress still!" he said, cynically. "Even in her blindness she regards the Gallery. And—the whole of Polsurrow being eager to observe her—a very good house she has had!"

"I wonder!" The elder man's voice was slow and kind and thoughtful. "Possibly you are right, Pelham. The world would say that you *are*. But, suppose it was not the actress but the woman—the mother she was born to be!"

II.

KATHLEEN ROSEWARNE'S condition had undergone no alteration; she was lying on a low couch in the lounge of her bungalow; the room marvellously restful with the deep, heavy, yet somehow transparent curtains which had been specially hung for her; cool, too, since the breeze from the Atlantic sighed through the open windows and brought its marvellous ozone.

She had been sleeping, seemingly. Sir Charles Trefusis sat opposite in a large divan-chair. He had a book in his hand, but his eyes rested on her frequently with a tender and protective air. She sat up suddenly. He rose and came to her side.

"Sleeping, Kathleen?" he said, gently.

"No; thinking, Charles. I want to talk to you seriously. Please go back to your chair!"

He obeyed reluctantly—as if slightly troubled by her manner. She adjusted her shade, put her hands to her hair, to tidy it, hesitated, and began to speak in her beautiful, rich, low tones.

"Charles," she said, "I have been

"KATHLEEN ROSEWARNE STOOPED DOWN, DREW THE CHILD TO HER, AND, KNEELING, KISSED HER ARDENTLY, PRESSING HER TO HER HEART."

wondering. Do you realize that this can't go on?"

"I know it can't! Sir Hercules is clever, but you must come to Paris and see Lepelletier the moment you are fit to leave here!"

"Oh, I didn't mean that. It is useless—quite useless. What I mean is, that our engagement must come to an end!"

"Come to an end?"

"Yes!"

"Nonsense!"

"It isn't nonsense. It is sad reality. You must have a woman who is able to help you—not one who will keep you back!"

"Kathleen!"

He crossed the room swiftly and came to her and put his arms round her and held her tenderly to his heart.

"If you can't see *me*, I can see *you!*" he said. "That is all that matters in the world!"

She surrendered herself to his kisses. Then she pressed his hands.

"Charles, you're very dear!" she answered, her voice breaking a little. "But you won't be able to love a blind woman—long. I sha'n't satisfy you. Other women will want you. I should suffer——"

"Kathleen, you're talking rubbish. Don't you realize that in a man like me the protective instinct is most tremendously strong!"

"I know it. But I want to be loved, not protected."

"Loved!"

He covered her lips with passionate kisses. She returned them with equal ardour, then shuddered suddenly and drew herself away.

"Kathleen," he said. "What's the matter? Shall I call Sir Hercules?"

"No; it's nothing—only you *really* love me?"

"You know I do. My love for you would stand against anything—anything in the world!"

"Would it!" She shuddered a second time and caught her breath a little. "Ah, Charles, wait a little—wait just a very little while!"

III.

THE sun went slowly down in a vast ball of brightness; the evening was almost windless; the Atlantic looked a lake of crimson; and the windows of the houses on the terrace flung the fire of the sun back to sea. On the broad road beneath them Kathleen Rosewarne walked with Sir Hercules. Sir Charles Trefusis had been called back to his rooms by some urgent special documents in connection with his Italian mission, which had come by the afternoon post.

The pair drew level with his lodgings. The doctor said something. Both stopped. She turned and waved at the window. And all Polsurrow saw the pleasant and intimate picture of a future Prime Minister waving a large white handkerchief to his future—and sightless—bride.

The old doctor and the actress resumed their walk again; they approached the extremity of the gravel promenade. Just before the end, a gap between two posts led to a winding path upon the cliffands which, for the most part fell sudden to the sea. On the grass, amongst the gorse and sea-daisies, two children were at play.

"There's your little friend, Dorothy Brewster!" said Sir Hercules, putting up his pince-nez. "She's with her sister—at least, she's *running* from her sister. And ——Oh, my God!"

The cry came from him, quick and poignantly. Without warning—with something even of the same swift suddenness that a man falls through the trap upon the scaffold—the child, who had been eluding her sister, disappeared over the cliff. The sister stood looking down in horror. Then she ran wildly forward in terrible despair.

"Dorothy's fallen down!" she cried, piteously. "Help! Help! Quickly! She will drop into the sea!"

A small stir makes swift excitement at remote seaside places; people from the houses, people who had been walking behind the actress and the oculist, began to run towards the girl. But they were outdistanced. Kathleen Rosewarne—the blind woman—whether by instinct or by magic, was already on the spot. She reached the cliff-top, stood, seemingly, gauging the distance, then stooped down and lowered herself by her hands. Those who followed saw her twenty feet below them—with Dorothy Brewster in her arms. The child had fallen sheer for a yard or two, and had then rolled downwards to a ledge which hung right above the sea. The descent to the ledge itself was in no sense difficult for an adult in ordinary health.

Two men climbed down immediately. But there was little need of their zeal. Kathleen Rosewarne began to climb upward, passing the child to one of them, who in turn passed it to the other, who passed it to a woman ahead. The actress reached the top, retook the child—almost fiercely—and then—green shade gone, her dress

muddied with rain and sea-water from a rock-pool—raised her eyes to the doctor, who had pressed forward through the throng.

"Poor little soul!" she said, breathlessly, but smiling at him. "She is not much hurt — only frightened. I will take her into the house!"

She strode ahead, outdistancing Sir Hercules, as if she had lost her lassitude, as if her vision were perfect, as if her wonderful vitality had returned. The crowd—the worst-mannered of it—followed her. And in the middle of the road, Sir Charles Trefusis came to meet her, running quickly from his rooms. He offered to take the child. She refused to let

"KATHLEEN BEGAN TO CLIMB UPWARD, PASSING THE CHILD TO ONE OF THEM, WHO IN TURN PASSED IT TO THE OTHER

him. Together—Sir Hercules following—they went into her house.

And, in the crowd which dispersed behind them, Claude Pelham, the *jeune premier*, touched Turnham Green's arm.

"She can see!" he said. "It's a case of shock recovery. If I'm late for dinner, you must excuse me; I'm off to send a long wire. I have a young brother in Fleet Street. And this ought to do him some good!"

IV.

An hour had passed. Sir Charles Trefusis sat in the lounge of the bungalow, waiting for the others to come down. The child was upstairs. Kathleen Rosewarne and Sir Hercules were looking after her; the parents had arrived some forty minutes back. And still his *fiancée* lingered. Nothing had been explained to him—nothing. He only knew that—thanks to some shock, some miracle, possibly some beneficent hysteria—the woman he loved could see.

He waited, restlessly, for another twenty minutes. Then Sir Hercules appeared. Sir Charles jumped up and strode toward him. About the child he asked nothing. But about Kathleen Rosewarne he asked the one question which mattered in the world.

"Is it permanent? Has the shock cured her altogether? Will she have a relapse?"

"It is permanent. There will be no relapse. But there has been, I must tell you, no cure!"

"No cure?"

"No, Trefusis. Because she has never been blind!"

The statesman stared at the doctor. Was the old man in his dotage, or in some way overcome by the accident? He did not understand. Sir Hercules spoke again. He seemed nervous a little; but there was no sign of weakness, mental or physical: indeed, the frail body seemed to strengthen perceptibly and to gain power and dignity at the bidding of the masive old head.

"Sit down, please," he said, commandingly. "I am too old to talk with you either standing or looking up!"

Sir Charles took a chair. Sir Hercules did likewise. The two men—each first-class in his own fashion—sat looking at each other across a table. The elder leaned back and put the tips of his fingers together. The younger leaned forward. His habitual calm had partially deserted him, and his hands moved nervously upon the table's shining top.

"No," resumed the specialist, slowly. "She has never *been* blind. To put it openly and frankly, she deceived you in that respect."

"With your collusion?"

"Yes."

There was a dreadful silence. Sir Charles leaned back with closed eyes in his chair, which had arms to it. Bayard and *preux chevalier* and the very soul of honour, like many men who work hard, he was inclined to idealize women, and the shock and sensation of falsity struck home to his heart and nerves. His hands were trembling visibly, and his voice, when he began to speak again, was icily, colourlessly cold.

"Before I leave Polsurrow, not to return to it, I should like to have an explanation from you—and three words with Miss Rosewarne."

"You shall. But the explanation with *me* comes first! My niece came to me three months ago, when you first went to Italy. She had been overworking. She has a great imagination, and is very highly strung. You may remember, you had some trivial misunderstanding about that time?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, she asked me if I thought you loved her. I replied in the affirmative. She doubted it. She thought she had bespelled you, that the attraction wouldn't last. And so she asked me how she could test you."

"Test me?"

"Yes. You are hurt—I can see it; and I do not blame you. But you must overlook it. She is not the ordinary woman. She has so very much to give!"

There was a pause. It was plain that Sir Charles was wounded unspeakably—perhaps even beyond healing. Sir Hercules Chesson hastened to pour ointment on the pain.

"I have known her all her life; she is of the very finest quality, and she wanted love, true love, which she had never known in reality: she had acted it superbly, out of her intense inner consciousness, but she had never known what love really is. She had so much to give—as I tell you—and she knew how terribly she would suffer if she felt she were giving it—unreturned. And so she came to *me*."

"And, Sir Hercules, you, a man of honour, with a European reputation, you *contrived* this deception?"

"I did, to make her happy. I am an old man now: my reputation rests upon the past; a solitary 'mistake' would not hurt me; indeed, her eventual 'cure,' if I cared

for such notoriety, could only have done me good. I put the idea before her—and she made the supreme effort, has played the hardest of parts!"

"And her eyes?"

"A green shade. A little discomfort. A few drops, night and morning, and the illusion was complete!"

"And her physical condition—her weakness?"

"That was real. She is a proud woman. The deception has been destroying her. But to have been denied love after marriage, after relinquishing her career for you, having no longer any anchor apart from you, that would have destroyed her more!"

"I see. And this—this deception. How long was it to—when was it to come to an end?"

"In a week—no later. Sight was to come back to her. That is, if she felt you wanted her in spite of all!"

"HE TURNED IMMEDIATELY. ALMOST AS HE DID SO KATHLEEN WAS GOING TO SAY TO

There was another and long silence. Sir Charles walked to the window and drew aside one of the dark-blue curtains and looked out upon the sea. Sir Hercules came slowly to his side.

"Trefusis," he said, "I am going to bring her to you. She is in a very agitated state. Be good to her. She is worth being good to. She will make you a wife beyond rubies. She is of a veritable vestal intensity; one of those rare beings who know no divided allegiance but can give their whole lives only to a single thing. Be wise and realize her value. Don't let pride destroy your happiness. She loved you much; she was anxious much. She is a woman—in a gentleman's hands!"

Sir Hercules turned and crossed the room slowly and went out through the half-open door. Sir Charles Trefusis remained alone for some minutes, standing at the window from which he had drawn the curtain back. Then, suddenly and quickly, he drew all the other curtains. He resumed his position and continued to stand, facing the Atlantic, with head bowed a little and hands clasped behind his back. There came the sound of

But it was the woman who—pale, agitated, controlling herself with infinite difficulty—broke the silence first.

"Sir Hercules has told you?"

"Yes."

"Everything?"

"Everything!"

"You know I have deceived you, played with you, and doubted you. What are you going to say? I forgive you if you don't want me. I can't—who could?—blame you! But,

ROSEWARNE WAS IN THE ROOM. AND SIR CHARLES, WHO HAD NOT KNOWN WHAT HE HER, KNEW IMMEDIATELY NOW."

footsteps. Someone was descending the stairs.

He turned immediately. Almost as he did so Kathleen Rosewarne was in the room.

They faced each other in silence—this man and woman, each of the highest type of intelligence and capacity for devotion, who had, as it were, fallen into each other's arms at their first meeting in Switzerland, early in the year. And Sir Charles, who when she had entered had not known what he was going to say to her, knew immediately now.

tell me if I have killed your affection—get it over quickly—if we are to make an end!"

"Make an end?"

Sir Charles Trefusis took three steps forward and crushed her close to him passionately and pressed his face to hers.

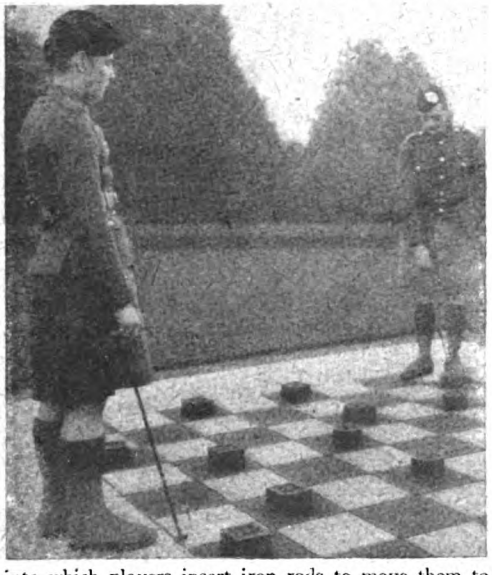
"I love you, love you, love you!" he whispered. "Love feeds on love. You haven't *killed* my affection; you have only increased it and cemented it. I love you all the more for your having wanted me to love you as I do!"

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

MEN OF IRON PLAY WITH IRON MEN.

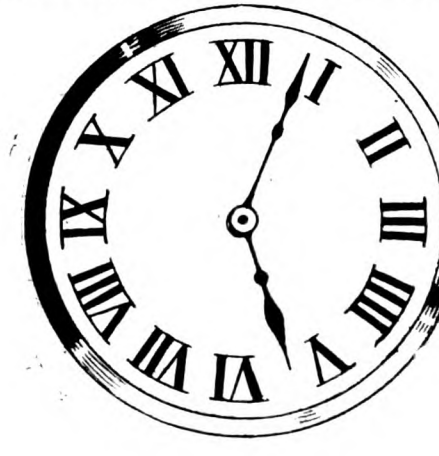
THESE sturdy Highlanders are enjoying a game on a gigantic draught-board erected in the grounds of a convalescent home "somewhere in Scotland." Slots are cut in the heavy iron "pieces,"



into which players insert iron rods to move them to the various squares. Spectators readily follow the game from a distance, and it is odd to see a player walk into the centre of the "arena" to move a "man." The "board," made of cement, is one of the largest in the world.—Mr. T. Millar, Cremona, Innellan, Argyll.

DID YOU KNOW THIS?

THERE are millions of watches which have the hours shown in Roman figures with the exception of the four, which is written with four vertical strokes—IIII—instead of IV; but there are very few people who have heard the explanation of this. The first clock like ours is supposed to have been made in 1364 by Henri de Vick for Charles V. of France. The clock was ordered by the King for the tower of his palace, and when de Vick had finished it he took it to the King, who, wanting to find some fault with it, told Vick that four o'clock should be written with four vertical strokes. "I am afraid your Majesty is wrong," replied Vick. "I am never wrong," said the King. "Take it away, and don't bring it back until you have corrected it." Vick obeyed, and from that day the dial thus made has been copied by clockmakers.—Mr. A. Simpson, Stirling Lodge, 142, Richmond Park Road, Bournemouth.



A TEMPLE OF PEACE.

OUTSIDE the pretty little village of Sharon, Ontario, Canada, stands this strange building, in the midst of a broad hayfield. Over half a century ago the builder, one David Willison, came to Canada from the United States and founded a brotherhood known as the "Children of Peace," basing his teaching on the love of God to man, and of man to man. His followers built this temple, which stands to-day, four-square, secure without a nail, wooden pegs holding it together. Each midsummer while he lived they used to gather from all parts of the surrounding country and hold a feast. The men and women,

dressed all alike in white linen, and carrying garlands of flowers, led by the ark, and with a silver band at their head, entered the temple in procession. There are said to be things mysterious and haunting about the curious building, which has been untenanted for many years.—Mr. Jas. Skelton, 70, Lawton Avenue, Toronto, Canada.

Solution of Last Month's Bridge Problem.

TRICK 1.—A leads knave of clubs; Y must cover; trumped by B with the 4.

TRICK 2.—B leads the ace of diamonds, *trumped by A with the queen!**

TRICK 3.—A leads trump, won by B.

TRICK 4.—B leads winning trump; A discards 3 of clubs.

TRICK 5.—B leads small spade, won by A with the ace.

TRICKS 6 AND 7.—A makes 9 of clubs, and B makes knave of spades.

* If he trumps with the 7 and leads the queen, Y refuses to cover, and the solution fails.

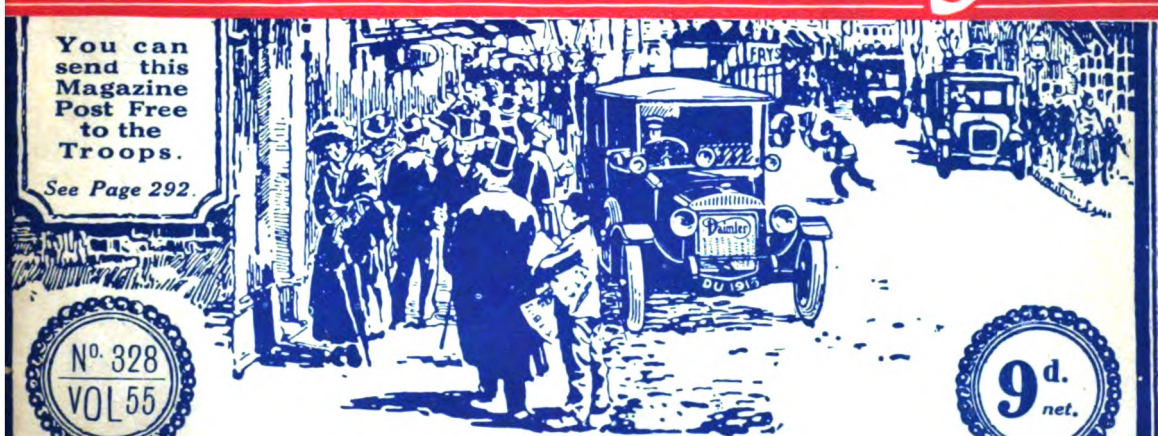
"BARTIMEUS" AT HIS BEST

LESS SOLIDS BUT MORE
FRY'S
PURE BREAKFAST
COCOA

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

SOUTHAMPTON STREET

"THREE OF THEM."
Chats about Children.
By
A. Conan Doyle



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See Page 292.

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R 448

"SHE BURST INTO THE ROOM AND STOOD DISPLAYING HERSELF. 'THERE!' SHE CRIED. 'NOT SO BAD FOR AN IMPROMPTU, IS IT?'"

(*See page 267.*)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. APRIL, 1918. No. 328.

THE PERFECT KNIGHT.

An Unromantic Episode.

By CARLETON KEMP ALLEN.

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

AN hour ago they had both emerged miserably from the water, bedraggled out of human semblance. As the eight-thirty boat sidled up to the landing-stage, the regular morning passengers, made oblivious by long habit to every sight and sound of "going to business," had been startled into unwonted consciousness of their surroundings by the sound of two loud splashes in quick succession. With an unaccustomed thrill they had seen two people floundering desperately in the water; one, a young woman whom many of them recognized as a regular passenger by that boat, the other a young man who had evidently leapt to her rescue.

He must have acted with the greatest promptitude and the most chivalrous of intentions, for he had not even stayed to shed his coat. But chivalrous intention was as far as he had got. They struggled perilously, and were both like to have been drowned or horribly crushed between the boat and the landing-stage had not some man of action in the crowd thrust out a boat-hook and towed them in.

Thereupon, while the squire of dames shivered (for it was an autumn morning) and looked as pitiable as a brine-soaked human being must always look, she thwarted all the legitimate expectations of the onlookers. "She nor moaned nor uttered cry." Instead, she treated the whole proceedings with levity—nay, with gusto. She was distinctly heard to make mention to her rescuer of "a lark." He, with his teeth chattering uncontrollably and miserably aware of garments clinging icily to his knees, assented with what grace his liquefaction would permit; but in the face of her undisguised and perverse enjoyment, his attempt to assume a calm, masculine protectorship was a poor performance. Hopes of artificial respiration and first aid and ambulances withered foolishly in the breasts of all beholders.

But wet clothes are wet clothes, and presently the saturated pair were both acutely aware of the necessity of dry raiment and a fire, somewhere and at once. On her suggesting this, he agreed with an almost savage emphasis: observing, with a saturnine attempt at a smile, that he would find a fire somewhere if he had to go to the very hottest place imaginable for it.

"Then let's find a pub," she answered, with decision. "That's the nearest thing to what you mean, I suppose?" They both laughed, and at once summed each other up as "good sorts." As they trundled along in a cab, they became aware of a delicious, irrational intimacy which seemed to have existed for ever.

And when, at the Blue Anchor tavern (fortunately deserted at that hour of the morning), they found their fire and some rough-and-ready dry clothes, the intimacy became positively intoxicating, and their spirits rose high. She was taken in hand by the sympathetic landlady, and a makeshift costume somehow vamped up; while he purchased a practicable, if incongruous, outfit at a waterside all-sorts shop, and, having the ramshackle old parlour of the place at his disposal, proceeded to array himself in a semi-nautical garb which caused him infinite merriment in the process of its fitting together.

Trousers of a coarse, rasping serge, a thick flannel shirt of brilliant hue, and a navy-blue seaman's jersey made his costume. He surveyed the effect in the remains of a mirror over the mantel, and hugged himself with the sense of a jolly escapade. While he was thus occupied, she burst into the room and stood displaying herself.

"There!" she cried. "Not so bad, for an impromptu, is it?"

For the first time they saw each other as two recognizable human beings. She had found somewhere a skirt of decent black-and-white check and a plain white blouse which set off her dark complexion and copious hair with an effect of pleasing spontaneity. He viewed her with undisguised admiration, and she neither flinched nor simpered before his appraisement. He guessed her age as twenty-five—a woman, yet mistress of herself with a winning manner of womanly girlishness. He was not conscious that she was "pretty," for it was vivacity, abundant maiden vitality—

the healthiest thing in Nature—which he read chiefly in her face and her trimly-built figure. She was a girl, he felt, whom one knew well, or not at all; and, with a sense of elation, he told himself that he *did* know her well. In his elation was something like a pang, bidding him urgently to know her better.

She saw a young man about her own age, whose rough garb could not conceal the grace and courtesy and friendliness of his bearing. She saw honesty and breeding in his steady eyes, and humour, half-quizzical, half-sympathetic, in the play of his lips. They knew in an instant that something more than accident made them friends. They knew that both politeness and awkwardness were impossible between them. They smiled to each other in token of their understanding.

"Very clever of you," he said, judiciously. "But I'll pay you compliments after you've had some rum." He pointed to a kettle singing on the hob, and an array of glasses, sugar, lemon, and bottle on the table.

"Rum! Me!" she laughed. "Oh, isn't it too delicious for words!"

"I don't know," he answered, dubiously, "I've never tried it. But it's the thing to drink after being rescued from a watery grave; so—here goes!"

Together they brewed the decoction, and, with streaming eyes and tortured throats, solemnly pledged each other in gulps of grog. They set down their glasses with the pride of a brave deed accomplished.

She saw his woebegone coat hanging on the back of a chair.

"Oh, dear!" she said; "your suit!"

"Yes," he answered, ruefully. "And I had it dry-cleaned only the other day. Dry-cleaned! What a mockery!"

"All my fault," she sighed.

"Now, please, please!" he said, deprecatingly. "The point is, are *you* all safe and sound?"

"Perfectly—thanks to you."

"No thanks to me whatever."

"But it is, it is!" She paused and, sitting on the edge of the table, became absorbed in the toes of her shoes. "It's awfully hard to thank people," she said, hesitatingly; "I don't even know how to begin."

"Then don't begin," he said, promptly, "and you'll never have to continue."

"Oh," she cried, looking up at him swiftly, and away again, as if afraid of her own vehemence, "but I *do* thank you and I can't tell you how much I admire you! You behaved like a splendid, brave, strong man, and I——"

He cut her short. "It sounds delightful, and I wish it were true. But, unfortunately, it isn't. To begin with, I didn't save your life; if it hadn't been for that fellow with the boat-hook we should both be with Davy Jones by now. I'm such a rotten swimmer."

"Why?" she said, regarding his athletic frame. "Don't you like it?"

"I'm very fond of it, but lately—well, I suppose I've got rather out of practice." He seemed to dislike the subject, and changed it abruptly. "You will admit it was the fellow with the boat-hook who really saved us?" he said.

"In a way," she granted, reluctantly; "but still—I had you to cling to!"

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "that's where I really do shine." She dropped her eyes. "In the second place," he continued, lightly, "if I *had* saved you, there would have been nothing brave or creditable in it. It was just an ordinary moral crisis."

"What do you mean by a moral crisis?"

"The choice between being a hero or a cad."

"Oh!" she protested; "that's cynical!"

"You mean it's true?"

"Cynicism is never true, is it?"

"No," he agreed, "but when people don't like the truth, they often try to dodge it by calling it cynicism. Honestly, now, if I hadn't wanted or tried to save you, I should have been a cad, shouldn't I?"

"You wouldn't have been as brave a man as you are."

"Neat!" he said, with a laugh, "and much kinder than I deserve! Put it charitably if you like; but you know I'm right. It's the same thing in fighting, you know. If you're ordered to attack, and do the only thing it's possible to do, you're 'one of our brave boys.' If you don't, you're 'a dirty dog.' Quaint, isn't it?"

"You've been to France, then?" she asked, with increased interest; and added, apologetically, "But of course you have!"

"Yes," he answered, "most of us youngsters get our education over there nowadays."

"Are you on leave?"

"Rather indefinitely, at present," he replied; and again seemed to change the subject rather brusquely. "But tell me, how did you manage to get into the water?"

"I suppose," she said, hesitatingly, again intent upon her dangling toes, "my heel must have caught in one of those brass things on the deck. Anyhow, just as I was stepping off—well, there I was!"

"There you certainly were!"

"And so were you! You didn't lose any time, did you? I suppose the moment you heard the splash, you just dived in?"

"No," he corrected, slowly; "I found myself in the water."

"Oh, don't quibble!"

"I'm not quibbling. I simply found myself in the water."

"Very well," she said, impatiently, "you didn't jump in at all—you didn't even *want* to save my life." She positively pouted.

"Oh, but I did, I did! Only—no!" he said, firmly; "I simply won't take credit for a thing I couldn't help doing."

"Your credit," she replied, with equal firmness, "is that you couldn't help doing it."

"If there was any pluck shown," he insisted, "it was by you."

"By me!" she said, scornfully. "Oh, yes, fine pluck!"

"Why, you didn't even faint!"

"Why should I? We weren't in the water five minutes."

"But, surely," he protested, "every right-minded woman swoons after being rescued from a watery grave?"

"Pooh! You must take me for a schoolgirl!"

"I've always found that a woman likes to be taken for a schoolgirl, and a schoolgirl likes to be taken for a woman."

She eyed his quizzical smile with disapproval. "I suppose," she said, "like all men, you think you know a great deal about women. Let me tell you you don't know *me* if you think I'm the swooning sort. I'm used to looking after myself."

"That," he said, sincerely, "must be a very fascinating occupation."

He realized as soon as he had said it that a compliment was out of tune, and was grateful to her for ignoring it.

"I don't know," she answered, "that it's altogether fascinating making your living."

"You make your living?" he cried.

"I've done so for seven years," she said, proudly.

"How jolly sporting of you!" he cried. "I wish I could say the same. I suppose it's a sort of—er—hobby?"

"No. An occupation. I prefer it."

"Oh, come," he said, sceptically, "you can't expect me to believe that!"

Every woman," she answered, haughtily, "doesn't want to be dependent on her parents all her life."

"Why not? She has to be dependent on somebody."

She sprang from the table and set herself squarely in front of him.

"That's what you all say! Now, why?" she demanded, fiercely. "Just tell me why?"

The charming challenge in her attitude stirred him. He felt a malicious glee in leading her on. "Because," he said, deliberately, "well, because she *depends*. It's the way she's born."

"It's not the way *I* was born," she retorted. "My parents christened me Leslie. How can you expect a woman named Leslie to depend on anybody?"

"What's in a name?"

"A character," she answered, promptly.

"Sometimes, sometimes," he admitted. "Do you find it fun making your living?"

"It's not meant to be fun. But it's good for one."

"How dull!"

"Yes, that's it—dull!" she cried, moving about restlessly. "One does so long for something to break the monotony! I feel sometimes—well, have you ever sat in a theatre behind a bald head?"

"I have seldom sat behind anything else in a theatre. Especially musical comedy."

"Well, after you've seen it shining there in front of you for an hour or two, don't you long to slap it with your programme, just to see what the owner would do?"

"Yes," he assented, "bald heads *do* have that morbid fascination. It's like the peculiar feeling one sometimes has in church——"

"That you want to get up and whistle, or throw a hymn-book at the clergyman—just to see what would happen?"

"Yes! How, well we agree! I'm so glad somebody else feels like that."

"That's how one feels going to business every morning," she explained. "Always the same thing at the same time in the same way! If you knew how sick I am of that old eight-thirty boat! I just long for it to do something unexpected—spring a leak, arrive at the wrong quay, anything!—and I know it never will. I feel sometimes as if I'd like to jump overboard—just for the fun of the thing, just to break the monotony! Really," she went on, enthusiastically, "it was perfectly delicious to find myself floundering this morning, instead of stepping ashore, as I'd done so many times before!"

He eyed her critically. "An adventure?" he queried.

"Yes! Absurdly commonplace, I suppose—but a real adventure all the same!"

"You're more of a philosopher than you know," he said, with his grave air. "Life is either danger and adventure, or safety and tedium."

"Give me the adventure," she said, wistfully.

"You've enjoyed it?"

"Tremendously! Don't you think it's fun—our being here and all that? It's so absurd and unusual and improper—isn't it?"

Her frank and innocent zest was electric. He threw back his head and laughed. "It's immense!" he cried. "And it's too delightful to hear you talk of looking after yourself! Shall I tell you what you've enjoyed most in your adventure?"

"What?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Why, just being saved!"

"What do you mean?" Her suspicion became almost alarm.

"Honestly," he asked, meeting her frown without dismay, "wasn't it jolly to feel that somebody had suddenly turned up to take charge of you, accept all responsibility for you? That you had," his voice dropped to a murmur, "something to cling to?"

Her effort to outstare him failed. She turned away abruptly. "Perhaps," she said, curtly. He was wise enough not to press his advantage. She stood for a moment pensive, and then said, slowly: "Yes, perhaps you're right. Perhaps you *are* a bit of a man, and I *am* a bit of a woman."

"It's a lucky coincidence, isn't it?" he said.

Her tone changed. "Don't flatter yourself!" she said. "It will be different to-morrow. I'll be Miss Avory, and you'll be Mr. Whatever-your-name-is."

She seemed to be breaking a spell. "Why this pessimism?" he protested.

"Adventures end, and convention goes on. We shall probably never see each other again."

"Oh, come, need we be morbid?" he remonstrated.

"Or, if we do," she persisted, "it will be in somebody's drawing-room, and we should have to be introduced and talk about the weather. And from that moment we should be strangers. Oh," she cried, angrily, "I hate convention!"

"So do I," he agreed, fervently; "and it's positively indecent to think about it at the present moment."

But he knew she had spoken truth, and her word cast a pall on their pleasant illusion. An episode, they both felt, was closing.

"Never mind," she said. "For the present I'm just a woman and you're just a man, and —thank you."

Suddenly he clenched his fist, and spoke with a bitterness which startled her. "God!" he cried. "I wish I were more of a man!"

"Why?" she asked, taken aback. "Aren't you satisfied? Aren't you glad you saved my life?"

He made an impulsive movement towards her. "Do you need telling," he said, "that I would rather have done that than anything else I have ever done in my life?"

The sudden earnestness of his tone took her off her guard. She shrank from him. Embarrassment sprang up between them; but she was saved by the violent entry of a corpulent and asthmatic stranger, who descended on the young man with a whirlwind of apology. "My dear sir!" he wheezed, "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

The young man stared. "That's very kind of you," he replied, coolly, "but I wonder why?"

"I want to apologize. I'm the fellow who was standing next to you on the landing-stage."

"It's odd," murmured the young man, "that I didn't notice it."

"And I didn't notice *you!*" The man's affability passed to positive jocularity. "That's just the trouble!"

"Trouble? I don't quite understand."

The stout man made a circumferential gesture.

"THE STOUT MAN MADE A CIRCUMFERENTIAL GESTURE. 'YOU SEE MY AFFLICTION, SIR,' HE SAID, APOLOGETICALLY. 'BEEN LIKE IT SINCE A BOY. NOTHING DOES IT ANY GOOD.'"

"You see my affliction, sir," he said, apologetically. "Been like it since a boy. Nothing does it any good—air, exercise, Sandow before breakfast; not a bit of good! And the consequence is, whichever way I turn, it bumps something!"

A light broke on the young man. "I see!" he said. "You were standing next to me and——"

"I turned round to look at the clock—and, of course, it bumped something! Before I knew where I was, there you were in the water!"

"So that's what it was!" reflected the other. "I felt something strike me rather forcibly."

"I'm extremely sorry, sir," said the large one, "deuced upset, I assure you. You had slipped away before I had time to explain matters, and I've been looking for you ever since. Now if there's anything I can do to make up for my clumsiness—hot-water bottles, cab, telegram——"

He was assured that there was nothing he could do except to shut the door after him as he went out; and after further profuse and stertorous apologies, he decided he had "better be toddling"—and toddled.

She had stood quite still during this interlude, her eyes fixed in a fascinated stare on her rescuer. He avoided her gaze. Suddenly she spoke in a new, hard voice:—

"Tell me quickly, please," she said, "that that horrible fat man is mad."

He hesitated a moment, then said, still avoiding her eyes: "No, he *did* bump me in. At least, something did."

"You didn't try to save my life?"

"I told you I wasn't a hero."

"You didn't jump into the water at all?"

"I told you I found myself in the water."

She advanced a few paces towards him, raised her hand as if for some bitter denunciation, then dropped it, and burst into tears.

"Spoiled! Ruined!" she wept. "The only adventure I've ever had—and I'm ashamed of it! Oh, how could you, how could you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," he murmured.

"At least tell me," she pleaded, with a sudden spasm of hope, "that you were *going* to jump in?"

"No!" She shrank back from him with a gasp. "No! I couldn't. It would have been no use. I can't swim."

"Why, you told me just now that you were very fond of it!" she said, indignantly.

"Yes, but not lately." His embarrassment increased. "As a matter of fact," he stammered, "there's something wrong with my leg."

"You walk perfectly well!"

"I know, but I can't depend on it."

He was the picture of guilty confusion. She spoke with a scorn that made him wince. "Why don't you tell me you had a headache?" she said. "Why, I'm a woman, and I'd jump into the water to save a dog from drowning! And you can't, because there's something wrong with your leg! And I called you a brave man! No, you're just a miserable c——"

"Don't say it!" he commanded her, with a sharpness which arrested her indignation in spite of herself. He went on in stammering tones: "I don't know why one should be so absurdly sensitive about it, but one is, and one can't help it. There *is* something wrong with my leg. If you must know," he frowned and blushed like a boy, "it's not a leg at all."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a dud," he said, shortly. "Fritz has got the real one."

Her expression changed from accusation to the horror of remorse. She turned from him with a despairing gesture and stood abashed.

He hated himself for bringing humiliation on her, and sought to bring back their cheerful *camaraderie*. "It's a jolly good leg," he said, lightly. "It cost a dickens of a lot. And it will do all sorts of tricks. But it isn't amphibious."

She came to him slowly, not daring to meet his eyes. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she cried, with something very near a sob. "I'd rather have died than hurt you like that!"

"No, no!" he reassured her, distressed for her distress. "*You* didn't hurt me. It was my own fault for being so ridiculously sensitive. But I'll tell you what does hurt," he added, in a low voice, looking away from her. "To stand on the brink and not be able to plunge in—that hurts a bit sometimes." Then he smiled cheerfully, banishing ugly things. "Rotten old war, isn't it?" he asked.

"You did *want* to plunge in, didn't you?" she asked, softly.

"Oh, my dear, like—like——"

"Like the deuce," she prompted him, nodding her head solemnly; and added, looking him well and truly in the eyes: "I'm ten times gladder now that I had something to cling to."

And his eyes looked well and truly back at hers; and "Cling again!" he would have said, but another interruption reft his golden moment from him. A slim, thin-lipped, middle-aged woman, with a "piece of her mind" visibly trembling for expression, entered unannounced and planted herself in front of the girl, ignoring the presence of her companion.

"So there you are, my lady," she said, with unemotional but unmistakable accusation; "and a nice chase I've had to find you!"

"Mother!" said the girl, in consternation. "How did you know?"

"Somebody picked up a card with your address on it, and telegraphed there'd been an accident. *I* knew what was the matter. Now get your things and come home. I've got a cab outside. Who's this young man?"

"He rescued me."

"More fool he," said the slim lady, acidly.

"I say!" protested the young man.

She whirled round on him. "I suppose you think," she said, "that you've saved that wicked girl's life?"

"No such luck," he said.

"Perhaps you'd like to know who you've rescued?"

"Not Annette Kellerman, I hope?" he murmured.

"No, but the champion lady swimmer of Sussex!"

He had some ado to conceal his dismay. "Really!" he said; and to the girl, with polite irony, "I congratulate you." But she was looking elsewhere.

"And let me tell you," continued the slim lady, ruthlessly, "she no more fell into the water than you did. *I* know her. Only yesterday she said to me, 'If that old boat doesn't do something desperate one of these mornings, *I* will. I've a good mind to jump overboard just for the fun of the thing.'"

"Really!" he exclaimed, again.

"'SO THERE YOU ARE, MY LADY,' SHE SAID, WITH UNEMOTIONAL BUT UNMISTAKABLE HAD TO

"She's always been the same. Ever since a child, when she was in a temper, the first thing she'd do was to jump into the water."

"It seems to me a very sound way of treating a temper."

"Does it? You try being her mother, young man, and see how you like it. Now, then, Leslie, come along. Your father's waiting to have a talk to you."

"I'll come in a moment, mother," said the girl in the ghost of a voice.

"You'd better." She walked primly to the door and, turning to the young man, "You be careful next time, young man, before you go saving people's lives," she admonished him.

The slim lady vanished, leaving behind her a tense silence beyond human bearing.

Her back was turned to him, her head bowed. Mortification and perplexity battled within him. He tried to see the humour of the thing. "I know she's your mother," he said; "but she's not quite herself to-day, is she?"

"No," she muttered.

"Never heard such nonsense in my life, did you?"

"No."

He breathed an immense sigh of relief. "*That's* all right," he said. "I'm jolly glad it's nonsense."

ACCUSATION; 'AND A NICE CHASE I'VE FIND YOU!'"

She turned on him swiftly. "It's true, it's true! I did jump in!" she cried, violently.

He stared agape for a moment; then slowly turned towards the door. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I think I'll be getting along. Unless there's anything I can do for you?"

"No," she said, sullenly.

He went to the door. "I was wrong in what I said just now about women. Some of them are too able-bodied to need to depend on anything or anybody. And when they pretend to, they make other people feel very foolish—and look very small."

He turned to go. She did not move. Suddenly he turned back. "Look here," he cried, "I don't believe it!"

"Don't you?" she said, with a cry of pleasure.

"I don't believe you'd make an exhibition of yourself like that! I don't believe you'd do anything so—well, so confoundedly vulgar, so there!"

"No, I wouldn't, would I?" she said, eagerly.

"Of course you wouldn't! So you didn't jump in?"

"Oh, but I did!"

"Ha!" he said, turning from her again.

"Yes, I did! But not to make an exhibition of myself. Not even for the fun of the thing."

"Then why?"

"For something"—she hesitated—"something nearly as schoolgirlish."

"Tell me," he begged her; "I adore schoolgirlishness!"

Her words came in a rush, like those of a naughty child voluble in unnecessary explanation. "I was wearing a bracelet—one I was fond of—I wouldn't have lost it for worlds. Just as I was stepping off the boat, the chain broke and it fell into the water."

"You don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that you went in after it?"

"I was in the water before I knew what I was doing. I'm used to it, I think nothing of it. And it was too maddening to *see* my bracelet there, sinking before my eyes."

"Did you get it?" he asked, excitedly.

"Rather!" she said, proudly, and produced it from her pocket.

"Well, you *are* a sportsman!" he shouted, and laughed uncontrollably. She joined him, and they laughed themselves back to easy, friendly terms with one another.

"It *is* an adventure after all, isn't it?"

"Yes!" he said, "and a rich one! And everything's as it should be! Don't you see? I'm a hero—in intention; and you're a weak, clinging woman—in intention! Intention is the thing that matters! So we're all right, aren't we?"

"Perfectly!"

"And we keep our illusion—the knight-errant, and the damsel in distress. By the way, who are you, damsel?"

"I'm Leslie Avory."

"And what are you?"

"A typist. What are you?"

"By birth, an idler; by profession, a viscount."

"Oh, I think," she said, gaily, "you might have been a prince!"

He came close to her. "I could be, if you would be princess," he said.

"Do you think I should know how?" she asked, all schoolgirl.

"Leslie," he said, "the poets often compare love to a deep sea. Could you stand another plunge this morning?"

Her silence was better than any word.

"Jump!" he cried.

Poor, weak woman! How she clung!

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

II.

Illustrated by Henry Evison.

THE tantalizing mysteries of crime have inspired more than one writer of romance to attempt their unravelling in the guise of fiction. In many of the immortal tales of mystery and imagination that the disordered genius of Edgar Allan Poe gave to the world the mystery was already to his hand, and the only thing due to his imagination was the manner of its solution.

The fate of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl of New York, has been a famous murder mystery for three-quarters of a century. The body, which was discovered and generally believed to be hers, was found drowned in July, 1842, near a spot called the Sibyl's Cave, on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The girl had evidently been murdered before being put into the water, but all the efforts of the New York police failed to bring the crime home to its author.

The New York journals, during the many months of fruitless investigation, devoted a considerable amount of space to the life and adventures and death of the beautiful cigar girl, and the newspapers and periodicals were filled with the theories not only of amateur detectives but of criminal experts.

In November, 1842, Edgar Allan Poe, under the pretext of solving the mystery of the murder of a Parisian grisette, took the known facts connected with the mystery of the murder of the New York cigar girl and paraphrased them in the story of his heroine. Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget," of Paris, is the Mystery of Mary Rogers of New York. But Poe, by the aid of his imagination, did what the New York police were never able to accomplish. He fixed the crime upon the guilty party. Poe's solution of the mystery of Marie Roget is a brilliant piece of logical deduction, but leaves the mystery of Mary Rogers exactly where it was.

It will be more interesting to the reader to consider the solution that Poe arrived at in his fiction when the facts of the real happening have been marshalled.

Mary Rogers was a pretty, frivolous girl with any number of admirers. Her elderly mother kept a boarding-house in Nassau Street, New York, but Mary, who had a taste for finery and was fond of admiration, instead of staying at home and helping her mother accepted a position as counter girl at the store of a well-known New York tobacconist and snuff manufacturer named John Anderson. The young and pretty girl was an immense attraction to the stores, and presently became known in New York as "The Beautiful Cigar Girl."

Mary, though undoubtedly frivolous and fond of admiration, was a generally well-conducted girl and served her employer loyally in return for the excellent salary he paid her. She had a host of admirers, but among these admirers only one lover. This was a young naval officer, a frequent customer at the stores.

But one day the customers came to the cigar shop to find that its great attraction had disappeared. Mary was no longer behind the counter. Presently it was ascertained that she had not only disappeared from the cigar shop but from her home, and it was never definitely ascertained why she left home or whither she went.

But in a couple of months Mary Rogers reappeared at the counter, and the beautiful cigar girl was once more the talk of New York.

Early in the year 1842 Mary left Mr. Anderson's employment and remained at the boarding-house, assisting her mother, who was an old lady of seventy. Some of her mother's male boarders were her devoted admirers.

Her principal admirer was Daniel Payn, who was a rather dissipated young man, but only in a mild way, and he and Mary Rogers presently became an engaged couple.

On the morning of Sunday, July 24th, 1842, Mary called up from the hall to Payn, who was dressing in his own room. She told him that she was going to spend the day at the house of her aunt. If she had not returned by supper-time would Payn come to the house and fetch her? Payn called down the stairs and said, "All right."

"SHE BURST INTO THE ROOM AND STOOD DISPLAYING HERSELF. 'THERE!' SHE CRIED. 'NOT SO BAD FOR AN IMPROMPTU, IS IT?'"

(*See page 267.*)

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THE PERFECT KNIGHT.

An Unromantic Episode.

By CARLETON KEMP ALLEN.

Illustrated by Stanley Davis.

AN hour ago they had both emerged miserably from the water, bedraggled out of human semblance. As the eight-thirty boat sidled up to the landing-stage, the regular morning passengers, made oblivious by long habit to every sight and sound of "going to business," had been startled into unwonted consciousness of their surroundings by the sound of two loud splashes in quick succession. With an unaccustomed thrill they had seen two people floundering desperately in the water; one, a young woman whom many of them recognized as a regular passenger by that boat, the other a young man who had evidently leapt to her rescue.

He must have acted with the greatest promptitude and the most chivalrous of intentions, for he had not even stayed to shed his coat. But chivalrous intention was as far as he had got. They struggled perilously, and were both like to have been drowned or horribly crushed between the boat and the landing-stage had not some man of action in the crowd thrust out a boat-hook and towed them in.

Thereupon, while the squire of dames shivered (for it was an autumn morning) and looked as pitiable as a brine-soaked human being must always look, she thwarted all the legitimate expectations of the onlookers. "She nor moaned nor uttered cry." Instead, she treated the whole proceedings with levity—nay, with gusto. She was distinctly heard to make mention to her rescuer of "a lark." He, with his teeth chattering uncontrollably and miserably aware of garments clinging icily to his knees, assented with what grace his liquefaction would permit; but in the face of her undisguised and perverse enjoyment, his attempt to assume a calm, masculine protectorship was a poor performance. Hopes of artificial respiration and first aid and ambulances withered foolishly in the breasts of all beholders.

But wet clothes are wet clothes, and presently the saturated pair were both acutely aware of the necessity of dry raiment and a fire, somewhere and at once. On her suggesting this, he agreed with an almost savage emphasis: observing, with a saturnine attempt at a smile, that he would find a fire somewhere if he had to go to the very hottest place imaginable for it.

"Then let's find a pub," she answered, with decision. "That's the nearest thing to what you mean, I suppose?" They both laughed, and at once summed each other up as "good sorts." As they trundled along in a cab, they became aware of a delicious, irrational intimacy which seemed to have existed for ever.

And when, at the Blue Anchor tavern (fortunately deserted at that hour of the morning), they found their fire and some rough-and-ready dry clothes, the intimacy became positively intoxicating, and their spirits rose high. She was taken in hand by the sympathetic landlady, and a makeshift costume somehow vamped up; while he purchased a practicable, if incongruous, outfit at a waterside all-sorts shop, and, having the ramshackle old parlour of the place at his disposal, proceeded to array himself in a semi-nautical garb which caused him infinite merriment in the process of its fitting together.

Trousers of a coarse, rasping serge, a thick flannel shirt of brilliant hue, and a navy-blue seaman's jersey made his costume. He surveyed the effect in the remains of a mirror over the mantel, and hugged himself with the sense of a jolly escapade. While he was thus occupied, she burst into the room and stood displaying herself.

"There!" she cried. "Not so bad, for an impromptu, is it?"

For the first time they saw each other as two recognizable human beings. She had found somewhere a skirt of decent black-and-white check and a plain white blouse which set off her dark complexion and copious hair with an effect of pleasing spontaneity. He viewed her with undisguised admiration, and she neither flinched nor simpered before his appraisement. He guessed her age as twenty-five—a woman, yet mistress of herself with a winning manner of womanly girlishness. He was not conscious that she was "pretty," for it was vivacity, abundant maiden vitality—

the healthiest thing in Nature—which he read chiefly in her face and her trimly-built figure. She was a girl, he felt, whom one knew well, or not at all; and, with a sense of elation, he told himself that he *did* know her well. In his elation was something like a pang, bidding him urgently to know her better.

She saw a young man about her own age, whose rough garb could not conceal the grace and courtesy and friendliness of his bearing. She saw honesty and breeding in his steady eyes, and humour, half-quizzical, half-sympathetic, in the play of his lips. They knew in an instant that something more than accident made them friends. They knew that both politeness and awkwardness were impossible between them. They smiled to each other in token of their understanding.

"Very clever of you," he said, judiciously. "But I'll pay you compliments after you've had some rum." He pointed to a kettle singing on the hob, and an array of glasses, sugar, lemon, and bottle on the table.

"Rum! Me!" she laughed. "Oh, isn't it too delicious for words!"

"I don't know," he answered, dubiously, "I've never tried it. But it's the thing to drink after being rescued from a watery grave; so—here goes!"

Together they brewed the decoction, and, with streaming eyes and tortured throats, solemnly pledged each other in gulps of grog. They set down their glasses with the pride of a brave deed accomplished.

She saw his woebegone coat hanging on the back of a chair.

"Oh, dear!" she said; "your suit!"

"Yes," he answered, ruefully. "And I had it dry-cleaned only the other day. Dry-cleaned! What a mockery!"

"All my fault," she sighed.

"Now, please, please!" he said, deprecatingly. "The point is, are *you* all safe and sound?"

"Perfectly—thanks to you."

"No thanks to me whatever."

"But it is, it is!" She paused and, sitting on the edge of the table, became absorbed in the toes of her shoes. "It's awfully hard to thank people," she said, hesitatingly; "I don't even know how to begin."

"Then don't begin," he said, promptly, "and you'll never have to continue."

"Oh," she cried, looking up at him swiftly, and away again, as if afraid of her own vehemence, "but I *do* thank you and I can't tell you how much I admire you! You behaved like a splendid, brave, strong man, and I ——"

He cut her short. "It sounds delightful, and I wish it were true. But, unfortunately, it isn't. To begin with, I didn't save your life; if it hadn't been for that fellow with the boat-hook we should both be with Davy Jones by now. I'm such a rotten swimmer."

"Why?" she said, regarding his athletic frame. "Don't you like it?"

"I'm very fond of it, but lately—well, I suppose I've got rather out of practice." He seemed to dislike the subject, and changed it abruptly. "You will admit it was the fellow with the boat-hook who really saved us?" he said.

"In a way," she granted, reluctantly; "but still—I had you to cling to!"

"Yes," he said, with a smile, "that's where I really do shine." She dropped her eyes. "In the second place," he continued, lightly, "if I *had* saved you, there would have been nothing brave or creditable in it. It was just an ordinary moral crisis."

"What do you mean by a moral crisis?"

"The choice between being a hero or a cad."

"Oh!" she protested; "that's cynical!"

"You mean it's true?"

"Cynicism is never true, is it?"

"No," he agreed, "but when people don't like the truth, they often try to dodge it by calling it cynicism. Honestly, now, if I hadn't wanted or tried to save you, I should have been a cad, shouldn't I?"

"You wouldn't have been as brave a man as you are."

"Neat!" he said, with a laugh, "and much kinder than I deserve! Put it charitably if you like; but you know I'm right. It's the same thing in fighting, you know. If you're ordered to attack, and do the only thing it's possible to do, you're 'one of our brave boys.' If you don't, you're 'a dirty dog.' Quaint, isn't it?"

"You've been to France, then?" she asked, with increased interest; and added, apologetically, "But of course you have!"

"Yes," he answered, "most of us youngsters get our education over there nowadays."

"Are you on leave?"

"Rather indefinitely, at present," he replied; and again seemed to change the subject rather brusquely. "But tell me, how did you manage to get into the water?"

"I suppose," she said, hesitatingly, again intent upon her dangling toes, "my heel must have caught in one of those brass things on the deck. Anyhow, just as I was stepping off—well, there I was!"

"There you certainly were!"

"And so were you! You didn't lose any time, did you? I suppose the moment you heard the splash, you just dived in?"

"No," he corrected, slowly; "I found myself in the water."

"Oh, don't quibble!"

"I'm not quibbling. I simply found myself in the water."

"Very well," she said, impatiently, "you didn't jump in at all—you didn't even *want* to save my life." She positively pouted.

"Oh, but I did, I did! Only—no!" he said, firmly; "I simply won't take credit for a thing I couldn't help doing."

"Your credit," she replied, with equal firmness, "is that you couldn't help doing it."

"If there was any pluck shown," he insisted, "it was by you."

"By me!" she said, scornfully. "Oh, yes, fine pluck!"

"Why, you didn't even faint!"

"Why should I? We weren't in the water five minutes."

"But, surely," he protested, "every right-minded woman swoons after being rescued from a watery grave?"

"Pooh! You must take me for a schoolgirl!"

"I've always found that a woman likes to be taken for a schoolgirl, and a schoolgirl likes to be taken for a woman."

She eyed his quizzical smile with disapproval. "I suppose," she said, "like all men, you think you know a great deal about women. Let me tell you you don't know *me* if you think I'm the swooning sort. I'm used to looking after myself."

"That," he said, sincerely, "must be a very fascinating occupation."

He realized as soon as he had said it that a compliment was out of tune, and was grateful to her for ignoring it.

"I don't know," she answered, "that it's altogether fascinating making your living."

"You make your living?" he cried.

"I've done so for seven years," she said, proudly.

"How jolly sporting of you!" he cried. "I wish I could say the same. I suppose it's a sort of—er—hobby?"

"No. An occupation. I prefer it."

"Oh, come," he said, sceptically, "you can't expect me to believe that!"

Every woman," she answered, haughtily, "doesn't want to be dependent on her parents all her life."

"Why not? She has to be dependent on somebody."

She sprang from the table and set herself squarely in front of him.

"That's what you all say! Now, why?" she demanded, fiercely. "Just tell me why?"

The charming challenge in her attitude stirred him. He felt a malicious glee in leading her on. "Because," he said, deliberately, "well, because she *depends*. It's the way she's born."

"It's not the way *I* was born," she retorted. "My parents christened me Leslie. How can you expect a woman named Leslie to depend on anybody?"

"What's in a name?"

"A character," she answered, promptly.

"Sometimes, sometimes," he admitted. "Do you find it fun making your living?"

"It's not meant to be fun. But it's good for one."

"How dull!"

"Yes, that's it—dull!" she cried, moving about restlessly. "One does so long for something to break the monotony! I feel sometimes—well, have you ever sat in a theatre behind a bald head?"

"I have seldom sat behind anything else in a theatre. Especially musical comedy."

"Well, after you've seen it shining there in front of you for an hour or two, don't you long to slap it with your programme, just to see what the owner would do?"

"Yes," he assented, "bald heads *do* have that morbid fascination. It's like the peculiar feeling one sometimes has in church——"

"That you want to get up and whistle, or throw a hymn-book at the clergyman—just to see what would happen?"

"Yes! How, well we agree! I'm so glad somebody else feels like that."

"That's how one feels going to business every morning," she explained. "Always the same thing at the same time in the same way! If you knew how sick I am of that old eight-thirty boat! I just long for it to do something unexpected—spring a leak, arrive at the wrong quay, anything!—and I know it never will. I feel sometimes as if I'd like to jump overboard—just for the fun of the thing, just to break the monotony! Really," she went on, enthusiastically, "it was perfectly delicious to find myself floundering this morning, instead of stepping ashore, as I'd done so many times before!"

He eyed her critically. "An adventure?" he queried.

"Yes! Absurdly commonplace, I suppose—but a real adventure all the same!"

"You're more of a philosopher than you know," he said, with his grave air. "Life is either danger and adventure, or safety and tedium."

"Give me the adventure," she said, wistfully.

"You've enjoyed it?"

"Tremendously! Don't you think it's fun—our being here and all that? It's so absurd and unusual and improper—isn't it?"

Her frank and innocent zest was electric. He threw back his head and laughed. "It's immense!" he cried. "And it's too delightful to hear you talk of looking after yourself! Shall I tell you what you've enjoyed most in your adventure?"

"What?" she asked, suspiciously.

"Why, just being saved!"

"What do you mean?" Her suspicion became almost alarm.

"Honestly," he asked, meeting her frown without dismay, "wasn't it jolly to feel that somebody had suddenly turned up to take charge of you, accept all responsibility for you? That you had," his voice dropped to a murmur, "something to cling to?"

Her effort to outstare him failed. She turned away abruptly. "Perhaps," she said, curtly. He was wise enough not to press his advantage. She stood for a moment pensive, and then said, slowly: "Yes, perhaps you're right. Perhaps you *are* a bit of a man, and I *am* a bit of a woman."

"It's a lucky coincidence, isn't it?" he said.

Her tone changed. "Don't flatter yourself!" she said. "It will be different to-morrow. I'll be Miss Avory, and you'll be Mr. Whatever-your-name-is."

She seemed to be breaking a spell. "Why this pessimism?" he protested.

"Adventures end, and convention goes on. We shall probably never see each other again."

"Oh, come, need we be morbid?" he remonstrated.

"Or, if we do," she persisted, "it will be in somebody's drawing-room, and we should have to be introduced and talk about the weather. And from that moment we should be strangers. Oh," she cried, angrily, "I hate convention!"

"So do I," he agreed, fervently; "and it's positively indecent to think about it at the present moment."

But he knew she had spoken truth, and her word cast a pall on their pleasant illusion. An episode, they both felt, was closing.

"Never mind," she said. "For the present I'm just a woman and you're just a man, and —thank you."

Suddenly he clenched his fist, and spoke with a bitterness which startled her. "God!" he cried. "I wish I were more of a man!"

"Why?" she asked, taken aback. "Aren't you satisfied? Aren't you glad you saved my life?"

He made an impulsive movement towards her. "Do you need telling," he said, "that I would rather have done that than anything else I have ever done in my life?"

The sudden earnestness of his tone took her off her guard. She shrank from him. Embarrassment sprang up between them; but she was saved by the violent entry of a corpulent and asthmatic stranger, who descended on the young man with a whirlwind of apology. "My dear sir!" he wheezed, "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

The young man stared. "That's very kind of you," he replied, coolly, "but I wonder why?"

"I want to apologize. I'm the fellow who was standing next to you on the landing-stage."

"It's odd," murmured the young man, "that I didn't notice it."

"And I didn't notice *you!*" The man's affability passed to positive jocularity. "That's just the trouble!"

"Trouble? I don't quite understand."

The stout man made a circumferential gesture.

"THE STOUT MAN MADE A CIRCUMFERENTIAL GESTURE. 'YOU SEE MY AFFLICTION, SIR,' HE SAID, APOLOGETICALLY. 'BEEN LIKE IT SINCE A BOY. NOTHING DOES IT ANY GOOD.'"

"You see my affliction, sir," he said, apologetically. "Been like it since a boy. Nothing does it any good—air, exercise, Sandow before breakfast; not a bit of good! And the consequence is, whichever way I turn, it bumps something!"

A light broke on the young man. "I see!" he said. "You were standing next to me and——"

"I turned round to look at the clock—and, of course, it bumped something! Before I knew where I was, there you were in the water!"

"So that's what it was!" reflected the other. "I felt something strike me rather forcibly."

"I'm extremely sorry, sir," said the large one, "deuced upset, I assure you. You had slipped away before I had time to explain matters, and I've been looking for you ever since. Now if there's anything I can do to make up for my clumsiness—hot-water bottles, cab, telegram——"

He was assured that there was nothing he could do except to shut the door after him as he went out; and after further profuse and stertorous apologies, he decided he had "better be toddling"—and toddled.

She had stood quite still during this interlude, her eyes fixed in a fascinated stare on her rescuer. He avoided her gaze. Suddenly she spoke in a new, hard voice:—

"Tell me quickly, please," she said, "that that horrible fat man is mad."

He hesitated a moment, then said, still avoiding her eyes: "No, he *did* bump me in. At least, something did."

"You didn't try to save my life?"

"I told you I wasn't a hero."

"You didn't jump into the water at all?"

"I told you I found myself in the water."

She advanced a few paces towards him, raised her hand as if for some bitter denunciation, then dropped it, and burst into tears.

"Spoiled! Ruined!" she wept. "The only adventure I've ever had—and I'm ashamed of it! Oh, how could you, how could you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," he murmured.

"At least tell me," she pleaded, with a sudden spasm of hope, "that you were *going* to jump in?"

"No!" She shrank back from him with a gasp. "No! I couldn't. It would have been no use. I can't swim."

"Why, you told me just now that you were very fond of it!" she said, indignantly.

"Yes, but not lately." His embarrassment increased. "As a matter of fact," he stammered, "there's something wrong with my leg."

"You walk perfectly well!"

"I know, but I can't depend on it."

He was the picture of guilty confusion. She spoke with a scorn that made him wince. "Why don't you tell me you had a headache?" she said. "Why, I'm a woman, and I'd jump into the water to save a dog from drowning! And you can't, because there's something wrong with your leg! And I called you a brave man! No, you're just a miserable c——"

"Don't say it!" he commanded her, with a sharpness which arrested her indignation in spite of herself. He went on in stammering tones: "I don't know why one should be so absurdly sensitive about it, but one is, and one can't help it. There *is* something wrong with my leg. If you must know," he frowned and blushed like a boy, "it's not a leg at all."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a dud," he said, shortly. "Fritz has got the real one."

Her expression changed from accusation to the horror of remorse. She turned from him with a despairing gesture and stood abashed.

He hated himself for bringing humiliation on her, and sought to bring back their cheerful *camaraderie*. "It's a jolly good leg," he said, lightly. "It cost a dickens of a lot. And it will do all sorts of tricks. But it isn't amphibious."

She came to him slowly, not daring to meet his eyes. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she cried, with something very near a sob. "I'd rather have died than hurt you like that!"

"No, no!" he reassured her, distressed for her distress. "*You* didn't hurt me. It was my own fault for being so ridiculously sensitive. But I'll tell you what does hurt," he added, in a low voice, looking away from her. "To stand on the brink and not be able to plunge in—that hurts a bit sometimes." Then he smiled cheerfully, banishing ugly things. "Rotten old war, isn't it?" he asked.

"You did *want* to plunge in, didn't you?" she asked, softly.

"Oh, my dear, like—like——"

"Like the deuce," she prompted him, nodding her head solemnly; and added, looking him well and truly in the eyes: "I'm ten times gladder now that I had something to cling to."

And his eyes looked well and truly back at hers; and "Cling again!" he would have said, but another interruption reft his golden moment from him. A slim, thin-lipped, middle-aged woman, with a "piece of her mind" visibly trembling for expression, entered unannounced and planted herself in front of the girl, ignoring the presence of her companion.

"So there you are, my lady," she said, with unemotional but unmistakable accusation; "and a nice chase I've had to find you!"

"Mother!" said the girl, in consternation. "How did you know?"

"Somebody picked up a card with your address on it, and telegraphed there'd been an accident. *I* knew what was the matter. Now get your things and come home. I've got a cab outside. Who's this young man?"

"He rescued me."

"More fool he," said the slim lady, acidly.

"I say!" protested the young man.

She whirled round on him. "I suppose you think," she said, "that you've saved that wicked girl's life?"

"No such luck," he said.

"Perhaps you'd like to know who you've rescued?"

"Not Annette Kellerman, I hope?" he murmured.

"No, but the champion lady swimmer of Sussex!"

He had some ado to conceal his dismay. "Really!" he said; and to the girl, with polite irony, "I congratulate you." But she was looking elsewhere.

"And let me tell you," continued the slim lady, ruthlessly, "she no more fell into the water than you did. *I* know her. Only yesterday she said to me, 'If that old boat doesn't do something desperate one of these mornings, *I* will. I've a good mind to jump overboard just for the fun of the thing.'"

"Really!" he exclaimed, again.

"'SO THERE YOU ARE, MY LADY,' SHE SAID, WITH UNEMOTIONAL BUT UNMISTAKABLE HAD TO

"She's always been the same. Ever since a child, when she was in a temper, the first thing she'd do was to jump into the water."

"It seems to me a very sound way of treating a temper."

"Does it? You try being her mother, young man, and see how you like it. Now, then, Leslie, come along. Your father's waiting to have a talk to you."

"I'll come in a moment, mother," said the girl in the ghost of a voice.

"You'd better." She walked primly to the door and, turning to the young man, "You be careful next time, young man, before you go saving people's lives," she admonished him.

The slim lady vanished, leaving behind her a tense silence beyond human bearing.

Her back was turned to him, her head bowed. Mortification and perplexity battled within him. He tried to see the humour of the thing. "I know she's your mother," he said; "but she's not quite herself to-day, is she?"

"No," she muttered.

"Never heard such nonsense in my life, did you?"

"No."

He breathed an immense sigh of relief. "*That's* all right," he said. "I'm jolly glad it's nonsense."

ACCUSATION; 'AND A NICE CHASE I'VE FIND YOU!'"

She turned on him swiftly. "It's true, it's true! I did jump in!" she cried, violently.

He stared agape for a moment; then slowly turned towards the door. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I think I'll be getting along. Unless there's anything I can do for you?"

"No," she said, sullenly.

He went to the door. "I was wrong in what I said just now about women. Some of them are too able-bodied to need to depend on anything or anybody. And when they pretend to, they make other people feel very foolish—and look very small."

He turned to go. She did not move. Suddenly he turned back. "Look here," he cried, "I don't believe it!"

"Don't you?" she said, with a cry of pleasure.

"I don't believe you'd make an exhibition of yourself like that! I don't believe you'd do anything so—well, so confoundedly vulgar, so there!"

"No, I wouldn't, would I?" she said, eagerly.

"Of course you wouldn't! So you didn't jump in?"

"Oh, but I did!"

"Ha!" he said, turning from her again.

"Yes, I did! But not to make an exhibition of myself. Not even for the fun of the thing."

"Then why?"

"For something"—she hesitated—"something nearly as schoolgirlish."

"Tell me," he begged her; "I adore schoolgirlishness!"

Her words came in a rush, like those of a naughty child voluble in unnecessary explanation. "I was wearing a bracelet—one I was fond of—I wouldn't have lost it for worlds. Just as I was stepping off the boat, the chain broke and it fell into the water."

"You don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that you went in after it?"

"I was in the water before I knew what I was doing. I'm used to it, I think nothing of it. And it was too maddening to *see* my bracelet there, sinking before my eyes."

"Did you get it?" he asked, excitedly.

"Rather!" she said, proudly, and produced it from her pocket.

"Well, you *are* a sportsman!" he shouted, and laughed uncontrollably. She joined him, and they laughed themselves back to easy, friendly terms with one another.

"It *is* an adventure after all, isn't it?"

"Yes!" he said, "and a rich one! And everything's as it should be! Don't you see? I'm a hero—in intention; and you're a weak, clinging woman—in intention! Intention is the thing that matters! So we're all right, aren't we?"

"Perfectly!"

"And we keep our illusion—the knight-errant, and the damsel in distress. By the way, who are you, damsel?"

"I'm Leslie Avory."

"And what are you?"

"A typist. What are you?"

"By birth, an idler; by profession, a viscount."

"Oh, I think," she said, gaily, "you might have been a prince!"

He came close to her. "I could be, if you would be princess," he said.

"Do you think I should know how?" she asked, all schoolgirl.

"Leslie," he said, "the poets often compare love to a deep sea. Could you stand another plunge this morning?"

Her silence was better than any word.

"Jump!" he cried.

Poor, weak woman! How she clung!

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

II.

Illustrated by Henry Evison.

THE tantalizing mysteries of crime have inspired more than one writer of romance to attempt their unravelling in the guise of fiction. In many of the immortal tales of mystery and imagination that the disordered genius of Edgar Allan Poe gave to the world the mystery was already to his hand, and the only thing due to his imagination was the manner of its solution.

The fate of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl of New York, has been a famous murder mystery for three quarters of a century. The body, which was discovered and generally believed to be hers, was found drowned in July, 1842, near a spot called the Sibyl's Cave, on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The girl had evidently been murdered before being put into the water, but all the efforts of the New York police failed to bring the crime home to its author.

The New York journals, during the many months of fruitless investigation, devoted a considerable amount of space to the life and adventures and death of the beautiful cigar girl, and the newspapers and periodicals were filled with the theories not only of amateur detectives but of criminal experts.

In November, 1842, Edgar Allan Poe, under the pretext of solving the mystery of the murder of a Parisian grisette, took the known facts connected with the mystery of the murder of the New York cigar girl and paraphrased them to the story of his heroine. Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget," of Paris, is the Mystery of Mary Rogers of New York. But Poe, by the aid of his imagination, did what the New York police were never able to accomplish. He fixed the crime upon the guilty party. Poe's solution of the mystery of Marie Roget is a brilliant piece of logical deduction, but leaves the mystery of Mary Rogers exactly where it was.

It will be more interesting to the reader to consider the solution that Poe arrived at in his fiction when the facts of the real happening have been marshalled.

Mary Rogers was a pretty, frivolous girl with any number of admirers. Her elderly mother kept a boarding-house in Nassau Street, New York, but Mary, who had a taste for finery and was fond of admiration, instead of staying at home and helping her mother accepted a position as counter girl at the store of a well-known New York tobacconist and snuff manufacturer named John Anderson. The young and pretty girl was an immense attraction to the stores, and presently became known in New York as "The Beautiful Cigar Girl."

Mary, though undoubtedly frivolous and fond of admiration, was a generally well-conducted girl and served her employer loyally in return for the excellent salary he paid her. She had a host of admirers, but among these admirers only one lover. This was a young naval officer, a frequent customer at the stores.

But one day the customers came to the cigar shop to find that its great attraction had disappeared. Mary was no longer behind the counter. Presently it was ascertained that she had not only disappeared from the cigar shop but from her home, and it was never definitely ascertained why she left home or whither she went.

But in a couple of months Mary Rogers reappeared at the counter, and the beautiful cigar girl was once more the talk of New York.

Early in the year 1842 Mary left Mr. Anderson's employment and remained at the boarding-house, assisting her mother, who was an old lady of seventy. Some of her mother's male boarders were her devoted admirers.

Her principal admirer was Daniel Payn, who was a rather dissipated young man, but only in a mild way, and he and Mary Rogers presently became an engaged couple.

On the morning of Sunday, July 24th, 1842, Mary called up from the hall to Payn, who was dressing in his own room. She told him that she was going to spend the day at the house of her aunt. If she had not returned by supper-time would Payn come to the house and fetch her? Payn called down the stairs and said, "All right."

Mary Rogers went out of her mother's house after making this contingent appointment with Payn and was never again seen alive. There was a heavy thunderstorm that evening, and Payn, supposing that Mary would remain at her aunt's house, did not go to fetch her.

When, however, the girl did not return the next morning, inquiries were made and it was then ascertained that her aunt had seen nothing of her. More serious inquiries were at once made, and it was presently discovered that Mary had been seen by an acquaintance on Sunday morning walking along Broadway and down Barclay Street in the direction of Hoboken Ferry.

A stage-driver, named Adam, had seen her at a somewhat later hour walking with a young man at the foot of Weehawken Hill on the Jersey side of the river. This part of the river was a favourite Sunday resort of New Yorkers the Sibyl's Cave when one of them exclaimed, "Look! there's a body!" The body was floating on the waters of the cave, a cavity into which the tide flowed.

The body, which was that of a young woman, was towed to the shore. A piece of light material was found tightly twisted round her throat. The medical man who was the first to examine the dead secret of the cave was of opinion that the girl had been strangled with the fichu she was wearing at the time she was attacked. A long strip had also been torn from the girl's skirt and tied round the body in such a way as to enable the murderer to drag it along the ground. There was another loop round the neck, and both loops were tied with the knot which is as a rule made by sailors.

A hurried inquest was held in Jersey, an open verdict was returned, and the body was buried as that of a woman unknown. Apparently

"THE BODY WAS FLOATING ON THE WATERS OF THE CAVE, A CAVITY INTO WHICH THE TIDE FLOWED."

of a roughish class. There were a number of small restaurants and bar-rooms in the neighbourhood, and at one, kept by a Mrs. Loss, Mary Rogers and the young man appeared late in the afternoon. They had refreshments and went away. Soon afterwards a number of roughs came into the bar and had drinks for which they refused to pay, and then went off in the direction taken by the young couple.

It was from Mrs. Loss that the police obtained a description of the young man who was the last person seen in Mary's company. He was a good-looking young man of medium height, stoutly built, and with a swarthy complexion, and he appeared to be a man who was very much bronzed, as though he had led an open-air or a seafaring life.

It was on Sunday afternoon that Mary Rogers had been seen for the last time. On the following Wednesday some anglers were near at that time the disappearance of Mary Rogers had not been officially notified to the New York authorities.

But the report of the inquest attracted the attention of the people who knew of the disappearance of the beautiful cigar girl, and a New York journal demanded that the body should be disinterred and a proper inquiry held upon it. When this was eventually done decomposition had set in to such an extent that it was impossible to recognize the features, but portions of the clothing were identified more or less positively and the body was generally accepted as that of Mary Rogers.

The New York authorities being satisfied with the evidence as to identity, devoted themselves to the discovery of the murderer. Who was the swarthy young man who had been last seen with the girl?

The affair had now become the principal

topic of conversation in New York. Large rewards were offered to anyone who would come forward and give information which would lead to the solution of the mystery. The excitement became so intense that one of the leading journals declared that the affair had reached the proportion of a national event. Sermons were preached upon it and articles and essays were written upon it, but not a single ray of light fell upon the dark path which the police were blindly following in the hope of stumbling upon a solution of the problem.

And then suddenly something happened which brought the interest up to fever-heat. Some boys, roaming in the thicket not far from the spot where Mary Rogers had been last seen, came upon a white petticoat, a parasol, a silk scarf, a pair of gloves, and a handkerchief. The articles were all saturated with rain, and some of them covered with mildew. All these

"SOME BOYS, ROAMING IN THE THICKET NOT FAR FROM THE SPOT WHERE MARY ROGERS HAD BEEN LAST SEEN, CAME UPON A WHITE PETTICOAT, A PARASOL, A SILK SCARF, A PAIR OF GLOVES, AND A HANDKERCHIEF."

things were eventually proved to have been worn by Mary Rogers on the Sunday morning when she left her mother's home for the last time. There was no doubt about it. The handkerchief was marked with her name.

With the discovery of portions of Mary Rogers' clothing in the thicket the police at once came to the conclusion that this was the scene of the crime. The girl had been killed in the thicket and the murderer had dragged the body across the intervening ground to fling it into the river. But some of the criminal experts had doubts.

On the spot where the petticoat, the parasol, the gloves, etc., had been discovered there were some pieces of stone or rock which were of a peculiar formation. Together they formed a seat with a back to it, and at the foot of the seat was a footstool. The children of the neighbourhood were in the habit of playing in this thicket and sitting on the stone chair, which they called a throne, and it was frequently entered by boys in search of certain herbs that grew there.

How was it that some weeks had elapsed before any of the children or boys noticed the scattered belongings of the victim? Was it not possible that these things had been placed there only a few days before the discovery, and had then remained unnoticed because it had been raining heavily and the wet weather had interfered with the daily excursions of the children?

The boys who found the things did not leave them on the spot. They took them home with them, and it was after they had been seen by grown-up people that the articles were handed over to the authorities.

It was suggested that the girl had not been murdered in the thicket, but elsewhere, and the petticoat, gloves, handkerchief, parasol, etc., had been placed in the thicket in order to put the police upon a wrong scent in their search for the murderer.

Another suggestion was even more sensational. It was that the body found was not that of Mary Rogers, but that the beautiful cigar girl had wilfully disappeared exactly as she had done on a previous occasion, and that the things which had been found in the thicket had been placed there by her accomplice in order to stop any search for her being made in the land of the living.

But the police accepted the finding of the clothes in the thicket as they had accepted the body, and they continued their search for the murderer. At one time suspicion, because of the sailor's knot, fell upon Mary's former sweetheart, the young naval officer, but he had not been in or near New York for months before the crime.

The theory that some of the gang of roughs had committed the crime was untenable. They would not have taken the trouble to drag the girl's body from the place where the crime was committed. And there was the swarthy young man to be accounted for. If the girl had been dragged from him he would have raised an alarm, or at least have given information afterwards, unless, of course, he had been murdered too. But if he had been murdered his body would have been found.

Nothing happened to clear up the mystery, which was added to by the persistent way in which a certain number of people absolutely refused to believe that Mary Rogers had been murdered at all.

But Daniel Payn was evidently convinced that she had been. Some months after the tragedy he was discovered in the thicket dying. He lay close to the spot on which the scattered garments of his *fiancée* had been found, and by his side was an empty laudanum bottle. In one of his pockets a piece of paper was found on which he had written, "Here I am, on the very spot. God forgive me for my misspent life."

Anderson, the cigar merchant, in whose employment Mary had been at one time, was suspected of being the murderer. Immediately after the discovery he left New York in such a hurried manner that it was looked upon as flight, and the police followed him and arrested him. But he was able to account satisfactorily for the whole of his time on the fatal Sunday.

The employer of the beautiful cigar girl became enormously wealthy. When he died in Paris in the early 'eighties, the story of the mystery of Mary Rogers was told again at considerable length in the American Press. In his later years Anderson became a confirmed believer in spiritualism, and frequently asserted that he held communion with the murdered girl. But it is not on record that the spirit of Mary Rogers ever told him the name of her murderer, and so the fate of the "Beautiful Cigar Girl" remains to this day an unsolved mystery of crime, so far as fact is concerned.

Edgar Allan Poe solved it in fiction. His theory is that the sailor-sweetheart, the young naval officer who had been responsible for her first disappearance from the cigar shop, was the murderer. But the police had already entertained this theory and followed it up. The young officer, whose name was known to a large number of the frequenters of the cigar shop, had been traced, and the police had no difficulty in ascertaining his whereabouts on the fatal Sunday, and the knowledge they acquired was sufficient to dismiss him from the case.

But if we take the theory that the mystery of the beautiful cigar girl is not "Who murdered her?" but "What became of her?" it is not at all difficult to justify it by facts. When Mary Rogers left her mother's home on the Sunday morning she deliberately planned a deception. She said she was going to her aunt's, which was untrue, and to prevent her affianced husband, Daniel Payn, calling during the day and so finding out that she had deceived him, she told him to call for her if she did not return by supper-time. That gave her from nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening to make her arrangements without interference. She was so far an accomplice in the mystery of the day's happenings.

The meeting with the swarthy young man was no chance meeting. The girl herself had evidently agreed to it and had arranged that there should be no inquiry for her till the last possible moment, when, in any circumstances, her failure to return home would cause a search for her to be made.

The clothes found in the thicket were undoubtedly hers, but the circumstances in which they were found strongly suggest that they had been placed there after the discovery of a body in the Sibyl's Cave, and that this had been done in order to confirm the belief that the murdered girl was Mary Rogers.

Certain points in the identification of the body recall the story of another unsolved mystery of crime, which is known as the Milwaukee Mystery. At nine o'clock in the morning of April 14th, 1855, a parcel was dragged from the river just below one of the bridges. When the parcel was opened it was found to contain the head and trunk of a human body. The sack in which the body was found had been frayed at one end by the action of the water, and the missing portions of the body had fallen or been washed through the aperture. The body was in a wheat-sack, and the name of "Vogt" was stamped upon it. The sack had been tied up with peculiar knots, which were at once recognized as the knots usually made by French sailors.

The police inquiries, which were at once set on foot, resulted in the discovery that a man, named John Dwire, was missing. A large number of witnesses—over a dozen—many of whom were well acquainted with the missing man, identified the remains as those of Dwire. They recognized the body, not only by the features, but by the scar of a burn on the left cheek, two missing front teeth in the lower jaw, the leg-of-mutton whiskers, the bald head with a fringe of sandy hair, a scar on a finger of the left hand, and a scar on the thumb of the right hand. These witnesses were men and women who had known Dwire for years, and they were positive in their testimony.

The police, in the course of their investigation, found that from one of the low haunts Dwire was known to frequent a French sailor, called Matelot Jack, who had been employed as a bar-tender in a dram-shop, had disappeared, and he was suspected of having tied the knots. But suspicion also fell upon a German who had been seen in company with Dwire the evening before he had been missed from his home and his accustomed haunts.

The German was about to be arrested when a sensational turn was given to events. While the deputy-sheriff and other officials were

examining witnesses at the adjourned inquest a man walked into court and exclaimed, "I am John Dwire. Lest anyone here should think that I am dead, I have come to take my solemn oath that I am not the corpse found in the river last Saturday morning."

The police were never able to discover whose corpse it was that had been recognized by a dozen witnesses as that of John Dwire. The New York police stopped their inquiries with regard to the body found in the Sibyl's Cave directly a number of witnesses had said that it was the missing Mary Rogers.

Mary Rogers may, for reasons of her own, have gladly availed herself of the situation created by the idea that she was dead, and also for reasons of her own she may have allowed the mystery surrounding her fate to remain unsolved.

"WHILE THE DEPUTY-SHERIFF AND OTHER OFFICIALS WERE EXAMINING WITNESSES A MAN WALKED INTO COURT AND EXCLAIMED, 'I AM JOHN DWIRE.'"

There are innumerable instances of the "dead alive" in the annals of criminal romance. One of the most famous instances is that of Mr. William Harrison, who was steward to Lady Campden, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Baptist Hicks, who built the Clerkenwell Sessions House, known as Hicks Hall.

Harrison, who was seventy years of age, disappeared on August 16th, 1660, on his way from Campden to a neighbouring village to collect some rents. Several articles belonging to him were found, blood-stained, at a certain spot on the road. A servant of Harrison's, named John Perry, and John Perry's mother and brother were arrested and charged with murdering him. Although the body was not found they were convicted and executed.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Harrison walked into his house at Campden in the best of health, and explained his absence by the statement that he had been attacked on the road by a number of horsemen and carried off to foreign parts, where he was sold into slavery. The story was highly improbable, but it seems to have been accepted.

Burke, in referring to it, says that it stands in our criminal annals a landmark, to show how courts and ministers of justice, however able, may now and then be most fatally deceived and misled, whether the evidence be circumstantial or direct.

It is quite possible that the case of "The Beautiful Cigar Girl" of New York may have remained an unsolved mystery of crime because the authorities entrusted with the investigation were, by evidence that was both circumstantial and direct, deceived and misled.

YOUTH WILL OUT.

By J. H. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

HE was blue as the blue hills that faded away on every hand, but he lacked their dignity of outline and mien. In fact, he lacked any sort of dignity. He was the most disreputable-looking terrier that ever hopped on three legs—until you met his eyes, amber dark and amber clear, glowing softly under his dingy white topknot. And then you knew what a great-hearted little fellow he was.

Tiger was varmint right through, as a Bedlington should be.

But I am sorry to say he only comes into *this* story to effect an introduction which ended, as a few do, in a friendship.

Just now he was busy. Very busy. His lean, wicked jaw, its dour cruelty hidden by a silky frill of hair, was being driven violently through gorse and bracken in obedience to his jet-black nose. And his frantic tail was drumming on his ribs.

His master, as disreputable-looking an object as he, was watching him intently. For when Tiger got busy, something usually happened. And something happened now. A big buck rabbit suddenly leapt up from a tuft of bracken exactly the same colour as he was and went dotting undecidedly away up the smooth-cropped ride amongst the gorse.

He soon, very soon, realized indecision was hardly what he wanted just then. Tiger loosed himself (and gained beauty in the act, for he galloped like a greyhound) and was at his scut. And the rabbit only just jinked away from him in time. Tiger snapped round like a polo pony and flung himself into the prickles after him. But the rabbit had the better of him there and led by yards when he got out on to the next ride that crossed the top of the hill.

Tiger's master let out a bellow at the find, for he was young, and rabbit-hunting was as good fun as anything else. But as he ran on up the hill he perforce became silent, for he was a lanky boy, not built for fast work up hill through gorse and heather and rocks. Once he slipped and came down, head first, into a young gorse bush as healthy as he.

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"Or, if we do," she persisted, "it will be in somebody's drawing-room, and we should have to be introduced and talk about the weather. And from that moment we should be strangers. Oh," she cried, angrily, "I hate convention!"

"So do I," he agreed, fervently; "and it's positively indecent to think about it at the present moment."

But he knew she had spoken truth, and her word cast a pall on their pleasant illusion. An episode, they both felt, was closing.

"Never mind," she said. "For the present I'm just a woman and you're just a man, and —thank you."

Suddenly he clenched his fist, and spoke with a bitterness which startled her. "God!" he cried. "I wish I were more of a man!"

"Why?" she asked, taken aback. "Aren't you satisfied? Aren't you glad you saved my life?"

He made an impulsive movement towards her. "Do you need telling," he said, "that I would rather have done that than anything else I have ever done in my life?"

The sudden earnestness of his tone took her off her guard. She shrank from him. Embarrassment sprang up between them; but she was saved by the violent entry of a corpulent and asthmatic stranger, who descended on the young man with a whirlwind of apology. "My dear sir!" he wheezed, "I've been looking for you everywhere!"

The young man stared. "That's very kind of you," he replied, coolly, "but I wonder why?"

"I want to apologize. I'm the fellow who was standing next to you on the landing-stage."

"It's odd," murmured the young man, "that I didn't notice it."

"And I didn't notice *you!*" The man's affability passed to positive jocularity. "That's just the trouble!"

"Trouble? I don't quite understand."

The stout man made a circumferential gesture.

"THE STOUT MAN MADE A CIRCUMFERENTIAL GESTURE. 'YOU SEE MY AFFLICTION, SIR,' HE SAID, APOLOGETICALLY. 'BEEN LIKE IT SINCE A BOY. NOTHING DOES IT ANY GOOD.'"

"You see my affliction, sir," he said, apologetically. "Been like it since a boy. Nothing does it any good—air, exercise, Sandow before breakfast; not a bit of good! And the consequence is, whichever way I turn, it bumps something!"

A light broke on the young man. "I see!" he said. "You were standing next to me and——"

"I turned round to look at the clock—and, of course, it bumped something! Before I knew where I was, there you were in the water!"

"So that's what it was!" reflected the other. "I felt something strike me rather forcibly."

"I'm extremely sorry, sir," said the large one, "deuced upset, I assure you. You had slipped away before I had time to explain matters, and I've been looking for you ever since. Now if there's anything I can do to make up for my clumsiness—hot-water bottles, cab, telegram——"

He was assured that there was nothing he could do except to shut the door after him as he went out; and after further profuse and stertorous apologies, he decided he had "better be toddling"—and toddled.

She had stood quite still during this interlude, her eyes fixed in a fascinated stare on her rescuer. He avoided her gaze. Suddenly she spoke in a new, hard voice:—

"Tell me quickly, please," she said, "that that horrible fat man is mad."

He hesitated a moment, then said, still avoiding her eyes: "No, he *did* bump me in. At least, something did."

"You didn't try to save my life?"

"I told you I wasn't a hero."

"You didn't jump into the water at all?"

"I told you I found myself in the water."

She advanced a few paces towards him, raised her hand as if for some bitter denunciation, then dropped it, and burst into tears.

"Spoiled! Ruined!" she wept. "The only adventure I've ever had—and I'm ashamed of it! Oh, how could you, how could you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," he murmured.

"At least tell me," she pleaded, with a sudden spasm of hope, "that you were *going* to jump in?"

"No!" She shrank back from him with a gasp. "No! I couldn't. It would have been no use. I can't swim."

"Why, you told me just now that you were very fond of it!" she said, indignantly.

"Yes, but not lately." His embarrassment increased. "As a matter of fact," he stammered, "there's something wrong with my leg."

"You walk perfectly well!"

"I know, but I can't depend on it."

He was the picture of guilty confusion. She spoke with a scorn that made him wince. "Why don't you tell me you had a headache?" she said. "Why, I'm a woman, and I'd jump into the water to save a dog from drowning! And you can't, because there's something wrong with your leg! And I called you a brave man! No, you're just a miserable c——"

"Don't say it!" he commanded her, with a sharpness which arrested her indignation in spite of herself. He went on in stammering tones: "I don't know why one should be so absurdly sensitive about it, but one is, and one can't help it. There *is* something wrong with my leg. If you must know," he frowned and blushed like a boy, "it's not a leg at all."

"What do you mean?"

"It's a dud," he said, shortly. "Fritz has got the real one."

Her expression changed from accusation to the horror of remorse. She turned from him with a despairing gesture and stood abashed.

He hated himself for bringing humiliation on her, and sought to bring back their cheerful *camaraderie*. "It's a jolly good leg," he said, lightly. "It cost a dickens of a lot. And it will do all sorts of tricks. But it isn't amphibious."

She came to him slowly, not daring to meet his eyes. "Oh, forgive me, forgive me!" she cried, with something very near a sob. "I'd rather have died than hurt you like that!"

"No, no!" he reassured her, distressed for her distress. "*You* didn't hurt me. It was my own fault for being so ridiculously sensitive. But I'll tell you what does hurt," he added, in a low voice, looking away from her. "To stand on the brink and not be able to plunge in—that hurts a bit sometimes." Then he smiled cheerfully, banishing ugly things. "Rotten old war, isn't it?" he asked.

"You did *want* to plunge in, didn't you?" she asked, softly.

"Oh, my dear, like—like——"

"Like the deuce," she prompted him, nodding her head solemnly; and added, looking him well and truly in the eyes: "I'm ten times gladder now that I had something to cling to."

And his eyes looked well and truly back at hers; and "Cling again!" he would have said, but another interruption reft his golden moment from him. A slim, thin-lipped, middle-aged woman, with a "piece of her mind" visibly trembling for expression, entered unannounced and planted herself in front of the girl, ignoring the presence of her companion.

"So there you are, my lady," she said, with unemotional but unmistakable accusation; "and a nice chase I've had to find you!"

"Mother!" said the girl, in consternation. "How did you know?"

"Somebody picked up a card with your address on it, and telegraphed there'd been an accident. *I* knew what was the matter. Now get your things and come home. I've got a cab outside. Who's this young man?"

"He rescued me."

"More fool he," said the slim lady, acidly.

"I say!" protested the young man.

She whirled round on him. "I suppose you think," she said, "that you've saved that wicked girl's life?"

"No such luck," he said.

"Perhaps you'd like to know who you've rescued?"

"Not Annette Kellerman, I hope?" he murmured.

"No, but the champion lady swimmer of Sussex!"

He had some ado to conceal his dismay. "Really!" he said; and to the girl, with polite irony, "I congratulate you." But she was looking elsewhere.

"And let me tell you," continued the slim lady, ruthlessly, "she no more fell into the water than you did. *I* know her. Only yesterday she said to me, 'If that old boat doesn't do something desperate one of these mornings, *I* will. I've a good mind to jump overboard just for the fun of the thing.'"

"Really!" he exclaimed, again.

"'SO THERE YOU ARE, MY LADY,' SHE SAID, WITH UNEMOTIONAL BUT UNMISTAKABLE
HAD TO

"She's always been the same. Ever since a child, when she was in a temper, the first thing she'd do was to jump into the water."

"It seems to me a very sound way of treating a temper."

"Does it? You try being her mother, young man, and see how you like it. Now, then, Leslie, come along. Your father's waiting to have a talk to you."

"I'll come in a moment, mother," said the girl in the ghost of a voice.

"You'd better." She walked primly to the door and, turning to the young man, "You be careful next time, young man, before you go saving people's lives," she admonished him.

The slim lady vanished, leaving behind her a tense silence beyond human bearing.

Her back was turned to him, her head bowed. Mortification and perplexity battled within him. He tried to see the humour of the thing. "I know she's your mother," he said; "but she's not quite herself to-day, is she?"

"No," she muttered.

"Never heard such nonsense in my life, did you?"

"No."

He breathed an immense sigh of relief "*That's* all right," he said. "I'm jolly glad it's nonsense."

ACCUSATION; 'AND A NICE CHASE I'VE FIND YOU!'"

She turned on him swiftly. "It's true, it's true! I did jump in!" she cried, violently.

He stared agape for a moment; then slowly turned towards the door. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I think I'll be getting along. Unless there's anything I can do for you?"

"No," she said, sullenly.

He went to the door. "I was wrong in what I said just now about women. Some of them are too able-bodied to need to depend on anything or anybody. And when they pretend to, they make other people feel very foolish—and look very small."

He turned to go. She did not move. Suddenly he turned back. "Look here," he cried, "I don't believe it!"

"Don't you?" she said, with a cry of pleasure.

"I don't believe you'd make an exhibition of yourself like that! I don't believe you'd do anything so—well, so confoundedly vulgar, so there!"

"No, I wouldn't, would I?" she said, eagerly.

"Of course you wouldn't! So you didn't jump in?"

"Oh, but I did!"

"Ha!" he said, turning from her again.

"Yes, I did! But not to make an exhibition of myself. Not even for the fun of the thing."

"Then why?"

"For something"—she hesitated—"something nearly as schoolgirlish."

"Tell me," he begged her; "I adore schoolgirlishness!"

Her words came in a rush, like those of a naughty child voluble in unnecessary explanation. "I was wearing a bracelet—one I was fond of—I wouldn't have lost it for worlds. Just as I was stepping off the boat, the chain broke and it fell into the water."

"You don't tell me," he exclaimed, "that you went in after it?"

"I was in the water before I knew what I was doing. I'm used to it, I think nothing of it. And it was too maddening to *see* my bracelet there, sinking before my eyes."

"Did you get it?" he asked, excitedly.

"Rather!" she said, proudly, and produced it from her pocket.

"Well, you *are* a sportsman!" he shouted, and laughed uncontrollably. She joined him, and they laughed themselves back to easy, friendly terms with one another.

"It *is* an adventure after all, isn't it?"

"Yes!" he said, "and a rich one! And everything's as it should be! Don't you see? I'm a hero—in intention; and you're a weak, clinging woman—in intention! Intention is the thing that matters! So we're all right, aren't we?"

"Perfectly!"

"And we keep our illusion—the knight-errant, and the damsel in distress. By the way, who are you, damsel?"

"I'm Leslie Avory."

"And what are you?"

"A typist. What are you?"

"By birth, an idler; by profession, a viscount."

"Oh, I think," she said, gaily, "you might have been a prince!"

He came close to her. "I could be, if you would be princess," he said.

"Do you think I should know how?" she asked, all schoolgirl.

"Leslie," he said, "the poets often compare love to a deep sea. Could you stand another plunge this morning?"

Her silence was better than any word.

"Jump!" he cried.

Poor, weak woman! How she clung!

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

II.

Illustrated by Henry Evison.

THE tantalizing mysteries of crime have inspired more than one writer of romance to attempt their unravelling in the guise of fiction. In many of the immortal tales of mystery and imagination that the disordered genius of Edgar Allan Poe gave to the world the mystery was already to his hand, and the only thing due to his imagination was the manner of its solution.

The fate of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl of New York, has been a famous murder mystery for three-quarters of a century. The body, which was discovered and generally believed to be hers, was found drowned in July, 1842, near a spot called the Sibyl's Cave, on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The girl had evidently been murdered before being put into the water, but all the efforts of the New York police failed to bring the crime home to its author.

The New York journals, during the many months of fruitless investigation, devoted a considerable amount of space to the life and adventures and death of the beautiful cigar girl, and the newspapers and periodicals were filled with the theories not only of amateur detectives but of criminal experts.

In November, 1842, Edgar Allan Poe, under the pretext of solving the mystery of the murder of a Parisian grisette, took the known facts connected with the mystery of the murder of the New York cigar girl and paraphrased them in the story of his heroine. Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget," of Paris, is the Mystery of Mary Rogers of New York. But Poe, by the aid of his imagination, did what the New York police were never able to accomplish. He fixed the crime upon the guilty party. Poe's solution of the mystery of Marie Roget is a brilliant piece of logical deduction, but leaves the mystery of Mary Rogers exactly where it was.

It will be more interesting to the reader to consider the solution that Poe arrived at in his fiction when the facts of the real happening have been marshalled.

Mary Rogers was a pretty, frivolous girl with any number of admirers. Her elderly mother kept a boarding-house in Nassau Street, New York, but Mary, who had a taste for finery and was fond of admiration, instead of staying at home and helping her mother accepted a position as counter girl at the store of a well-known New York tobacconist and snuff manufacturer named John Anderson. The young and pretty girl was an immense attraction to the stores, and presently became known in New York as "The Beautiful Cigar Girl."

Mary, though undoubtedly frivolous and fond of admiration, was a generally well-conducted girl and served her employer loyally in return for the excellent salary he paid her. She had a host of admirers, but among these admirers only one lover. This was a young naval officer, a frequent customer at the stores.

But one day the customers came to the cigar shop to find that its great attraction had disappeared. Mary was no longer behind the counter. Presently it was ascertained that she had not only disappeared from the cigar shop but from her home, and it was never definitely ascertained why she left home or whither she went.

But in a couple of months Mary Rogers reappeared at the counter, and the beautiful cigar girl was once more the talk of New York.

Early in the year 1842 Mary left Mr. Anderson's employment and remained at the boarding-house, assisting her mother, who was an old lady of seventy. Some of her mother's male boarders were her devoted admirers.

Her principal admirer was Daniel Payn, who was a rather dissipated young man, but only in a mild way, and he and Mary Rogers presently became an engaged couple.

On the morning of Sunday, July 24th, 1842, Mary called up from the hall to Payn, who was dressing in his own room. She told him that she was going to spend the day at the house of her aunt. If she had not returned by supper-time would Payn come to the house and fetch her? Payn called down the stairs and said, "All right."

Mary Rogers went out of her mother's house after making this contingent appointment with Payn and was never again seen alive. There was a heavy thunderstorm that evening, and Payn, supposing that Mary would remain at her aunt's house, did not go to fetch her.

When, however, the girl did not return the next morning, inquiries were made and it was then ascertained that her aunt had seen nothing of her. More serious inquiries were at once made, and it was presently discovered that Mary had been seen by an acquaintance on Sunday morning walking along Broadway and down Barclay Street in the direction of Hoboken Ferry.

A stage-driver, named Adam, had seen her at a somewhat later hour walking with a young man at the foot of Weehawken Hill on the Jersey side of the river. This part of the river was a favourite Sunday resort of New Yorkers

"THE BODY WAS FLOATING ON THE WATERS OF THE CAVE, A CAVITY INTO WHICH THE TIDE FLOWED."

of a roughish class. There were a number of small restaurants and bar-rooms in the neighbourhood, and at one, kept by a Mrs. Loss, Mary Rogers and the young man appeared late in the afternoon. They had refreshments and went away. Soon afterwards a number of roughs came into the bar and had drinks for which they refused to pay, and then went off in the direction taken by the young couple.

It was from Mrs. Loss that the police obtained a description of the young man who was the last person seen in Mary's company. He was a good-looking young man of medium height, stoutly built, and with a swarthy complexion, and he appeared to be a man who was very much bronzed, as though he had led an open-air or a seafaring life.

It was on Sunday afternoon that Mary Rogers had been seen for the last time. On the following Wednesday some anglers were near the Sibyl's Cave when one of them exclaimed, "Look! there's a body!" The body was floating on the waters of the cave, a cavity into which the tide flowed.

The body, which was that of a young woman, was towed to the shore. A piece of light material was found tightly twisted round her throat. The medical man who was the first to examine the dead secret of the cave was of opinion that the girl had been strangled with the fichu she was wearing at the time she was attacked. A long strip had also been torn from the girl's skirt and tied round the body in such a way as to enable the murderer to drag it along the ground. There was another loop round the neck, and both loops were tied with the knot which is as a rule made by sailors.

A hurried inquest was held in Jersey, an open verdict was returned, and the body was buried as that of a woman unknown. Apparently at that time the disappearance of Mary Rogers had not been officially notified to the New York authorities.

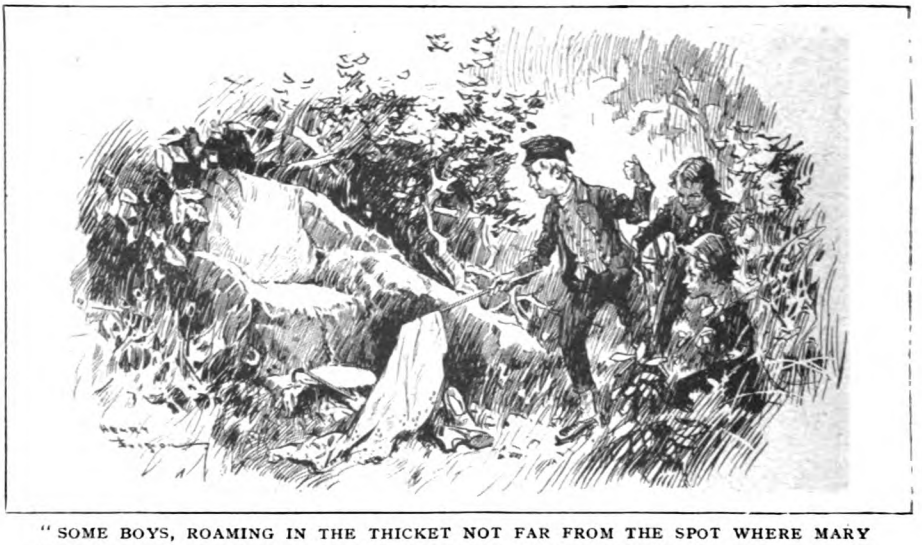
But the report of the inquest attracted the attention of the people who knew of the disappearance of the beautiful cigar girl, and a New York journal demanded that the body should be disinterred and a proper inquiry held upon it. When this was eventually done decomposition had set in to such an extent that it was impossible to recognize the features, but portions of the clothing were identified more or less positively and the body was generally accepted as that of Mary Rogers.

The New York authorities being satisfied with the evidence as to identity, devoted themselves to the discovery of the murderer. Who was the swarthy young man who had been last seen with the girl?

The affair had now become the principal

topic of conversation in New York. Large rewards were offered to anyone who would come forward and give information which would lead to the solution of the mystery. The excitement became so intense that one of the leading journals declared that the affair had reached the proportion of a national event. Sermons were preached upon it and articles and essays were written upon it, but not a single ray of light fell upon the dark path which the police were blindly following in the hope of stumbling upon a solution of the problem.

And then suddenly something happened which brought the interest up to fever-heat. Some boys, roaming in the thicket not far from the spot where Mary Rogers had been last seen, came upon a white petticoat, a parasol, a silk scarf, a pair of gloves, and a handkerchief. The articles were all saturated with rain, and some of them covered with mildew. All these



"SOME BOYS, ROAMING IN THE THICKET NOT FAR FROM THE SPOT WHERE MARY ROGERS HAD BEEN LAST SEEN, CAME UPON A WHITE PETTICOAT, A PARASOL, A SILK SCARF, A PAIR OF GLOVES, AND A HANDKERCHIEF."

things were eventually proved to have been worn by Mary Rogers on the Sunday morning when she left her mother's home for the last time. There was no doubt about it. The handkerchief was marked with her name.

With the discovery of portions of Mary Rogers' clothing in the thicket the police at once came to the conclusion that this was the scene of the crime. The girl had been killed in the thicket and the murderer had dragged the body across the intervening ground to fling it into the river. But some of the criminal experts had doubts.

On the spot where the petticoat, the parasol, the gloves, etc., had been discovered there were some pieces of stone or rock which were of a peculiar formation. Together they formed a seat with a back to it, and at the foot of the seat was a footstool. The children of the neighbourhood were in the habit of playing in this thicket and sitting on the stone chair, which they called a throne, and it was frequently entered by boys in search of certain herbs that grew there.

How was it that some weeks had elapsed before any of the children or boys noticed the scattered belongings of the victim? Was it not possible that these things had been placed there only a few days before the discovery, and had then remained unnoticed because it had been raining heavily and the wet weather had interfered with the daily excursions of the children?

The boys who found the things did not leave them on the spot. They took them home with them, and it was after they had been seen by grown-up people that the articles were handed over to the authorities.

It was suggested that the girl had not been murdered in the thicket, but elsewhere, and the petticoat, gloves, handkerchief, parasol, etc., had been placed in the thicket in order to put the police upon a wrong scent in their search for the murderer.

Another suggestion was even more sensational. It was that the body found was not that of Mary Rogers, but that the beautiful cigar girl had wilfully disappeared exactly as she had done on a previous occasion, and that the things which had been found in the thicket had been placed there by her accomplice in order to stop any search for her being made in the land of the living.

But the police accepted the finding of the clothes in the thicket as they had accepted the body, and they continued their search for the murderer. At one time suspicion, because of the sailor's knot, fell upon Mary's former sweetheart, the young naval officer, but he had not been in or near New York for months before the crime.

The theory that some of the gang of roughs had committed the crime was untenable. They would not have taken the trouble to drag the girl's body from the place where the crime was committed. And there was the swarthy young man to be accounted for. If the girl had been dragged from him he would have raised an alarm, or at least have given information afterwards, unless, of course, he had been murdered too. But if he had been murdered his body would have been found.

Nothing happened to clear up the mystery, which was added to by the persistent way in which a certain number of people absolutely refused to believe that Mary Rogers had been murdered at all.

But Daniel Payn was evidently convinced that she had been. Some months after the tragedy he was discovered in the thicket dying. He lay close to the spot on which the scattered garments of his *fiancée* had been found, and by his side was an empty laudanum bottle. In one of his pockets a piece of paper was found on which he had written, "Here I am, on the very spot. God forgive me for my misspent life."

Anderson, the cigar merchant, in whose employment Mary had been at one time, was suspected of being the murderer. Immediately after the discovery he left New York in such a hurried manner that it was looked upon as flight, and the police followed him and arrested him. But he was able to account satisfactorily for the whole of his time on the fatal Sunday.

The employer of the beautiful cigar girl became enormously wealthy. When he died in Paris in the early 'eighties, the story of the mystery of Mary Rogers was told again at considerable length in the American Press. In his later years Anderson became a confirmed believer in spiritualism, and frequently asserted that he held communion with the murdered girl. But it is not on record that the spirit of Mary Rogers ever told him the name of her murderer, and so the fate of the "Beautiful Cigar Girl" remains to this day an unsolved mystery of crime, so far as fact is concerned.

Edgar Allan Poe solved it in fiction. His theory is that the sailor-sweetheart, the young naval officer who had been responsible for her first disappearance from the cigar shop, was the murderer. But the police had already entertained this theory and followed it up. The young officer, whose name was known to a large number of the frequenters of the cigar shop, had been traced, and the police had no difficulty in ascertaining his whereabouts on the fatal Sunday, and the knowledge they acquired was sufficient to dismiss him from the case.

But if we take the theory that the mystery of the beautiful cigar girl is not "Who murdered her?" but "What became of her?" it is not at all difficult to justify it by facts. When Mary Rogers left her mother's home on the Sunday morning she deliberately planned a deception. She said she was going to her aunt's, which was untrue, and to prevent her affianced husband, Daniel Payn, calling during the day and so finding out that she had deceived him, she told him to call for her if she did not return by supper-time. That gave her from nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening to make her arrangements without interference. She was so far an accomplice in the mystery of the day's happenings.

The meeting with the swarthy young man was no chance meeting. The girl herself had evidently agreed to it and had arranged that there should be no inquiry for her till the last possible moment, when, in any circumstances, her failure to return home would cause a search for her to be made.

The clothes found in the thicket were undoubtedly hers, but the circumstances in which they were found strongly suggest that they had been placed there after the discovery of a body in the Sibyl's Cave, and that this had been done in order to confirm the belief that the murdered girl was Mary Rogers.

Certain points in the identification of the body recall the story of another unsolved mystery of crime, which is known as the Milwaukee Mystery. At nine o'clock in the morning of April 14th, 1855, a parcel was dragged from the river just below one of the bridges. When the parcel was opened it was found to contain the head and trunk of a human body. The sack in which the body was found had been frayed at one end by the action of the water, and the missing portions of the body had fallen or been washed through the aperture. The body was in a wheat-sack, and the name of "Vogt" was stamped upon it. The sack had been tied up with peculiar knots, which were at once recognized as the knots usually made by French sailors.

The police inquiries, which were at once set on foot, resulted in the discovery that a man, named John Dwire, was missing. A large number of witnesses—over a dozen—many of whom were well acquainted with the missing man, identified the remains as those of Dwire. They recognized the body, not only by the features, but by the scar of a burn on the left cheek, two missing front teeth in the lower jaw, the leg-of-mutton whiskers, the bald head with a fringe of sandy hair, a scar on a finger of the left hand, and a scar on the thumb of the right hand. These witnesses were men and women who had known Dwire for years, and they were positive in their testimony.

The police, in the course of their investigation, found that from one of the low haunts Dwire was known to frequent a French sailor, called Matelot Jack, who had been employed as a bar-tender in a dram-shop, had disappeared, and he was suspected of having tied the knots. But suspicion also fell upon a German who had been seen in company with Dwire the evening before he had been missed from his home and his accustomed haunts.

The German was about to be arrested when a sensational turn was given to events. While the deputy-sheriff and other officials were

examining witnesses at the adjourned inquest a man walked into court and exclaimed, "I am John Dwire. Lest anyone here should think that I am dead, I have come to take my solemn oath that I am not the corpse found in the river last Saturday morning."

The police were never able to discover whose corpse it was that had been recognized by a dozen witnesses as that of John Dwire. The New York police stopped their inquiries with regard to the body found in the Sibyl's Cave directly a number of witnesses had said that it was the missing Mary Rogers.

Mary Rogers may, for reasons of her own, have gladly availed herself of the situation created by the idea that she was dead, and also for reasons of her own she may have allowed the mystery surrounding her fate to remain unsolved.

"WHILE THE DEPUTY-SHERIFF AND OTHER OFFICIALS WERE EXAMINING WITNESSES A MAN WALKED INTO COURT AND EXCLAIMED, 'I AM JOHN DWIRE.'"

There are innumerable instances of the "dead alive" in the annals of criminal romance. One of the most famous instances is that of Mr. William Harrison, who was steward to Lady Campden, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Baptist Hicks, who built the Clerkenwell Sessions House, known as Hicks Hall.

Harrison, who was seventy years of age, disappeared on August 16th, 1660, on his way from Campden to a neighbouring village to collect some rents. Several articles belonging to him were found, blood-stained, at a certain spot on the road. A servant of Harrison's, named John Perry, and John Perry's mother and brother were arrested and charged with murdering him. Although the body was not found they were convicted and executed.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Harrison walked into his house at Campden in the best of health, and explained his absence by the statement that he had been attacked on the road by a number of horsemen and carried off to foreign parts, where he was sold into slavery. The story was highly improbable, but it seems to have been accepted.

Burke, in referring to it, says that it stands in our criminal annals a landmark, to show how courts and ministers of justice, however able, may now and then be most fatally deceived and misled, whether the evidence be circumstantial or direct.

It is quite possible that the case of "The Beautiful Cigar Girl" of New York may have remained an unsolved mystery of crime because the authorities entrusted with the investigation were, by evidence that was both circumstantial and direct, deceived and misled.

YOUTH WILL OUT.

By J. H. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

HE was blue as the blue hills that faded away on every hand, but he lacked their dignity of outline and mien. In fact, he lacked any sort of dignity. He was the most disreputable-looking terrier that ever hopped on three legs—until you met his eyes, amber dark and amber clear, glowing softly under his dingy white topknot. And then you knew what a great-hearted little fellow he was.

Tiger was varmint right through, as a Bedlington should be.

But I am sorry to say he only comes into *this* story to effect an introduction which ended, as a few do, in a friendship.

Just now he was busy. Very busy. His lean, wicked jaw, its dour cruelty hidden by a silky frill of hair, was being driven violently through gorse and bracken in obedience to his jet-black nose. And his frantic tail was drumming on his ribs.

His master, as disreputable-looking an object as he, was watching him intently. For when Tiger got busy, something usually happened. And something happened now. A big buck rabbit suddenly leapt up from a tuft of bracken exactly the same colour as he was and went dotting undecidedly away up the smooth-cropped ride amongst the gorse.

He soon, very soon, realized indecision was hardly what he wanted just then. Tiger loosed himself (and gained beauty in the act, for he galloped like a greyhound) and was at his scut. And the rabbit only just jinked away from him in time. Tiger snapped round like a polo pony and flung himself into the prickles after him. But the rabbit had the better of him there and led by yards when he got out on to the next ride that crossed the top of the hill.

Tiger's master let out a bellow at the find, for he was young, and rabbit-hunting was as good fun as anything else. But as he ran on up the hill he perforce became silent, for he was a lanky boy, not built for fast work up hill through gorse and heather and rocks. Once he slipped and came down, head first, into a young gorse bush as healthy as he.

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And once he put his leg into a hole in the granite up to the knee and lost precious minutes getting it out.

On the top of the hill was a great tor of weathered granite, black in its own shadow, and round this the rabbit disappeared with Tiger after him like the end of a whip-lash, for he was gaining on the flat and meant to be with his game in a very few minutes.

And so he was, and just putting in those few extra strides that make the kill, when the rabbit—*his* rabbit—was taken out of his very jaws by a ball of white hair that flung itself yelling out of a near-by gorse bush.

If Tiger was disreputable, this animal certainly was ridiculous. To begin with, it had no legs or nose to speak of. Then it had a head like a coal-hammer and a coat like a child's woolly ball. In fact, it was a prize-bred Sealyham, with its coat unpulled since its new master had bought it. For he was ignorant of that art and only wondered dimly why his dog's hair had grown so extraordinarily since he had it.

But at any rate it killed the rabbit.

And then there was trouble. As there often is between sportsmen when one has his eye wiped.

Tiger flung himself at the white animal, who at once left the rabbit and joined battle.

Now a Bedlington was bred for fighting and seldom does his breeder discredit. He has a vicious slash-and-get-away style that defeats most sorts of dogs. And will even crimson and ribbon a bull-terrier waiting half asleep for his one, last, hold.

The little Sealyham, game as a pebble, reared up snarling in correct preliminary, and found a line of red slowly dripping across his near shoulder. He could make nothing of it, for the fight had not yet begun—and as he gazed at it in wonder, lo! there was another line painted in scarlet from side to side of his broad loins, and under it grew and grew a numbing pain.

His snarl rattled and dropped a note deeper and he flung himself at the blue—and met his teeth in silk where he had hoped for meat. For the Bedlington keeps two coats, "the outer long and silky and the inner close and rather woolly."

He was all for trying again, but at this minute deliverance came to him. For his master came up and seeing his beloved Dick being attacked by another dog (nobody's dog ever attacks another: he is always attacked. This is a curious fact), straightway dropped a stout ash-plant on to the stranger, and drove the blow home with words as stout.

It was unfortunate that Tiger's owner happened round the great tor at this particular moment. For, of course, all *he* saw was a great brutal fellow, built like a chimpanzee, leathering his poor harmless dog. Dog owners are like that.

"Leave my dog alone, sir!" he roared through his panting. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself thrashing a dog like that."

"Call your savage brute off if you've got any control over him," roared the other quite as angrily. "A dog like that oughtn't to be allowed at large. He's precious near killed mine." And he went on putting his ash-plant into Tiger. He had a certain amount of excuse, for so far it had had no effect on that gentleman. There is only one dog more difficult than a Bedlington to stop fighting. For that and other reasons they say you want to be a young man to own one. Still, it undoubtedly handicapped him, and Dick was getting in some quite creditable work.

Tiger's owner was called Maxwell and he was very angry. Not because he was called Maxwell, but because he was Tiger's owner. He went up to the other and said, "Leave my dog alone, I tell you!"

"I'll be damned if I will," said the other, as fiercely.

Tiger's owner hit him.

It had a wonderful effect. To begin with, the dogs stopped fighting at once. They realized this was more exciting than a mere dog-fight. And the men, who were both very hot and angry and undignified, became of a sudden both very cool and calm and *very* dignified.

"You'll take that back," said Grey, which was the name of Dick's owner.

"I should like to," agreed Maxwell—and he took off his coat.

Grey took off his coat too and flung it down beside Maxwell's. Now both the coats were the same, so exactly that it would have been hard to say from which boy (for they were hardly more, both of them) either had come. Not only were they the same in pattern and material, but also in their rather uncommon design and cut, and even to their buttons.

And looking at their owners as they stood unbuttoning their waistcoats another thing became plain. The rest of their clothes were as alike as their coats. They gave the impression of being a uniform, or rather a sort of a [illegible] of a fatigue dress.

Their waistcoats were the same: knitted and yellow and as [illegible] as their coats; and under [illegible] and the effrontery

to wear shirts and collars to match of the same horrible hues: Maxwell a searing purple, and Grey a melancholy olive green; and they both wore blue and white striped ties, though Grey's seemed to be more faded than Maxwell's. Their shoes were the same, huge brogues. Their socks were alike at any rate in their impossibility, and their trousers, short, wrinkled, and baggy, had obviously been of the same grey flannel at one time.

It was a curious thing, but neither of them seemed to notice it. Perhaps they were colour-blind, or, at any rate, colour-blinded.

These astounding clothes were presently explained, for as they unbuttoned their collars both spoke together.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you—— "

And both stopped together, most politely. Then they both began again.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you——"

And again they stopped. There was a long pause, for they were feeling very polite. Grey broke it.

"—— that I know something about boxing."

"—— that I know something about boxing," Maxwell finished a syllable behind him.

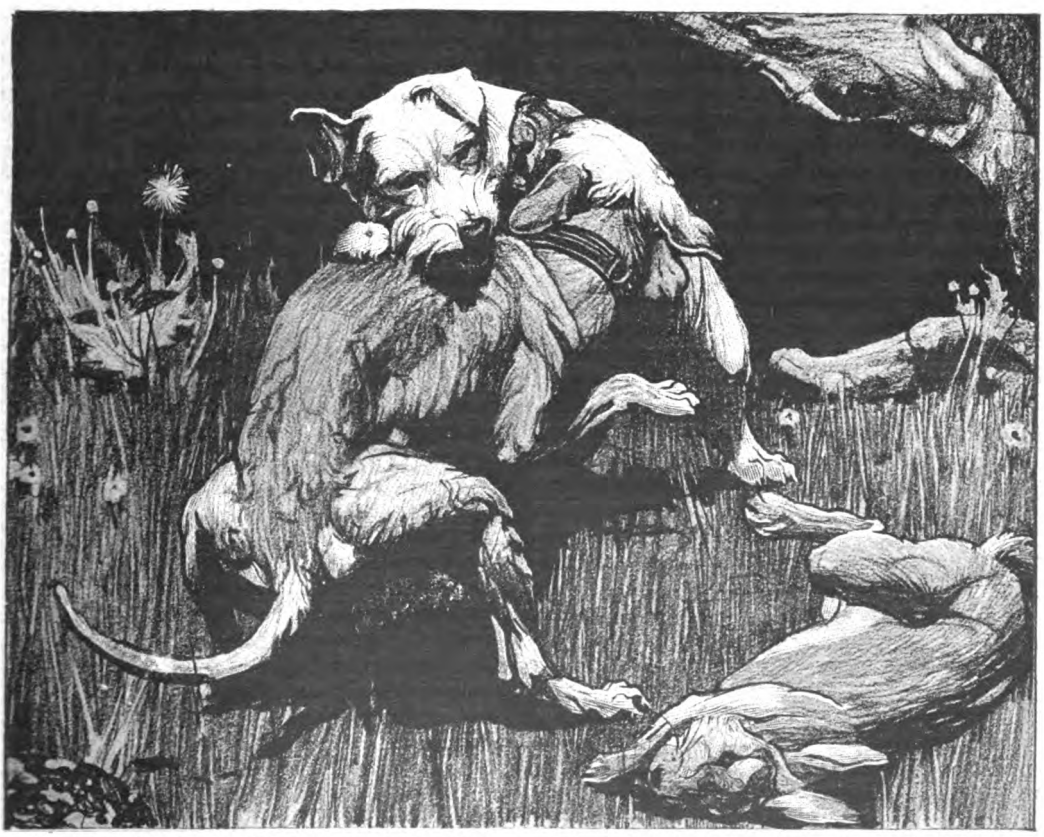
"In fact," said Grey, "I am Grey of Trinity."

"I'm hanged if you are," riposted Maxwell. "At least you may be Grey, but you're not of Trinity. For I don't know you and I'm a Trinity man."

"I did not say Trinity, Oxford," answered Grey, simply. "I said Trinity."

Maxwell jumped up as if he'd been stung. This was cause enough for battle in itself. After all, he had hit the man and was half thinking of apologizing. But not now. Not now. If a man tells you he is in the 110th, and you ask him if he means the 110th Madkhan Grenadiers, he *may* forgive you, for a hussar often has a sense of humour, and, after all, there are several units so numbered. But there is only one Trinity; the one you happen to be at.

So off came his shirt and off came Grey's, and then it was to be seen they were both trained. Now a trained man outside a boat



"TIGER FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE WHITE ANIMAL, WHO AT ONCE LEFT THE RABBIT AND JOINED BATTLE."

club or a ring is as rare an object as a trained horse off a course.

And their eyes were trained to take in training. They looked at each other's skin, white and dry as ivory; they looked at the rippling muscle working easily under it, and they grinned. This was going to be fun.

Grey jumped back from the handshake and then bored his way in again. He was a rushing, two-handed fighter, who stood almost square to his man, and his attack was fury itself. Low and dark and squat, he had a chest like a barrel and hands that hung down his thighs as he stood. So what he lost in command he made up in reach.

Maxwell was long and lank and short of a rib. He fought head up, using his height to its last inch of advantage and prop, prop, propping with a far-stretched left.

Grey drew blood with his first furious rush and drove the other back and back, circling slowly to the right as he went. But Grey himself did not escape too lightly, for ever as he drove his great square-handed blows and flung himself forward behind them, he was met by that irritating prop that just seemed to take the real sting out of them, even if they landed, which often they did not.

Tiger and Dick sat up on their hind-legs and watched with the deepest interest. They had never seen such an extraordinarily inefficient method of fighting in their lives.

The fight went on. Grey seemed bent on putting his man out at first go-off—to the inexpert it would have seemed as if he would do it. Crash, crash, crash, came in his great punches, often on arm or uplifted shoulder, oftener whistling past just-ducked head, but often, too, landing fair and honest with the soft crunch that tells of good blow well driven home.

For Maxwell seemed fighting at some great disadvantage. His ringcraft was beautiful, his footwork was beautiful, and so was his propping, steadying left. But his right was almost valueless to him, except as a guard. It rested inert across his chest; sometimes it flicked to catch and deflect a crashing body punch, more rarely, much more rarely, it flicked to the other's heart when its owner was specially hard pressed. But it had no venom about it even then. Its punch might have scored a point in a ring, but hardly in the Prize Ring.

"Wouldn't dent a pat of butter," thought Grey rather scornfully to himself as he took it unmoved on his ear. "But the blighter *can* fight. If only he had a right, he'd be a corker. As it is I think I'll w[illegible] down. He can't keep me out for ever with that punt-pole of a left of his."

Maxwell was a beautiful fighter to watch, except for that awkward, almost useless right. Any novice in the art could have seen the beauty and the defect. But it would have taken an expert to have noted the brain-work behind Grey's squattering rushes: the timing of them, the slip and inspired duck to avoid that propping left, the cool thought behind the rain of blows to time and direct each one, the foot-work, ungraceful, but perfectly correct; all was good. And there are few things more difficult in the art of bruising than to think and keep on thinking during the exhilaration of a two-handed rush.

You remember Tiger and Dick were sitting up looking on at all this? Well, as Grey side-stepped to the left to come in on his man's blind side (for so he thought of Maxwell's right) he trod on Dick's fat long body and came down on all fours.

"End of the first round?" asked Maxwell, dropping his hands.

"Rather!" agreed Grey. "It's hard work on the grass."

They sat down and panted. For fighting as hard as they had been fighting is hard work on grass, as Grey had noticed, even if one is trained as they were trained.

Maxwell had got the worst of it so far on looks. The outside of his left shoulder, which, cunningly wrapped round his jaw, had taken the brunt of Grey's sledge-hammer rights, was burst and bleeding. Both his lips were split and bleeding too, and dull red and blue stains were growing clearer and darker over ribs and left side.

Grey had got off much more lightly. His left eye was closing, but otherwise he had very little to show for his ten minutes without gloves.

"Ready?" he said.

"Ready," and Maxwell rose too.

The second round was like the first in time and tactics, and it ended in the same way, though it was Maxwell who trod on Dick this time. But Dick saw no advantage in that; and the third was like the second.

It was rather a different pair that rose unsteadily for the fourth round. Maxwell was red from crown to Old Etonian sash knotted round his waist, and Grey's eye was closed now and slashed across where the other's steady left had caught it at each rush.

"Got him this time!" thought its owner jubila[illegible] to himself. "No man *can* stand [illegible]g I've given this one. If only

I can get past his left once, just once, I'll have him done in a jiffy."

And he feinted a slip to the left, and side-stepped like lightning to the right. He got in properly that time and flailed two-handed at his man. It was then he regretted again he had split Maxwell's lip early in the fight; his good punches slithered and slipped away from his ribs with most of their drive lost from them. For every time he had visited his man's mouth he had brought something away with him to make his next body punch lose its cling.

But even with that Maxwell ought to have drooped and sunk under that rapid punishment. But he didn't. That was the extraordinary thing. He didn't. He just went on stretching out his left and finally drove Grey out to his distance again.

The latter was not to be denied. He dropped his hands to rush his way in again. And then he did a wonderful thing; a thing that would have proved his class as a fighter even to those who in their ignorance might think his rushes unscientific. He ducked—ever such a little, almost without knowing he did it, and certainly without knowing why he did it. He only knew that when he felt the whiss-ss of air past his left ear. His perception as a fighter had made him duck before his brain had consciously taken in the need to do so.

He jumped back and landed a yard clear, bouncing on the balls of his socked feet, and shook his head. This was something new. Maxwell had never loosed a punch like that before. And it must have been his right he had sent, too. That useless, awkwardly-carried right that hung as if in splints across his chest now.

He came in again, more cautiously than he had done before, and got to work, guardedly at first, and then with greater freedom as he met only that correct, disconcerting, but not alarming left.

As he worked on with more and more confidence, notching point after telling point, he began to think that vicious whiss-ss had been a dream, or that, at any rate, it had been a left-hander, for Maxwell's right ever rested awkwardly on the defensive.

Then he began to get angry. He would be winning hands down if he were in a ring, for he was slamming away at his man almost as he liked and had marked him very prettily. He was getting practically nothing in return but those straight-arm jabs in the left eye (which carried twenty-three stone weight behind them, however, for they stopped the rush of both men) and which now were beginning to make themselves felt all through him at each new one. He felt he was winning as he liked on points, and yet there was his man still comfortably on his feet before him smiling slowly through his split lips and clear and accurate in his brain-work as ever.

So Grey began to get angry. But he did not show it in his boxing. He was no novice. He merely thought the harder how to finish. He feinted with his left at the head and whistled in a right to the body. Maxwell blocked it and jerked out his right in a throat punch, just hard enough to drive Grey out again.

He was back in a flash. His temper made him take a risk and he came in on a Sling Change—a thing he had never dared to try in a fight, and indeed one wants to be quick-footed and quick-headed to bring off that lightning stroke. Feinting again with his left he snapped his right foot past his left so that he gained near a yard of ground and had his shoulder almost pressing down on Maxwell's right. Then he wrenched his body round from the loins and his right, almost behind him now, should have ground into Maxwell's mark. The latter just, and only just, dropped his right in time to guard, and Grey side-stepped the unvicious counter.

Maxwell did not show his punishment much, but he was feeling it nevertheless, and he knew to the full the mental exhilaration of a brain working to the utmost limit of its efficiency. It is an exhilaration that it is worth undergoing something to feel.

A philosopher, a man of letters, a sage, feels it when, surrounded by works of reference, he writes in his warm and perfectly fitted study. His brain is thus at its best, giving its highest work, and its owner feels the pride of it. Cold, pain, danger, excitement, or even a barrel-organ in the street, take off the fine edge of its efficiency, and its owner feels mental humiliation at once.

There are other types of brain that, perhaps, bewildered in the study, need the spur of danger or pain to bring out their best work, and it is only when they have that spur that their owners can feel real intellectual pride.

That is why a man beaten into his corner, dazed, hardly conscious, feels so completely the pride of intellect. For his brain is working at top efficiency under the most baffling of difficulties, and after all that is a great test of any machine, and not least of the thinking machine.

And so Maxwell, though his head was singing and his knees felt weak and unsteady

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

II.

Illustrated by Henry Evison.

THE tantalizing mysteries of crime have inspired more than one writer of romance to attempt their unravelling in the guise of fiction. In many of the immortal tales of mystery and imagination that the disordered genius of Edgar Allan Poe gave to the world the mystery was already to his hand, and the only thing due to his imagination was the manner of its solution.

The fate of Mary Cecilia Rogers, the beautiful cigar girl of New York, has been a famous murder mystery for three-quarters of a century. The body, which was discovered and generally believed to be hers, was found drowned in July, 1842, near a spot called the Sibyl's Cave, on the Jersey side of the Hudson. The girl had evidently been murdered before being put into the water, but all the efforts of the New York police failed to bring the crime home to its author.

The New York journals, during the many months of fruitless investigation, devoted a considerable amount of space to the life and adventures and death of the beautiful cigar girl, and the newspapers and periodicals were filled with the theories not only of amateur detectives but of criminal experts.

In November, 1842, Edgar Allan Poe, under the pretext of solving the mystery of the murder of a Parisian grisette, took the known facts connected with the mystery of the murder of the New York cigar girl and paraphrased them in the story of his heroine. Poe's "Mystery of Marie Roget," of Paris, is the Mystery of Mary Rogers of New York. But Poe, by the aid of his imagination, did what the New York police were never able to accomplish. He fixed the crime upon the guilty party. Poe's solution of the mystery of Marie Roget is a brilliant piece of logical deduction, but leaves the mystery of Mary Rogers exactly where it was.

It will be more interesting to the reader to consider the solution that Poe arrived at in his fiction when the facts of the real happening have been marshalled.

Mary Rogers was a pretty, frivolous girl with any number of admirers. Her elderly mother kept a boarding-house in Nassau Street, New York, but Mary, who had a taste for finery and was fond of admiration, instead of staying at home and helping her mother accepted a position as counter girl at the store of a well-known New York tobacconist and snuff manufacturer named John Anderson. The young and pretty girl was an immense attraction to the stores, and presently became known in New York as "The Beautiful Cigar Girl."

Mary, though undoubtedly frivolous and fond of admiration, was a generally well-conducted girl and served her employer loyally in return for the excellent salary he paid her. She had a host of admirers, but among these admirers only one lover. This was a young naval officer, a frequent customer at the stores.

But one day the customers came to the cigar shop to find that its great attraction had disappeared. Mary was no longer behind the counter. Presently it was ascertained that she had not only disappeared from the cigar shop but from her home, and it was never definitely ascertained why she left home or whither she went.

But in a couple of months Mary Rogers reappeared at the counter, and the beautiful cigar girl was once more the talk of New York.

Early in the year 1842 Mary left Mr. Anderson's employment and remained at the boarding-house, assisting her mother, who was an old lady of seventy. Some of her mother's male boarders were her devoted admirers.

Her principal admirer was Daniel Payn, who was a rather dissipated young man, but only in a mild way, and he and Mary Rogers presently became an engaged couple.

On the morning of Sunday, July 24th, 1842, Mary called up from the hall to Payn, who was dressing in his own room. She told him that she was going to spend the day at the house of her aunt. If she had not returned by supper-time would Payn come to the house and fetch her? Payn called down the stairs and said, "All right."

Mary Rogers went out of her mother's house after making this contingent appointment with Payn and was never again seen alive. There was a heavy thunderstorm that evening, and Payn, supposing that Mary would remain at her aunt's house, did not go to fetch her.

When, however, the girl did not return the next morning, inquiries were made and it was then ascertained that her aunt had seen nothing of her. More serious inquiries were at once made, and it was presently discovered that Mary had been seen by an acquaintance on Sunday morning walking along Broadway and down Barclay Street in the direction of Hoboken Ferry.

A stage-driver, named Adam, had seen her at a somewhat later hour walking with a young man at the foot of Weehawken Hill on the Jersey side of the river. This part of the river was a favourite Sunday resort of New Yorkers

"THE BODY WAS FLOATING ON THE WATERS OF THE CAVE, A CAVITY INTO WHICH THE TIDE FLOWED."

of a roughish class. There were a number of small restaurants and bar-rooms in the neighbourhood, and at one, kept by a Mrs. Loss, Mary Rogers and the young man appeared late in the afternoon. They had refreshments and went away. Soon afterwards a number of roughs came into the bar and had drinks for which they refused to pay, and then went off in the direction taken by the young couple.

It was from Mrs. Loss that the police obtained a description of the young man who was the last person seen in Mary's company. He was a good-looking young man of medium height, stoutly built, and with a swarthy complexion, and he appeared to be a man who was very much bronzed, as though he had led an open-air or a seafaring life.

It was on Sunday afternoon that Mary Rogers had been seen for the last time. On the following Wednesday some anglers were near the Sibyl's Cave when one of them exclaimed, "Look! there's a body!" The body was floating on the waters of the cave, a cavity into which the tide flowed.

The body, which was that of a young woman, was towed to the shore. A piece of light material was found tightly twisted round her throat. The medical man who was the first to examine the dead secret of the cave was of opinion that the girl had been strangled with the fichu she was wearing at the time she was attacked. A long strip had also been torn from the girl's skirt and tied round the body in such a way as to enable the murderer to drag it along the ground. There was another loop round the neck, and both loops were tied with the knot which is as a rule made by sailors.

A hurried inquest was held in Jersey, an open verdict was returned, and the body was buried as that of a woman unknown. Apparently at that time the disappearance of Mary Rogers had not been officially notified to the New York authorities.

But the report of the inquest attracted the attention of the people who knew of the disappearance of the beautiful cigar girl, and a New York journal demanded that the body should be disinterred and a proper inquiry held upon it. When this was eventually done decomposition had set in to such an extent that it was impossible to recognize the features, but portions of the clothing were identified more or less positively and the body was generally accepted as that of Mary Rogers.

The New York authorities being satisfied with the evidence as to identity, devoted themselves to the discovery of the murderer. Who was the swarthy young man who had been last seen with the girl?

The affair had now become the principal

topic of conversation in New York. Large rewards were offered to anyone who would come forward and give information which would lead to the solution of the mystery. The excitement became so intense that one of the leading journals declared that the affair had reached the proportion of a national event. Sermons were preached upon it and articles and essays were written upon it, but not a single ray of light fell upon the dark path which the police were blindly following in the hope of stumbling upon a solution of the problem.

And then suddenly something happened which brought the interest up to fever-heat. Some boys, roaming in the thicket not far from the spot where Mary Rogers had been last seen, came upon a white petticoat, a parasol, a silk scarf, a pair of gloves, and a handkerchief. The articles were all saturated with rain, and some of them covered with mildew. All these

"SOME BOYS, ROAMING IN THE THICKET NOT FAR FROM THE SPOT WHERE MARY ROGERS HAD BEEN LAST SEEN, CAME UPON A WHITE PETTICOAT, A PARASOL, A SILK SCARF, A PAIR OF GLOVES, AND A HANDKERCHIEF."

things were eventually proved to have been worn by Mary Rogers on the Sunday morning when she left her mother's home for the last time. There was no doubt about it. The handkerchief was marked with her name.

With the discovery of portions of Mary Rogers' clothing in the thicket the police at once came to the conclusion that this was the scene of the crime. The girl had been killed in the thicket and the murderer had dragged the body across the intervening ground to fling it into the river. But some of the criminal experts had doubts.

On the spot where the petticoat, the parasol, the gloves, etc., had been discovered there were some pieces of stone or rock which were of a peculiar formation. Together they formed a seat with a back to it, and at the foot of the seat was a footstool. The children of the neighbourhood were in the habit of playing in this thicket and sitting on the stone chair, which they called a throne, and it was frequently entered by boys in search of certain herbs that grew there.

How was it that some weeks had elapsed before any of the children or boys noticed the scattered belongings of the victim? Was it not possible that these things had been placed there only a few days before the discovery, and had then remained unnoticed because it had been raining heavily and the wet weather had interfered with the daily excursions of the children?

The boys who found the things did not leave them on the spot. They took them home with them, and it was after they had been seen by grown-up people that the articles were handed over to the authorities.

It was suggested that the girl had not been murdered in the thicket, but elsewhere, and the petticoat, gloves, handkerchief, parasol, etc., had been placed in the thicket in order to put the police upon a wrong scent in their search for the murderer.

Another suggestion was even more sensational. It was that the body found was not that of Mary Rogers, but that the beautiful cigar girl had wilfully disappeared exactly as she had done on a previous occasion, and that the things which had been found in the thicket had been placed there by her accomplice in order to stop any search for her being made in the land of the living.

But the police accepted the finding of the clothes in the thicket as they had accepted the body, and they continued their search for the murderer. At one time suspicion, because of the sailor's knot, fell upon Mary's former sweetheart, the young naval officer, but he had not been in or near New York for months before the crime.

The theory that some of the gang of roughs had committed the crime was untenable. They would not have taken the trouble to drag the girl's body from the place where the crime was committed. And there was the swarthy young man to be accounted for. If the girl had been dragged from him he would have raised an alarm, or at least have given information afterwards, unless, of course, he had been murdered too. But if he had been murdered his body would have been found.

Nothing happened to clear up the mystery, which was added to by the persistent way in which a certain number of people absolutely refused to believe that Mary Rogers had been murdered at all.

But Daniel Payn was evidently convinced that she had been. Some months after the tragedy he was discovered in the thicket dying. He lay close to the spot on which the scattered garments of his *fiancée* had been found, and by his side was an empty laudanum bottle. In one of his pockets a piece of paper was found on which he had written, "Here I am, on the very spot. God forgive me for my misspent life."

Anderson, the cigar merchant, in whose employment Mary had been at one time, was suspected of being the murderer. Immediately after the discovery he left New York in such a hurried manner that it was looked upon as flight, and the police followed him and arrested him. But he was able to account satisfactorily for the whole of his time on the fatal Sunday.

The employer of the beautiful cigar girl became enormously wealthy. When he died in Paris in the early 'eighties, the story of the mystery of Mary Rogers was told again at considerable length in the American Press. In his later years Anderson became a confirmed believer in spiritualism, and frequently asserted that he held communion with the murdered girl. But it is not on record that the spirit of Mary Rogers ever told him the name of her murderer, and so the fate of the "Beautiful Cigar Girl" remains to this day an unsolved mystery of crime, so far as fact is concerned.

Edgar Allan Poe solved it in fiction. His theory is that the sailor-sweetheart, the young naval officer who had been responsible for her first disappearance from the cigar shop, was the murderer. But the police had already entertained this theory and followed it up. The young officer, whose name was known to a large number of the frequenters of the cigar shop, had been traced, and the police had no difficulty in ascertaining his whereabouts on the fatal Sunday, and the knowledge they acquired was sufficient to dismiss him from the case.

But if we take the theory that the mystery of the beautiful cigar girl is not "Who murdered her?" but "What became of her?" it is not at all difficult to justify it by facts. When Mary Rogers left her mother's home on the Sunday morning she deliberately planned a deception. She said she was going to her aunt's, which was untrue, and to prevent her affianced husband, Daniel Payn, calling during the day and so finding out that she had deceived him, she told him to call for her if she did not return by supper-time. That gave her from nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening to make her arrangements without interference. She was so far an accomplice in the mystery of the day's happenings.

The meeting with the swarthy young man was no chance meeting. The girl herself had evidently agreed to it and had arranged that there should be no inquiry for her till the last possible moment, when, in any circumstances, her failure to return home would cause a search for her to be made.

The clothes found in the thicket were undoubtedly hers, but the circumstances in which they were found strongly suggest that they had been placed there after the discovery of a body in the Sibyl's Cave, and that this had been done in order to confirm the belief that the murdered girl was Mary Rogers.

Certain points in the identification of the body recall the story of another unsolved mystery of crime, which is known as the Milwaukee Mystery. At nine o'clock in the morning of April 14th, 1855, a parcel was dragged from the river just below one of the bridges. When the parcel was opened it was found to contain the head and trunk of a human body. The sack in which the body was found had been frayed at one end by the action of the water, and the missing portions of the body had fallen or been washed through the aperture. The body was in a wheat-sack, and the name of "Vogt" was stamped upon it. The sack had been tied up with peculiar knots, which were at once recognized as the knots usually made by French sailors.

The police inquiries, which were at once set on foot, resulted in the discovery that a man, named John Dwire, was missing. A large number of witnesses—over a dozen—many of whom were well acquainted with the missing man, identified the remains as those of Dwire. They recognized the body, not only by the features, but by the scar of a burn on the left cheek, two missing front teeth in the lower jaw, the leg-of-mutton whiskers, the bald head with a fringe of sandy hair, a scar on a finger of the left hand, and a scar on the thumb of the right hand. These witnesses were men and women who had known Dwire for years, and they were positive in their testimony.

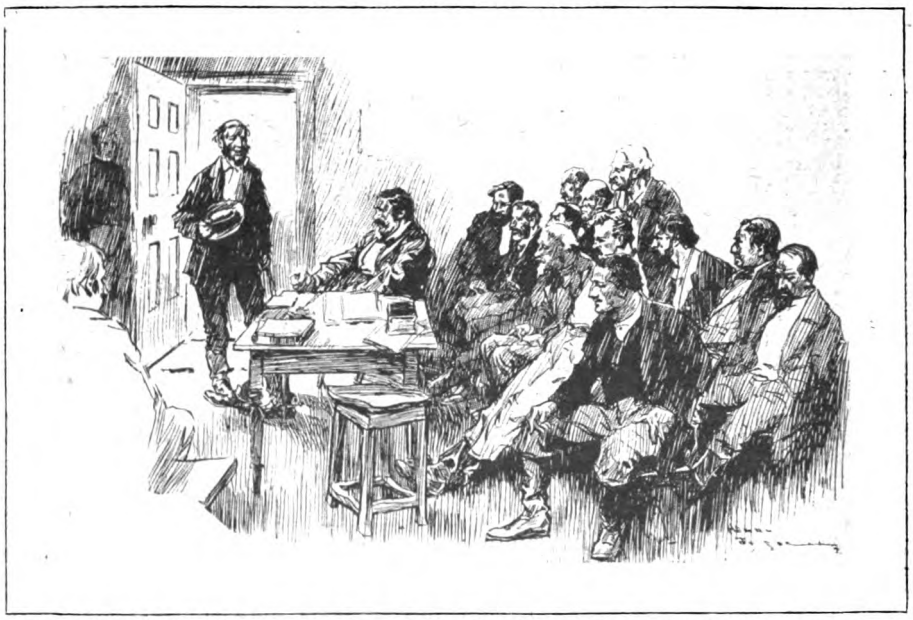
The police, in the course of their investigation, found that from one of the low haunts Dwire was known to frequent a French sailor, called Matelot Jack, who had been employed as a bar-tender in a dram-shop, had disappeared, and he was suspected of having tied the knots. But suspicion also fell upon a German who had been seen in company with Dwire the evening before he had been missed from his home and his accustomed haunts.

The German was about to be arrested when a sensational turn was given to events. While the deputy-sheriff and other officials were

examining witnesses at the adjourned inquest a man walked into court and exclaimed, "I am John Dwire. Lest anyone here should think that I am dead, I have come to take my solemn oath that I am not the corpse found in the river last Saturday morning."

The police were never able to discover whose corpse it was that had been recognized by a dozen witnesses as that of John Dwire. The New York police stopped their inquiries with regard to the body found in the Sibyl's Cave directly a number of witnesses had said that it was the missing Mary Rogers.

Mary Rogers may, for reasons of her own, have gladly availed herself of the situation created by the idea that she was dead, and also for reasons of her own she may have allowed the mystery surrounding her fate to remain unsolved.



"WHILE THE DEPUTY-SHERIFF AND OTHER OFFICIALS WERE EXAMINING WITNESSES A MAN WALKED INTO COURT AND EXCLAIMED, 'I AM JOHN DWIRE.'"

There are innumerable instances of the "dead alive" in the annals of criminal romance. One of the most famous instances is that of Mr. William Harrison, who was steward to Lady Campden, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Baptist Hicks, who built the Clerkenwell Sessions House, known as Hicks Hall.

Harrison, who was seventy years of age, disappeared on August 10th, 1660, on his way from Campden to a neighbouring village to collect some rents. Several articles belonging to him were found, blood-stained, at a certain spot on the road. A servant of Harrison's, named John Perry, and John Perry's mother and brother were arrested and charged with murdering him. Although the body was not found they were convicted and executed.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Harrison walked into his house at Campden in the best of health, and explained his absence by the statement that he had been attacked on the road by a number of horsemen and carried off to foreign parts, where he was sold into slavery. The story was highly improbable, but it seems to have been accepted.

Burke, in referring to it, says that it stands in our criminal annals a landmark, to show how courts and ministers of justice, however able, may now and then be most fatally deceived and misled, whether the evidence be circumstantial or direct.

It is quite possible that the case of "The Beautiful Cigar Girl" of New York may have remained an unsolved mystery of crime because the authorities entrusted with the investigation were, by evidence that was both circumstantial and direct, deceived and misled.

YOUTH WILL OUT.

By J. H. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

HE was blue as the blue hills that faded away on every hand, but he lacked their dignity of outline and mien. In fact, he lacked any sort of dignity. He was the most disreputable-looking terrier that ever hopped on three legs—until you met his eyes, amber dark and amber clear, glowing softly under his dingy white topknot. And then you knew what a great-hearted little fellow he was.

Tiger was varmint right through, as a Bedlington should be.

But I am sorry to say he only comes into *this* story to effect an introduction which ended, as a few do, in a friendship.

Just now he was busy. Very busy. His lean, wicked jaw, its dour cruelty hidden by a silky frill of hair, was being driven violently through gorse and bracken in obedience to his jet-black nose. And his frantic tail was drumming on his ribs.

His master, as disreputable-looking an object as he, was watching him intently. For when Tiger got busy, something usually happened. And something happened now. A big buck rabbit suddenly leapt up from a tuft of bracken exactly the same colour as he was and went dotting undecidedly away up the smooth-cropped ride amongst the gorse.

He soon, very soon, realized indecision was hardly what he wanted just then. Tiger loosed himself (and gained beauty in the act, for he galloped like a greyhound) and was at his scut. And the rabbit only just jinked away from him in time. Tiger snapped round like a polo pony and flung himself into the prickles after him. But the rabbit had the better of him there and led by yards when he got out on to the next ride that crossed the top of the hill.

Tiger's master let out a bellow at the find, for he was young, and rabbit-hunting was as good fun as anything else. But as he ran on up the hill he perforce became silent, for he was a lanky boy, not built for fast work up hill through gorse and heather and rocks. Once he slipped and came down, head first, into a young gorse bush as healthy as he.

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And once he put his leg into a hole in the granite up to the knee and lost precious minutes getting it out.

On the top of the hill was a great tor of weathered granite, black in its own shadow, and round this the rabbit disappeared with Tiger after him like the end of a whip-lash, for he was gaining on the flat and meant to be with his game in a very few minutes.

And so he was, and just putting in those few extra strides that make the kill, when the rabbit his rabbit was taken out of his very jaws by a ball of white hair that flung itself yelling out of a near-by gorse bush.

If Tiger was disreputable, this animal certainly was ridiculous. To begin with, it had no legs or nose to speak of. Then it had a head like a coal hammer and a coat like a child's woolly ball. In fact, it was a prize-bred Sealyham, with its coat unpulled since its new master had bought it. For he was ignorant of that art and only wondered dimly why his dog's hair had grown so extraordinarily since he had it.

But at any rate it killed the rabbit.

And then there was trouble. As there often is between sportsmen when one has his eye wiped.

Tiger flung himself at the white animal, who at once left the rabbit and joined battle.

Now a Bedlington was bred for fighting and seldom does his breeder discredit. He has a vicious slash-and-get-away style that defeats most sorts of dogs. And will even crimson and ribbon a bull-terrier waiting half asleep for his one, last, hold.

The little Sealyham, game as a pebble, reared up snarling in correct preliminary, and found a line of red slowly dripping across his near shoulder. He could make nothing of it, for the fight had not yet begun and as he gazed at it in wonder, lo! there was another line painted in scarlet from side to side of his broad loins, and under it grew and grew a numbing pain.

His snarl rattled and dropped a note deeper and he flung himself at the blue and met his teeth in silk where he had hoped for meat. For the Bedlington keeps two coats, "the outer long and silky and the inner close and rather woolly."

He was all [illegible]

It was unfortunate that Tiger's owner happened round the great tor at this particular moment. For, of course, all *he* saw was a great brutal fellow, built like a chimpanzee, leathering his poor harmless dog. Dog owners are like that.

"Leave my dog alone, sir!" he roared through his panting. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself thrashing a dog like that."

"Call your savage brute off if you've got any control over him," roared the other quite as angrily. "A dog like that oughtn't to be allowed at large. He's precious near killed mine." And he went on putting his ash-plant into Tiger. He had a certain amount of excuse, for so far it had had no effect on that gentleman. There is only one dog more difficult than a Bedlington to stop fighting. For that and other reasons they say you want to be a young man to own one. Still, it undoubtedly handicapped him, and Dick was getting in some quite creditable work.

Tiger's owner was called Maxwell and he was very angry. Not because he was called Maxwell, but because he was Tiger's owner. He went up to the other and said, "Leave my dog alone, I tell you!"

"I'll be damned if I will," said the other, as fiercely.

Tiger's owner hit him.

It had a wonderful effect. To begin with, the dogs stopped fighting at once. They realized this was more exciting than a mere dog-fight. And the men, who were both very hot and angry and undignified, became of a sudden both very cool and calm and *very* dignified.

"You'll take that back," said Grey, which was the name of Dick's owner.

"I should like to," agreed Maxwell—and he took off his coat.

Grey took off his coat too and flung it down beside Maxwell's. Now both the coats were the same, so exactly that it would have been hard to say from which boy (for they were hardly more, both of them) either had come. Not only were they the same in pattern and material, but also in their rather uncommon design and cut, and even to their buttons.

And looking at their owners as they stood [illegible] their waist coats another thing [illegible] rest of their clothes [illegible] coats. They gave the [illegible] rather a [illegible] dress.

[illegible] knitted [illegible] as their coats [illegible] nery

to wear shirts and collars to match of the same horrible hues: Maxwell a searing purple, and Grey a melancholy olive green; and they both wore blue and white striped ties, though Grey's seemed to be more faded than Maxwell's. Their shoes were the same, huge brogues. Their socks were alike at any rate in their impossibility, and their trousers, short, wrinkled, and baggy, had obviously been of the same grey flannel at one time.

It was a curious thing, but neither of them seemed to notice it. Perhaps they were colour-blind, or, at any rate, colour-blinded.

These astounding clothes were presently explained, for as they unbuttoned their collars both spoke together.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you—— "

And both stopped together, most politely. Then they both began again.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you——"

And again they stopped. There was a long pause, for they were feeling very polite. Grey broke it.

"—— that I know something about boxing."

"—— that I know something about boxing," Maxwell finished a syllable behind him.

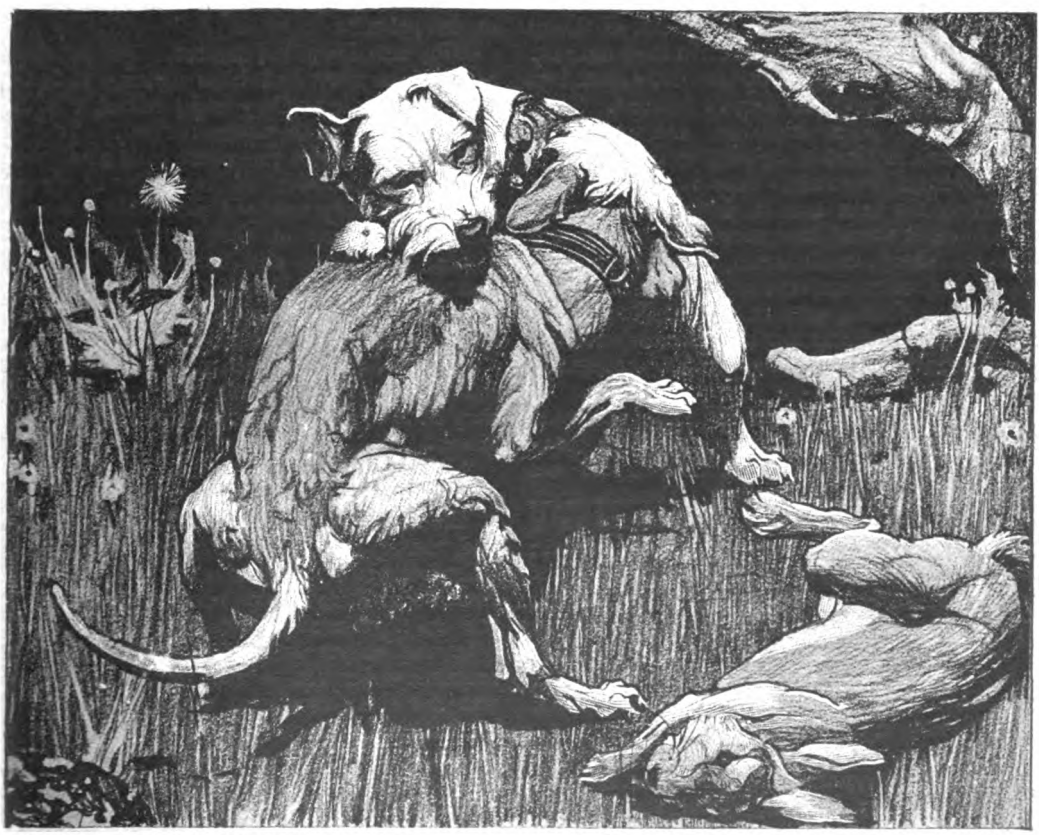
"In fact," said Grey, "I am Grey of Trinity."

"I'm hanged if you are," riposted Maxwell. "At least you may be Grey, but you're not of Trinity. For I don't know you and I'm a Trinity man."

"I did not say Trinity, Oxford," answered Grey, simply. "I said Trinity."

Maxwell jumped up as if he'd been stung. This was cause enough for battle in itself. After all, he had hit the man and was half thinking of apologizing. But not now. Not now. If a man tells you he is in the 110th, and you ask him if he means the 110th Madkhan Grenadiers, he *may* forgive you, for a hussar often has a sense of humour, and, after all, there are several units so numbered. But there is only one Trinity; the one you happen to be at.

So off came his shirt and off came Grey's, and then it was to be seen they were both trained. Now a trained man outside a boat



"TIGER FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE WHITE ANIMAL, WHO AT ONCE LEFT THE RABBIT AND JOINED BATTLE."

club or a ring is as rare an object as a trained horse off a course.

And their eyes were trained to take in training. They looked at each other's skin, white and dry as ivory; they looked at the rippling muscle working easily under it, and they grinned. This was going to be fun.

Grey jumped back from the handshake and then bored his way in again. He was a rushing, two-handed fighter, who stood almost square to his man, and his attack was fury itself. Low and dark and squat, he had a chest like a barrel and hands that hung down his thighs as he stood. So what he lost in command he made up in reach.

Maxwell was long and lank and short of a rib. He fought head up, using his height to its last inch of advantage and prop, prop, propping with a far-stretched left.

Grey drew blood with his first furious rush and drove the other back and back, circling slowly to the right as he went. But Grey himself did not escape too lightly, for ever as he drove his great square-handed blows and flung himself forward behind them, he was met by that irritating prop that just seemed to take the real sting out of them, even if they landed, which often they did not.

Tiger and Dick sat up on their hind-legs and watched with the deepest interest. They had never seen such an extraordinarily inefficient method of fighting in their lives.

The fight went on. Grey seemed bent on putting his man out at first go-off—to the inexpert it would have seemed as if he would do it. Crash, crash, crash, came in his great punches, often on arm or uplifted shoulder, oftener whistling past just-ducked head, but often, too, landing fair and honest with the soft crunch that tells of good blow well driven home.

For Maxwell seemed fighting at some great disadvantage. His ringcraft was beautiful, his footwork was beautiful, and so was his propping, steadying left. But his right was almost valueless to him, except as a guard. It rested inert across his chest; sometimes it flicked to catch and deflect a crashing body punch, more rarely, much more rarely, it flicked to the other's heart when its owner was specially hard pressed. But it had no venom about it even then. Its punch might have scored a point in a ring, but hardly in the Prize Ring.

"Wouldn't dent a pat of butter," thought Grey rather scornfully to himself as he took it unmoved on his ear. "But the blighter *can* fight. If only he had a right, he'd be a corker. As it is I think I'll wear him down. He can't keep me out for ever with that puntpole of a left of his."

Maxwell was a beautiful fighter to watch, except for that awkward, almost useless right. Any novice in the art could have seen the beauty and the defect. But it would have taken an expert to have noted the brain-work behind Grey's squattering rushes: the timing of them, the slip and inspired duck to avoid that propping left, the cool thought behind the rain of blows to time and direct each one, the foot-work, ungraceful, but perfectly correct; all was good. And there are few things more difficult in the art of bruising than to think and keep on thinking during the exhilaration of a two-handed rush.

You remember Tiger and Dick were sitting up looking on at all this? Well, as Grey side-stepped to the left to come in on his man's blind side (for so he thought of Maxwell's right) he trod on Dick's fat long body and came down on all fours.

"End of the first round?" asked Maxwell, dropping his hands.

"Rather!" agreed Grey. "It's hard work on the grass."

They sat down and panted. For fighting as hard as they had been fighting is hard work on grass, as Grey had noticed, even if one is trained as they were trained.

Maxwell had got the worst of it so far on looks. The outside of his left shoulder, which, cunningly wrapped round his jaw, had taken the brunt of Grey's sledge-hammer rights, was burst and bleeding. Both his lips were split and bleeding too, and dull red and blue stains were growing clearer and darker over ribs and left side.

Grey had got off much more lightly. His left eye was closing, but otherwise he had very little to show for his ten minutes without gloves.

"Ready?" he said.

"Ready," and Maxwell rose too.

The second round was like the first in time and tactics, and it ended in the same way, though it was Maxwell who trod on Dick this time. But Dick saw no advantage in that; and the third was like the second.

It was rather a different pair that rose unsteadily for the fourth round. Maxwell was red from crown to Old Etonian sash knotted round his waist, and Grey's eye was closed now and slashed across where the other's steady left had caught it at each rush.

"Got him this time!" thought its owner jubilantly to himself. "No man *can* stand the hammering I've given this one. If only

I can get past his left once, just once, I'll have him done in a jiffy."

And he feinted a slip to the left, and side-stepped like lightning to the right. He got in properly that time and flailed two-handed at his man. It was then he regretted again he had split Maxwell's lip early in the fight; his good punches slithered and slipped away from his ribs with most of their drive lost from them. For every time he had visited his man's mouth he had brought something away with him to make his next body punch lose its cling.

But even with that Maxwell ought to have drooped and sunk under that rapid punishment. But he didn't. That was the extraordinary thing. He didn't. He just went on stretching out his left and finally drove Grey out to his distance again.

The latter was not to be denied. He dropped his hands to rush his way in again. And then he did a wonderful thing; a thing that would have proved his class as a fighter even to those who in their ignorance might think his rushes unscientific. He ducked—ever such a little, almost without knowing he did it, and certainly without knowing why he did it. He only knew that when he felt the whiss-ss of air past his left ear. His perception as a fighter had made him duck before his brain had consciously taken in the need to do so.

He jumped back and landed a yard clear, bouncing on the balls of his socked feet, and shook his head. This was something new. Maxwell had never loosed a punch like that before. And it must have been his right he had sent, too. That useless, awkwardly-carried right that hung as if in splints across his chest now.

He came in again, more cautiously than he had done before, and got to work, guardedly at first, and then with greater freedom as he met only that correct, disconcerting, but not alarming left.

As he worked on with more and more confidence, notching point after telling point, he began to think that vicious whiss-ss had been a dream, or that, at any rate, it had been a left-hander, for Maxwell's right ever rested awkwardly on the defensive.

Then he began to get angry. He would be winning hands down if he were in a ring, for he was slamming away at his man almost as he liked and had marked him very prettily. He was getting practically nothing in return but those straight-arm jabs in the left eye (which carried twenty-three stone weight behind them, however, for they stopped the rush of both men) and which now were beginning to make themselves felt all through him at each new one. He felt he was winning as he liked on points, and yet there was his man still comfortably on his feet before him smiling slowly through his split lips and clear and accurate in his brain-work as ever.

So Grey began to get angry. But he did not show it in his boxing. He was no novice. He merely thought the harder how to finish. He feinted with his left at the head and whistled in a right to the body. Maxwell blocked it and jerked out his right in a throat punch, just hard enough to drive Grey out again.

He was back in a flash. His temper made him take a risk and he came in on a Sling Change—a thing he had never dared to try in a fight, and indeed one wants to be quick-footed and quick-headed to bring off that lightning stroke. Feinting again with his left he snapped his right foot past his left so that he gained near a yard of ground and had his shoulder almost pressing down on Maxwell's right. Then he wrenched his body round from the loins and his right, almost behind him now, should have ground into Maxwell's mark. The latter just, and only just, dropped his right in time to guard, and Grey side-stepped the unvicious counter.

Maxwell did not show his punishment much, but he was feeling it nevertheless, and he knew to the full the mental exhilaration of a brain working to the utmost limit of its efficiency. It is an exhilaration that it is worth undergoing something to feel.

A philosopher, a man of letters, a sage, feels it when, surrounded by works of reference, he writes in his warm and perfectly fitted study. His brain is thus at its best, giving its highest work, and its owner feels the pride of it. Cold, pain, danger, excitement, or even a barrel-organ in the street, take off the fine edge of its efficiency, and its owner feels mental humiliation at once.

There are other types of brain that, perhaps, bewildered in the study, need the spur of danger or pain to bring out their best work, and it is only when they have that spur that their owners can feel real intellectual pride.

That is why a man beaten into his corner, dazed, hardly conscious, feels so completely the pride of intellect. For his brain is working at top efficiency under the most baffling of difficulties, and after all that is a great test of any machine, and not least of the thinking machine.

And so Maxwell, though his head was singing and his knees felt weak and unsteady

"HIS AWKWARD, USELESS-LOOKING RIGHT DROVE OUT STRAIGHT AND TRUE TO THE POINT OF THE JAW."

miles beneath him, yet felt the same pride of intellect as the gentleman who jumped out of his bath with the cry of "Eureka! I have found it!" He had found that *his* brain, working at its best, had discovered squares on two sides of a right-angled triangle to be equal to the square on the hypotenuse—or something to the same tune. Maxwell had found that *his* brain, working at its best, had discovered the exact and best way of dealing with Grey's mad but scientific rushes; and both knew the same conceit.

So Maxwell fought on, steady, cool, thoughtful, taking his punishment as it came, seeming to get the worst of every exchange and seeming to be only waiting, waiting.

For what? Grey had wondered earlier in the fight, but wondered no longer. No man, thought he, could wait so patiently through such a gruelling. It must be that Maxwell had nothing to wait for, except the end.

And again he bored into his man. He had nearly, very nearly, once brought off the Sling Change. Now he would try its completion—the Fitzsimmons' shift, that marvel of tricky footwork, that won so many fights for the one man who cou'd use it to perfection.

He tried to draw Maxwell's right and thought he had. Then the side-step and quick change of feet. Then, as he balanced insecure for that fleeting fraction of a second, Maxwell's waiting was at an end. His awkward, useless-looking right drove out straight and true to the point of the jaw, Maxwell's whole weight braced rigid on it, straight from the ball of his right foot.

Grey fell as a man does fall when he is knocked out, like a marionette with a broken string, straight down into a crumpled ball on the ground.

Of course, he was not knocked out in the technical sense of the word—that is, unconscious for any period of time you like over ten seconds. You want the extra bearing surface of a glove to give that. You will find plenty of cases of men being put to sleep with one punch of the bare fist in fiction, but you will be hard put to it to find one in the records of the Prize Ring.

Grey regained consciousness as he bumped earth, and was up like a jack-in-the-box. But that was pluck, for pluck will lift a man unconscious, so that his first conscious feeling is being knocked down again.

He looked round. The great black tor above him seemed to sway against the grey sky, but there was no one under it to fight. He looked down. Maxwell was sitting on the turf, his hands crossed round his knees.

"Come on," said Grey. His voice seemed to him to come from a long way off. . . .

"D'you mind if we stop?" said Maxwell.

"We'll fight this out," said Grey, stubbornly. In boxing, as at cards, it is the loser who wants to go on.

"Let's stop and call it quits."

"No, we don't. You put me down, and you'll think you've won if we call it off now."

"Oh, dear me, no." Maxwell looked at the man. It would be cruelty to let him go on, for that last terrible punch had taken much out of him. But how to get him to stop? He was evidently game as a pebble and not at all anxious to admit he'd had enough. Yet Maxwell shuddered to think of the butchery it would mean to go on now. Why, the man swayed and jerked in recovery as he stood, yet glared defiance out of his one eye.

"Oh, dear me, no," he repeated, fighting for time. And not in vain, for a thought came to him.

"Oh, no. Why, you've had all the best of it up to that last little thing. But, I say, didn't you say your name was Grey?"

"It is. Come on." Grey felt he would not be able to keep on his feet much longer and wanted to begin before he collapsed.

"Of Trinity?"

"Yes. Come on."

"Then you must be the Captain of the 'Varsity Boxing Club? Silly of me not to have recognized your name at once, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Grey, in answer to the first question. "Come on, damn you!"

"Better call this a draw after all. We'll be meeting again next month. I'm the Captain of my 'Varsity."

Grey sat down. He was glad to.

"Then you're Maxwell?" he said.

"I am."

"The man who likes punishment?"

"Well, I don't *like* it," said Maxwell. "But I am fortunate enough to be able to stand some of it."

"And I suppose that's your famous 'waiting right' you brought off on me?" mused Grey.

"Well, I don't know if it's famous," said Maxwell, modestly, "but it's certainly mine." He glanced ruefully at his skinned knuckles.

Grey suddenly chuckled feebly.

"It'll be a *great* fight next month," he said. "A *great* fight!"

Maxwell laughed.

"You're right, old chap," he said.

"HOW I BROKE INTO THE MOVIES."

— *By* —

Marguerite Clark, Theda Bara, Anita Stewart, Mary Miles Minter, Pauline Frederick, and Norma Talmadge.

Phot.] MARGUERITE CLARK. [*McClure.*

"WILL she screen well?" is the question which every moving-picture director mentally asks when a new aspirant for film honours presents herself for a "test." And there is no real answer until the camera is set to work and the result revealed in a hundred feet or so of sensitized ribbon. Many a pretty woman who sees herself on the screen for the first time has fled from the studio never to return, for the camera is a sad searcher out of blemishes, lines, and wrinkles. But to the girl with a pleasing appearance who "registers" well—as the director terms it—and is quick to grasp what is really a new kind of stage technique, the "silent drama" is one which brings her speedier universal recognition than anything else in the world. In a few months—under proper management—she will be known from one end of the earth to the other and secure the nearest thing to mundane immortality that the mind can imagine. And as everyone, more or less, is interested in the personal side of the movies, we have invited a number of film "stars" to tell our readers just how they "broke in."

The theory that some of the gang of roughs had committed the crime was untenable. They would not have taken the trouble to drag the girl's body from the place where the crime was committed. And there was the swarthy young man to be accounted for. If the girl had been dragged from him he would have raised an alarm, or at least have given information afterwards, unless, of course, he had been murdered too. But if he had been murdered his body would have been found.

Nothing happened to clear up the mystery, which was added to by the persistent way in which a certain number of people absolutely refused to believe that Mary Rogers had been murdered at all.

But Daniel Payn was evidently convinced that she had been. Some months after the tragedy he was discovered in the thicket dying. He lay close to the spot on which the scattered garments of his *fiancée* had been found, and by his side was an empty laudanum bottle. In one of his pockets a piece of paper was found on which he had written, "Here I am, on the very spot. God forgive me for my misspent life."

Anderson, the cigar merchant, in whose employment Mary had been at one time, was suspected of being the murderer. Immediately after the discovery he left New York in such a hurried manner that it was looked upon as flight, and the police followed him and arrested him. But he was able to account satisfactorily for the whole of his time on the fatal Sunday.

The employer of the beautiful cigar girl became enormously wealthy. When he died in Paris in the early 'eighties, the story of the mystery of Mary Rogers was told again at considerable length in the American Press. In his later years Anderson became a confirmed believer in spiritualism, and frequently asserted that he held communion with the murdered girl. But it is not on record that the spirit of Mary Rogers ever told him the name of her murderer, and so the fate of the "Beautiful Cigar Girl" remains to this day an unsolved mystery of crime, so far as fact is concerned.

Edgar Allan Poe solved it in fiction. His theory is that the sailor-sweetheart, the young naval officer who had been responsible for her first disappearance from the cigar shop, was the murderer. But the police had already entertained this theory and followed it up. The young officer, whose name was known to a large number of the frequenters of the cigar shop, had been traced, and the police had no difficulty in ascertaining his whereabouts on the fatal Sunday, and the knowledge they acquired was sufficient to dismiss him from the case.

But if we take the theory that the mystery of the beautiful cigar girl is not "Who murdered her?" but "What became of her?" it is not at all difficult to justify it by facts. When Mary Rogers left her mother's home on the Sunday morning she deliberately planned a deception. She said she was going to her aunt's, which was untrue, and to prevent her affianced husband, Daniel Payn, calling during the day and so finding out that she had deceived him, she told him to call for her if she did not return by supper-time. That gave her from nine o'clock in the morning till late in the evening to make her arrangements without interference. She was so far an accomplice in the mystery of the day's happenings.

The meeting with the swarthy young man was no chance meeting. The girl herself had evidently agreed to it and had arranged that there should be no inquiry for her till the last possible moment, when, in any circumstances, her failure to return home would cause a search for her to be made.

The clothes found in the thicket were undoubtedly hers, but the circumstances in which they were found strongly suggest that they had been placed there after the discovery of a body in the Sibyl's Cave, and that this had been done in order to confirm the belief that the murdered girl was Mary Rogers.

Certain points in the identification of the body recall the story of another unsolved mystery of crime, which is known as the Milwaukee Mystery. At nine o'clock in the morning of April 14th, 1855, a parcel was dragged from the river just below one of the bridges. When the parcel was opened it was found to contain the head and trunk of a human body. The sack in which the body was found had been frayed at one end by the action of the water, and the missing portions of the body had fallen or been washed through the aperture. The body was in a wheat-sack, and the name of "Vogt" was stamped upon it. The sack had been tied up with peculiar knots, which were at once recognized as the knots usually made by French sailors.

The police inquiries, which were at once set on foot, resulted in the discovery that a man, named John Dwire, was missing. A large number of witnesses—over a dozen—many of whom were well acquainted with the missing man, identified the remains as those of Dwire. They recognized the body, not only by the features, but by the scar of a burn on the left cheek, two missing front teeth in the lower jaw, the leg-of-mutton whiskers, the bald head with a fringe of sandy hair, a scar on a finger of the left hand, and a scar on the thumb of the right hand. These witnesses were men and women who had known Dwire for years, and they were positive in their testimony.

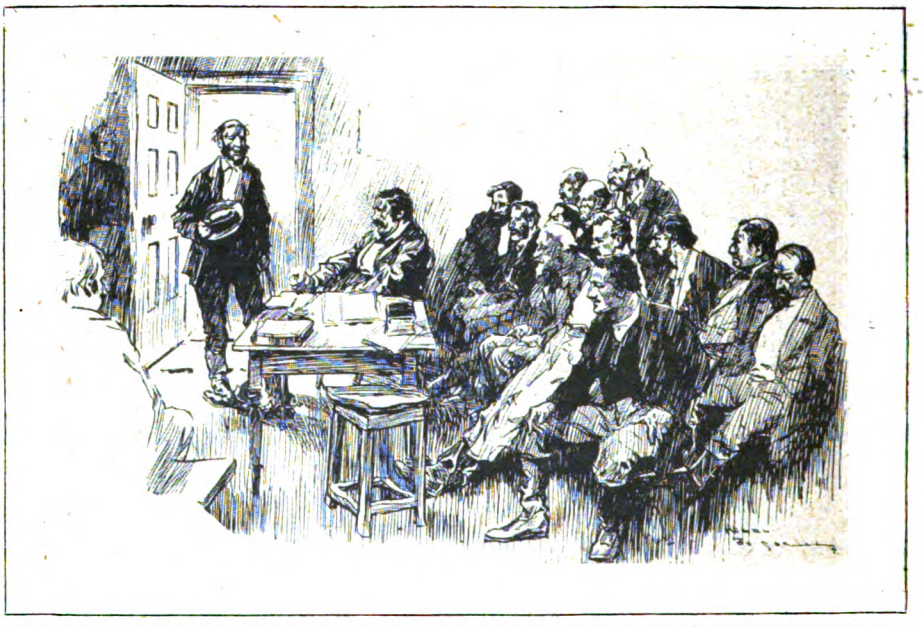
The police, in the course of their investigation, found that from one of the low haunts Dwire was known to frequent a French sailor, called Matelot Jack, who had been employed as a bar-tender in a dram-shop, had disappeared, and he was suspected of having tied the knots. But suspicion also fell upon a German who had been seen in company with Dwire the evening before he had been missed from his home and his accustomed haunts.

The German was about to be arrested when a sensational turn was given to events. While the deputy-sheriff and other officials were

examining witnesses at the adjourned inquest a man walked into court and exclaimed, "I am John Dwire. Lest anyone here should think that I am dead, I have come to take my solemn oath that I am not the corpse found in the river last Saturday morning."

The police were never able to discover whose corpse it was that had been recognized by a dozen witnesses as that of John Dwire. The New York police stopped their inquiries with regard to the body found in the Sibyl's Cave directly a number of witnesses had said that it was the missing Mary Rogers.

Mary Rogers may, for reasons of her own, have gladly availed herself of the situation created by the idea that she was dead, and also for reasons of her own she may have allowed the mystery surrounding her fate to remain unsolved.



"WHILE THE DEPUTY-SHERIFF AND OTHER OFFICIALS WERE EXAMINING WITNESSES A MAN WALKED INTO COURT AND EXCLAIMED, 'I AM JOHN DWIRE.'"

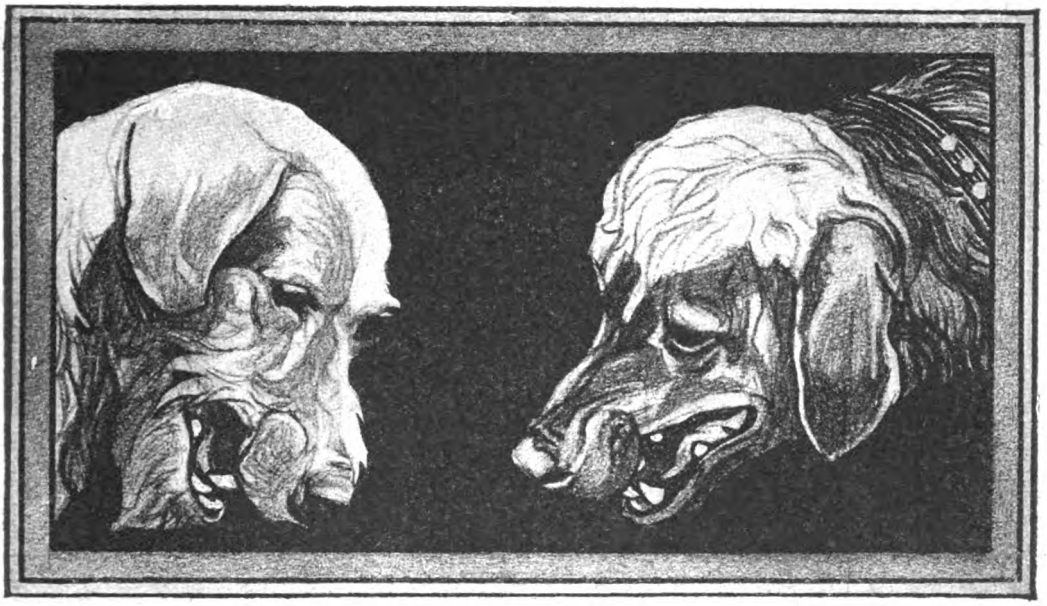
There are innumerable instances of the "dead alive" in the annals of criminal romance. One of the most famous instances is that of Mr. William Harrison, who was steward to Lady Campden, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Baptist Hicks, who built the Clerkenwell Sessions House, known as Hicks Hall.

Harrison, who was seventy years of age, disappeared on August 16th, 1660, on his way from Campden to a neighbouring village to collect some rents. Several articles belonging to him were found, blood-stained, at a certain spot on the road. A servant of Harrison's, named John Perry, and John Perry's mother and brother were arrested and charged with murdering him. Although the body was not found they were convicted and executed.

Two years afterwards, Mr. Harrison walked into his house at Campden in the best of health, and explained his absence by the statement that he had been attacked on the road by a number of horsemen and carried off to foreign parts, where he was sold into slavery. The story was highly improbable, but it seems to have been accepted.

Burke, in referring to it, says that it stands in our criminal annals a landmark, to show how courts and ministers of justice, however able, may now and then be most fatally deceived and misled, whether the evidence be circumstantial or direct.

It is quite possible that the case of "The Beautiful Cigar Girl" of New York may have remained an unsolved mystery of crime because the authorities entrusted with the investigation were, by evidence that was both circumstantial and direct, deceived and misled.



YOUTH WILL OUT.

By J. H. W. KNIGHT-BRUCE.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

HE was blue as the blue hills that faded away on every hand, but he lacked their dignity of outline and mien. In fact, he lacked any sort of dignity. He was the most disreputable-looking terrier that ever hopped on three legs—until you met his eyes, amber dark and amber clear, glowing softly under his dingy white topknot. And then you knew what a great-hearted little fellow he was.

Tiger was varmint right through, as a Bedlington should be.

But I am sorry to say he only comes into *this* story to effect an introduction which ended, as a few do, in a friendship.

Just now he was busy. Very busy. His lean, wicked jaw, its dour cruelty hidden by a silky frill of hair, was being driven violently through gorse and bracken in obedience to his jet-black nose. And his frantic tail was drumming on his ribs.

His master, as disreputable-looking an object as he, was watching him intently. For when Tiger got busy, something usually happened. And something happened now. A big buck rabbit suddenly leapt up from a tuft of bracken exactly the same colour as he was and went dotting undecidedly away up the smooth-cropped ride amongst the gorse.

He soon, very soon, realized indecision was hardly what he wanted just then. Tiger loosed himself (and gained beauty in the act, for he galloped like a greyhound) and was at his scut. And the rabbit only just jinked away from him in time. Tiger snapped round like a polo pony and flung himself into the prickles after him. But the rabbit had the better of him there and led by yards when he got out on to the next ride that crossed the top of the hill.

Tiger's master let out a bellow at the find, for he was young, and rabbit-hunting was as good fun as anything else. But as he ran on up the hill he perforce became silent, for he was a lanky boy, not built for fast work up hill through gorse and heather and rocks. Once he slipped and came down, head first, into a young gorse bush as healthy as he.

Copyright, 1918, by J. H. W. Knight-Bruce.

And once he put his leg into a hole in the granite up to the knee and lost precious minutes getting it out.

On the top of the hill was a great tor of weathered granite, black in its own shadow, and round this the rabbit disappeared with Tiger after him like the end of a whip-lash, for he was gaining on the flat and meant to be with his game in a very few minutes.

And so he was, and just putting in those few extra strides that make the kill, when the rabbit—*his* rabbit—was taken out of his very jaws by a ball of white hair that flung itself yelling out of a near-by gorse bush.

If Tiger was disreputable, this animal certainly was ridiculous. To begin with, it had no legs or nose to speak of. Then it had a head like a coal-hammer and a coat like a child's woolly ball. In fact, it was a prize-bred Sealyham, with its coat unpulled since its new master had bought it. For he was ignorant of that art and only wondered dimly why his dog's hair had grown so extraordinarily since he had it.

But at any rate it killed the rabbit.

And then there was trouble. As there often is between sportsmen when one has his eye wiped.

Tiger flung himself at the white animal, who at once left the rabbit and joined battle.

Now a Bedlington was bred for fighting and seldom does his breeder discredit. He has a vicious slash-and-get-away style that defeats most sorts of dogs. And will even crimson and ribbon a bull-terrier waiting half asleep for his one, last, hold.

The little Sealyham, game as a pebble, reared up snarling in correct preliminary, and found a line of red slowly dripping across his near shoulder. He could make nothing of it, for the fight had not yet begun—and as he gazed at it in wonder, lo! there was another line painted in scarlet from side to side of his broad loins, and under it grew and grew a numbing pain.

His snarl rattled and dropped a note deeper and he flung himself at the blue—and met his teeth in silk where he had hoped for meat. For the Bedlington keeps two coats, "the outer long and silky and the inner close and rather woolly."

He was all for trying again, but at this minute deliverance came to him. For his master came up and seeing his beloved Dick being attacked by another dog (nobody's dog ever attacks another: he is always attacked. This is a curious fact), straightway dropped a stout ash-plant on to the stranger, and drove the blow home with words as stout.

It was unfortunate that Tiger's owner happened round the great tor at this particular moment. For, of course, all *he* saw was a great brutal fellow, built like a chimpanzee, leathering his poor harmless dog. Dog owners are like that.

"Leave my dog alone, sir!" he roared through his panting. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself thrashing a dog like that."

"Call your savage brute off if you've got any control over him," roared the other quite as angrily. "A dog like that oughtn't to be allowed at large. He's precious near killed mine." And he went on putting his ash-plant into Tiger. He had a certain amount of excuse, for so far it had had no effect on that gentleman. There is only one dog more difficult than a Bedlington to stop fighting. For that and other reasons they say you want to be a young man to own one. Still, it undoubtedly handicapped him, and Dick was getting in some quite creditable work.

Tiger's owner was called Maxwell and he was very angry. Not because he was called Maxwell, but because he was Tiger's owner. He went up to the other and said, "Leave my dog alone, I tell you!"

"I'll be damned if I will," said the other, as fiercely.

Tiger's owner hit him.

It had a wonderful effect. To begin with, the dogs stopped fighting at once. They realized this was more exciting than a mere dog-fight. And the men, who were both very hot and angry and undignified, became of a sudden both very cool and calm and *very* dignified.

"You'll take that back," said Grey, which was the name of Dick's owner.

"I should like to," agreed Maxwell—and he took off his coat.

Grey took off his coat too and flung it down beside Maxwell's. Now both the coats were the same, so exactly that it would have been hard to say from which boy (for they were hardly more, both of them) either had come. Not only were they the same in pattern and material, but also in their rather uncommon design and cut, and even to their buttons.

And looking at their owners as they stood unbuttoning their waistcoats another thing became plain. The rest of their clothes were as alike as their coats. They gave the impression of being a uniform, or rather a sort of a nightmare of a fatigue dress.

Their waistcoats were the same: knitted and yellow and as hard worn as their coats; and under them they both had the effrontery

to wear shirts and collars to match of the same horrible hues: Maxwell a searing purple, and Grey a melancholy olive green; and they both wore blue and white striped ties, though Grey's seemed to be more faded than Maxwell's. Their shoes were the same, huge brogues. Their socks were alike at any rate in their impossibility, and their trousers, short, wrinkled, and baggy, had obviously been of the same grey flannel at one time.

It was a curious thing, but neither of them seemed to notice it. Perhaps they were colour-blind, or, at any rate, colour-blinded.

These astounding clothes were presently explained, for as they unbuttoned their collars both spoke together.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you——"

And both stopped together, most politely. Then they both began again.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you——"

And again they stopped. There was a long pause, for they were feeling very polite. Grey broke it.

"—— that I know something about boxing."

"—— that I know something about boxing," Maxwell finished a syllable behind him.

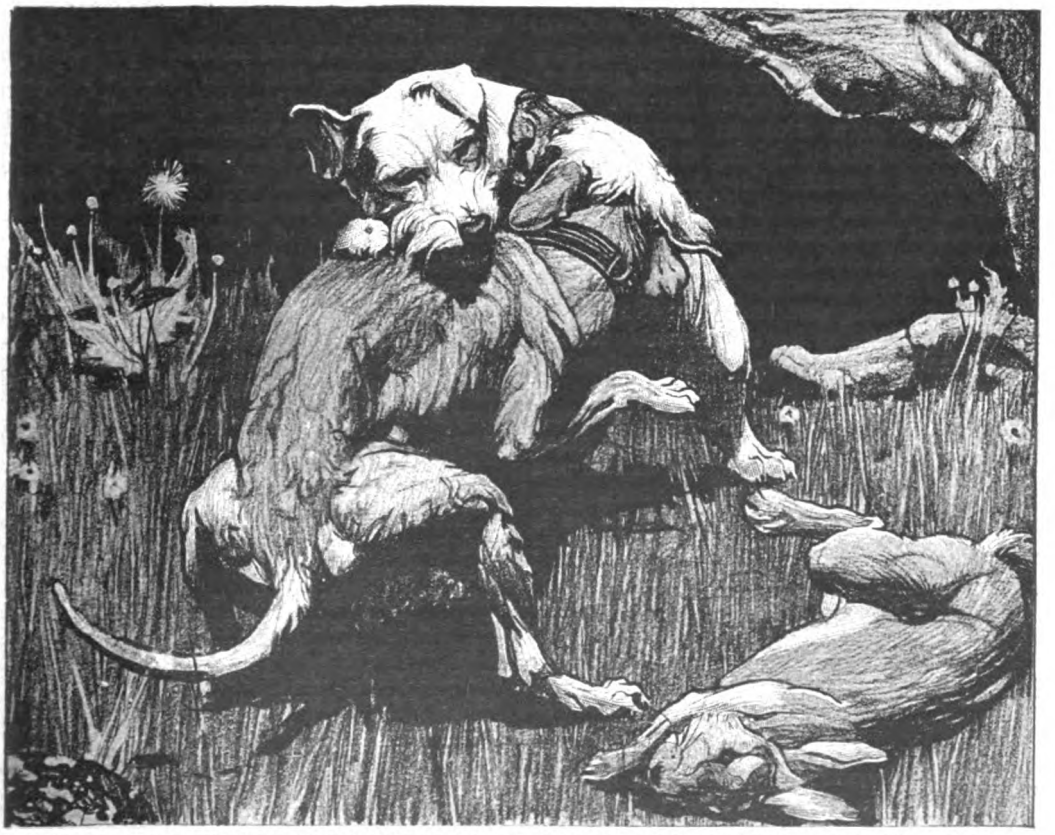
"In fact," said Grey, "I am Grey of Trinity."

"I'm hanged if you are," riposted Maxwell. "At least you may be Grey, but you're not of Trinity. For I don't know you and I'm a Trinity man."

"I did not say Trinity, Oxford," answered Grey, simply. "I said Trinity."

Maxwell jumped up as if he'd been stung. This was cause enough for battle in itself. After all, he had hit the man and was half thinking of apologizing. But not now. Not now. If a man tells you he is in the 110th, and you ask him if he means the 110th Madkhan Grenadiers, he *may* forgive you, for a hussar often has a sense of humour, and, after all, there are several units so numbered. But there is only one Trinity; the one you happen to be at.

So off came his shirt and off came Grey's, and then it was to be seen they were both trained. Now a trained man outside a boat



"TIGER FLUNG HIMSELF AT THE WHITE ANIMAL, WHO AT ONCE LEFT THE RABBIT AND JOINED BATTLE."

club or a ring is as rare an object as a trained horse off a course.

And their eyes were trained to take in training. They looked at each other's skin, white and dry as ivory; they looked at the rippling muscle working easily under it, and they grinned. This was going to be fun.

Grey jumped back from the handshake and then bored his way in again. He was a rushing, two-handed fighter, who stood almost square to his man, and his attack was fury itself. Low and dark and squat, he had a chest like a barrel and hands that hung down his thighs as he stood. So what he lost in command he made up in reach.

Maxwell was long and lank and short of a rib. He fought head up, using his height to its last inch of advantage and prop, prop, propping with a far-stretched left.

Grey drew blood with his first furious rush and drove the other back and back, circling slowly to the right as he went. But Grey himself did not escape too lightly, for ever as he drove his great square-handed blows and flung himself forward behind them, he was met by that irritating prop that just seemed to take the real sting out of them, even if they landed, which often they did not.

Tiger and Dick sat up on their hind-legs and watched with the deepest interest. They had never seen such an extraordinarily inefficient method of fighting in their lives.

The fight went on. Grey seemed bent on putting his man out at first go-off—to the inexpert it would have seemed as if he would do it. Crash, crash, crash, came in his great punches, often on arm or uplifted shoulder, oftener whistling past just-ducked head, but often, too, landing fair and honest with the soft crunch that tells of good blow well driven home.

For Maxwell seemed fighting at some great disadvantage. His ringcraft was beautiful, his footwork was beautiful, and so was his propping, steadying left. But his right was almost valueless to him, except as a guard. It rested inert across his chest; sometimes it flicked to catch and deflect a crashing body punch, more rarely, much more rarely, it flicked to the other's heart when its owner was specially hard pressed. But it had no venom about it even then. Its punch might have scored a point in a ring, but hardly in the Prize Ring.

"Wouldn't dent a pat of butter," thought Grey rather scornfully to himself as he took it unmoved on his ear. "But the blighter *can* fight. If only he had a right, he'd be a corker. As it is I think I'll wear him down. He can't keep me out for ever with that punt-pole of a left of his."

Maxwell was a beautiful fighter to watch, except for that awkward, almost useless right. Any novice in the art could have seen the beauty and the defect. But it would have taken an expert to have noted the brain-work behind Grey's squattering rushes: the timing of them, the slip and inspired duck to avoid that propping left, the cool thought behind the rain of blows to time and direct each one, the foot-work, ungraceful, but perfectly correct; all was good. And there are few things more difficult in the art of bruising than to think and keep on thinking during the exhilaration of a two-handed rush.

You remember Tiger and Dick were sitting up looking on at all this? Well, as Grey side-stepped to the left to come in on his man's blind side (for so he thought of Maxwell's right) he trod on Dick's fat long body and came down on all fours.

"End of the first round?" asked Maxwell, dropping his hands.

"Rather!" agreed Grey. "It's hard work on the grass."

They sat down and panted. For fighting as hard as they had been fighting is hard work on grass, as Grey had noticed, even if one is trained as they were trained.

Maxwell had got the worst of it so far on looks. The outside of his left shoulder, which, cunningly wrapped round his jaw, had taken the brunt of Grey's sledge-hammer rights, was burst and bleeding. Both his lips were split and bleeding too, and dull red and blue stains were growing clearer and darker over ribs and left side.

Grey had got off much more lightly. His left eye was closing, but otherwise he had very little to show for his ten minutes without gloves.

"Ready?" he said.

"Ready," and Maxwell rose too.

The second round was like the first in time and tactics, and it ended in the same way, though it was Maxwell who trod on Dick this time. But Dick saw no advantage in that; and the third was like the second.

It was rather a different pair that rose unsteadily for the fourth round. Maxwell was red from crown to Old Etonian sash knotted round his waist, and Grey's eye was closed now and slashed across where the other's steady left had caught it at each rush.

"Got him this time!" thought its owner jubilantly to himself. "No man *can* stand the hammering I've given this one. If only

I can get past his left once, just once, I'll have him done in a jiffy."

And he feinted a slip to the left, and side-stepped like lightning to the right. He got in properly that time and flailed two-handed at his man. It was then he regretted again he had split Maxwell's lip early in the fight; his good punches slithered and slipped away from his ribs with most of their drive lost from them. For every time he had visited his man's mouth he had brought something away with him to make his next body punch lose its cling.

But even with that Maxwell ought to have drooped and sunk under that rapid punishment. But he didn't. That was the extraordinary thing. He didn't. He just went on stretching out his left and finally drove Grey out to his distance again.

The latter was not to be denied. He dropped his hands to rush his way in again. And then he did a wonderful thing; a thing that would have proved his class as a fighter even to those who in their ignorance might think his rushes unscientific. He ducked—ever such a little, almost without knowing he did it, and certainly without knowing why he did it. He only knew that when he felt the whiss-ss of air past his left ear. His perception as a fighter had made him duck before his brain had consciously taken in the need to do so.

He jumped back and landed a yard clear, bouncing on the balls of his socked feet, and shook his head. This was something new. Maxwell had never loosed a punch like that before. And it must have been his right he had sent, too. That useless, awkwardly-carried right that hung as if in splints across his chest now.

He came in again, more cautiously than he had done before, and got to work, guardedly at first, and then with greater freedom as he met only that correct, disconcerting, but not alarming left.

As he worked on with more and more confidence, notching point after telling point, he began to think that vicious whiss-ss had been a dream, or that, at any rate, it had been a left-hander, for Maxwell's right ever rested awkwardly on the defensive.

Then he began to get angry. He would be winning hands down if he were in a ring, for he was slamming away at his man almost as he liked and had marked him very prettily. He was getting practically nothing in return but those straight-arm jabs in the left eye (which carried twenty-three stone weight behind them, however, for they stopped the rush of both men) and which now were beginning to make themselves felt all through him at each new one. He felt he was winning as he liked on points, and yet there was his man still comfortably on his feet before him smiling slowly through his split lips and clear and accurate in his brain-work as ever.

So Grey began to get angry. But he did not show it in his boxing. He was no novice. He merely thought the harder how to finish. He feinted with his left at the head and whistled in a right to the body. Maxwell blocked it and jerked out his right in a throat punch, just hard enough to drive Grey out again.

He was back in a flash. His temper made him take a risk and he came in on a Sling Change—a thing he had never dared to try in a fight, and indeed one wants to be quick-footed and quick-headed to bring off that lightning stroke. Feinting again with his left he snapped his right foot past his left so that he gained near a yard of ground and had his shoulder almost pressing down on Maxwell's right. Then he wrenched his body round from the loins and his right, almost behind him now, should have ground into Maxwell's mark. The latter just, and only just, dropped his right in time to guard, and Grey side-stepped the unvicious counter.

Maxwell did not show his punishment much, but he was feeling it nevertheless, and he knew to the full the mental exhilaration of a brain working to the utmost limit of its efficiency. It is an exhilaration that it is worth undergoing something to feel.

A philosopher, a man of letters, a sage, feels it when, surrounded by works of reference, he writes in his warm and perfectly fitted study. His brain is thus at its best, giving its highest work, and its owner feels the pride of it. Cold, pain, danger, excitement, or even a barrel-organ in the street, take off the fine edge of its efficiency, and its owner feels mental humiliation at once.

There are other types of brain that, perhaps, bewildered in the study, need the spur of danger or pain to bring out their best work, and it is only when they have that spur that their owners can feel real intellectual pride.

That is why a man beaten into his corner, dazed, hardly conscious, feels so completely the pride of intellect. For his brain is working at top efficiency under the most baffling of difficulties, and after all that is a great test of any machine, and not least of the thinking machine.

And so Maxwell, though his head was singing and his knees felt weak and unsteady

"HIS AWKWARD, USELESS-LOOKING RIGHT DROVE OUT STRAIGHT AND TRUE TO THE POINT OF THE JAW."

miles beneath him, yet felt the same pride of intellect as the gentleman who jumped out of his bath with the cry of "Eureka! I have found it!" He had found that *his* brain, working at its best, had discovered squares on two sides of a right-angled triangle to be equal to the square on the hypotenuse—or something to the same tune. Maxwell had found that *his* brain, working at its best, had discovered the exact and best way of dealing with Grey's mad but scientific rushes; and both knew the same conceit.

So Maxwell fought on, steady, cool, thoughtful, taking his punishment as it came, seeming to get the worst of every exchange and seeming to be only waiting, waiting.

For what? Grey had wondered earlier in the fight, but wondered no longer. No man, thought he, could wait so patiently through such a gruelling. It must be that Maxwell had nothing to wait for, except the end.

And again he bored into his man. He had nearly, very nearly, once brought off the Sling Change. Now he would try its completion—the Fitzsimmons' shift, that marvel of tricky footwork, that won so many fights for the one man who cou'd use it to perfection.

He tried to draw Maxwell's right and thought he had. Then the side-step and quick change of feet. Then, as he balanced insecure for that fleeting fraction of a second, Maxwell's waiting was at an end. His awkward, useless-looking right drove out straight and true to the point of the jaw, Maxwell's whole weight braced rigid on it, straight from the ball of his right foot.

Grey fell as a man does fall when he is knocked out, like a marionette with a broken string, straight down into a crumpled ball on the ground.

Of course, he was not knocked out in the technical sense of the word—that is, unconscious for any period of time you like over ten seconds. You want the extra bearing surface of a glove to give that. You will find plenty of cases of men being put to sleep with one punch of the bare fist in fiction, but you will be hard put to it to find one in the records of the Prize Ring.

Grey regained consciousness as he bumped earth, and was up like a jack-in-the-box. But that was pluck, for pluck will lift a man unconscious, so that his first conscious feeling is being knocked down again.

He looked round. The great black tor above him seemed to sway against the grey sky, but there was no one under it to fight. He looked down. Maxwell was sitting on the turf, his hands crossed round his knees.

"Come on," said Grey. His voice seemed to him to come from a long way off. . . .

"D'you mind if we stop?" said Maxwell.

"We'll fight this out," said Grey, stubbornly. In boxing, as at cards, it is the loser who wants to go on.

"Let's stop and call it quits."

"No, we don't. You put me down, and you'll think you've won if we call it off now."

"Oh, dear me, no." Maxwell looked at the man. It would be cruelty to let him go on, for that last terrible punch had taken much out of him. But how to get him to stop? He was evidently game as a pebble and not at all anxious to admit he'd had enough. Yet Maxwell shuddered to think of the butchery it would mean to go on now. Why, the man swayed and jerked in recovery as he stood, yet glared defiance out of his one eye.

"Oh, dear me, no," he repeated, fighting for time. And not in vain, for a thought came to him.

"Oh, no. Why, you've had all the best of it up to that last little thing. But, I say, didn't you say your name was Grey?"

"It is. Come on." Grey felt he would not be able to keep on his feet much longer and wanted to begin before he collapsed.

"Of Trinity?"

"Yes. Come on."

"Then you must be the Captain of the 'Varsity Boxing Club? Silly of me not to have recognized your name at once, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Grey, in answer to the first question. "Come on, damn you!"

"Better call this a draw after all. We'll be meeting again next month. I'm the Captain of my 'Varsity."

Grey sat down. He was glad to.

"Then you're Maxwell?" he said.

"I am."

"The man who likes punishment?"

"Well, I don't *like* it," said Maxwell. "But I am fortunate enough to be able to stand some of it."

"And I suppose that's your famous 'waiting right' you brought off on me?" mused Grey.

"Well, I don't know if it's famous," said Maxwell, modestly, "but it's certainly mine." He glanced ruefully at his skinned knuckles.

Grey suddenly chuckled feebly.

"It'll be a *great* fight next month," he said. "A *great* fight!"

Maxwell laughed.

"You're right, old chap," he said.

"HOW I BROKE INTO THE MOVIES."

— *By* —

Marguerite Clark, Theda Bara, Anita Stewart, Mary Miles Minter, Pauline Frederick, and Norma Talmadge.

Photo.] **MARGUERITE CLARK.** [*McClure.*

"WILL she screen well?" is the question which every moving-picture director mentally asks when a new aspirant for film honours presents herself for a "test." And there is no real answer until the camera is set to work and the result revealed in a hundred feet or so of sensitized ribbon. Many a pretty woman who sees herself on the screen for the first time has fled from the studio never to return, for the camera is a sad searcher out of blemishes, lines, and wrinkles. But to the girl with a pleasing appearance who "registers" well—as the director terms it—and is quick to grasp what is really a new kind of stage technique, the "silent drama" is one which brings her speedier universal recognition than anything else in the world. In a few months—under proper management—she will be known from one end of the earth to the other and secure the nearest thing to mundane immortality that the mind can imagine. And as everyone, more or less, is interested in the personal side of the movies, we have invited a number of film "stars" to tell our readers just how they "broke in."

Marguerite Clark.

"My entrance into the motion-picture field," writes Marguerite Clark, of the Famous Players, "was more a matter of circumstance than of sentimentality. I had just finished a long run of 'Prunella' on the stage and could not find another play that I liked. During the time that I was playing 'Prunella' various motion-picture managers, or producers, as they are called, offered me starring parts on the screen. I had seen some of the earlier photo-plays and, to say the very least, was not greatly impressed by them, so the offers fell on deaf ears.

"But while I was busy before the footlights, a new era was beginning to make itself manifest in the photo-play—a fact of which I was suddenly made aware when I finished 'Prunella.' This was the introduction into the motion-picture business of the best element among the theatrical managers.

"Mr. Frohman, who became the manager of the Famous Players' Film Company, pointed out to me that practically the only successful *ingénues* on the motion-picture screen were those who had had no stage training, and who had become popular through their deeds of daring in the first crude 'movies.' He said he believed the field of opportunity for one with thorough stage training to be unlimited, and strongly advised me to try at least one production under the management of the Famous Players.

"Many of my friends urged me against such a step on the ground that it would be undignified for me to become a photo-player, but against that claim there stood the irrevocable fact that Sarah Bernhardt, James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, and a number of the stage's greatest stars had already been successfully presented on the screen by this same company. The die was cast when I received the script of my proposed first moving-picture play—'Wildflower.' As I read it, I found myself unconsciously enacting the scenes, and concluded that if the story was as good as that I could make no mistake in playing it under the management of the Famous Players.

"Even after 'Wildflower' had been pronounced a success, I still had the mental attitude of an excursionist in the field of the cinema—a feeling that has been gradually dissipated through my subsequent appearances in 'The Prince and the Pauper,' 'Mice and Men,' and some other photo-plays, until now I love the work and take the same great interest in it that I felt for the stage. I do not know when I have enjoyed anything more than acting in 'Snow White' and 'Miss George Washington.' There was a time when I thought seriously of returning to the stage, but now such a prospect does not interest me so much as the selection of my next photo-play."

Theda Bara.

The war was directly responsible for Theda Bara—the most famous of all movie "vampires"—entering the silent drama. "Until 1914," she writes, "I had no thought of ever leaving the French stage for moving pictures. I was then a member of the Grand Guignol Company in Paris, and had often appeared at the Gymnase and the Théâtre Antoine. William Fox had heard of me in some way, and early in 1914 he offered me a contract. When the big European struggle began to tear the Continent, I realized that the stage in France must inevitably suffer neglect. I wanted to continue acting and was anxious to appear in at least one film. So I went to America, and in my first moving-picture drama I was given the part of a professional sorceress, and it is in similar *rôles* that I have gained recognition. I was a success, I 'registered' correctly, and now I suppose I shall continue in the 'movies' until I or the public get tired of my work, which I hope will not be for some considerable time.

"I have been in hundreds of thousands of feet of film, and it is with all my productions in mind that I issue a warning to screen-struck girls. If the average girl only knew of the sacrifices necessary to attain success in motion pictures she would consider carefully before selecting screen acting as her life's work. The demands made on the time of the motion-picture actress are greater than those made on the time of the woman engaged in the pursuit of any other art. The average girl, according to my opinion—founded on the scores of letters I receive each day—believes that acting before the camera requires merely ability to reveal her own personality. I myself find that success on the screen requires constant study. If a girl really feels that she has histrionic talent of a high order and she is willing to labour indefatigably, it may be well enough for her to enter the silent drama, but not otherwise.

"The characters I usually portray are not those which secure the love of the public. I have been called a 'Love Pirate,' the 'Ishmaelite of Feminity,' a vampire, the woman with the most beautifully wicked face in the world, and many other pleasant things. Vampiring, such as I do, is the hardest kind of work. I am imbued with the character and lose myself in it. Complete exhaustion follows my day of work. When my name was first displayed on the billboards, the public did not know who or what was being advertised. Now, when they see my name, they invariably say: 'The human vampire.'

"It is not pleasant to be described so. I can assure everyone of that. When I first heard myself referred to as 'that vampire woman,' I was heartbroken. I went to my apartment and was in tears the greater part of the night. People asked what manner of woman I could be who portrayed in such life-like manner the sirens of the drama. One woman wrote this description of me:—

"'Her hair is like the serpent locks of Medusa, her eyes have the cruel cunning of Lucretia Borgia, till now believed to have been the wickedest woman in the world. Her mouth is the mouth of the sinister, scheming Delilah, and her hands are those of the blood-bathing Elizabeth Bathory, who slaughtered young

THEDA BARA.

girls that she might bathe in their warm life-blood and so retain her beauty. Can it be possible that Fate has re-incarnated in Theda Bara the souls of these monsters of mediæval times ? '

" These are rather harsh things to say even about the ancient vampires, but hardly a day passes that the postman does not bring letters to me written on similar lines. Many of them attack me most unmercifully. Some intimate that no woman could represent such characters without having had the actual experience. They ask whether it is possible for a woman of normal disposition and temperament to picture such villainous characters. I insist that she can. It all depends on getting yourself in accord with your subject."

Anita Stewart.

Anita Stewart—the Vitagraph's most popular " star "—says it seems as though she had always been working before the camera. " Yet it is but four years ago," she writes, " that I was a novice—just beginning my study of the thousand-and-one details which must be perfected before one's success is assured in motion pictures.

" My family lived but a few stations from the Vitagraph studios, on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and every day as I would ride past them in the train with my hair down my back, and school-books under my arm, on my way to Erasmus Hall High School, I had dreams of some day becoming a great star ! All girls have such dreams at some time in their lives, I suppose. I was fortunate enough to get my opportunity, however, and I set to work to take advantage of it before it slipped from my grasp.

" After I had played one or two small *rôles* the directors began 'phoning for me when they had an extra part. In this way I was soon working every day, and finally I gave up school to devote all my time and efforts to camera work.

" The first months were hard, very hard; but then I realized that everything worth while was hard to attain, and so I worked and studied the plays which came into my possession. Even though I only had a scene or two I would read through the star's *rôle* and do my best to act it before the mirror in my bedroom.

" At first only the *rôles* of maids, society girls in ballroom scenes, stenographers and sales-girls, who were little more than parts of the scenery, came to me. Perhaps many times you have seen me with a black dress, white cap and apron, and never given me any more notice than you do the girls playing maid *rôles* to-day. But I gave those *rôles* thought. Even if I only had to enter a room and button the leading lady's dress, I did my best to do it in a natural and convincing manner.

" But it's a long road that has no turning, and finally my first big part came to me. It was the title-*rôle* in ' The Wood Violet.' How both mother and I studied this part ! How we worked out the scenes one by one, and studied the styles in order that the few scenes in which it was necessary for me to wear other than plain attire might be properly costumed !

" The day for the run in the company's projection-room came at last. Never to my dying day shall I forget my feelings when I watched myself dance about the screen as the little ' Wood Violet '—as the little girl who loved

the birds and trees better than anything else and to whom the sham of the city was a horror. When the picture was over those who had witnessed it with me were filled with praise. Even the president of the company came up to me and told me that I had won success. At last!

"After that, other pictures were written especially for me, and I worked hard until the public was good enough to consider me a star. My goal was reached, and it was all the sweeter because hard work had been the means of making it possible. And that's how I got into the movies."

Mary Miles Minter.

Mary Miles Minter is generally regarded as the prettiest child-actress in the movies. And besides being very lovely, she is highly talented and her work is frequently held up as a pattern to other child-actors. When asked to write about herself she declared she found it very hard to do so because her mother used to scold her terribly if she heard her talking about herself, and she supposed writing was just about the same.

"At the same time," she says, in a big round hand, "it is rather funny to think how I actually became associated with the movies after my mother had insisted for years that I should not do any such thing. Once when we saw Dustin Farnum in a moving picture I said to my mother that I envied him very much. She asked me why, and I told her it was because I had always wanted to see myself act, ever since as a baby of four I had played in 'Cameo Kirby' with Mr. Nat Goodwin. You know, I am fourteen years old, and since joining the American-Mutual forces I have felt quite grown-up. Now, when I am asked how I came to appear in the moving pictures I recall, first, mother's lectures about the sin of vanity and then think of my long-suppressed wish to see myself act.

"I was delighted when mother came home one day after the theatre—my mother is Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, you know—and told me that a contract had been made for me to appear in 'The Fairy and the Waif,' a Frohman picture. It was Mr. Frohman who had persuaded mother. I gave him a kiss the very next time I saw him.

"Now, I am not sure whether mother was right when she joked me about being vain. All I know is that I was just crazy to see how I looked on the stage to other people. I wanted to know why it was that people applauded me sometimes, and then

Photo. ANITA STEWART. [*Lumiere.*

From a] **MARY MILES MINTER.** *[Photograph.*

again, when I thought they *might* have, they didn't.

"'There,' I said, when my mother told me of the film-contract, 'now I shall be able to see myself act.'

"'I do not know where you get your vain disposition,' was her reply, but then she laughed and said business was business and she had always loved art for art's sake, provided the artist need not go hungry. So next week I was in my first screen rehearsal and, dear me, how I did enjoy it. And when some time later I saw myself act for the first time I nearly cried. There were so many little things I wished I hadn't done, and, of course, the screen is a great reducer of vanity. That first picture interested me so much that I hardly spoke. My sister was with me, and she said I just stared open-mouthed. Well, some of the things I did in that first picture I have never done since. Some of the things I have done in all the pictures I have so far been in I never will do again. By looking at myself I am able to detect awkward little gestures that ought not to have been made or to see some way in which I may improve my next appearance. So you see there is some sense in wanting to see oneself act, and it may not be altogether vanity.

"While I am writing to you perhaps it would be just as well to tell you how I came to go on the stage at all, because that is really funny, too. They were looking for a little girl to appear in 'Cameo Kirby' at Wallack's Theatre, in New York, with Mr. Nat Goodwin. About a hundred little girls had been taken to the theatre by their mothers, when *my* mother, who was then appearing at the Lyceum, telephoned to my sister Margaret to go to Wallack's and to take me down with her, as she didn't want me left alone in the apartment. Margaret was several years older than I was. I was three. Mr. Arnold Daly, who was staging the play, was made up as an old Irishman. They were rehearsing 'An Irishman's Home,' in which Mr. Daly was to appear. When Mr. Daly saw Margaret he said she was too big for the part, and then he walked round among the children. I had been crying because I thought Margaret was going to leave me at home and my eyes were all red, but when Mr. Daly saw me hiding behind Margaret, he rushed up and held me high in his arms.

"'Here she is,' he said. 'Here's the kid we want.'

"Two weeks after that I was really and truly an actress, getting a regular salary and as proud as Punch."

Pauline Frederick.

No actress has ever made a greater or a more instant success in the moving pictures than Pauline Frederick, of the Famous Players. She was at the height of her theatrical career when she abandoned the legitimate stage for the silent drama, and it seems strange that she did so because she was suffering from ennui. "Have you ever reached a point in your work," she writes, "when you just longed for something new to turn up, just to vary the monotony? It may sound a bit peculiar for an actress to speak of the 'monotony' of her

Photo.] **PAULINE FREDERICK.** *[White Studio.*

work, but, as a matter of fact, after one has been playing such tremendously heavy *rôles* as Innocent and Zuleika in 'Joseph and His Brethren,' for a few seasons in succession, they would begin to become oppressive. The worst of it is that when a theatrical manager gets it into his head that you are a certain 'type' he will move heaven and earth to find just one style of play for you, and will refuse to permit you to appear in any other but just that kind of play.

"I have appeared in every form of play known to man, from musical comedy to tragedy, and just as I was beginning to become rebellious at the thought of taking up another weighty *rôle*—for any manager would have gasped with horror at the thought of letting Zuleika or Innocent gambol frivolously through a comedy—along came an opportunity to star in one of the very first big American photo-play productions. It was an adaptation of Hall Caine's 'The Eternal City,' which the Famous Players were planning, and to the attractive aspect of starring in this big film there was added the promise that we should go to Rome to stage it.

"Being familiar with the success which had been scored in the motion-picture world by this company, which had already won the reputation of being a pioneer in the production of feature photo-plays, I most readily accepted the offer. We went to Rome for our settings, and the fascination of this continuously changing background so appealed to me that I decided, even before the picture was completed, that I would become a permanent photo-player, even to the extent of abandoning the stage.

"Though I have done Zaza and Bella Donna and some of the other highly-emotional *rôles*, at the same time I have found relief from my own criminalities in 'Audrey,' 'The Woman in the Case,' 'Nanette of the Wilds,' and several other productions in which I have been allowed to appear in sympathy with my audience.

"Whatever may have been my first thoughts which impelled me to give up the stage and turn photo-player, I can say very frankly now that, after three years' experience before the camera, I am a complete convert to the motion picture and am perfectly happy. Of course, there is no applause to help one over a hard scene, but there are so many other compensations to be found in this newer work that I am more than pleased to exchange the hand-clap for the more internationally far-reaching, if silent, approbation of the motion-picture public."

Norma Talmadge.

"My entry into the movies," says Norma Talmadge, "was effected in a manner that is sometimes met with in fiction but seldom in fact. It is an interesting story.

"In common with thousands of other girls possessing the average amount of good looks and unbounded confidence in their ability to make good, but who have no experience or influence, I made the daily rounds of the studios seeking an engagement. Rebuff was met with much more frequently than encouragement.

but the fire aflame within me never smouldered even for a moment.

"One day I found myself in a certain studio in New Jersey. An impatient director and a group of photo-players in varying degrees of make-up were distributed about the scene. Looking for a job, I strolled unobtrusively into view.

"'Oh, there you are,' shouted the director. 'Where in the world have you been all this time?' He looked straight at me, and before I could reply the Czar of the studio had snapped out a dozen orders and there was a great scurrying about. It was evident even to me that a scene was about to be 'shot.'

"'Now,' said the director, seizing me not unkindly by the arm and leading me to the centre of the 'set,' 'when your lover enters through this door you are sitting in this chair. As you haven't seen him for six years, and thought he was dead, naturally you are surprised——'

"He wasn't half as surprised as I was at this precise moment, but I never said a word. Meanwhile the director continued to outline the situation of the play and I duly took it all in. Of course, I realized that through some strange freak of Fate the director had mistaken me for the girl engaged to play the *rôle*, and I decided to see the adventure through, particularly as that seemed the easiest way out of the predicament. Bewildered as I was by the suddenness of it all and unfamiliar as I was with the work, I managed to do what the producer expected of me, and many feet of film were reeled off before the proceedings were abruptly interrupted by the arrival of the *bonâ-fide* player.

NORMA TALMADGE.
Photo. Lumière.

"The striking resemblance between the actress made up for the part and my natural self explained the error before the director lost his reason, though it did not quite explain how I got there. The opportunity was at hand to proclaim my aspirations and I seized it, and the director having, by reason of the extraordinary circumstances, seen a specimen of my acting ability, decided to give me the opportunity that my soul craved. No, he did not engage me as leading woman on the spot, but he gave me a small part and bigger things followed. And so I broke into the movies."

LEST YOU FORGET!

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Twenty Years After.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

CHALLONER walked down the slope from his hotel and found himself in the Embankment Gardens. The statues that looked familiar bore evidence of age; one or two were, to him, new. The trees appeared to have grown up. The roadway itself was well crowded with tramcars and motors; he could recall the time when the popular riddle, "Why do not people of the West-end use the Embankment?" had for answer, "Because it would be a direct cut to the City." Challoner crossed with the aid of a refuge, and was shouted at by drivers.

"I must get out of this," he said. "London of to-day isn't the London of my youth. And," facing the question of years courageously, "forty-three isn't twenty-three, and there's little use in pretending!"

At Westminster Pier a boat waited. He hastened to take a ticket at the wooden office, ran across the gangway, and on deck found himself hailed excitedly by a striped parasol.

"Knew you'd be here," remarked the owner, complacently. "You were always such a one for a boat trip to Kew." She furled the parasol, and made room for him beside her. "D'rectly I saw the announcement in the newspapers of your arrival I said to myself, 'John will be certain to go to the Gardens on the very first day.' I," with a suggestion of reproach, "I was in time for the two o'clock steamer."

Challoner searched his memory. Her manner, rather than her features, appeared likely to assist. "Prompt, as usual," he ventured to say.

"Never kept you waiting once," she agreed. "Other girls in our shop used to think nothing of keeping their chaps 'anging about for half an hour; if I fixed a time, I kept to it." The bell rang suddenly; she caught at his arm with every sign of alarm. "Do forgive me!" she begged. "If a spoon falls down at home I jump half-way to the ceiling. My sister sometimes says, 'Oh, Emily, what a nervy one you are!'"

The boat went, with funnel down, under the bridge; the terrace of the Houses of Parliament came into view. Challoner should have been interested in the building; instead, his mind was engaged in hunting for details. The name of Emily offered a clue, but it did not appear to be sufficient. Clearly the lady, whoever she was, possessed gifts of conversation; she had started afresh when he interrupted.

"Whilst I think of it," he said, "Is your sister married?"

"She's had offers, but she's like me. Hard to please."

"So that her surname is still——?"

"Still," replied his companion, "still what it always was."

Challoner took up the book which rested on her lap. It had a cover in brown paper, the edges were gilded; on the title page he saw his own handwriting as it was in the days before stress of Colonial life had affected it. "To E. M. from J. C. With best and fondest love."

"I brought that," she explained, "jest in case I didn't happen to run across you. I find Tennyson hard reading, but I've got as far as this." She pointed out the book-mark at page fifty-two.

"In twenty years," he mentioned.

"I don't get so much spare time as some people," remarked the lady, rather huffily. "The Marsdens have to work for their living."

A relief to have the name in full. Emily Marsden, of course. Of Marsala Road, Lewisham, that was once made up of new houses, but had now, probably, become middle-aged. Emily Marsden, encountered in Greenwich Park, a close companion during the fine weather evenings that followed; shortened days, he recollected, diminished the acquaintanceship, and his emigration put an end to it.

"I think so," he said, answering a question that he had not heard.

"Oh, how unkind!" she exclaimed. "You might, at any rate, be complimentary."

"Say it again, please."

"I asked you, as distinctly as I could, whether you thought I had changed in my appearance."

"My candid opinion is that you have changed. Changed for the better. The promise of spring has been succeeded by the fulfilment of summer."

It was a phrase he had used more than once in his speeches; always effective, on no occasion had it been so striking in its results as now, for the lady seized his hand impulsively, and pressed it to her lips. Other passengers set down newspapers, gave up attention to objects of interest on the riverside, and appeared ready to concentrate their gaze upon the couple for the rest of the voyage. The two noted this, and edged away slightly from each other.

"That was silly of me," she admitted.

"It was perhaps thoughtless," said Challoner.

"Now then!" with spirit. "I don't want you to begin badgering. I know my faults as well as most people, but I'm not going to have them pointed out by everybody. I've got a temper of my own, you must remember."

It occurred to Challoner that, having come on board to escape worry, here he was, with an argumentative companion, and, in lieu of composure and rest, called upon to submit to command and authority. A reminiscence came to him, and he found his cigar-case.

"I'll stroll along to the other end," he said, "and have a smoke."

"You can take me with you."

"But you always strongly objected to tobacco."

"I've overcome that," she said, with pride. "Now I thoroughly enjoy the scent of it."

The steamer made a slight lurch as they started to walk, and she took his arm. Their fellow-pasengers gave a protesting glance at being deprived of entertainment; one or two followed in a casual manner, as though they also felt the need for exercise. Challoner discovered seats at the bow of the steamer, but did not himself sit down. He revolved in his thoughts some desperate intention of claiming the captain on the bridge as an old friend with whom he wished to discuss matters; his companion gave him no chance of experimenting on this scheme. She appeared to be one of those to whom silence is more difficult than speech, and went from one subject to another as a chamois leaps from rock to rock: at one moment talking of incidents that happened in the 'nineties, and the next moment alluding to some occurrence of the present day. She thought he had grown stouter, and said so; when he chanced to take off his Homburg hat she exclaimed, "Oh, you are going bald, and no error!"

As Putney came in sight she made a comment: "Whatever makes 'em have two bridges so close together?" Then signs of exhaustion became evident.

"Now, you sit down and talk!" she ordered, languidly. "And hold my hand as you used to do."

He showed awkwardness at first, and glanced around apprehensively, but mature passengers were dozing, and the younger ones had paired off; the captain on the bridge was intent on duties at the wheel. So Challoner obeyed the command, and, beginning at the close of their earlier acquaintance, sketched lightly the events of his career. The journey out, and his high ambitions. Friendship with a notable man on board ship. Arrival, and the look for work. The disappointments and hardship of the first task. Gradual improvement, and the acquiring of the saving habit. The encounter with the notable man of the voyage, at a critical moment, and the welcome and remarkable help afforded. The first touch of political life and——

"Pardon me, sir," said a member of the crew, "but are you a-getting out here, or are you and your good lady going on to Richmond?"

They gave up tickets on the pier. She excused herself for taking a single on the grounds that one never knew what might happen with a river trip; if she had been drowned on the journey up, why obviously a return half would have been wasted. The two found themselves near to Kew Green, close to the restaurants and to the eager waiters in straw hats who urged them to come into tea-gardens at the back. Challoner's companion mentioned that she would be feeling brighter when she had taken a cup or two, but he was resolute on this point; flowers and trees were to be inspected first. So he paid at the turnstile twopence, and she had a passage of words with the official in which she declared that the charge was a swindle, a fraud, an imposition; something that ought to be shown up in the newspapers, or spoken about in Parliament. On the gravelled pathways they strolled quietly, and Challoner felicitated himself on the tactfulness of delaying the restorative of a meal. Indeed, his companion

"'NOW, YOU SIT DOWN AND TALK!' SHE ORDERED, LANGUIDLY. 'AND HOLD MY HAND AS YOU USED TO DO.'"

appeared now disposed to melancholy, saying that the world seemed hard on women, and that existence was all a muddle from start to finish, and likened herself to the rhododendrons which were fading with petals bestrewing the grass. On this Challoner felt it necessary to take cheery views.

"You are in the prime of life," he argued. "By rights, you should be enjoying yourself now as you'd never done before. Don't give way. Make up your mind to look on the bright side."

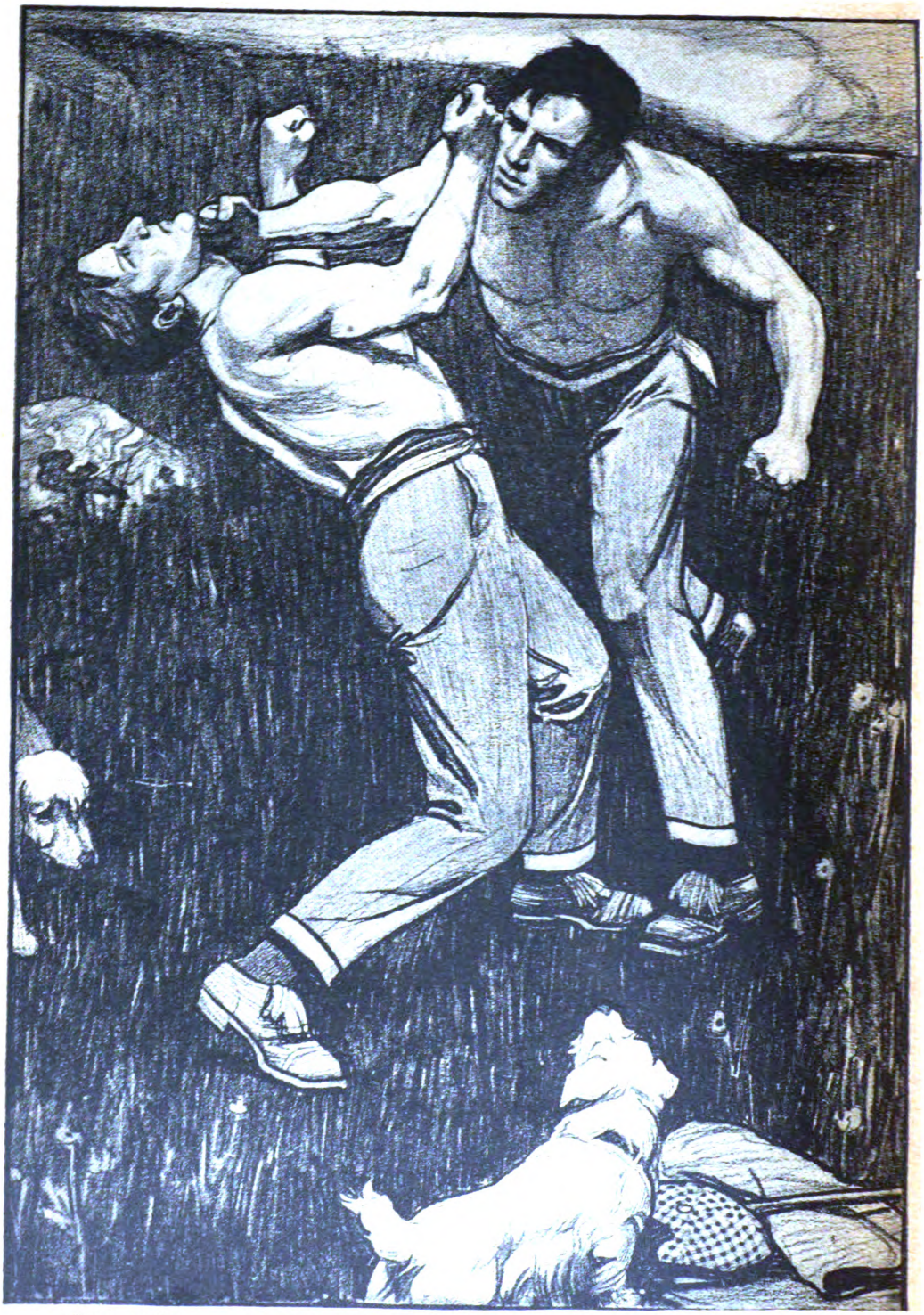
"If it was possible, John, for me to see you more often," she said, hopefully, "I do believe I should find myself the merriest of the merry."

He spoke rather hurriedly of the Spanish Broom and the Robinias, and other attractions, furnished at the moment by the Gardens. The sight of a motor mowing-machine caused her to allude to the passage of years and the changes effected by time; she expressed the wish that one could always remain at the age of twenty. He talked floriculture with great determination, and near the Pagoda caught sight of the tables laid out for the afternoon meal.

"We'll have tea here," he announced.

"Isn't it rather expensive?" she asked, anxiously. "You sure you can afford it?"

Three cups of tea had the anticipated effect, and the lady regained all her usual powers of speech, and more. Once she shook her head, and said, "Oh, you will be cross with



"HIS AWKWARD, USELESS-LOOKING RIGHT DROVE OUT STRAIGHT AND TRUE TO THE POINT OF THE JAW."

miles beneath him, yet felt the same pride of intellect as the gentleman who jumped out of his bath with the cry of "Eureka! I have found it!" He had found that *his* brain, working at its best, had discovered squares on two sides of a right-angled triangle to be equal to the square on the hypotenuse—or something to the same tune. Maxwell had found that *his* brain, working at its best, had discovered the exact and best way of dealing with Grey's mad but scientific rushes; and both knew the same conceit.

So Maxwell fought on, steady, cool, thoughtful, taking his punishment as it came, seeming to get the worst of every exchange and seeming to be only waiting, waiting.

For what? Grey had wondered earlier in the fight, but wondered no longer. No man, thought he, could wait so patiently through such a gruelling. It must be that Maxwell had nothing to wait for, except the end.

And again he bored into his man. He had nearly, very nearly, once brought off the Sling Change. Now he would try its completion—the Fitzsimmons' shift, that marvel of tricky footwork, that won so many fights for the one man who cou'd use it to perfection.

He tried to draw Maxwell's right and thought he had. Then the side-step and quick change of feet. Then, as he balanced insecure for that fleeting fraction of a second, Maxwell's waiting was at an end. His awkward, useless-looking right drove out straight and true to the point of the jaw, Maxwell's whole weight braced rigid on it, straight from the ball of his right foot.

Grey fell as a man does fall when he is knocked out, like a marionette with a broken string, straight down into a crumpled ball on the ground.

Of course, he was not knocked out in the technical sense of the word—that is, unconscious for any period of time you like over ten seconds. You want the extra bearing surface of a glove to give that. You will find plenty of cases of men being put to sleep with one punch of the bare fist in fiction, but you will be hard put to it to find one in the records of the Prize Ring.

Grey regained consciousness as he bumped earth, and was up like a jack-in-the-box. But that was pluck, for pluck will lift a man unconscious, so that his first conscious feeling is being knocked down again.

He looked round. The great black tor above him seemed to sway against the grey sky, but there was no one under it to fight. He looked down. Maxwell was sitting on the turf, his hands crossed round his knees.

"Come on," said Grey. His voice seemed to him to come from a long way off.

"D'you mind if we stop?" said Maxwell.

"We'll fight this out," said Grey, stubbornly. In boxing, as at cards, it is the loser who wants to go on.

"Let's stop and call it quits."

"No, we don't. You put me down, and you'll think you've won if we call it off now."

"Oh, dear me, no." Maxwell looked at the man. It would be cruelty to let him go on, for that last terrible punch had taken much out of him. But how to get him to stop? He was evidently game as a pebble and not at all anxious to admit he'd had enough. Yet Maxwell shuddered to think of the butchery it would mean to go on now. Why, the man swayed and jerked in recovery as he stood, yet glared defiance out of his one eye.

"Oh, dear me, no," he repeated, fighting for time. And not in vain, for a thought came to him.

"Oh, no. Why, you've had all the best of it up to that last little thing. But, I say, didn't you say your name was Grey?"

"It is. Come on." Grey felt he would not be able to keep on his feet much longer and wanted to begin before he collapsed.

"Of Trinity?"

"Yes. Come on."

"Then you must be the Captain of the 'Varsity Boxing Club? Silly of me not to have recognized your name at once, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said Grey, in answer to the first question. "Come on, damn you!"

"Better call this a draw after all. We'll be meeting again next month. I'm the Captain of my 'Varsity."

Grey sat down. He was glad to.

"Then you're Maxwell?" he said.

"I am."

"The man who likes punishment?"

"Well, I don't *like* it," said Maxwell. "But I am fortunate enough to be able to stand some of it."

"And I suppose that's your famous 'waiting right' you brought off on me?" mused Grey.

"Well, I don't know if it's famous," said Maxwell, modestly, "but it's certainly mine." He glanced ruefully at his skinned knuckles.

Grey suddenly chuckled feebly.

"It'll be a *great* fight next month," he said. "A *great* fight!"

Maxwell laughed.

"You're right, old chap," he said.

"HOW I BROKE INTO THE MOVIES."

— *By* —

Marguerite Clark, Theda Bara, Anita Stewart, Mary Miles Minter, Pauline Frederick, and Norma Talmadge.

Phot.] MARGUERITE CLARK. [*McClure.*

"WILL she screen well?" is the question which every moving-picture director mentally asks when a new aspirant for film honours presents herself for a "test." And there is no real answer until the camera is set to work and the result revealed in a hundred feet or so of sensitized ribbon. Many a pretty woman who sees herself on the screen for the first time has fled from the studio never to return, for the camera is a sad searcher out of blemishes, lines, and wrinkles. But to the girl with a pleasing appearance who "registers" well—as the director terms it—and is quick to grasp what is really a new kind of stage technique, the "silent drama" is one which brings her speedier universal recognition than anything else in the world. In a few months—under proper management—she will be known from one end of the earth to the other and secure the nearest thing to mundane immortality that the mind can imagine. And as everyone, more or less, is interested in the personal side of the movies, we have invited a number of film "stars" to tell our readers just how they "broke in."

Marguerite Clark.

"My entrance into the motion-picture field," writes Marguerite Clark, of the Famous Players, "was more a matter of circumstance than of sentimentality. I had just finished a long run of 'Prunella' on the stage and could not find another play that I liked. During the time that I was playing 'Prunella' various motion-picture managers, or producers, as they are called, offered me starring parts on the screen. I had seen some of the earlier photo-plays and, to say the very least, was not greatly impressed by them, so the offers fell on deaf ears.

"But while I was busy before the footlights, a new era was beginning to make itself manifest in the photo-play—a fact of which I was suddenly made aware when I finished 'Prunella.' This was the introduction into the motion-picture business of the best element among the theatrical managers.

"Mr. Frohman, who became the manager of the Famous Players' Film Company, pointed out to me that practically the only successful *ingénues* on the motion-picture screen were those who had had no stage training, and who had become popular through their deeds of daring in the first crude 'movies.' He said he believed the field of opportunity for one with thorough stage training to be unlimited, and strongly advised me to try at least one production under the management of the Famous Players.

"Many of my friends urged me against such a step on the ground that it would be undignified for me to become a photo-player, but against that claim there stood the irrevocable fact that Sarah Bernhardt, James K. Hackett, Mrs. Fiske, and a number of the stage's greatest stars had already been successfully presented on the screen by this same company. The die was cast when I received the script of my proposed first moving-picture play—'Wildflower.' As I read it, I found myself unconsciously enacting the scenes, and concluded that if the story was as good as that I could make no mistake in playing it under the management of the Famous Players.

"Even after 'Wildflower' had been pronounced a success, I still had the mental attitude of an excursionist in the field of the cinema—a feeling that has been gradually dissipated through my subsequent appearances in 'The Prince and the Pauper,' 'Mice and Men,' and some other photo-plays, until now I love the work and take the same great interest in it that I felt for the stage. I do not know when I have enjoyed anything more than acting in 'Snow White' and 'Miss George Washington.' There was a time when I thought seriously of returning to the stage, but now such a prospect does not interest me so much as the selection of my next photo-play."

Theda Bara.

The war was directly responsible for Theda Bara—the most famous of all movie "vampires"—entering the silent drama. "Until 1914," she writes, "I had no thought of ever leaving the French stage for moving pictures. I was then a member of the Grand Guignol Company in Paris, and had often appeared at the Gymnase and the Théâtre Antoine. William Fox had heard of me in some way, and early in 1914 he offered me a contract. When the big European struggle began to tear the Continent, I realized that the stage in France must inevitably suffer neglect. I wanted to continue acting and was anxious to appear in at least one film. So I went to America, and in my first moving-picture drama I was given the part of a professional sorceress, and it is in similar *rôles* that I have gained recognition. I was a success, I 'registered' correctly, and now I suppose I shall continue in the 'movies' until I or the public get tired of my work, which I hope will not be for some considerable time.

"I have been in hundreds of thousands of feet of film, and it is with all my productions in mind that I issue a warning to screen-struck girls. If the average girl only knew of the sacrifices necessary to attain success in motion pictures she would consider carefully before selecting screen acting as her life's work. The demands made on the time of the motion-picture actress are greater than those made on the time of the woman engaged in the pursuit of any other art. The average girl, according to my opinion—founded on the scores of letters I receive each day—believes that acting before the camera requires merely ability to reveal her own personality. I myself find that success on the screen requires constant study. If a girl really feels that she has histrionic talent of a high order and she is willing to labour indefatigably, it may be well enough for her to enter the silent drama, but not otherwise.

"The characters I usually portray are not those which secure the love of the public. I have been called a 'Love Pirate,' the 'Ishmaelite of Feminity,' a vampire, the woman with the most beautifully wicked face in the world, and many other pleasant things. Vampiring, such as I do, is the hardest kind of work. I am imbued with the character and lose myself in it. Complete exhaustion follows my day of work. When my name was first displayed on the billboards, the public did not know who or what was being advertised. Now, when they see my name, they invariably say: 'The human vampire.'

"It is not pleasant to be described so. I can assure everyone of that. When I first heard myself referred to as 'that vampire woman,' I was heartbroken. I went to my apartment and was in tears the greater part of the night. People asked what manner of woman I could be who portrayed in such life-like manner the sirens of the drama. One woman wrote this description of me:—

"'Her hair is like the serpent locks of Medusa, her eyes have the cruel cunning of Lucretia Borgia, till now believed to have been the wickedest woman in the world. Her mouth is the mouth of the sinister, scheming Delilah, and her hands are those of the blood-bathing Elizabeth Bathory, who slaughtered young

THEDA BARA.

girls that she might bathe in their warm life-blood and so retain her beauty. Can it be possible that Fate has re-incarnated in Theda Bara the souls of these monsters of mediæval times?'

"These are rather harsh things to say even about the ancient vampires, but hardly a day passes that the postman does not bring letters to me written on similar lines. Many of them attack me most unmercifully. Some intimate that no woman could represent such characters without having had the actual experience. They ask whether it is possible for a woman of normal disposition and temperament to picture such villainous characters. I insist that she can. It all depends on getting yourself in accord with your subject."

Anita Stewart.

Anita Stewart the Vitagraph's most popular "star" says it seems as though she had always been working before the camera. "Yet it is but four years ago," she writes, "that I was a novice just beginning my study of the thousand-and-one details which must be perfected before one's success is assured in motion pictures.

"My family lived but a few stations from the Vitagraph studios, on the outskirts of Brooklyn, and every day as I would ride past them in the train with my hair down my back, and school-books under my arm, on my way to Erasmus Hall High School, I had dreams of some day becoming a great star! All girls have such dreams at some time in their lives, I suppose. I was fortunate enough to get my opportunity, however, and I set to work to take advantage of it before it slipped from my grasp.

"After I had played one or two small *rôles* the directors began 'phoning for me when they had an extra part. In this way I was soon working every day, and finally I gave up school to devote all my time and efforts to camera work.

"The first months were hard, very hard; but then I realized that everything worth while was hard to attain, and so I worked and studied the plays which came into my possession. Even though I only had a scene or two I would read through the star's *rôle* and do my best to act it before the mirror in my bedroom.

"At first only the *rôles* of maids, society girls in ballroom scenes, stenographers' and sales-girls, who were little more than parts of the scenery, came to me. Perhaps many times you have seen me with a black dress, white cap and apron, and never given me any more notice than you do the girls playing maid *rôles* to-day. But I gave those *rôles* thought. Even if I only had to enter a room and button the leading lady's dress, I did my best to do it in a natural and convincing manner.

"But it's a long road that has no turning, and finally my first big part came to me. It was the title-*rôle* in 'The Wood Violet.' How both mother and I studied this part! How we worked out the scenes one by one, and studied the styles in order that the few scenes in which it was necessary for me to wear other than plain attire might be properly costumed!

"The day for the run in the company's projection-room came at last. Never to my dying day shall I forget my feelings when I watched myself dance about the screen as the little 'Wood Violet'—as the little girl who loved

the birds and trees better than anything else and to whom the sham of the city was a horror. When the picture was over those who had witnessed it with me were filled with praise. Even the president of the company came up to me and told me that I had won success. At last!

"After that, other pictures were written especially for me, and I worked hard until the public was good enough to consider me a star. My goal was reached, and it was all the sweeter because hard work had been the means of making it possible. And that's how I got into the movies."

Mary Miles Minter.

Mary Miles Minter is generally regarded as the prettiest child-actress in the movies. And besides being very lovely, she is highly talented and her work is frequently held up as a pattern to other child-actors. When asked to write about herself she declared she found it very hard to do so because her mother used to scold her terribly if she heard her talking about herself, and she supposed writing was just about the same.

"At the same time," she says, in a big round hand, "it is rather funny to think how I actually became associated with the movies after my mother had insisted for years that I should not do any such thing. Once when we saw Dustin Farnum in a moving picture I said to my mother that I envied him very much. She asked me why, and I told her it was because I had always wanted to see myself act, ever since as a baby of four I had played in 'Cameo Kirby' with Mr. Nat Goodwin. You know, I am fourteen years old, and since joining the American-Mutual forces I have felt quite grown-up. Now, when I am asked how I came to appear in the moving pictures I recall, first, mother's lectures about the sin of vanity and then think of my long-suppressed wish to see myself act.

"I was delighted when mother came home one day after the theatre—my mother is Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, you know—and told me that a contract had been made for me to appear in 'The Fairy and the Waif,' a Frohman picture. It was Mr. Frohman who had persuaded mother. I gave him a kiss the very next time I saw him.

"Now, I am not sure whether mother was right when she joked me about being vain. All I know is that I was just crazy to see how I looked on the stage to other people. I wanted to know why it was that people applauded me sometimes, and then

Photo. ANITA STEWART. (*Lumiere.*

[From a] MARY MILES MINTER. [Photograph.

again, when I thought they *might* have, they didn't.

"'There,' I said, when my mother told me of the film-contract, 'now I shall be able to see myself act.'

"'I do not know where you get your vain disposition,' was her reply, but then she laughed and said business was business and she had always loved art for art's sake, provided the artist need not go hungry. So next week I was in my first screen rehearsal and, dear me, how I did enjoy it. And when some time later I saw myself act for the first time I nearly cried. There were so many little things I wished I hadn't done, and, of course, the screen is a great reducer of vanity. That first picture interested me so much that I hardly spoke. My sister was with me, and she said I just stared open-mouthed. Well, some of the things I did in that first picture I have never done since. Some of the things I have done in all the pictures I have so far been in I never will do again. By looking at myself I am able to detect awkward little gestures that ought not to have been made or to see some way in which I may improve my next appearance. So you see there is some sense in wanting to see oneself act, and it may not be altogether vanity.

"While I am writing to you perhaps it would be just as well to tell you how I came to go on the stage at all, because that is really funny, too. They were looking for a little girl to appear in 'Cameo Kirby' at Wallack's Theatre, in New York, with Mr. Nat Goodwin. About a hundred little girls had been taken to the theatre by their mothers, when my mother, who was then appearing at the Lyceum, telephoned to my sister Margaret to go to Wallack's and to take me down with her, as she didn't want me left alone in the apartment. Margaret was several years older than I was. I was three. Mr. Arnold Daly, who was staging the play, was made up as an old Irishman. They were rehearsing 'An Irishman's Home,' in which Mr. Daly was to appear. When Mr. Daly saw Margaret he said she was too big for the part, and then he walked round among the children. I had been crying because I thought Margaret was going to leave me at home and my eyes were all red, but when Mr. Daly saw me hiding behind Margaret, he rushed up and held me high in his arms.

"'Here she is,' he said. 'Here's the kid we want.'

"Two weeks after that I was really and truly an actress, getting a regular salary and as proud as Punch."

Pauline Frederick.

No actress has ever made a greater or a more instant success in the moving pictures than Pauline Frederick, of the Famous Players. She was at the height of her theatrical career when she abandoned the legitimate stage for the silent drama, and it seems strange that she did so because she was suffering from ennui. "Have you ever reached a point in your work," she writes, "when you just longed for something new to turn up, just to vary the monotony? It may sound a bit peculiar for an actress to speak of the 'monotony' of her

work, but, as a matter of fact, after one has been playing such tremendously heavy *rôles* as Innocent and Zuleika in 'Joseph and His Brethren,' for a few seasons in succession, they would begin to become oppressive. The worst of it is that when a theatrical manager gets it into his head that you are a certain 'type' he will move heaven and earth to find just one style of play for you, and will refuse to permit you to appear in any other but just that kind of play.

"I have appeared in every form of play known to man, from musical comedy to tragedy, and just as I was beginning to become rebellious at the thought of taking up another weighty *rôle*—for any manager would have gasped with horror at the thought of letting Zuleika or Innocent gambol frivolously through a comedy—along came an opportunity to star in one of the very first big American photo-play productions. It was an adaptation of Hall Caine's 'The Eternal City,' which the Famous Players were planning, and to the attractive aspect of starring in this big film there was added the promise that we should go to Rome to stage it.

"Being familiar with the success which had been scored in the motion-picture world by this company, which had already won the reputation of being a pioneer in the production of feature photo-plays, I most readily accepted the offer. We went to Rome for our settings, and the fascination of this continuously changing background so appealed to me that I decided, even before the picture was completed, that I would become a permanent photo-player, even to the extent of abandoning the stage.

"Though I have done Zaza and Bella Donna and some of the other highly-emotional *rôles*, at the same time I have found relief from my own criminalities in 'Audrey,' 'The Woman in the Case,' 'Nanette of the Wilds,' and several other productions in which I have been allowed to appear in sympathy with my audience.

Photo.] **PAULINE FREDERICK.** [*White Studio.*

"Whatever may have been my first thoughts which impelled me to give up the stage and turn photo-player, I can say very frankly now that, after three years' experience before the camera, I am a complete convert to the motion picture and am perfectly happy. Of course, there is no applause to help one over a hard scene, but there are so many other compensations to be found in this newer work that I am more than pleased to exchange the hand-clap for the more internationally far-reaching, if silent, approbation of the motion-picture public."

Norma Talmadge.

"My entry into the movies," says Norma Talmadge, "was effected in a manner that is sometimes met with in fiction but seldom in fact. It is an interesting story.

"In common with thousands of other girls possessing the average amount of good looks and unbounded confidence in their ability to make good, but who have no experience or influence, I made the daily rounds of the studios seeking an engagement. Rebuff was met with much more frequently than encouragement.

but the fire aflame within me never smouldered even for a moment.

"One day I found myself in a certain studio in New Jersey. An impatient director and a group of photo-players in varying degrees of make-up were distributed about the scene. Looking for a job, I strolled unobtrusively into view.

"'Oh, there you are,' shouted the director. 'Where in the world have you been all this time?' He looked straight at me, and before I could reply the Czar of the studio had snapped out a dozen orders and there was a great scurrying about. It was evident even to me that a scene was about to be 'shot.'

"'Now,' said the director, seizing me not unkindly by the arm and leading me to the centre of the 'set,' 'when your lover enters through this door you are sitting in this chair. As you haven't seen him for six years, and thought he was dead, naturally you are surprised——'

"He wasn't half as surprised as I was at this precise moment, but I never said a word. Meanwhile the director continued to outline the situation of the play and I duly took it all in. Of course, I realized that through some strange freak of Fate the director had mistaken me for the girl engaged to play the *rôle*, and I decided to see the adventure through, particularly as that seemed the easiest way out of the predicament. Bewildered as I was by the suddenness of it all and unfamiliar as I was with the work, I managed to do what the producer expected of me, and many feet of film were reeled off before the proceedings were abruptly interrupted by the arrival of the *bonâ-fide* player.

NORMA TALMADGE.
Photo. Lumière.

"The striking resemblance between the actress made up for the part and my natural self explained the error before the director lost his reason, though it did not quite explain how I got there. The opportunity was at hand to proclaim my aspirations and I seized it, and the director having, by reason of the extraordinary circumstances, seen a specimen of my acting ability, decided to give me the opportunity that my soul craved. No, he did not engage me as leading woman on the spot, but he gave me a small part and bigger things followed. And so I broke into the movies."

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Twenty Years After.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Dudley Tennant.

CHALLONER walked down the slope from his hotel and found himself in the Embankment Gardens. The statues that looked familiar bore evidence of age; one or two were, to him, new. The trees appeared to have grown up. The roadway itself was well crowded with tramcars and motors; he could recall the time when the popular riddle, "Why do not people of the West-end use the Embankment?" had for answer, "Because it would be a direct cut to the City." Challoner crossed with the aid of a refuge, and was shouted at by drivers.

"I must get out of this," he said. "London of to-day isn't the London of my youth. And," facing the question of years courageously, "forty-three isn't twenty-three, and there's little use in pretending!"

At Westminster Pier a boat waited. He hastened to take a ticket at the wooden office, ran across the gangway, and on deck found himself hailed excitedly by a striped parasol.

"Knew you'd be here," remarked the owner, complacently. "You were always such a one for a boat trip to Kew." She furled the parasol, and made room for him beside her. "D'rectly I saw the announcement in the newspapers of your arrival I said to myself, 'John will be certain to go to the Gardens on the very first day.' I," with a suggestion of reproach, "I was in time for the two o'clock steamer."

Challoner searched his memory. Her manner, rather than her features, appeared likely to assist. "Prompt, as usual," he ventured to say.

"Never kept you waiting once," she agreed. "Other girls in our shop used to think nothing of keeping their chaps 'anging about for half an hour; if I fixed a time, I kept to it." The bell rang suddenly; she caught at his arm with every sign of alarm. "Do forgive me!" she begged. "If a spoon falls down at home I jump half-way to the ceiling. My sister sometimes says, 'Oh, Emily, what a nervy one you are!'"

The boat went, with funnel down, under the bridge; the terrace of the Houses of Parliament came into view. Challoner should have been interested in the building; instead, his mind was engaged in hunting for details. The name of Emily offered a clue, but it did not appear to be sufficient. Clearly the lady, whoever she was, possessed gifts of conversation; she had started afresh when he interrupted.

"Whilst I think of it," he said, "Is your sister married?"

"She's had offers, but she's like me. Hard to please."

"So that her surname is still——?"

"Still," replied his companion, "still what it always was."

Challoner took up the book which rested on her lap. It had a cover in brown paper, the edges were gilded; on the title page he saw his own handwriting as it was in the days before stress of Colonial life had affected it. "To E. M. from J. C. With best and fondest love."

"I brought that," she explained, "jest in case I didn't happen to run across you. I find Tennyson hard reading, but I've got as far as this." She pointed out the book-mark at page fifty-two.

"In twenty years," he mentioned.

"I don't get so much spare time as some people," remarked the lady, rather huffily. "The Marsdens have to work for their living."

A relief to have the name in full. Emily Marsden, of course. Of Marsala Road, Lewisham, that was once made up of new houses, but had now, probably, become middle-aged. Emily Marsden, encountered in Greenwich Park, a close companion during the fine weather evenings that followed; shortened days, he recollected, diminished the acquaintanceship, and his emigration put an end to it.

"I think so," he said, answering a question that he had not heard.

"Oh, how unkind!" she exclaimed. "You might, at any rate, be complimentary."

"Say it again, please."

"I asked you, as distinctly as I could, whether you thought I had changed in my appearance."

"My candid opinion is that you have changed. Changed for the better. The promise of spring has been succeeded by the fulfilment of summer."

It was a phrase he had used more than once in his speeches; always effective, on no occasion had it been so striking in its results as now, for the lady seized his hand impulsively, and pressed it to her lips. Other passengers set down newspapers, gave up attention to objects of interest on the river-side, and appeared ready to concentrate their gaze upon the couple for the rest of the voyage. The two noted this, and edged away slightly from each other.

"That was silly of me," she admitted.

"It was perhaps thoughtless," said Challoner.

"Now then!" with spirit. "I don't want you to begin badgering. I know my faults as well as most people, but I'm not going to have them pointed out by everybody. I've got a temper of my own, you must remember."

It occurred to Challoner that, having come on board to escape worry, here he was, with an argumentative companion, and, in lieu of composure and rest, called upon to submit to command and authority. A reminiscence came to him, and he found his cigar-case.

"I'll stroll along to the other end," he said, "and have a smoke."

"You can take me with you."

"But you always strongly objected to tobacco."

"I've overcome that," she said, with pride. "Now I thoroughly enjoy the scent of it."

The steamer made a slight lurch as they started to walk, and she took his arm. Their fellow-passengers gave a protesting glance at being deprived of entertainment; one or two followed in a casual manner, as though they also felt the need for exercise. Challoner discovered seats at the bow of the steamer, but did not himself sit down. He revolved in his thoughts some desperate intention of claiming the captain on the bridge as an old friend with whom he wished to discuss matters; his companion gave him no chance of experimenting on this scheme. She appeared to be one of those to whom silence is more difficult than speech, and went from one subject to another as a chamois leaps from rock to rock: at one moment talking of incidents that happened in the 'nineties, and the next moment alluding to some occurrence of the present day. She thought he had grown stouter, and said so; when he chanced to take off his Homburg hat she exclaimed, "Oh, you are going bald, and no error!"

As Putney came in sight she made a comment: "Whatever makes 'em have two bridges so close together?" Then signs of exhaustion became evident.

"Now, you sit down and talk!" she ordered, languidly. "And hold my hand as you used to do."

He showed awkwardness at first, and glanced around apprehensively, but mature passengers were dozing, and the younger ones had paired off; the captain on the bridge was intent on duties at the wheel. So Challoner obeyed the command, and, beginning at the close of their earlier acquaintance, sketched lightly the events of his career. The journey out, and his high ambitions. Friendship with a notable man on board ship. Arrival, and the look for work. The disappointments and hardship of the first task. Gradual improvement, and the acquiring of the saving habit. The encounter with the notable man of the voyage, at a critical moment, and the welcome and remarkable help afforded. The first touch of political life and——

"Pardon me, sir," said a member of the crew, "but are you a-getting out here, or are you and your good lady going on to Richmond?"

They gave up tickets on the pier. She excused herself for taking a single on the grounds that one never knew what might happen with a river trip; if she had been drowned on the journey up, why obviously a return half would have been wasted. The two found themselves near to Kew Green, close to the restaurants and to the eager waiters in straw hats who urged them to come into tea-gardens at the back. Challoner's companion mentioned that she would be feeling brighter when she had taken a cup or two, but he was resolute on this point; flowers and trees were to be inspected first. So he paid at the turnstile twopence, and she had a passage of words with the official in which she declared that the charge was a swindle, a fraud, an imposition; something that ought to be shown up in the newspapers, or spoken about in Parliament. On the gravelled pathways they strolled quietly, and Challoner felicitated himself on the tactfulness of delaying the restorative of a meal. Indeed, his companion

"'NOW, YOU SIT DOWN AND TALK!' SHE ORDERED, LANGUIDLY. 'AND HOLD MY HAND AS YOU USED TO DO.'"

appeared now disposed to melancholy, saying that the world seemed hard on women, and that existence was all a muddle from start to finish, and likened herself to the rhododendrons which were fading with petals bestrewing the grass. On this Challoner felt it necessary to take cheery views.

"You are in the prime of life," he argued. "By rights, you should be enjoying yourself now as you'd never done before. Don't give way. Make up your mind to look on the bright side."

"If it was possible, John, for me to see you more often," she said, hopefully, "I do believe I should find myself the merriest of the merry."

He spoke rather hurriedly of the Spanish Broom and the Robinias, and other attractions, furnished at the moment by the Gardens. The sight of a motor mowing-machine caused her to allude to the passage of years and the changes effected by time; she expressed the wish that one could always remain at the age of twenty. He talked floriculture with great determination, and near the Pagoda caught sight of the tables laid out for the afternoon meal.

"We'll have tea here," he announced.

"Isn't it rather expensive?" she asked, anxiously. "You sure you can afford it?"

Three cups of tea had the anticipated effect, and the lady regained all her usual powers of speech, and more. Once she shook her head, and said, "Oh, you will be cross with

"'DEAR,' SHE SAID, PATHETICALLY, 'LISTEN TO ME. PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A SHOCK. I'M MARRIED!'"

me presently!" but this mood was thrown off, and she talked vivaciously on many subjects; Challoner's impression was that she talked on all subjects. In regard to the question of Fate she was particularly loquacious. Fate, she asserted, had brought them together after all these years of division. True, some credit was due to herself for noting the paragraph in the newspaper, and for guessing that a river journey to Kew would be the first experiment to be made by him in recalling the past, but Fate undoubtedly had arranged that she should read the journal carefully, instead of merely skimming, as was her ordinary habit. Fate, in her opinion, having done so much, was capable of doing more. Fate could perform miracles. Fate was capable of looking at two people as far away from each other as the poles asunder, and yet, by ingenious tricks, Fate could overcome all the obstacles and bring the two together, enabling them to live happily ever afterwards. See, for example, how often this happened in books!

"I say," cried Challoner, glancing at his watch alarmedly, "have you any idea what the time is? It's a quarter to six!"

He begged that she would allow him to take her back to town in a taxi-cab, but she answered, sedately, that one had to draw the line somewhere; a Twenty-seven motor-bus would take her home to Edgware Road, and he could change at Kensington Church, and there select his own means of conveyance. They hurried across the grass and to the Victoria Gate, and found the motor-bus required. On the journey she was silent.

It seemed to Challoner that, in her quietened mood, his companion was not without attraction. A touch of the regard he once had for her came back. There was undoubtedly something engaging about these homely women when one compared them with the fashionable and the smart who gave most of their thoughts to dress. In High Street, Kensington, he made reluctant preparations to descend.

"Dear," she said, pathetically, "listen to me. I must tell you, although it may break your heart. Prepare yourself for a shock. I'm married! I've been married for the last eighteen years. I'm very happy; happier than what you'd think. Try to forgive me!"

Challoner paused before answering.

"I may, in course of time, forgive," he said, with emotion. "You must not ask me to forget. This is a staggering blow from which a man does not easily recover. Goodbye, and may you never, Emily, know any of the pain that you have given to me!"

At his hotel in the Strand Challoner put an eager question to the hall-porter.

"Her ladyship," answered the official, deferentially, "returned from the dressmaker's only ten minutes ago. Asked me, Lady Challoner did, to say that you'd find her in her room, Sir John!"

The Humour of Bert Thomas

By ADRIAN MARGAUX.

MR. BERT THOMAS.
Photo. Peter Lely.

MORE than twenty years ago a youth of sixteen travelled all the way from Swansea to London with the one and only object of calling upon Tom Browne, who was then at the height of his fame as a humorous artist. The youth had had some correspondence with Mr. Browne on the subject of Art as a career, and the kindliness of the letters he received had emboldened him to undertake the expedition for the purpose of having a personal interview. Tom Browne received his unexpected visitor with the greatest cordiality, and spent an hour or two of a busy day in examining his drawings and advising him as to the prospects the pursuit of Art offered to him, and the course that he ought to follow in order to achieve success.

The raw and callow youth was the popular Bert Thomas of to-day. "Tom Browne fired my ambition," he says, in recalling the memorable occasion, "and gave me the determination to succeed, whilst to the wise counsel he gave me I owe more than I can tell."

Bert Thomas was at that time serving an apprenticeship to a firm of commercial engravers, and for several years more the greater part of his time was spent in designing—or helping to design—brass door-plates, shop-signs, and the like. In choosing this vocation for him his parents had doubtless compromised between their "practical" business ideas and their son's passionate devotion to his pencil. This devotion had shown itself from his earliest days at school, where, with the connivance of an indulgent and sympathetic pedagogue, he had spent more time on drawing than on all the other subjects in the curriculum. This freedom from the thralls of ordinary "education" was further assisted by frequent spells of ill-health—as a boy Bert Thomas was so delicate that more than once his parents despaired of rearing him. But although often too unwell to go to school he was seldom ill enough to refrain from using his pencil at home.

In such leisure as was left to him by his daily work, Bert Thomas produced sketches which found acceptance in the South Wales newspapers. As soon as he was twenty-one he boldly abandoned commercial engraving and devoted himself entirely to the service of the local Press, part

SUB (to A.P.M., who has severely censured him for being without gloves, wearing collar of wrong colour, etc.): "Oh, by the by, sir, how do you like the way I do my hair?"

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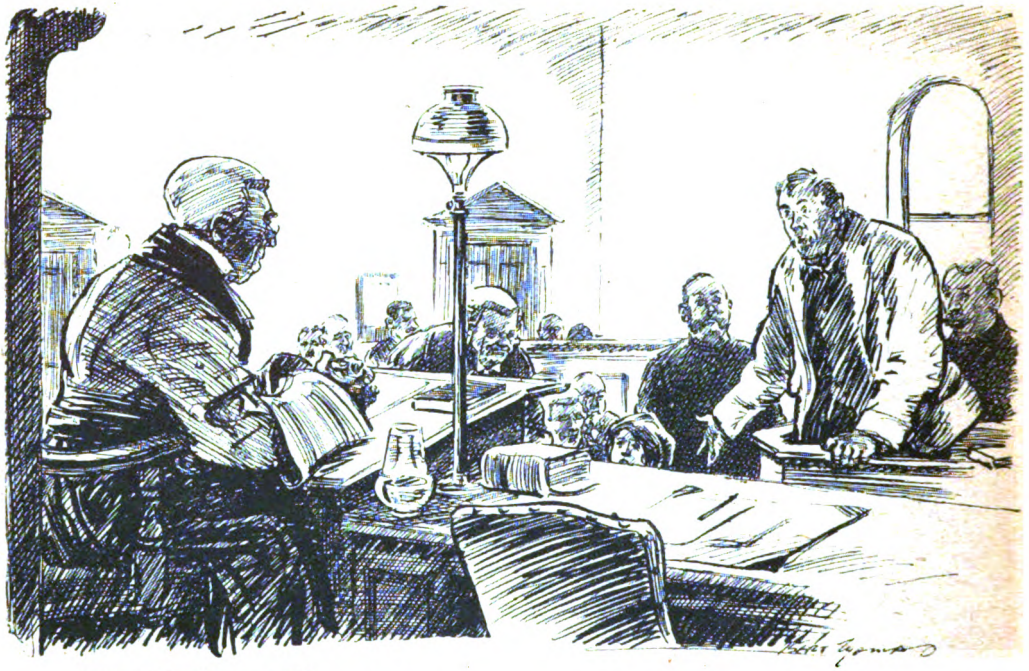

JUDGE: "Anything to say?"
Prisoner: "Well, not meself, me lord; but if you'll allow me little daughter to recite a passage out o' 'The Merchant o' Venice'——"

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"WHY don't you come up the green couple o' nights a week an' do a bit o' shootin' an' drillin'—you'd get as fit as a fiddle!"

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of his work consisting in the making of sketches at the theatres and music-halls. Some drawings of Albert Chevalier's performance at Swansea proved to be a turning-point in his career. Chevalier was very pleased with them and evinced a great interest in the fortunes of the young artist. He commissioned him to design a big poster, and gave him introductions to various influential London friends.

IN A CAPTURED GERMAN TRENCH.—"Come here, Jock. It's a bit drier."
Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

One of these introductions led to Bert Thomas obtaining a good appointment in the studio of a leading firm of advertising agents. Once established in London, with a studio in Bayswater, Bert Thomas found at the age of twenty-six the upward road comparatively easy. In 1905 came a red-letter day with the appearance of his first drawing in *Punch*, and soon after he became a regular contributor to *London Opinion*, under the editorship of the late Mr. Louis Meyer, who eventually appointed him to the position of the principal cartoonist. It was Mr. Meyer, I believe, who first drew his attention to the work of the German humorous artists, the contributors to *Simplicissimus*, *Jugend*, and *Lustige Blätter*, whose influence on his own work he readily acknowledges even in the midst of the detestation which the very name of German now naturally excites. Apart from these vigorous Teutonic cartoonists, Bert Thomas feels that he owes most to the late Phil May, whose mantle in some respects may be said to have fallen upon his shoulders. He never met Phil May—the erratic genius had prematurely joined the great majority before he came to London—but as long as he can remember he had been an eager student of his work. Bert Thomas also

"HAVE you a 'Sporting Life'?"
Bookstall Clerk (at lonely country station): "Not very!"
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THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER: "What a wonderful voice and what a perfect artist!" The Colonel: "Don't think much of him! He's got a pocket unbuttoned!"

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expresses an enthusiastic admiration for Dudley Hardy, whose two-hour studies at the London Sketch Club he found very helpful soon after he settled in the Metropolis.

Like Phi May, Bert Thomas has achieved success without the aid of academic training, from which possibly he would have lost in freedom and spontaneity anything he had gained at the outset in technique and draughtsmanship. Nor has he found it helpful to use models, whilst photographs have only been of use to him in providing historical or other detail. In the main he relies in his work upon observation and memory, both of which qualities he has trained to serve him from his boyhood. As a rule he stands whilst drawing, because he finds greater freedom thereby in the use of his fingers, but before a piece of work is finished he may employ such various implements as a pen, the stump of a brush, or a piece of chalk or charcoal. If a model becomes absolutely necessary for any detail in a pose he becomes his own with the aid of a mirror, and whilst eschewing "studies" a drawing may undergo numerous alterations before its completion.

The huge historical pictures, "Let London Lead," about to be exhibited (at the time of writing) at the Royal Exchange and Trafalgar Square in support of the Tank Campaign, were Bert Thomas's work, the designs being drawn by him in sectional squares in Messrs. Partington's large studios on the Victoria

SERGEANT (in charge of raw material): "Now, Number Two, we'll have that movement once again. Don't forget this time—Neck like a swan, feet like a fairy."!

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"PHEW! What a wreck I look!"
By permission of "London Opinion."

Embankment. Bert Thomas made a series of big cartoons for the Tank week at Glasgow, the work being done in the open air in front of the Municipal Buildings, George Square, in view of a large crowd of keenly-interested spectators. These cartoons—or smaller reproductions of them—are to be preserved in the National War Museum, and will doubtless rank there as among the not least interesting souvenirs of the stirring time of the Great War.

It was probably the celebrated drawing, "Arf a Mo', Kaiser," which Bert Thomas produced in the first few weeks of the war, which led the authorities to thus requisition Bert Thomas's distinctive talent in the national cause. Who has not seen this wonderful drawing in some form or the other? It was done in ten minutes as a present to the fund for supplying smokes to the soldiers; and the khaki-clad Cockney, with his extraordinarily-realistic grin, lighting his pipe as he shouts out to an imaginary War Lord, "'Arf a mo', Kaiser," made such an irresistible appeal to the public that in one way or the other the drawing has been the means of obtaining a quarter of a million of money for the purpose to which it was dedicated. As I have said, the drawing was made in the early days of the war, when only "the Regulars" had taken the field, and the Cockney figure is no longer typical of the British Expeditionary Force, but it still expresses the spirit of good humour and nonchalant determination with which it is animated.

HIS REAL OBJECTIVE.

GERMAN (to John Bull): "Vandal! You would destroy the beautiful column which it has taken centuries to rear."

John Bull: "The column doesn't interest me. It's the atrocity at the top I'm after."

By permission of "London Opinion."

IN THE HINDENBURG LINE.

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN,

Author of "In Action," "Battlewrack," etc.

Illustrated by Christopher Clark, R.I.

THE bombardment had already lasted nearly a week. In the deep dug-out which harboured the headquarters of a regiment * defending a sector of the front, its continuing fury arrived merely as a succession of jarring thuds that jangled the after-lunch liqueur-glasses on the rough table and imparted a quiver to the chairs occupied by the members of the mess. To touch the boarded walls was to receive an unpleasant, almost painful vibration. The glowing electric-light bulb pendent from the steel-girdered roof shone steadily despite those heavier shocks which punctuated irregularly the steady series of muffled blows.

The atmosphere was hot with the radiation from a closed stove in a corner and thick with tobacco-smoke. Through the wreathing, slowly-drifting fumes could be seen the large maps which covered the walls.

The regiment-commander, whose sallow, deeply-lined face revealed the ravage of present anxieties upon a man as old as the whiteness of his moustache and eyebrows indicated him to be, broke off from a brooding contemplation of those maps and leaned forward to pour himself out some more coffee. The Iron Cross dangling from the middle buttonhole of his tunic tinkled against his empty liqueur-glass. He refilled both coffee-cup and glass with a hand that shook.

The two other occupants of the dug-out, a staff-captain and a young lieutenant, were absorbed in the latest batch of illustrated papers.

There was the noise of footsteps stumblingly descending the steep stairway of the dug-out and the door opened. A tall officer in a long coat yellow with mud stood stiffly erect at the entrance and saluted with a swift, precise gesture and a click of heels.

"Hauptmann Hofmeister!" he barked out.

The regiment-commander, who had been peering towards him through the filmy tobacco-smoke, drew himself erect also and with an exactly similar intonation replied:—

"Oberst von Förster!"

The staff-captain had jumped up so hastily from his chair that it fell about his legs.

"*Lieber Hofmeister!*" he cried, shaking the new-comer by the hand. "We were expecting you. Are you quite recovered from your wound?" He turned to the colonel. "Hofmeister and I were in the same regiment on the Somme, Herr Oberst."

The Oberst nodded and extended his hand to the new arrival.

"You come at a difficult moment, Hauptmann Hofmeister. Sit down. Have you eaten? Waldow——!" The young lieutenant was already half-way to the door. Hofmeister stopped him.

"I had *Mittagessen* with the division," he said. "They told me something of the situation, Herr Oberst."

"They didn't say the brigade was being relieved?" asked the colonel, clutching at a phantasm of hope that flitted across his anxieties.

Hofmeister shook his head.

"No, Herr Oberst. The brigade will not be relieved until after the Engländers have made their attack."

Oberst von Förster performed a little gesture in which both hands and his head were expressive of his relapse to pessimism.

"I hope they will find something to relieve in that case," he said, bitterly. "*Ach!* Those people who sit back there in safety—— Well, you come to us and Grenzmann goes back to the division. And I hope, Grenzmann, that you'll give them an idea of the sort of existence we lead here."

Grenzmann nodded.

"*Natürlich, Herr Oberst,*" he said, cheerfully, fixing already in his mind the picture of the grumbling, doddering old colonel with which he meant to regale the divisional mess.

"Now, Hofmeister," said the Oberst, "since you have already eaten, let us get to work. They told you at divisional headquarters that we are expecting an attack—a big attack?" He emphasized the largeness of the menace. His face looked startlingly haggard close under the electric light. "This new Siegfried Line *

* As re-organized, German divisions are composed of three regiments of three battalions each.

* The new line from the Aisne to the north of Arras, taken up by the Germans in the spring of 1917, was called by them the Siegfried Line, by the English the Hindenburg Line.

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will be tested to the uttermost — and we shall see if it is as strong as they make out. I am confident in it myself——" he stopped, "if only we have enough troops to hold it. If it breaks——" he stopped again, sketched an expressive little gesture. "We have a battalion in front line, the others in support and reserve. Show him the positions on the map, Grenzmann."

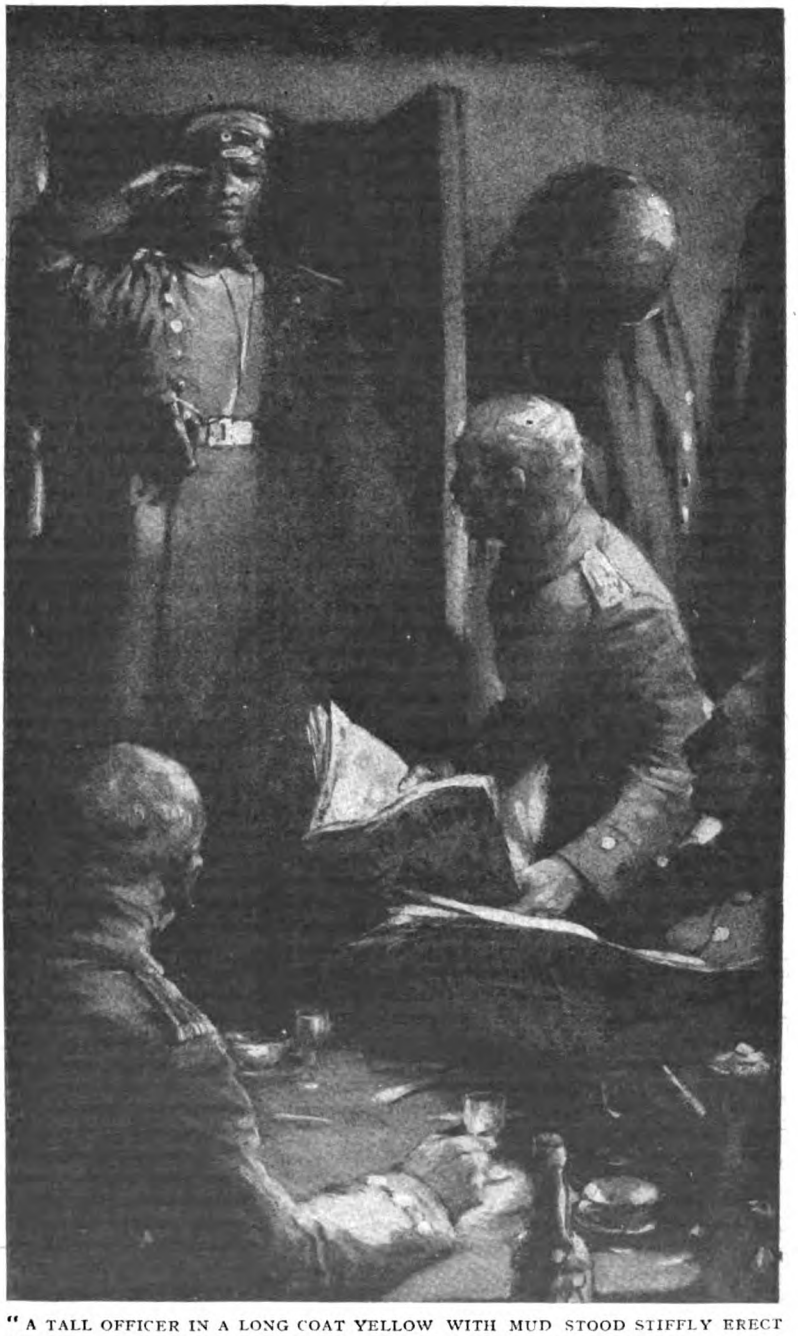
He waited while the two officers obeyed, poring over the trench-map, murmuring together. As they straightened their backs there was a knock at the door of the dug-out.

"*Herein!*" said the Oberst, putting down his liqueur-glass.

A signal-orderly entered. He held out a telegram. Grenzmann took it, opened it with a quick movement, glanced at the message.

"From the forward battalion, Herr Oberst — by telephone, priority — they're asking again to be relieved." He passed the message across to the regiment-commander. "They're having a bad time," he added, confidentially to Hofmeister. "That's the third time in twenty-four hours they have asked for relief."

Oberst von Förster wrinkled his brows over the message. "*Schrecklich, schrecklich,*" he muttered. "But what can I do? We must not be caught moving!—we must not be caught!" He frowned at the words which, despite their official formality, were eloquent of the agonized despair which had spoken at the other end of the telephone-wire. "'Disclaim responsibility if disaster occurs to the sector'—yes, they throw it on me—they throw it on me——" He stood for some moments bending over the paper, then he suddenly drew himself erect. "I must see for myself." There was a new tone of decision in his voice. "Hofmeister—I am going up to the front line. Come with me. You will be able to familiarize yourself with the situation."



"A TALL OFFICER IN A LONG COAT YELLOW WITH MUD STOOD STIFFLY ERECT AT THE ENTRANCE AND SALUTED WITH A SWIFT, PRECISE GESTURE AND A CLICK OF HEELS."

Hauptmann Hofmeister saluted with stiff precision and stood rigid.

"*Zu Befehl, Herr Oberst.*"

"You, Waldow—you come too—and Grenzmann, you remain here—deal with anything that comes in."

The old man, long oppressed by the imagined possibilities over which he brooded in the pent seclusion of the dug-out, was unfeignedly glad at the prospect of escape into the open air.

Swiftly he donned his long coat, looked to his automatic pistol and emergency ration, slung over his shoulder the strap of the slate-grey cylindrical tin-box which held his gas-mask.

"Hurry, Waldow!" he said to the lieutenant, who was busily engaged in similar preparations. "Where's my steel helmet?". He hummed a bar or two of a song in a cheerful key. "We'll teach these damned Engländers, Hofmeister!" he said, with a little laugh. "They'll never get a yard of the Siegfried Line! Not they!" He was reassuring himself more than his hearers. "You know the idea of it, Hofmeister? Not like the Somme days. No! *Das war schrecklich! Schrecklich!* Trying to hold those front trenches—we played their game! But now these deep defensive zones—full of cunning bits of trenches and hidden machine-guns—if they get into them they will be killed to the last man, or what is left of them will be driven back to their own lines. *Ein grosser Geist—Hindenburg! Ein grosser Geist für die grosse Zeit! 'S wird ein famoser Sieg sein! Ja—gewiss—gewiss.*" He hummed a bar or two of the song the German soldiers had sung when they marched to war in the brave days of 1914. "*Puppchen! du bist mein' Augen Schatz . . .!* Come, Hofmeister! Waldow! *Fertig? Vorwärts!*" he laughed, excited as a schoolboy, his haggard, sallow face purpling with blood, his eyes alight under the bushy white eyebrows. "*Dank' sei Gott!* We get out of this damned hole!" He led the way out of the dug-out.

"We shall probably be glad enough to get back to it," murmured the young lieutenant, as he followed him.

Outside the dug-out an electric-light illumined the passage which communicated with the signal and office apartments of the subterranean headquarters. Two or three orderlies on duty sprang to erect rigidity as the regiment-commander passed.

He commenced the ascent of the steep, narrow stairway, slippery with yellow mud. Hofmeister and Waldow followed at his heels. The deep steel helmets curving down to the neck lent their heads a quaint touch of the antique. Von Förster had but half-emerged into the chilly atmosphere of an overcast afternoon when he stopped with the instinctive paralysis of imminent danger. A long-drawn whine broadened rapidly to a threatening rush in the air; approached, passed, and culminated in a heavy, metallic crash in the instant in which he ducked his head.

"*Verfluchte Engländer!*" muttered Von Waldow, below him.

The three men paused until the rain of earth-clods and *débris* had ceased. Then they emerged from the stairway. The black smoke from the just-burst shell drifted over a near prospect of hoof-holed mud, tumbled bricks, and protruding rafters. The headquarter dug-outs were excavated in the site of a ruined farm. Farther away, beyond the puddled morass which was a road, a battery of field-guns—each weapon hidden in an emplacement of mud merging with the desolate expanse of mud across which they were spaced—banged away rapidly, the spurt of flame livid against the low grey sky. Their muzzles pointed westward to where a long, featureless ridge, not far distant, rose darkly to contrast with a band of light that just hinted at the afternoon sun behind the clouds. Against that illumination founts of black smoke sprang up from the summit of the ridge in a wide-stretched simultaneity of appearance, incessantly renewed, that baffled the attempt to count, climbed yet a little, and hung poised before they broke and drifted formlessly and thinning. Shrapnel, white and heavy black, dotted the ridge-horizon in magically reinforced handfuls. Over the hinterland between the battery and the high ground the brown and black smoke of other shell-bursts shot up from a score of places at once. Far and near over that cloud-hung wilderness a scintillation of quick, short gun-flashes betrayed the positions of German batteries otherwise invisible.

The colonel stood for a moment contemplating the scene, with the narrowed eyes and bent brow of a seaman who endeavours to estimate the fury of a coming storm. The new staff-captain gazed also, fixing the lie of the land by glanced references to his map. The lieutenant stood nervously biting his lower lip, the muscles of his face quivering, his knees shaking despite an effort of his will. This was no good place to loiter in the open.

His apprehensive brain, agonizedly alert for the definite sound, identified in a spasm of hyper-acute faculty a scarce distinguishable distant *pop!* among the uproar.

"Here it comes!" he cried.

There was a pause, and then, distinct among all the other sounds, the whine of a rapidly-approaching shell detached itself, coming straight towards them. Like one man they flung themselves flat upon the mud in the instant that it rushed to the deafening crash of its explosion. Face downwards, they heard the continued fall of the upcast *débris*, the whine of its splintered fragments. Mud rained upon them.

The colonel sprang to his feet.

"Hurry!" he said. "There will be another."

The others followed him as he hastened towards the puddled road and turned along it. The deep mud sucked at their boots and splashed, liquid, to their knees. They plunged onward, desperately at strain to get away from the danger-spot. A little farther on, where the road sank below the level of the land, a communication trench opened into it on the right. A signboard, all askew, named it: *Sieges-Allee*. They dived into it just as the whine and rush and crash of

the expected shell emphasized the necessity for their haste.

The trench was deep and wide, excavated on a trace not of sharp angles but of serpentine curves. The rails of a miniature tramway followed its shelter. The three officers stepped from one to another of the metal sleepers that squelched beneath them in the liquid mud. A few hundred yards along the trench they overtook a stationary train of four trucks, a midget petrol-engine at the head. The *Unteroffizier* in charge stood up quickly from his conversation with the driver perched upon the quaintly-small tractor. He saluted at the approach of the regiment-commander.

"What are you doing with this ammunition?" asked Von Förster, angrily. "Why are you stopped?"

The man shrank and stammered.

"*Die—die Granaten—Herr Oberst!*"

The colonel's rage leaped to fury.

"Shells! *Dummes Zeug!*" He slashed the man across the head with his trench-stick. "This ammunition is urgently required. *Auf! Vorwärts!* And don't stop till I tell you!" He clambered on to the truck behind the tractor, Hofmeister and Von Waldow imitating him, and sat on the stack of ammunition-boxes. The frightened driver started his engine, and as the train commenced to move squealingly and slowly onwards the *Unteroffizier* sprang on to the rear truck.

"Report yourself under arrest!" Von Förster shouted at him. "The men in the trenches might be dying for lack of this ammunition to-night," he added to Hofmeister. "We have had terrible difficulty in getting up supplies this last week."

The little train rattled and squealed and jolted along the trench, moving at a fair pace. The high earth walls permitted no vision of the countryside, but the constant overhead scream of shells, the ever-recurring crashes, were a stimulus to the imagination.

Once, looking up, they perceived an aeroplane low down in the sky.

Suddenly there was an appalling hiss, a deafening explosion in the bend just ahead of them. Another followed it and another. Black smoke rolled down on them, blotting out vision. The brakes squealed, responding to the apprehension of the driver, as the train rounded the corner. Explosion followed explosion in the mass of smoke. The aeroplane had reported to its battery. The train stopped with a fierce jerk. It had run into the fallen-in walls of the trench. The driver sank over his tractor, killed by a flying fragment. The others sprang off. "Remain with the ammunition!" shouted Von Förster to the N.C.O. He himself, followed by his officers, ran crouchingly back along the train and clambered out of the trench. Shell after shell swooped down upon the fatal spot just ahead.

For a moment or two the three officers crouched among irregular heaps of sodden, tumbled earth. The colonel looked at his map, fixed his whereabouts. Pointing, he drew Hofmeister's attention to a scarcely-distinguishable trench-line on the slope of the ridge, away to the right. A pole, bearing a small notice-board, stuck up in the otherwise featureless prospect, a little behind the trench.

"The support battalion!" he shouted. "Battalion headquarters there!" he pointed to the notice-board. "We will go straight on—see them coming back!"

Farther on, they dropped into the communication trench, here badly destroyed, and dodged from hollow to hollow of the wet, crumbling earth, following its trace. On either hand the rush and shattering crash of arriving shells was the accompaniment of each instant. The shrapnel overhead was an imminent peril, miraculously escaped from moment to moment. The British were putting down a barrage, not very intense but extremely dangerous, behind the front lines.

The entrances of other wrecked trenches opened to right and left of them. All were deserted. They saw no one. Suddenly the Oberst turned to the right, dived along a lateral passage, and stopped where a man crouched in a low, dark, timber-supported hole.

He pushed the man aside and slipped in, descended many steep, slippery steps. The others followed him. They found themselves in a small, square dug-out, illuminated by a candle. The walls and roof were supported by baulks of heavy timber. A rough table was in the middle, telephone instrument upon it. Several ammunition-boxes served for seats. Pick and shovel rested against the wall. Two men rose to their feet as the colonel entered. They were plastered with mud from head to foot. Their haggard eyes looked out of faces that had been neither washed nor shaved for many days. Both saluted punctiliously. Von Förster sank, exhausted, on to a seat. He nodded, faintly. Von Waldow proffered his flask.

Refreshed, the colonel looked about him.

"I came to see for myself, major," he said. "You are having a bad time?"

"*Schrecklich!*" replied the battalion-commander. "We have scarcely three hundred left. This is Leutnant Stein, Herr Oberst—acting adjutant—poor Kaunitz has been killed."

The colonel nodded.

"This is Hauptmann Hofmeister—he replaces Grenzmann, who goes back to the division. I brought him up to see how things stand."

Hofmeister saluted.

"If only we had more men, Herr Oberst!" said the battalion-commander. "We ought to be relieved—replaced by two or three fresh battalions. We want a division where we have barely a regiment. Surely we have enough troops?"

"There are masses of them somewhere in the rear," replied Von Förster. "They are keeping them for the counter-attack. We must do our best."

Hofmeister spoke to the adjutant.

"Is the shell-fire at its height?" he asked.

"No, Herr Hauptmann, it has slackened—particularly on the forward positions."

"I should like to see them. Is it possible?"

"We can try, Herr Hauptmann."

"You permit, Herr Oberst?"

"Certainly—certainly."

Leutnant Stein donned his steel helmet.

The afternoon was drawing towards dusk, but there was still plenty of light as they emerged into the wrecked trench.

Leutnant Stein led the way over the soft, shell-heaped masses of crumbling earth, heading towards the summit of the ridge. They went crouchingly, now stumbling forward on to their hands, now sinking up to their knees. The shells continued to arrive, upflinging brown mud with the black smoke, or stopping short in the air with a sudden apparition of white cotton-wool, lit momentarily by a red flash, that floated lazily. But it was no longer the intense bombardment of a little time ago, and movement, though risky, was possible. Stein went diagonally to his right front, where a more or less prolonged depression among the shell-holes indicated the site of a trench. A party of men, not readily distinguishable in their mud-caked grey, were shovelling at a mass of churned earth. The two officers approached them.

"Dug-out blown in, Herr Leutnant," said the *Unteroffizier* in charge. The men looked up, their faces pinched and drawn, indescribably dirty and miserable. They shovelled doggedly.

Hofmeister asked a question of his guide.

"We have a company here, flanking this area," replied Stein. "Oberleutnant Schwarz in command."

Hofmeister glanced across the shell-torn stretch menaced by this ruined trench ere they dropped into the depression and followed it. Encouraged by the diminution of the bombardment, men were emerging from their holes of refuge, appearing mysteriously as from nowhere among the heaps of earth. They carried spades, and N.C.O.s set them to rebank the parapet, to clear away the *débris* from machine-gun emplacements.

An officer approached. It was the lieutenant in command of the company. Hofmeister introduced himself.

"Can't you arrange to get up some kind of rations?" asked the company-commander, querulously. "My men are starving. They have had scarcely anything to eat for three days. How can they fight? It is scandalous, the way we are left—scandalous!" He glared at Hofmeister as though charging him with personal responsibility, careless of his superior rank.

Hofmeister promised to do what he could.

"The casualties, too!" continued Oberleutnant Schwarz. "Why is an effort not made to get them away? Come and see for yourself."

He led the staff-captain along the trench to the entrance of a deep dug-out. Hofmeister descended, found himself in a large excavated chamber lit by an acetylene flare—and recoiled suddenly. The stench was insupportable. The floor was carpeted with prone bodies, bandaged in all fashions. The doctor came towards him, stepping carefully between the stricken men.

"Ah! You have come to evacuate?" he cried. His face fell at Hofmeister's negative shake of the head. "No! But, *lieber Hauptmann*, this state of things is impossible!—*Unerhört!* We must get them away! Some of them have been here for four days. I have no more room. What will happen when the attack comes?"

Hauptmann Hofmeister shrugged his shoulders, *bedauerle.*

"Regret!" cried the doctor. "It is easy to *regret.* These men are dying. German soldiers, dying! Is this the glory that you promised them—the joy of dying for the Fatherland that you war-makers prate of? I tell you"—he shook his fist in the staff-captain's face—"you brought about this misery deliberately—you prolong it in your vain, blind gamble for an impossible victory. It is your duty to relieve it—to relieve it at once!"

"You are overwrought, Herr Doctor," said Hofmeister. "You want a rest."

"Overwrought?" The doctor laughed like a maniac. "Look at it—look at it! I live in this night and day, and ever more are coming! A rest? Yes, that is what we all want—a rest from this fiendish murder you continue!" He clutched vainly at the staff-captain's coat as Hofmeister shrugged his shoulders once more and went quickly up the stairs of the dug-out.

"As if I was responsible!" he said to Stein, who had stood behind him. "As if I also am not sick to death of it all! I shall be glad when the Engländers attack. Perhaps there will be an end of it then."

The adjutant took him from point to point of the position, crawling and floundering from shell-hole to shell-hole. Here and there a short length of damaged trench was being repaired, but the major portion of the defence was organized in shell-craters, wherein lurked little groups of men about a machine-gun. Some of these craters were open to the sky, but many were covered with a circular lid of *camouflage*, imitating brown earth, and sometimes water, that should baffle the eyes of the airmen incessantly spying out the defences. One stumbled on these positions without remarking them, so cunningly were they devised. At the critical moment these lids would lift just a little, a machine-gun would peep forth.

In this slackening of the bombardment a surprising number of grey figures, miraculously surviving in this chaos of tumbled earth, could just be discerned, head and shoulders, upon the summit of the ridge, desperately at toil to cast up a better shelter for themselves against the fiercer storm that was surely coming. About their feet lay the bodies of those who had finished with war. The water in the shell-holes, dissolving rust from submerged objects, was red as with their blood.

Cautiously, in the gathering dusk, Hofmeister and the adjutant crept forward to where the dense masses of rusty barbed wire lay beaten down from stake to stake. There had been a

"'I TELL YOU'—HE SHOOK HIS FIST IN THE STAFF-CAPTAIN'S FACE—'YOU BROUGHT ABOUT THIS MISERY DELIBERATELY—YOU PROLONG IT IN YOUR VAIN, BLIND GAMBLE FOR AN IMPOSSIBLE VICTORY.'"

front-line trench here once—it was now obliterated in the complete devastation of shell-craters linked rim to rim. Look-out men lurked in them here and there.

From one of these craters the two officers peered stealthily towards the English lines. The nearer part of the No Man's Land was freshly scarred with shells that had dropped short. Farther away, the long rank grass still grew, was thicker as it approached the British wire, which it all but hid.

"Do you see!" said Stein, nudging his companion. "It is already cut—there!—and there."

It was just possible to make out where lanes had been cut through the entanglement, though the tall grass still waved above the stakes. Beyond it the rough earth and sandbag wall of the British parapet stretched in front of them, almost intact, following the contour of the land until it disappeared into the mist to right and left. It was quiet, apparently deserted. Far behind it a patch of green field was just visible in the fading light. A desultory cannonade from both sides boomed and slammed spasmodically. By contrast with the preceding bombardment, the world seemed peaceful.

A rifle spoke from the opposing trench. The two officers ducked. A machine-gun commenced to hammer out short, interrupted bursts of fire, traversing the crater-field, its bullets cracking above their heads as they cowered in the watery mud of their hole. It ceased. With infinite precautions they crawled out, stole backwards towards the battalion headquarters.

Ssss!—ssss!—ssss!—ssss! a group of shells rushed to burst in quick succession on the ground about them. Another series followed ere the detonations of the first had ceased. From behind came the rapid slamming of English guns, merging far and wide into one long-continued thudding beat, half-obscured by near explosions.

"Hurry, Herr Hauptmann!" cried the adjutant. "The bombardment has started again!"

They ran, desperately straining to get over the soft ground. About them, in the failing light now fitfully intensified by faint flashes, they saw grey-clad figures dashing to cover. Crash after crash shook earth and heaven. Black smoke drifted over them. The reek of burnt explosive filled their nostrils, caught their breath. Wild flights of shells raced overhead to burst far beyond, flight upon flight. Rockets, red and white, shot up into the sky from all along the ridge.

Panting, feeling their continued existence to be a miracle that might be at any moment terminated, they flung themselves into the trench, rushed for the headquarters dug-out. They threw themselves into its aperture just as the adjacent earth went up with quick red flash and appalling roar.

In the dug-out Von Förster and the battalion-commander stood anxiously behind an artillery observation officer bent over the telephone-instrument on the table. He was vainly trying to elicit a reply. Leutnant von Waldow was absent.

The artillery officer straightened himself, sketched a hopeless gesture.

"The line has gone again!" he cried, his voice partially swallowed by the din. "All the lines are broken!"

Von Förster turned to Hofmeister.

"I have sent Von Waldow to try and fire back a message—by trench-mortar message-thrower—these people must be relieved," he said. His face was haggard with anxiety, his hand tapped nervously on the table.

Hofmeister looked puzzled.

"What's that? Trench mortar?" he said to Stein.

"New idea," replied Stein, between the detonations. "Impossible to get runners through—wires all go—like this—put message in dummy trench-mortar bomb, fire it back to regimental headquarters——"

"These people *must* be relieved before the attack, Hofmeister," repeated the colonel, glaring at the telephone-instrument which the artillery officer renounced.

"Too late, Herr Oberst!" said the battalion-commander, sinking limply on to one of the ammunition-boxes. "This is the beginning of the end."

The Oberst ignored him impatiently.

"We must get back ourselves, Hofmeister. We must not be trapped here. We can do nothing—nothing unless we get back to head-quarters."

"Impossible, Herr Oberst," said Hofmeister. "There is a barrage behind us."

"We must try—try at all costs! I wish Waldow would come back!"

At that moment the young lieutenant came slithering down the stairway.

"It is hell outside—hell!" he cried. He drew himself up into a military attitude before the colonel. "The trench-mortar people are all killed, Herr Oberst!" Then his self-control gave way. "The entire ridge is being blown into the air! Men buried everywhere—I was buried myself! Oh, I am wounded!" He finished in a cry of alarm. His left arm was dripping blood on to the floor. He rocked on his feet, seemed about to faint.

Hofmeister ripped back the stricken man's tunic, produced a first-aid dressing.

"It is nothing," he said, bandaging the arm. "A scratch. You will be all right. A month in Berlin for you."

"We shall all be killed," gasped the young man, terror in his eyes.

"Just listen to it!" cried the artillery officer. "These Engländers do know how to put down drum-fire!"

Outside, the viciously-violent detonations followed each other without an instant's pause, deafening the ear, shaking the dug-out with fierce double concussions, seeming to rend the earth to its core with each quickly-reiterated shock. It was obvious that nothing could live in the open. The shelter of any dug-out was precarious. They held their breath for the stunning roar that should terminate their existence. All were trembling. The candle went out repeatedly, could not be kept alight. Someone switched on his electric pocket-lamp, kept it shining across the small, dank cave. Darkness was insupportable. Panic lurked in it, beating on them with each new shock that crashed without. The sight of the heavy timber baulks, of the roof intact, preserved a faint confidence, a hope that was scarcely more than a symptom of the desperate will to live.

The Oberst sank on to a seat.

"Our batteries are certainly firing," said the gunner officer, feeling it incumbent on him to say something.

"How long can they keep this up?" the adjutant asked from the gloom behind the lamp.

"All night," replied the artillery officer grimly. "They will not attack before dawn and they will keep it up till then."

"Awful! awful!" murmured the regiment-commander. "They will walk right through. There will be nothing to stop them."

Hofmeister looked at his watch.

"In that case we shall have eight hours of it," he said.

None answered him. All relapsed into a silence where they listened to the incessant crashes, the continuous succession of near explosions that smote and rent. The earth shuddered. Fragments fell from the roof to the floor. There was an appalling, stupendous roar apparently exactly overhead, simultaneous with a fierce stunning shock that bludgeoned their senses and left them dazed. In the light of the pocket-lamp they saw the supports of one wall give way, sink, a mass of earth bulge into the dug-out. A glance at the roof showed it beaten down diagonally. They sat motionless and silent in the circumscribed space.

Hour after hour passed, a timeless, indefinitely-extended period. Their ineffectual efforts at conversation lapsed. The acuteness of a fear in which they could do nothing for defence was dulled gradually into a vague hopelessness, the savage persistence of the bombardment hazing their senses with its monotony of thundering, riving menace. At first tense, quivering, they relaxed to a limp exhaustion. Despite the violent concussions, the blasts of shattering noise, they dozed fitfully under the excess of strain. Flitting dreams passed over them, blending with wakefulness. Hofmeister found himself living through a recapitulation of the incidents of the day. He saw again the agony of fright on the face of the N.C.O. left with the ammunition on the wrecked train. He heard once more the querulous impeachment of the officer whose men were starving—gazed, with a horror surpassing that of the reality, on the hell of the first-aid dug-out, felt himself wildly sharing the dementia of the overwrought doctor. Once more he toiled over the shell-churned ground where the haggard soldiers dug for dear life—saw the ominous lanes in the wire before the silent British parapet. Through all his visions he was oppressed by a sense of immense effort—immense futility under a cloud of inexorable menace. He woke with one of his own

groans. The others were dreaming also, making strange noises.

They roused occasionally from these brief recuperations to the reperceived uproar, to the full realization of imminent danger, never slackening in its threat. Then a cold fear gripped them as they sat deprived of any activity that could occupy their minds. The strain seemed more than could be borne. The electric lamp was almost exhausted, gave only a dull red glow. Hofmeister roused himself, shut it off, turned on his own. Crash followed crash outside with a fury that had neither hesitated nor diminished since its first commencement an eternity of time ago. He wondered dully whether any of the battalion were left alive; wondered that the dug-out had so long sheltered him and his companions.

The artillery officer stirred.

"*Herr Gott!* but I am hungry!" he said.

The battalion-commander, long utterly immobile, surprised them by answering. He had seemed asleep.

"I have had nothing to eat for three days," he said. "Nor my men."

Hofmeister quickened with an idea.

"But we have our emergency rations!" he cried. "Herr Oberst!" He roused his superior. "Let us eat—it will be something to do!"

"*Ja, ja,*" murmured Von Förster, with a childish vacuity. A transformation had taken place in him. He was startlingly senile, mouth loose, eyes pouched and bleary, as he felt fumblingly for his emergency ration. He was merely an old, old man. All capacity for command had vanished. "Let us eat! For the last time!" He spoke apparently to himself, and chuckled with an imbecile and horrid mirth.

Leutnant von Waldow slept, babbling in uneasy dreams. Hofmeister took his emergency ration without waking him.

The five of them, for Stein had roused himself from the corner where he crouched, ate the sausage and biscuit of the three rations. The imminence of death present to the consciousness of each, as, now fully awakened, they listened to the everlasting crash and roar of the inferno overhead, they ate with that wolfish gluttony of those breakfasting for the last time in the condemned cell, the body imperiously asserting its craving to live, their nerves relieved to find a veil for terror. Hofmeister produced his flask, portioned out mouthfuls in an enamel mug, passed from hand to hand. Their faces, grotesquely illumined in high light and deep shadow as they clustered round the electric lamp throwing its narrow beam across the dug-out, were stamped with the horror of the night.

"This is the end," repeated the major. "I marched with the first in August—fought at the Marne, Ypres, in Russia, on the Somme—everywhere men were killed around me—all my officers—time after time—I survived—miraculously—I believed—believed I had a star—something that kept me safe—and this is what it kept me for—this is the end!" He stopped. "My poor little wife!"

"*Bitte, Herr Major!*" cried Hofmeister, in expostulation. "We all have womenfolk. One dare not think of them on the battle-field!"

"Battle-field!" cried Stein. "I would not mind dying on the open field. It's being killed like rats in a trap!"

"Killed uselessly!" The gunner officer took it up. "If only we had been able to make peace on our first victories! Now—now we are being bled to death to keep up the pretence that we have won."

"It is the beginning of the end," repeated the major.

The Oberst rose to his feet suddenly. He swayed as though in the gusts of the crashing detonations outside. He held the enamel mug in his hand as though about to drink to a toast.

"*Meine Herren!*" he said, an uncanny wild solemnity in his tone. "We are dead men." He raised his voice to be heard amid a louder explosion. "You and I, major—we marched through Belgium in the long ago—there are not many of us left—I drink to our eternal damnation! Can't you see them? Can't you hear them—those mad women—shrieking at us?—clawing at us? I have heard them all this night—beating on the roof to get at us—and I laugh at them as I laughed then!" He burst into a shriek of crazy laughter that made the blood run cold. "I laugh at them all through hell—I used to laugh at them in my dreams—I could not prevent them haunting me—we laugh at them now, major—damned, but *Übermenschen—Übermenschen* even in hell—*nicht wahr, Major?*—Ha, ha, ha!" Again his insane mirth mingled with the crashes.

The major hid his face in his hands. Hofmeister sprang up and pulled the old man down to his seat.

"He is mad!" he cried. "Don't listen to him!"

The old man sat and laughed evilly to himself.

There was an even louder crash outside, a more violent shock. They glanced towards the stairway, saw masses of earth rolling down it.

"The entrance has been blown in!" shouted Stein, amid a series of terribly fierce explosions that were as the very heart of a storm. "Quick! Pick and shovel!"

He sprang to the tools. He seized one, Hofmeister the other. Someone snatched the lamp, shone it up the stairway. It was blocked with earth. Feverishly, Stein and Hofmeister attacked it, flinging *débris* behind them into the dug-out. They forgot all other dangers in the panic-fear of burial alive as they hacked and shovelled at the obstruction. There were many feet of it to be cleared away. Hofmeister paused for a moment after a frenzied timeless bout of toil.

"Listen!" he cried. "Listen! The fire has lifted. The attack has begun! Quick! Quick!"

With superhuman energy the two men delved into the mass of earth that crumbled about their feet on the stairway. Below them, others, they knew not whom, cleared it into the dug-out. The pick smote right through. A few more shovel-digs at the roof of earth above them and it collapsed on to their heads. They saw a pale

grey sky. The crash of shells was a distant, continued sound. The sharp, vicious hammering of machine-guns was the dominant noise.

Panting with the excitement of the crisis, Hofmeister forced himself through the narrow aperture into the trench. The cold grey light of an overcast dawn showed him his surroundings —unrecognizable. The trench had been pounded out of all resemblance. He had emerged into a shell-crater, non-existent the night before. The others crawled up beside him, stood hesitating. The brown earth, high-heaped, was a circular wall rough-edged, above the level of their sight. Towards the British lines they heard the rapid hammering of machine-guns; behind them, down the slope, was a continual crash of bursting shells. They could see nothing in the brown earth concavity where they stood, but the sounds were eloquent. The creeping barrage which preceded the English advance had passed over them. The attack was even now swarming into the position. They listened, every faculty keyed to its highest pitch, trying to estimate the situation from the machine-gun fire.

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"Stein!" he said. "Find out what's happening to Schwarz's company. I don't hear them! Dig them out! Quick! Messages to me here!"

The adjutant saluted, scrambled out of the shell-hole, disappeared.

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"Hell!" shouted the colonel. "Hell!" In his voice, piercingly above the surrounding uproar, was the frenzy of a damned soul mad for an impossible escape. "I must get out of this pit!—out of this pit!"

Hofmeister looked at him with sharp suspicion.

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They dropped into a short length of trench that had miraculously escaped obliteration. In it was a small, short-barrelled, wide-mouthed trench-mortar, squat upon its low carriage. It pointed rearward. The *Unteroffizier* in charge, crouching near it with two men, rose smartly as he perceived the three officers. It was the message-thrower.

The colonel turned to Von Waldow, his eyes blazing.

"Leutnant von Waldow! You reported to me that the message-thrower section were all killed!" He shouted to be heard amid the crashing thunders of the barrage. "You did not carry out my orders!"

The lieutenant stood swaying in front of him, his face deathly white.

"Herr Oberst!" He stammered and stopped.

The old man's expression was demoniac.

"*So!* You are a coward!" He glanced at that near curtain of smoke, a barrier of certain death close behind them. The barrage had ceased to move forward, was waiting, mysteriously controlled, until the advancing infantry should overrun the ground it had swept. It crashed unceasingly upon the same belt of earth. "Leutnant von Waldow! Go to the rear immediately! It is an order! Obey—*this time!*"

Hofmeister understood—with a shock of horror. He glanced at Von Waldow, The lieutenant stood rigid, stared—took one deep breath, and saluted. He turned, scrambled out of the trench, and, with the gait of a blind man, walked straight into the dense smoke of the barrage.

Hofmeister shot a look at his superior as the old man sank down to sit upon a heap of mud in the trench. More than a suspicion of insanity prompted his appraisement—yet he could not dispute the justice of the condemnation just pronounced. His mind evaded the terror of it, leaped to a corollary. Thank God, the message-thrower was beside them—in working order —they could still communicate! From the ridge came fierce bursts of machine-gun fire, intermittent, then savagely prolonged—the rapid thuds of exploding bombs. The Engländers were advancing!

He threw himself down against the broken wall of the trench, gazed cautiously over the top. He saw the rough crest-line of the ridge silhouetted against a more distant thinning smoke —the smoke of the German barrage falling between it and the British trenches. Rockets and flares were shooting up, bright spots of coloured light in the grey illumination of the dawn, eloquent of marvellous human brains that could still think, control, in that whelm of fierce and sudden perils, that region of apparently certain death which his experience limned for him, just out of sight.

He thrilled, caught in the intensity of the crisis, as he stared at that crest-line yet bare of any human figures. To him, his vision imprisoned with the near fact, that skyline symbolized the whole of the Siegfried Line, that mighty barrier of defence which had arisen under the toiling arms of thousands of German

"HE SAW WITH A SUDDEN SHOCK AND A SPASM OF BITTER RAGE—OTHER GROUPS RISE MYSTERIOUSLY FROM THE EARTH."

soldiers, under the inspiration of the idolized Hindenburg, the sublimated type of them all —the bulwark of all that had hitherto been victory, of all that was German. He agonized for the moment that should determine its fate, fiercely craving annihilation for all that was assailing it. The barrage and the counter-barrage still crashed and roared. The vehement machine-guns out of sight raved in their spiteful rapid expostulations. The thud of bombs was nearer, was repeated in quick reiteration. He saw drifting patches of smoke from their explosion leap up upon the summit of the ridge.

Between him and the crest was nothing—an untenanted waste of tumbled earth. Yes! He saw, here and there, the deep helmeted heads of German soldiers appear, just over-topping the rims of shell-craters. He saw what had seemed brown earth in a shallow shell-hole rise slightly, remain at an angle, sloping towards him. Something caught his eye—he could not define it—in a big heap of earth away to his left. He stared at it intently, gripped with expectation. It remained subtly, mysteriously remarkable—a silent heap of earth.

"*Sie kommen!*" he heard himself shout the words, not knowing that he had cried. On the ridge appeared a number of moving figures, moving down towards him. Instantly, from those shell-holes between him and them, commenced the quick, loud hammering of the machine-guns. Some of the figures dropped, but the majority continued their progress, more and yet more streaming over the summit of the ridge. They dodged, disappeared, rose again in the tumbled inequalities of the shell-torn earth. Some few ran at a slow jog-trot. The most walked ploddingly—the difficulties of progress clearly manifest. He saw—with a sudden shock and a spasm of bitter rage—other groups rise mysteriously from the earth, run towards the oncoming figures, their hands high above their heads. His hands itched for a machine-gun.

The slope was alive with the assaulting troops. They advanced in a loose formation of little groups, four groups working together. He watched them, fascinated. Each of the four groups composing the tactical unit was differently armed. One carried rifles, bayonets fixed. Another group was apparently weaponless, carried bags that he knew to contain bombs. A third bore clumsy, heavy firearms, like an old-fashioned blunderbuss. He knew them well —Lewis guns. The fourth group were rifle-bombers. All wore flat helmets. All advanced purposefully, steadily; occasionally springing in swiftly-changing attitudes of combat, effacing themselves, rushing with bomb poised or bayonet levelled as some, to him invisible, nest of Germans contested their advance. Sometimes these little episodes ended with a quick scrambling out of men with arms aloft. Sometimes the flat-helmeted men surged over the heaps of earth where the bomb-smoke drifted and there was never sign of the defenders. Aeroplanes—the "contact" machines reporting the exact progress of the attack—circled and swooped low down over the heads of the advancing troops, suddenly emerging through the clouds of smoke, planing down, shooting suddenly upward and again swerving round and down like monster

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birds of carrion wheeling ere they alighted on the prey just smitten down for claws and beak to tear.

The nearest of the attackers were still some hundreds of yards distant, and still the barrage crashed and spouted, thickening the air with rolling smoke just beyond him, attendant upon their progress. He gazed, spellbound, keyed up to a fierce intensity of participation in the unequal struggle that rolled down the slope. Party after party sprang up with arms held high. He thought suddenly of the terrific strain to which they had been subjected, the horror of the night's bombardment, and all but forgave, against his conscience. They were merged, lost in the swarms of brown, flat-helmeted men.

He looked towards his left, to the big heap of earth that had already arrested his attention. There was a long, sustained, rapid hammering. Spurts of dust were leaping from the heap. It was a machine-gun nest. The weapons were now firing at full pressure from invisible loop-holes. He saw a formation of the enemy rush towards it—the four groups fling themselves down. A shower of rifle-bombs, their long sticks twirling slowly in the air, shot up in an easily-followed curve, descended upon the heap in a quick series of vicious detonations. He saw a group armed with the heavy firearms squirm round its flank, heard the rapid reports. He saw an officer pointing. Another group suddenly appeared from the other side, at the rear, stood erect, and flung small objects fast and hard. The smoke-spout and thud of the bombs jumped to eye and ear. There was a scramble of figures in the smother of fumes behind the heap—and then a rush of flat-helmeted bayonet-men. An aeroplane sailed low over the silent machine-gun post.

The attack rolled down on him with a multiplication of such incidents, more than he could watch. He realized its nearness in a flash of personal apprehension. He glanced down at the colonel. The old man sat upon the earth and laughed. He repeated a word to himself amid his laughter. Hofmeister caught it through the crashing din. "*Übermensch! Übermensch!*" The three men at the message-thrower cowered away from him, appalled.

Hofmeister glanced again at the battle, swept his eye over the whole situation. He thrilled suddenly. All his soldierly instincts leaped to supremacy, blurring his personal peril. Over to his right the attack had swarmed far ahead, was out of touch with supporting troops, its flank in the air. Necessarily, it was disorganized by its forward rush. It was the critical moment—the moment which occurs in every battle, proffered to the brain alert enough to seize and utilize it. The position of the support-battalion was suddenly vivid to him—a counter-attack now and the attack would be rolled up, hurled backwards in confusion. It was the moment! *The moment!* Thank God, the colonel was here to give the order, the message-thrower to transmit it!

He slipped down into the trench, snatched a notebook from his pocket, glanced at his map, dashed down the order as a man writes in the supreme inspiration of a flash of genius. He tore the leaf from the book, handed it, with the pencil, to the colonel for the signature. The *Unteroffizier*, quick to perceive his purpose, was already charging the *minenwerfer*.

The Oberst took the order, read it—and, with a laugh of diabolical insanity, tore it up. Instinctly, Hofmeister's hand went to his pistol, in a fierce impulse to slay. He mastered himself, in a wild despair.

"Mad and damned!" shrieked the old man, in the bewildering uproar. "Mad and damned! But not so mad as you! There are enough of us in hell, Hofmeister! Enough of us—they are crowding upon me, crowding upon me!" His voice was a culminating horror in the dreadful tension of the moment. "An order—yes! Write, Hauptmann Hofmeister!—write!—write: '*The support battalion will retire!*'"

"But, Herr Oberst——!" Hofmeister cried, in an agony of expostulation, the near thud of bombs at the back of his consciousness.

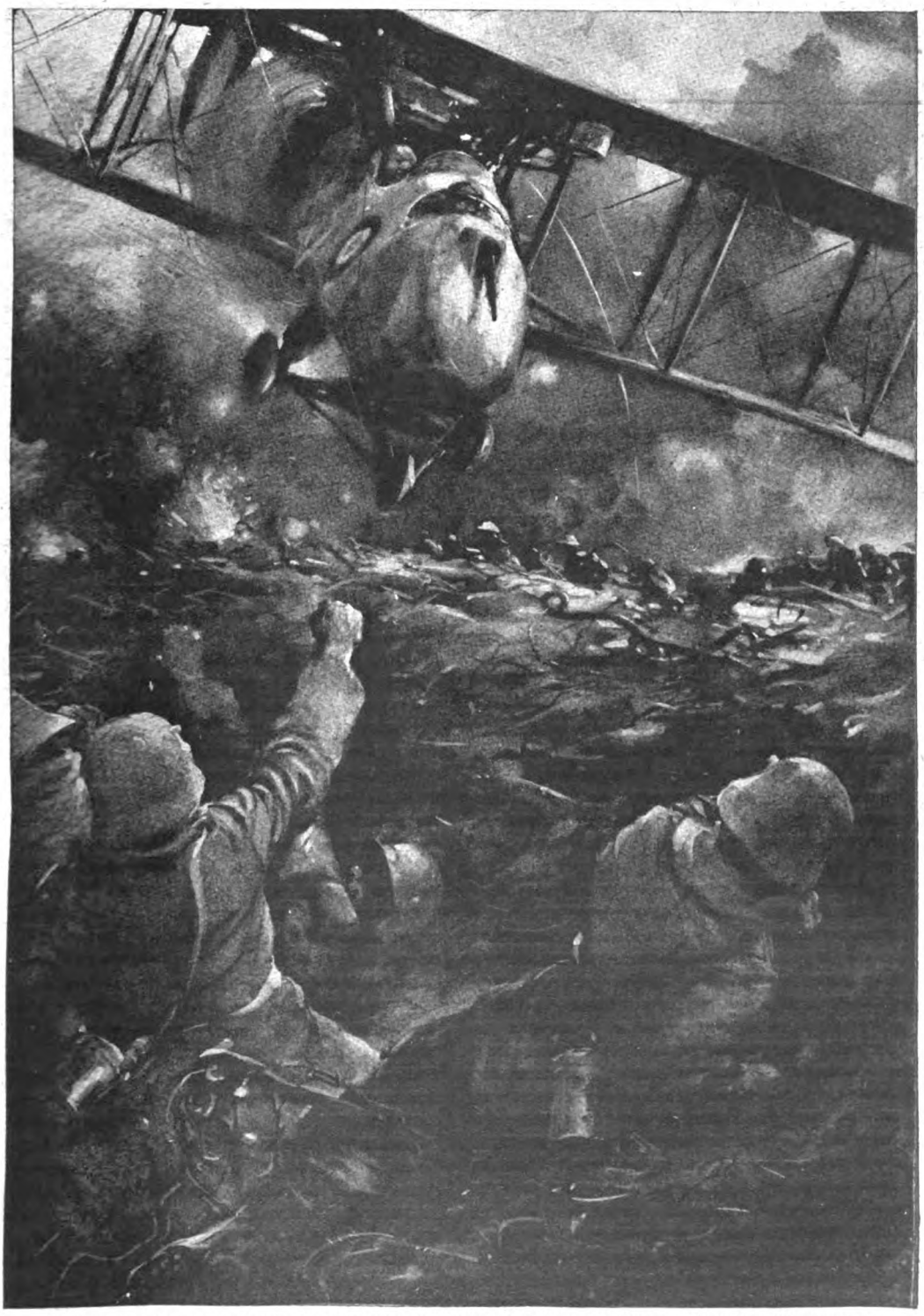
Once more the old man drew himself up in the dignity of rank.

"Hauptmann Hofmeister! My father led his cavalry regiment in full charge at a stone wall! And they obeyed! A German officer does not criticize an order that he does not understand! Good or bad, he obeys it!" Hofmeister heard fierce voices in the chaos of detonations, the vicious bursts of machine-gun fire. He prayed for an end. "Hauptmann Hofmeister! I have already shown you German discipline! Write the order!"

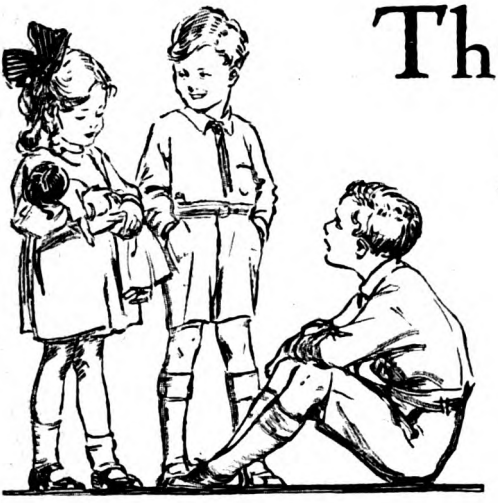
Feeling himself swept by a kindred madness, the staff-captain obeyed. He scribbled the words. Von Förster snatched the book from him, added his signature, passed the order to the message-thrower N.C.O. A second later they heard the discharge of the *minenwerfer*, saw the bomb sail up into the air, disappear through the smoke of the barrage.

Not they alone had seen it. Hofmeister glanced to perceive an aeroplane swooping down directly upon them. It came with appalling speed, a deafening roar of its engine. Behind the blurred revolutions of its propeller he saw the wide stretch of its wings, every wire and stay photographed on his mind. It rushed at them, momentarily larger, as though to annihilate them with its collision. He saw the gleaming polish of the canoe-nose of its *nacelle*, the barrel of a machine-gun switch towards them, a goggle-covered face glance over the side. It roared upon them, fiercely cracking.

The swarms of flat-helmeted men continued to stream across the position. The barrage moved on. The first counter-attack was mysteriously delayed. When it came it hurled itself vainly against men already dug in, was made in such chaotic fashion that the absence of higher leadership was manifest.



"HOFMEISTER GLANCED TO PERCEIVE AN AEROPLANE SWOOPING DOWN DIRECTLY UPON THEM. IT CAME WITH APPALLING SPEED, A DEAFENING ROAR OF ITS ENGINE."



Three of Them.

I.

A CHAT ABOUT CHILDREN, SNAKES, AND ZEBUS.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THESE little sketches are called "Three of Them," but there are really five, on and off the stage. There is Daddy, a lumpish person with some gift for playing Indian games when he is in the mood. He is then known as "The Great Chief of the Leatherskin Tribe." Then there is my Lady Sunshine. These are the grown-ups, and don't really count. There remain the three, who need some differentiating upon paper, though their little spirits are as different in reality as spirits could be—all beautiful and all quite different. The eldest is a boy of eight whom we shall call "Laddie." If ever there was a little cavalier sent down ready-made it is he. His soul is the most gallant, unselfish, innocent thing that ever God sent out to get an extra polish upon earth. It dwells in a tall, slight, well-formed body, graceful and agile, with a head and face as clean-cut as if an old Greek cameo had come to life, and a pair of innocent and yet wise grey eyes that read and win the heart. He is shy and does not shine before strangers. I have said that he is unselfish and brave. When there is the usual wrangle about going to bed, up he gets in his sedate way. "I will go first," says he, and off he goes, the eldest, that the others may have the few extra minutes while he is in his bath. As to his courage, he is absolutely lion-hearted where he can help or defend anyone else. On one occasion Daddy lost his temper with Dimples (Boy Number 2), and, not without very good provocation, gave him a tap on the side of the head. Next instant he felt a butt down somewhere in the region of his waistbelt, and there was an angry little red face looking up at him, which turned suddenly to a brown mop of hair as the butt was repeated. No one, not even Daddy, should hit his little brother. Such was Laddie, the gentle and the fearless.

Then there is Dimples. Dimples is nearly seven, and you never saw a rounder, softer, dimplier face, with two great roguish, mischievous eyes of wood-pigeon grey, which are sparkling with fun for the most part, though they can look sad and solemn enough at times. Dimples has the making of a big man in him. He has depth and reserves in his tiny soul. But on the surface he is a boy of boys, always in innocent mischief. "I will now do mischuff," he occasionally announces, and is usually as good as his word. He has a love and understanding of all living creatures, the uglier and more slimy the better, treating them all in a tender, fairy-like fashion which seems to come from some inner knowledge. He has been found holding a buttercup under the mouth of a slug "to see if he likes butter." He finds creatures in an astonishing way. Put him in the fairest garden lawn, and presently he will approach you with a newt, a toad, or a huge snail in his custody. Nothing would ever induce him to hurt them, but he gives them what he imagines to be a little treat and then restores them to their homes. He has been known to speak bitterly to the Lady when

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she has given orders that caterpillars be killed if found upon the cabbages, and even the explanation that the caterpillars were doing the work of what he calls "the Jarmans" did not reconcile him to their fate.

He has an advantage over Laddie, in that he suffers from no trace of shyness and is perfectly friendly in an instant with anyone of every class of life, plunging straight into conversation with some such remark as "Can your Daddy give a war-whoop?" or "Were you ever chased by a bear?" He is a sunny creature but combative sometimes, when he draws down his brows, sets his eyes, his chubby cheeks flush, and his lips go back from his almond-white teeth. "I am Swankie the Berserker," says he, quoting out of his favourite "Erling the Bold," which Daddy reads aloud at bed-time. When he is in this fighting mood he can even drive back Laddie, chiefly because the elder is far too chivalrous to hurt him. If you want to see what Laddie can really do, put the small gloves on him and let him go for Daddy. Some of those hurricane rallies of his would stop Daddy grinning if they could get home, and he has to fall back off his stool in order to get away from them.

"HE HAS BEEN FOUND HOLDING A BUTTERCUP UNDER THE MOUTH OF A SLUG 'TO SEE IF HE LIKES BUTTER.'"

If that latent power of Dimples should ever come out, how will it be manifest? Surely in his imagination. Tell him a story and the boy is lost. He sits with his little round, rosy face immovable and fixed, while his eyes never budge from those of the speaker. He sucks in everything that is weird or adventurous or wild. Laddie is a rather restless soul, eager to be up and doing; but Dimples is absorbed in the present if there be something worth hearing to be heard. In height he is half a head shorter than his brother, but rather more sturdy in build. The power of his voice is one of his noticeable characteristics. If Dimples is coming you know it well in advance. With that physical gift upon the top of his audacity, and his loquacity, he fairly takes command of any place in which he may find himself, while Laddie, his soul too noble for jealousy, becomes one of the laughing and admiring audience.

Then there is Baby, a dainty elfin Dresden-china little creature of five, as fair as an angel and as deep as a well. The boys are but shallow, sparkling pools compared with this little girl with her self-repression and dainty aloofness. You know the boys, you never feel that you quite know the girl. Something very strong and forceful seems to be at the back of that wee body. Her will is tremendous. Nothing can break or even bend it. Only kind guidance and friendly reasoning can mould it. The boys are helpless if she has really made up her mind. But this is only when she asserts herself, and those are rare occasions. As a rule she sits quiet, aloof, affable, keenly alive to all that passes and yet taking no part in it save for some subtle smile or glance. And then suddenly the wonderful grey-blue eyes under the long black lashes will gleam like coy diamonds, and such a hearty little chuckle will come from her that everyone else is bound to laugh out of sympathy. She and Dimples are great allies and yet have continual lovers' quarrels. One night she would not even include his name in her prayers. "God bless ——" everyone else, but not a word of Dimples. "Come, come, you must!" urged the Lady. "Well, then, God bless horrid Dimples!" said she at last, after she had named the cat, the goat, her dolls, and her Wriggly.

That is a strange trait, the love for the Wriggly. It would repay thought from some scientific brain. It is an old, faded, disused downy from her cot. Yet go where she will, she must take Wriggly with her. All her toys put together would not console her for the absence of Wriggly. If the family go to the seaside, Wriggly must come too. She will not sleep without the absurd bundle in her arms. If she goes to a party she insists upon dragging its disreputable folds along with her, one end always projecting "to give it fresh air." Every phase of childhood represents to the philosopher something in the history of the race. From the new-born baby which can

hang easily by one hand from a broomstick with its legs drawn up under it, the whole evolution of mankind is re-enacted. You can trace clearly the cave-dweller, the hunter, the scout. What, then, does Wriggly represent? Fetish worship—nothing else. The savage chooses some most unlikely thing and adores it. This dear little savage adores her Wriggly.

So now we have our three little figures drawn as clearly as a clumsy pen can follow such subtle elusive creatures of mood and fancy. We will suppose now that it is a summer evening, that Daddy is seated smoking in his chair, that the Lady is listening somewhere near, and that the three are in a tumbled heap upon the bear-skin before the empty fireplace trying to puzzle out the little problems of their tiny lives. When three children play with a new thought it is like three kittens with a ball, one giving it a pat and another a pat, as they chase it from point to point. Daddy would interfere as little as possible, save when he was called upon to explain or to deny. It was usually wiser for him to pretend to be doing something else. Then their talk was the more natural. On this occasion, however, he was directly appealed to.

BABY.

"Daddy!" asked Dimples.

"Yes, boy."

"Do you fink that the roses know us?"

Dimples, in spite of his impish naughtiness, had a way of looking such a perfectly innocent and delightfully kissable little person that one felt he really might be a good deal nearer to the sweet secrets of Nature than his elders. However, Daddy was in a material mood.

"No, boy; how could the roses know us?"

"The big yellow rose at the corner of the gate knows *me*."

"How do you know that?"

"'Cause it nodded to me yesterday."

Laddie roared with laughter.

"That was just the wind, Dimples."

"No, it was not," said Dimples, with conviction. "There was none wind. Baby was there. Weren't you, Baby?"

"The wose knew us," said Baby, gravely.

"Beasts know us," said Laddie. "But then beasts run round and make noises. Roses don't make noises."

"Yes, they do. They rustle."

"Woses wustle," said Baby.

"That's not a living noise. That's an all-the-same noise. Different to Roy, who barks and makes different noises all the time. Fancy the roses all barkin' at you. Daddy, will you tell us about animals?"

That is one of the child stages which takes us back to the old tribe life—their inexhaustible interest in animals, some distant echo of those long nights when wild men sat round the fires and peered out into the darkness, and whispered about all the strange and deadly creatures who fought with them for the lordship of the earth. Children love caves, and they love fires and meals out of doors, and they love animal talk—all relics of the far distant past.

"What is the biggest animal in South America, Daddy?"

Daddy, wearily: "Oh, I don't know."

"I s'pose an elephant would be the biggest?"

"No, boy; there are none in South America."

"Well, then, a rhinoceros?"

"No, there are none."

"Well, what is there, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, there are jaguars. I suppose a jaguar is the biggest."

"Then it must be thirty-six feet long."

"Oh, no, boy; about eight or nine feet with his tail."

"But there are boa-constrictors in South America thirty-six feet long."

"That's different."

"Do you fink," asked Dimples, with his big, solemn, grey eyes wide open, "there was ever a boa-'strictor forty-five feet long?"

"No, dear; I never heard of one."

"Perhaps there was one, but you never heard of it. Do you fink you would have heard of a boa-'strictor forty-five feet long if there was one in South America?"

"Well, there may have been one."

"Daddy," said Laddie, carrying on the cross-examination with the intense earnestness of a child, "could a boa-constrictor swallow any small animal?"

"Yes, of course he could."

"Could he swallow a jaguar?"

"Well, I don't know about that. A jaguar is a very large animal."

"Well, then," asked Dimples, "could a jaguar swallow a boa-'strictor?"

"Silly ass," said Laddie. "If a jaguar was only nine feet long and the boa-constrictor was thirty-five feet long, then there would be a lot sticking out of the jaguar's mouth. How could he swallow that?"

"He'd bite it off," said Dimples. "And then another slice for supper and another for breakfast—but, I say, Daddy, a 'strictor couldn't swallow a porkpine, could he? He would have a sore throat all the way down."

Shrieks of laughter and a welcome rest for Daddy, who turned to his paper.

"Daddy!"

He put down his paper with an air of conscious virtue and lit his pipe.

LADDIE.

"Well, dear?"

"What's the biggest snake you ever saw?"

"Oh, bother the snakes! I am tired of them."

But the children were never tired of them. Heredity again, for the snake was the worst enemy of arboreal man.

"Daddy made soup out of a snake," said Laddie. "Tell us about that snake, Daddy."

Children like a story best the fourth or fifth time, so it is never any use to tell them that they know all about it. The story which they can check and correct is their favourite.

"Well, dear, we got a viper and we killed it. Then we wanted the skeleton to keep and we didn't know how to get it. At first we thought we would bury it, but that seemed too slow. Then I had the idea to boil all the viper's flesh off its bones, and I got an old meat-tin and we put the viper and some water into it and put it above the fire."

"You hung it on a hook, Daddy."

"Yes, we hung it on the hook that they put the porridge pot on in Scotland. Then just as it was turning brown in came the farmer's wife, and ran up to see what we were cooking. When she saw the viper she thought we were going to eat it. 'Oh, you dirty divils!' she cried, and caught up the tin in her apron and threw it out of the window."

Fresh shrieks of laughter from the children, and Dimples repeated "You dirty divil!" until Daddy had to clump him playfully on the head.

"Tell us some more about snakes," cried Laddie. "Did you ever see a really dreadful snake?"

"One that would turn you black and dead you in five minutes?" said Dimples. It was always the most awful thing that appealed to Dimples.

"Yes, I have seen some beastly creatures. Once in the Sudan I was dozing on the sand when I opened my eyes and there was a horrid creature like a big slug with horns, short and thick, about a foot long, moving away in front of me."

"What was it, Daddy?" Six eager eyes were turned up to him.

"It was a death-adder. I expect that would dead you in five minutes, Dimples, if it got a bite at you."

"Did you kill it?"

"No; it was gone before I could get to it."

"Which is the horridest, Daddy—a snake or a shark?"

"I'm not very fond of either!"

"Did you ever see a man eaten by sharks?"

"No, dear, but I was not so far off being eaten myself."

"Oo!" from all three of them.

"I did a silly thing, for I swam round the ship in water where there are many sharks. As I was drying myself on the deck I saw the high fin of a shark above the water a little way off. It had heard the splashing and come up to look for me."

"Weren't you frightened, Daddy?"

"Yes. It made me feel rather cold." There was silence while Daddy saw once more the golden sand of the African beach and the snow-white roaring surf, with the long, smooth swell of the bar.

Children don't like silences.

"Daddy," said Laddie. "Do zebus bite?"

"Zebus! Why, they are cows. No, of course not."

"But a zebu could butt with its horns."

"Oh, yes, it could butt."

"Do you think a zebu could fight a crocodile?"

DIMPLES.

"Well, I should back the crocodile."

"Why?"

"Well, dear, the crocodile has great teeth and would eat the zebu."

"But suppose the zebu came up when the crocodile was not looking and butted it."

"Well, that would be one up for the zebu. But one butt wouldn't hurt a crocodile."

"No, one wouldn't, would it? But the zebu would keep on. Crocodiles live on sand-banks, don't they? Well, then, the zebu would come and live near the sand-bank too—just so far as the crocodile would never see him. Then every time the crocodile wasn't looking the zebu would butt him. Don't you think he would beat the crocodile?"

"Well, perhaps he would."

"How long do you think it would take the zebu to beat the crocodile?"

"Well, it would depend upon how often he got in his butt."

"Well, suppose he butted him once every three hours, don't you think——?"

"Oh, bother the zebu!"

"That's what the crocodile would say," cried Laddie, clapping his hands.

"Well, I agree with the crocodile," said Daddy.

"And it's time all good children were in bed," said the Lady as the glimmer of the Nurse's apron was seen in the gloom.

II.—ABOUT CRICKET.

SUPPER was going on down below and all good children should have been long ago in the land of dreams. Yet a curious noise came from above.

"What on earth——?" asked Daddy.

"Laddie practising cricket," said the Lady, with the curious clairvoyance of motherhood. "He gets out of bed to bowl. I do wish you would go up and speak seriously to him about it, for it takes quite an hour off his rest."

Daddy departed upon his mission intending to be gruff, and my word, he can be quite gruff when he likes! When he reached the top of the stairs, however, and heard the noise still continue, he walked softly down the landing and peeped in through the half-opened door.

The room was dark save for a night-light. In the dim glimmer he saw a little white-clad figure, slight and supple, taking short steps and swinging its arm in the middle of the room.

"Halloa!" said Daddy.

The white-clad figure turned and ran forward to him.

"Oh, Daddy, how jolly of you to come up!"

Daddy felt that gruffness was not quite so easy as it had seemed.

"Look here! You get into bed!" he said, with the best imitation he could manage.

"Yes, Daddy. But before I go, how is this?" He sprang forward and the arm swung round again in a swift and graceful gesture.

Daddy was a moth-eaten cricketer of sorts, and he took it in with a critical eye.

"Good, Laddie. I like a high action. That's the real Spofforth swing."

"Oh, Daddy, come and talk about cricket!" He was pulled to the side of the bed, and the white figure dived between the sheets.

"Yes; tell us about cwicket!" came a cooing voice from the corner. Dimples was sitting up in his cot.

"You naughty boy! I thought one of you was asleep, anyhow. I mustn't stay. I keep you awake."

"Who was Popoff?" cried Laddie, clutching at his father's sleeve. "Was he a very good bowler?"

"Spofforth was the best bowler that ever walked on to a cricket-field. He was the great Australian bowler and he taught us a great deal."

"Did he ever kill a dog?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. Why?"

"Because Laddie said there was a bowler so fast that his ball went frue a coat and killed a dog."

"Oh, that's an old yarn. I heard that when I was a little boy about some bowler whose name, I think, was Jackson."

"Was it a big dog?"

"No, no, son; it wasn't a dog at all."

"It was a cat," said Dimples.

"No; I tell you it never happened."

"But tell us about Spofforth," cried Laddie. Dimples, with his imaginative mind, usually wandered, while the elder came eagerly back to the point. "Was he very fast?"

"He could be very fast. I have heard cricketers who had played against him say that his yorker—that is a ball which is just short of a full pitch—was the fastest ball in England. I have myself seen his long arm swing round and the wicket go down before ever the batsman had time to ground his bat."

"Oo!" from both beds.

"He was a tall, thin man, and they called him the Fiend. That means the Devil, you know."

"And *was* he the Devil?"

"No, Dimples, no. They called him that because he did such wonderful things with the ball."

"Can the Devil do wonderful things with a ball?"

Daddy felt that he was propagating devil-worship and hastened to get to safer ground.

"Spofforth taught us how to bowl and Blackham taught us how to keep wicket. When I was young we always had another fielder, called the long-stop, who stood behind the wicket-keeper. I used to be a thick, solid boy, so they put me as long-stop, and the balls used to bounce off me, I remember, as if I had been a mattress."

Delighted laughter.

"But after Blackham came wicket-keepers had to learn that they were there to stop the ball. Even in good second-class cricket there were no more long-stops. We soon found plenty of good wicket-keeps—like Alfred Lyttelton and MacGregor—but it was Blackham who showed us how. To see Spofforth, all india-rubber and ginger, at one end bowling, and Blackham, with his black beard over the bails waiting for the ball at the other end, was worth living for, I can tell you."

Silence while the boys pondered over this. But Laddie feared Daddy would go, so he quickly got in a question. If Daddy's memory could only be kept going there was no saying how long they might keep him.

"Was there no good bowler until Spofforth came?"

"Oh, plenty, my boy. But he brought something new with him. Especially change of pace—you could never tell by his action up to the last moment whether you were going to get a ball like a flash of lightning, or one that came slow but full of devil and spin. But for mere command of the pitch of a ball I should think Alfred Shaw, of Nottingham, was the greatest bowler I can remember. It was said that he could pitch a ball twice in three times upon a half-crown!"

"Oo!" And then from Dimples:—

"Whose half-crown?"

"Well, anybody's half-crown."

"Did he get the half-crown?"

"No, no; why should he?"

"Because he put the ball on it."

"The half-crown was kept there always for people to aim at," explained Laddie.

"No, no, there never was a half-crown."

Murmurs of remonstrance from both boys.

"I only meant that he could pitch the ball on anything—a half-crown or anything else."

"Daddy," with the energy of one who has a happy idea. "Could he have pitched it on the batsman's toe?"

"Yes, boy, I think so."

"Well, then, suppose he *always* pitched it on the batsman's toe!"

Daddy laughed.

"Perhaps that is why dear old W. G. always stood with his left toe cocked up in the air."

"On one leg?"

"No, no, Dimples. With his heel down and his toe up."

"Did you know W. G., Daddy?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him quite well."

"Was he nice?"

"Yes, he was splendid. He was always like a great jolly schoolboy who was hiding behind a huge black beard."

"Whose beard?"

"I meant that he had a great bushy beard. He looked like the pirate chief in your picture-books, but he had as kind a heart as a child. I have been told that it was the terrible things in this war that really killed him. Grand old W. G.!"

"Was he the best bat in the world, Daddy?"

"Of course he was," said Daddy, beginning to enthuse to the delight of the clever little plotter in the bed. "There never was such a bat—never in the world—and I don't believe there ever could be again. He didn't play on smooth wickets, as they do now. He played where the wickets were all patchy, and you had to watch the ball right on to the bat. You couldn't look at it before it hit the ground and think, 'That's all right. I know where that one will be!' My word, that was cricket. What you got you earned."

"Did you ever see W. G. make a hundred, Daddy?"

"See him! I've fielded out for him and melted on a hot August day while he made a hundred and fifty. There's a pound or two of your Daddy somewhere on that field yet. But I loved to see it, and I was always sorry when he got out for nothing, even if I were playing against him."

"Did he ever get out for nothing?"

"Yes, dear; the first time I ever played in his company he was given out leg-before-wicket before he made a run. And all the way to the pavilion—that's where people go when they are out—he was walking forward but his big black beard was backward over his shoulder as he told the umpire what he thought."

"And what *did* he think?"

"More than I can tell you, Dimples. But I dare say he was right to be annoyed, for it was a left-handed bowler, bowling round the wicket, and it is very hard to get leg-before to that. However, that's all Greek to you."

"What's Gweek?"

"Well, I mean you can't understand that. Now I am going."

"No, no, Daddy; wait a moment! Tell us about Bonner and the big catch."

"Oh, you know about that!"

Two little coaxing voices came out of the darkness.

"Oh, please! Please!"

"I don't know what your mother will say! What was it you asked?"

"Bonner!"

"Ah, Bonner!" Daddy looked out in the gloom and saw green fields and golden sunlight, and great sportsmen long gone to their rest. "Bonner was a wonderful man. He was a giant in size."

"As big as you, Daddy?"

Daddy seized his elder boy and shook him playfully. "I heard what you said to Miss Cregan the other day. When she asked you what an acre was you said 'About the size of Daddy.'"

Both boys gurgled.

"But Bonner was five inches taller than I. He was a giant, I tell you."

"Did nobody kill him?"

"No, no, Dimples. Not a story-book giant. But a great, strong man. He had a splendid figure and blue eyes and a golden beard, and altogether he was the finest man I have ever seen—except perhaps one."

"Who was the one, Daddy?"

"Well, it was the Emperor Frederick of Germany."

"A Jarman!" cried Dimples, in horror.

"Yes, a German. Mind you, boys, a man may be a very noble man and be a German—though what has become of the noble ones these last three years is more than I can guess. But Frederick was noble and good, as you could see on his face. How he ever came to be the father of such a blasphemous braggart"—Daddy sank into reverie.

"Bonner, Daddy!" said Laddie, and Daddy came back from politics with a start.

"Oh, yes, Bonner. Bonner in white flannels on the green sward with an English

June sun upon him. That was a picture of a man! But you asked me about the catch. It was in a test match at the Oval—England against Australia. Bonner said before he went in that he would hit Alfred Shaw into the next county, and he set out to do it. Shaw, as I have told you, could keep a very good length, so for some time Bonner could not get the ball he wanted, but at last he saw his chance, and he jumped out and hit that ball the most awful ker-wallop that ever was seen in a cricket-field."

"Oo!" from both boys, and then: "Did it go into the next county, Daddy?" from Dimples.

"Well, I'm telling you!" said Daddy, who was always testy when one of his stories was interrupted. "Bonner thought he had made the ball a half-volley—that is the best ball to hit—but Shaw had deceived him and the ball was really on the short side. So when Bonner hit it, up and up it went, until it looked as if it were going out of sight into the sky."

"Oo!"

"At first everybody thought it was going far outside the ground. But soon they saw that all the giant's strength had been wasted in hitting the ball so high, and that there was a chance that it would fall within the ropes. The batsmen had run three runs and it was still in the air. Then it was seen that an English fielder was standing on the very edge of the field with his back on the ropes, a white figure against the black line of the people. He stood watching the mighty curve of the ball, and twice he raised his hands together above his head as he did so. Then a third time he raised his hands above his head, and the ball was in them and Bonner was out."

"Why did he raise his hands twice?"

"I don't know. He did so."

"And who was the fielder, Daddy?"

"The fielder was G. F. Grace, the younger brother of W. G. Only a few months afterwards he was a dead man. But he had one grand moment in his life, with twenty thousand people all just mad with excitement. Poor G. F.! He died too soon."

"Did you ever catch a catch like that, Daddy?"

"No, boy. I was never a particularly good fielder."

"Did you never catch a good catch?"

"Well, I won't say that. You see, the best catches are very often flukes, and I remember one awful fluke of that sort."

"Do tell us, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, I was fielding at slip. That is very near the wicket, you know. Woodcock was bowling, and he had the name of being the fastest bowler of England at that time. It was just the beginning of the match and the ball was quite red. Suddenly I saw something like a red flash and there was the ball stuck in my left hand. I had not time to move it. It simply came and stuck."

LADDIE READY TO BOWL.

"Oo!"

"I saw another catch like that. It was done by Ulyett, a fine Yorkshire player—such a big, upstanding fellow. He was bowling, and the batsman—it was an Australian in a test match—hit as hard as ever he could. Ulyett could not have seen it, but he just stuck out his hand and there was the ball."

"Suppose it had hit his body?"

"Well, it would have hurt him."

"Would he have cried?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. That is what games are for, to teach you to take a knock and never show it. Supposing that——"

A step was heard coming along the passage.

"Good gracious, boys, here's Mumty. Shut your eyes this moment. It's all right, dear. I spoke to them very severely and I think they are nearly asleep."

"What have you been talking about?" asked the Lady.

"Cwicket!" cried Dimples.

"It's natural enough," said Daddy; "of course when two boys——"

"Three," said the Lady, as she tucked up the little beds.

[*Two other Child Studies on "Speculation" and on "Indians" will follow.*]

APRIL FOOLS.

By
OWEN OLIVER.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

APRIL SMITH rose early upon All Fools' Day, washed in the bathroom before the water was warm, and ran downstairs in her dressing-gown to make April fools of the cook and housemaid. When the cook had ascertained that the cat was *not* in the larder, and the housemaid had countermanded her telephone message for the fire-engine, as the chimney was *not* on fire, April ran upstairs again and laughed joyfully at herself while she did her hair. She had several reasons for joyfulness. In the first place, it was her birthday—appropriately her father often told her, and most people agreed with him. In the second place, it was a privileged occasion for such pranks as she loved. She had been an imp of mischief from her babyhood upwards. In the third place, it was a sunny morning and she felt very sunny herself, and very pleased with her thoughts. They were principally of one Robert Johnson, who figured at the tail-end of Deedes, Gray, and Johnson, solicitors. He was a grave-looking young lawyer, who had bought his partnership and settled in her town three months before. About three weeks previously he had begun to get over his gravity when he talked to April, and to smile openly instead of just twinkling his eyes, and even to tease her a little in retaliation. Three days previously he had made distinct overtures. He had asked her to go on the river that very afternoon, and she had made mother invite him to her birthday high-tea in the evening. She thought it would be great fun to show the other girls that she had a grown-up admirer. At least that was the ostensible thought; but she found herself thinking of the admirer and forgetting the girls.

"Mind you don't make an April fool of yourself, my dear child!" she admonished the merry face in the mirror. "Perhaps he doesn't mean anything. But I believe he does!"

When her toilet was complete she raced to the parental bedroom to tell her mother that cook had packed up her clothes and gone; and enticed her father from the dressing-room with a half-lathered face on the ground that the boiler had burst. She put on a coat and hat—the saucy one with the red cockade—and went out before they had found the cook and the boiler still performing their duties—the boiler uncomplainingly, the cook grumbling that "Miss Hapril was a himp!" She almost danced along the road, she was so pleased with the mischief done and to come. The mischief to come pleased her most. She intended to make an April fool of that crusty old plutocrat, Uncle William, whose grumpy word was law to all his relatives, except her reckless self. It was not that she bore the old gentleman any ill-

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will—in fact she liked him, which few of his other relatives did—but she knew how he would splutter!

She arrived at his house before nine o'clock, but he was already in the garden, fussing about among his rose-trees. He frowned ferociously at her.

"You limb of mischief!" he grunted. "You needn't tell me it's your nineteenth birthday. I know it is. It couldn't be any other day! But it's no use thinking you'll get anything out of me. I don't give presents to impudent hussies!"

"Oh, Uncle William!" she protested, with an injured air. "I didn't come about that! I was just passing and I saw something you ought to know, that someone has chalked a horrible caricature of you on the black shed; on the side in the road, you know. You can see it from miles away. I can't tell you what they've written under it. It's too dreadful! They ought to be put in prison!"

Uncle William roared like a bull and rushed through the side gate to inspect the insult. He found no drawing, but there was writing, "*April 1st.*" He had no difficulty in guessing the misdoer.

He stood regarding the inscription for some seconds, during which his niece thought that he seemed to swell. Then he walked back slowly to the garden and pointed to chalk marks on her hands and dress.

"Well," he said, in a tone like suppressed thunder, "you have made an April fool of me. Now I will make one of you. I shall send for Johnson to strike you out of my will this morning."

"Oh, well!" April tossed her head. "If you can't take a bit of fun, *I* don't care. Anyhow, you can't say I've ever run after you for your money like some of them."

She flounced off as far as the gate, then she came back smiling rather doubtfully.

"Look here, uncle," she said. "I don't grumble at being made an April fool of; but when you've done it, we'll be square, won't we? So you can wish me many happy returns; and my wisdom doubled every year." She laughed at that.

"If the money spent on your education hadn't been wasted," he growled, "you'd know that twice naught is nothing." He looked at the laughing face without any outward sign of relenting. "Very well," he agreed, at last. "After I've altered the will—I hope it will be a lesson to you—we'll be square; and I'll say no more about it, if you don't; and if you call in this afternoon I'll give you your birthday present. None of the family have much sense; but as for you——! You're a born April fool!"

"Then you can't make me one!" she claimed. "You were born sensible. So I can. Good-bye, uncle."

"I'm not your uncle," he snapped. "I disown you entirely—until the will's altered."

"Then you will be!" she assured him, cheerfully. "Good-bye!"

She ran off and he walked round to the back door and sent the gardener to tell Mr. Johnson to come at once, as he had some important legal business.

Meanwhile April returned home to breakfast and a lecture from her parents. It was time that she had a little sense, her mother thought, and her father was emphatically in agreement.

"Some of these times, my girl," he warned her, "you'll make an April fool of yourself. Oh, yes! I know you can coax me. I don't mind for myself, though I expect I shall have a fine to pay for calling out the fire-engine. It's *you* I'm concerned about. One of your pranks will rebound on yourself some time, April. You'll offend someone you don't want to, or cause harm that you don't dream of. You really mustn't be such a little donkey now you're grown up. Think it over, kid, and see if you can't sober down just a trifle."

"Ye-es," she agreed. "I didn't choose my birthday, you know, daddy."

She walked to the station with father, and did some shopping for mother on the way back, When she arrived home, she found two notes awaiting her. One was from Uncle William, She read that in the hall. It stated briefly that he had squared their little account by the alteration of his will, and that the birthday present was now at her service. She ran upstairs to her bedroom to read the other note. It was addressed in a neat, masculine hand, which she had not seen before. She thought she could guess the writer.

She found that she had guessed correctly. It was from Mr. Johnson. He regretted deeply that he could not have the pleasure of going on the river that afternoon, or of coming to tea. He had very urgent and important business to attend to. In fact, he was thinking of leaving the town and setting up in business elsewhere.

April started when she saw herself in the looking-glass just after reading the note for the second time. The pale, set-faced girl seemed a stranger to her.

"Well," she said to herself, presently, "*I* am the April fool!" She surveyed herself in the mirror, put a hairpin right, straightened her kiss-curl, and adjusted the collar of her blouse; doing it all very mechanically. "He thought I should have money from Uncle William; and now he has altered the will for him and finds that I sha'n't! I won't be a fool to myself and say I didn't care for him. I did. But I won't. You can't go on caring for a *cad!*" She saw a small tear trickle down each cheek of the pale face in the glass; and wiped her own face quickly. "Don't be an idiot!" she muttered. "You little April fool! You ought to be glad to have found him out in time. Just think if he had married you for your money! *Beast!* I *won't* care!"

She seemed her usual lively self all the rest of the morning, and showed no concern when she told her mother of her altered arrangements for the afternoon.

"I'm not going on the river with that solemn old owl, after all," she said. "He has some

urgent business. I'm jolly glad of it! He's too sensible or I'm too silly. I don't know which!"

"I do, April." Her mother sighed. "He's really a very nice fellow, I think."

"What care I how nice he be, if he be not nice to me!" April sang.

"He is nice to you, April," her mother insisted. "In fact—well, I don't want to put old thoughts into your dreadfully young head, but I've always hoped you'd like someone of his sort, who would be a counterpoise to your wildness. I don't mean Mr. Johnson in particular, except that he's the only man of that stamp you've ever taken any notice of. Of course if you don't care for him, you don't, but——"

"And, of course, if I am an April fool, I am!" April interrupted. "Oh, well! I'll begin to grow sensible now I'm in my twentieth year. I'll start being quite serious to-morrow—if I feel like it."

"You won't feel like it," her mother prophesied, "I'm afraid."

But April was afraid that she would.

She went for a walk in the afternoon, and decided to call upon Uncle William. It was good of him to square off her enormity, she felt, and she did not want to leave his feelings ruffled.

On the way she saw Mr. Johnson. He was on the other side of the road, and did not even attempt to cross to her and apologize. She gave him no encouragement certainly; but he was not the sort of man to wait for that, if he wanted to come. She could not help a little twisty feeling inside now.

"Oh!" she reproached herself. "You fool, April! You April fool!" She gave him a careless nod and hurried on.

Uncle William was in the library reclining in the arm-chair with one foot on a stool. He had attacks of gout occasionally, and no relative but April ever dared to call them "gout." He stared at her over his spectacles when she appeared.

"All square, uncle!" she cried, brightly.

"All square, April," he said. "Many happy returns; and your wisdom doubled every month; if there's a little wisdom to double."

"That's the difficulty," she confessed. "If only I could get the capital to begin with. How *do* you get wisdom, uncle?"

"By getting into trouble," he stated, grimly. "Wisdom is like wisdom-teeth: a nuisance from beginning to end. It hurts when it comes, and it hurts when it's there, and it hurts when it goes. You don't want wisdom before you cut the teeth; but you do need a little common sense. Well, here's your birthday present."

He produced a couple of chain bracelets—dainty gold chains, with in-betweens of pearl; the most attractive recognition that April had ever known him to make of anyone's birthday. It occurred to her that he had chosen them to prove that he bore no malice; and since she was very ready to be touched by kindness at the moment, the tears came very near her eyes.

"Uncle William!" she cried. "Oh! You're a *dear!*" She kissed him suddenly, although he always refused embraces. "They're coals of fire!" she protested, holding up her wrists after she had put the bracelets on them. "I wish I hadn't done it!" The tears were right in her eyes now.

"Tut, tut!" he grunted. "You forget that we're square. I kept my word and made Johnson alter the will this morning, as I said I should. We're square."

"We were," April corrected; "but now you've given me these. They start a new account, uncle, and we aren't a bit square. I owe you a lot of niceness. I know I am very silly, but I don't mean to be nasty. Does your foot hurt, uncle? Let me get a cushion. It's such a horrid hard old stool."

She rushed for a cushion and brought it to him.

"Mind how you lift it," he roared, as she approached the aching foot. "Gently, child, gently! Ur-r-r-r! That's better. I wouldn't complain of the gout, if I'd earned it; but there's no satisfaction or credit in having a bad foot because your father's grandfather drank good port, or in being made an April fool because your sister's daughter was born one—ur-r-r!"

"I think I shall grow very serious now," she remarked, sitting down opposite to the old man. "I'm in my twentieth year, so I ought to be cutting my wisdom. I expect I am."

She looked straight in front of her; and Uncle William looked straight at her for a long time. Uncle William saw a great deal, the family often remarked, especially if it was something which he was not meant to see.

"Cutting your wisdom, eh?" he remarked, presently; and then with a snap: "Is it hurting?" he demanded.

April blushed and bit her lips.

"I didn't mean anything in particular," she protested.

"Umph!" Uncle William grunted. "Shift the cushion a bit, child. It's too humpy under the foot. Ur-r-r! Be careful. That's right. Is my will the trouble, child?"

"No, uncle," she assured him. "It isn't that. I don't think I care about money. I expect I'm not sensible enough to!"

"I expect not! That isn't the wisdom-tooth one cuts at your age; not the one *I* cut, anyhow." He grunted. "A girl threw me over. She wasn't worth having; but I thought she was. Well, I got over it; but I cut *that* wisdom-tooth with inflammation, as the old women say! That's the sort of tooth you cut at nineteen!"

April put her hand on his arm gently.

"Poor old uncle," she said. "I—I've cut that tooth, too!"

"Eh?" he cried, sharply. "Eh? Since this morning?" April said nothing. "Can't you answer a plain question, girl?"

"I don't want to talk about it, uncle," she pleaded. "I didn't mean anyone to know; but when you spoke about yourself, it just slipped out. Would you like me to move your foot again?"

"No," he refused, crustily. "You've monkeyed enough with my foot. Don't monkey with yourself. You're an extraordinarily silly child, and I dare say you're being extraordinarily silly over your love affair, as I suppose you call it." He snorted. "Don't you think you'd better tell me, and see if I can stop you making an April fool of yourself? What's the tiff about?"

"It isn't a tiff," she answered, slowly. "There was nothing really. I don't care."

"Then you haven't cut the tooth," Uncle William denied. "It hurts enough to make you care, always."

"Well, I do care a little. He asked me to go on the river this afternoon—and he wrote and excused himself. That's all!"

"April!" Uncle William began. "You *are* a ——"

"I'm not!" she interrupted. "I'm not! I know why he did it; because you had struck me out of your will, and he only wanted me for the money he thought I'd get."

"Eh?" Uncle William sat upright and let his gouty foot slide off the chair without a groan. "*Eh?*"

"It's true," April asserted. "He's a cad, of course."

"Why were you such an idiot as to tell him about it?" Uncle William wanted to know. "I suppose you began by boasting that you had made a fool of me?"

"I didn't!" she denied. "And I didn't say a word to anyone about the will, either."

"Then how in the name of goodness could he know?" Uncle William demanded.

"If you must know, it was the man who had to alter it," said April.

Uncle William blew out his cheeks and puffed.

"Johnson?" he asked.

"Yes," said April.

"He's ten years older than you at least."

"I dare say."

"And he'd been making up to you?"

"Yes. I thought so."

"And you like him?"

"I hate him!" April cried. She blinked; and to her astonishment she found Uncle William's big hand on her shoulder.

"We'll get a wisdom-tooth through, my dear," he said, "this afternoon. You showed me this morning that if you were good friends with me it wouldn't be for my money. That's all the rest of them care for. So I altered my will—and left the lot to you! I suppose Johnson was man enough to think he mustn't try to win a girl of nineteen who was my heiress."

April gasped several times; then suddenly kissed her uncle's hand.

"Send for him," she whispered, "and tell him to take me out of the will again! You see—the wisdom-tooth you've helped through isn't the money one!"

"It's the one you have out after you've been married about a year," he growled; and then he did an unprecedented thing—kissed his niece! "You've made an April fool of me

"'MIND HOW YOU LIFT IT!' HE ROARED, AS SHE APPROACHED THE ACHING FOOT."

birds of carrion wheeling ere they alighted on the prey just smitten down for claws and beak to tear.

The nearest of the attackers were still some hundreds of yards distant, and still the barrage crashed and spouted, thickening the air with rolling smoke just beyond him, attendant upon their progress. He gazed, spellbound, keyed up to a fierce intensity of participation in the unequal struggle that rolled down the slope. Party after party sprang up with arms held high. He thought suddenly of the terrific strain to which they had been subjected, the horror of the night's bombardment, and all but forgave, against his conscience. They were merged, lost in the swarms of brown, flat-helmeted men.

He looked towards his left, to the big heap of earth that had already arrested his attention. There was a long, sustained, rapid hammering. Spurts of dust were leaping from the heap. It was a machine-gun nest. The weapons were now firing at full pressure from invisible loop-holes. He saw a formation of the enemy rush towards it—the four groups fling themselves down. A shower of rifle-bombs, their long sticks twirling slowly in the air, shot up in an easily-followed curve, descended upon the heap in a quick series of vicious detonations. He saw a group armed with the heavy firearms squirm round its flank, heard the rapid reports. He saw an officer pointing. Another group suddenly appeared from the other side, at the rear, stood erect, and flung small objects fast and hard. The smoke-spout and thud of the bombs jumped to eye and ear. There was a scramble of figures in the smother of fumes behind the heap—and then a rush of flat-helmeted bayonet-men. An aeroplane sailed low over the silent machine-gun post.

The attack rolled down on him with a multiplication of such incidents, more than he could watch. He realized its nearness in a flash of personal apprehension. He glanced down at the colonel. The old man sat upon the earth and laughed. He repeated a word to himself amid his laughter. Hofmeister caught it through the crashing din. "*Übermensch! Übermensch!*" The three men at the message-thrower cowered away from him, appalled.

Hofmeister glanced again at the battle, swept his eye over the whole situation. He thrilled suddenly. All his soldierly instincts leaped to supremacy, blurring his personal peril. Over to his right the attack had swarmed far ahead, was out of touch with supporting troops, its flank in the air. Necessarily, it was disorganized by its forward rush. It was the critical moment—the moment which occurs in every battle, proffered to the brain alert enough to seize and utilize it. The position of the support-battalion was suddenly vivid to him—a counter-attack now and the attack would be rolled up, hurled backwards in confusion. It was the moment! *The moment!* Thank God, the colonel was here to give the order, the message-thrower to transmit it!

He slipped down into the trench, snatched a notebook from his pocket, glanced at his map, dashed down the order as a man writes in the supreme inspiration of a flash of genius. He tore the leaf from the book, handed it, with the pencil, to the colonel for the signature. The *Unteroffizier*, quick to perceive his purpose, was already charging the *minenwerfer*.

The Oberst took the order, read it—and, with a laugh of diabolical insanity, tore it up. Instinctly, Hofmeister's hand went to his pistol, in a fierce impulse to slay. He mastered himself, in a wild despair.

"Mad and damned!" shrieked the old man, in the bewildering uproar. "Mad and damned! But not so mad as you! There are enough of us in hell, Hofmeister! Enough of us—they are crowding upon me, crowding upon me!" His voice was a culminating horror in the dreadful tension of the moment. "An order—yes! Write, Hauptmann Hofmeister!—write!—write: '*The support battalion will retire!*'"

"But, Herr Oberst——!" Hofmeister cried, in an agony of expostulation, the near thud of bombs at the back of his consciousness.

Once more the old man drew himself up in the dignity of rank.

"Hauptmann Hofmeister! My father led his cavalry regiment in full charge at a stone wall! And they obeyed! A German officer does not criticize an order that he does not understand! Good or bad, he obeys it!" Hofmeister heard fierce voices in the chaos of detonations, the vicious bursts of machine-gun fire. He prayed for an end. "Hauptmann Hofmeister! I have already shown you German discipline! Write the order!"

Feeling himself swept by a kindred madness, the staff-captain obeyed. He scribbled the words. Von Förster snatched the book from him, added his signature, passed the order to the message-thrower N.C.O. A second later they heard the discharge of the *minenwerfer*, saw the bomb sail up into the air, disappear through the smoke of the barrage.

Not they alone had seen it. Hofmeister glanced to perceive an aeroplane swooping down directly upon them. It came with appalling speed, a deafening roar of its engine. Behind the blurred revolutions of its propeller he saw the wide stretch of its wings, every wire and stay photographed on his mind. It rushed at them, momentarily larger, as though to annihilate them with its collision. He saw the gleaming polish of the canoe-nose of its *nacelle*, the barrel of a machine-gun switch towards them, a goggle-covered face glance over the side. It roared upon them, fiercely cracking.

The swarms of flat-helmeted men continued to stream across the position. The barrage moved on. The first counter-attack was mysteriously delayed. When it came it hurled itself vainly against men already dug in, was made in such chaotic fashion that the absence of higher leadership was manifest.

"HOFMEISTER GLANCED TO PERCEIVE AN AEROPLANE SWOOPING DOWN DIRECTLY UPON THEM. IT CAME WITH APPALLING SPEED, A DEAFENING ROAR OF ITS ENGINE."

Three of Them.

I.

A CHAT ABOUT CHILDREN, SNAKES, AND ZEBUS.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THESE little sketches are called "Three of Them," but there are really five, on and off the stage. There is Daddy, a lumpish person with some gift for playing Indian games when he is in the mood. He is then known as "The Great Chief of the Leatherskin Tribe." Then there is my Lady Sunshine. These are the grown-ups, and don't really count. There remain the three, who need some differentiating upon paper, though their little spirits are as different in reality as spirits could be—all beautiful and all quite different. The eldest is a boy of eight whom we shall call "Laddie." If ever there was a little cavalier sent down ready-made it is he. His soul is the most gallant, unselfish, innocent thing that ever God sent out to get an extra polish upon earth. It dwells in a tall, slight, well-formed body, graceful and agile, with a head and face as clean-cut as if an old Greek cameo had come to life, and a pair of innocent and yet wise grey eyes that read and win the heart. He is shy and does not shine before strangers. I have said that he is unselfish and brave. When there is the usual wrangle about going to bed, up he gets in his sedate way. "I will go first," says he, and off he goes, the eldest, that the others may have the few extra minutes while he is in his bath. As to his courage, he is absolutely lion-hearted where he can help or defend anyone else. On a occasion Daddy lost his temper with y Number 2), and, not without very good provocation, gave him a tap on the side of the head. Next instant he felt a butt down somewhere in the region of his waistbelt, and there was an angry little red face looking up at him, which turned suddenly to a brown mop of hair as the butt was repeated. No one, not even Daddy, should hit his little brother. Such was Laddie, the gentle and the fearless.

Then there is Dimples. Dimples is nearly seven, and you never saw a rounder, softer, dimplier face, with two great roguish, mischievous eyes of wood-pigeon grey, which are sparkling with fun for the most part, though they can look sad and solemn enough at times. Dimples has the making of a big man in him. He has depth and reserves in his tiny soul. But on the surface he is a boy of boys, always in innocent mischief. "I will now do mischuff," he occasionally announces, and is usually as good as his word. He has a love and understanding of all living creatures, the uglier and more slimy the better, treating them all in a tender, fairy-like fashion which seems to come from some inner knowledge. He has been found holding a buttercup under the mouth of a slug "to see if he likes butter." He finds creatures in an astonishing way. Put him in the fairest garden lawn, and presently he will approach you with a newt, a toad, or a huge snail in his custody. Nothing would ever induce him to hurt them, but he gives them what he imagines to be a little treat and then restores them to their homes. He has been known to speak bitterly to the Lady when

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she has given orders that caterpillars be killed if found upon the cabbages, and even the explanation that the caterpillars were doing the work of what he calls "the Jarmans" did not reconcile him to their fate.

He has an advantage over Laddie, in that he suffers from no trace of shyness and is perfectly friendly in an instant with anyone of every class of life, plunging straight into conversation with some such remark as "Can your Daddy give a war-whoop?" or "Were you ever chased by a bear?" He is a sunny creature but combative sometimes, when he draws down his brows, sets his eyes, his chubby cheeks flush, and his lips go back from his almond-white teeth. "I am Swankie the Berserker," says he, quoting out of his favourite "Erling the Bold," which Daddy reads aloud at bed-time. When he is in this fighting mood he can even drive back Laddie, chiefly because the elder is far too chivalrous to hurt him. If you want to see what Laddie can really do, put the small gloves on him and let him go for Daddy. Some of those hurricane rallies of his would stop Daddy grinning if they could get home, and he has to fall back off his stool in order to get away from them.

"HE HAS BEEN FOUND HOLDING A BUTTERCUP UNDER THE MOUTH OF A SLUG 'TO SEE IF HE LIKES BUTTER.'"

If that latent power of Dimples should ever come out, how will it be manifest? Surely in his imagination. Tell him a story and the boy is lost. He sits with his little round, rosy face immovable and fixed, while his eyes never budge from those of the speaker. He sucks in everything that is weird or adventurous or wild. Laddie is a rather restless soul, eager to be up and doing; but Dimples is absorbed in the present if there be something worth hearing to be heard. In height he is half a head shorter than his brother, but rather more sturdy in build. The power of his voice is one of his noticeable characteristics. If Dimples is coming you know it well in advance. With that physical gift upon the top of his audacity, and his loquacity, he fairly takes command of any place in which he may find himself, while Laddie, his soul too noble for jealousy, becomes one of the laughing and admiring audience.

Then there is Baby, a dainty elfin Dresden-china little creature of five, as fair as an angel and as deep as a well. The boys are but shallow, sparkling pools compared with this little girl with her self-repression and dainty aloofness. You know the boys, you never feel that you quite know the girl. Something very strong and forceful seems to be at the back of that wee body. Her will is tremendous. Nothing can break or even bend it. Only kind guidance and friendly reasoning can mould it. The boys are helpless if she has really made up her mind. But this is only when she asserts herself, and those are rare occasions. As a rule she sits quiet, aloof, affable, keenly alive to all that passes and yet taking no part in it save for some subtle smile or glance. And then suddenly the wonderful grey-blue eyes under the long black lashes will gleam like coy diamonds, and such a hearty little chuckle will come from her that everyone else is bound to laugh out of sympathy. She and Dimples are great allies and yet have continual lovers' quarrels. One night she would not even include his name in her prayers. "God bless ——" everyone else, but not a word of Dimples. "Come, come, you must!" urged the Lady. "Well, then, God bless horrid Dimples!" said she at last, after she had named the cat, the goat, her dolls, and her Wriggly.

That is a strange trait, the love for the Wriggly. It would repay thought from some scientific brain. It is an old, faded, disused downy from her cot. Yet go where she will, she must take Wriggly with her. All her toys put together would not console her for the absence of Wriggly. If the family go to the seaside, Wriggly must come too. She will not sleep without the absurd bundle in her arms. If she goes to a party she insists upon dragging its disreputable folds along with her, one end always projecting "to give it fresh air." Every phase of childhood represents to the philosopher something in the history of the race. From the new-born baby which can

hang easily by one hand from a broomstick with its legs drawn up under it, the whole evolution of mankind is re-enacted. You can trace clearly the cave-dweller, the hunter, the scout. What, then, does Wriggly represent? Fetish worship—nothing else. The savage chooses some most unlikely thing and adores it. This dear little savage adores her Wriggly.

So now we have our three little figures drawn as clearly as a clumsy pen can follow such subtle elusive creatures of mood and fancy. We will suppose now that it is a summer evening, that Daddy is seated smoking in his chair, that the Lady is listening somewhere near, and that the three are in a tumbled heap upon the bear-skin before the empty fireplace trying to puzzle out the little problems of their tiny lives. When three children play with a new thought it is like three kittens with a ball, one giving it a pat and another a pat, as they chase it from point to point. Daddy would interfere as little as possible, save when he was called upon to explain or to deny. It was usually wiser for him to pretend to be doing something else. Then their talk was the more natural. On this occasion, however, he was directly appealed to.

BABY.

"Daddy!" asked Dimples.

"Yes, boy."

"Do you fink that the roses know us?"

Dimples, in spite of his impish naughtiness, had a way of looking such a perfectly innocent and delightfully kissable little person that one felt he really might be a good deal nearer to the sweet secrets of Nature than his elders. However, Daddy was in a material mood.

"No, boy; how could the roses know us?"

"The big yellow rose at the corner of the gate knows *me*."

"How do you know that?"

"'Cause it nodded to me yesterday."

Laddie roared with laughter.

"That was just the wind, Dimples."

"No, it was not," said Dimples, with conviction. "There was none wind. Baby was there. Weren't you, Baby?"

"The wose knew us," said Baby, gravely.

"Beasts know us," said Laddie. "But then beasts run round and make noises. Roses don't make noises."

"Yes, they do. They rustle."

"Woses wustle," said Baby.

"That's not a living noise. That's an all-the-same noise. Different to Roy, who barks and makes different noises all the time. Fancy the roses all barkin' at you. Daddy, will you tell us about animals?"

That is one of the child stages which takes us back to the old tribe life—their inexhaustible interest in animals, some distant echo of those long nights when wild men sat round the fires and peered out into the darkness, and whispered about all the strange and deadly creatures who fought with them for the lordship of the earth. Children love caves, and they love fires and meals out of doors, and they love animal talk—all relics of the far distant past.

"What is the biggest animal in South America, Daddy?"

Daddy, wearily: "Oh, I don't know."

"I s'pose an elephant would be the biggest?"

"No, boy; there are none in South America."

"Well, then, a rhinoceros?"

"No, there are none."

"Well, what is there, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, there are jaguars. I suppose a jaguar is the biggest."

"Then it must be thirty-six feet long."

"Oh, no, boy; about eight or nine feet with his tail."

"But there are boa-constrictors in South America thirty-six feet long."

"That's different."

"Do you fink," asked Dimples, with his big, solemn, grey eyes wide open, "there was ever a boa-'stricter forty-five feet long?"

"No, dear; I never heard of one."

"Perhaps there was one, but you never heard of it. Do you fink you would have heard of a boa-'stricter forty-five feet long if there was one in South America?"

"Well, there may have been one."

"Daddy," said Laddie, carrying on the cross-examination with the intense earnestness of a child, "could a boa-constrictor swallow any small animal?"

"Yes, of course he could."

"Could he swallow a jaguar?"

"Well, I don't know about that. A jaguar is a very large animal."

"Well, then," asked Dimples, "could a jaguar swallow a boa-'stricter?"

"Silly ass," said Laddie. "If a jaguar was only nine feet long and the boa-constrictor was thirty-five feet long, then there would be a lot sticking out of the jaguar's mouth. How could he swallow that?"

"He'd bite it off," said Dimples. "And then another slice for supper and another for breakfast—but, I say, Daddy, a 'stricter couldn't swallow a porkpine, could he? He would have a sore throat all the way down."

Shrieks of laughter and a welcome rest for Daddy, who turned to his paper.

"Daddy!"

He put down his paper with an air of conscious virtue and lit his pipe.

"Well, dear?"

"What's the biggest snake you ever saw?"

"Oh, bother the snakes! I am tired of them."

But the children were never tired of them. Heredity again, for the snake was the worst enemy of arboreal man.

"Daddy made soup out of a snake," said Laddie. "Tell us about that snake, Daddy."

Children like a story best the fourth or fifth time, so it is never any use to tell them that they know all about it. The story which they can check and correct is their favourite.

"Well, dear, we got a viper and we killed it. Then we wanted the skeleton to keep and we didn't know how to get it. At first we thought we would bury it, but that seemed too slow. Then I had the idea to boil all the viper's flesh off its bones, and I got an old meat-tin and we put the viper and some water into it and put it above the fire."

"You hung it on a hook, Daddy."

"Yes, we hung it on the hook that they put the porridge pot on in Scotland. Then just as it was turning brown in came the farmer's wife, and ran up to see what we were cooking. When she saw the viper she thought we were going to eat it. 'Oh, you dirty divils!' she cried, and caught up the tin in her apron and threw it out of the window."

LADDIE.

Fresh shrieks of laughter from the children, and Dimples repeated "You dirty divil!" until Daddy had to clump him playfully on the head.

"Tell us some more about snakes," cried Laddie. "Did you ever see a really dreadful snake?"

"One that would turn you black and dead you in five minutes?" said Dimples. It was always the most awful thing that appealed to Dimples.

"Yes, I have seen some beastly creatures. Once in the Sudan I was dozing on the sand when I opened my eyes and there was a horrid creature like a big slug with horns, short and thick, about a foot long, moving away in front of me."

"What was it, Daddy?" Six eager eyes were turned up to him.

"It was a death-adder. I expect that would dead you in five minutes. Douglas it it got a bite at you."

"Did you kill it?"

"No; it was gone before I could get at it."

"Which is the horridest, Daddy—a snake or a shark?"

"I'm not very fond of either!"

"Did you ever see a man eaten by sharks?"

"No, dear, but I was not so far off being eaten myself."

"Oh!" from all three of them.

"I did a silly thing, for I swam round the ship in water where there are many sharks. As I was drying myself on the deck I saw the high fin of a shark above the water a little way off. It had heard the splashing and come up to look for me."

"Weren't you frightened, Daddy?"

"Yes. It made me feel rather cold." There was silence while Daddy saw once more the golden sand of the African beach and the snow-white roaring surf, with the long, smooth swell of the sea.

Children don't like silences.

"Daddy," said Laddie, "Do zebras bite?"

"Zebras! Why, they are cows. No, of course not."

"But a zebu could butt with its horns."

"Oh, yes, it could butt."

"Do you think a zebu could fight a crocodile?"

"Well, I should back the crocodile."

"Why?"

"Well, dear, the crocodile has great teeth and would eat the zebu."

"But suppose the zebu came up when the crocodile was not looking and butted it."

"Well, that would be one up for the zebu. But one butt wouldn't hurt a crocodile."

"No, one wouldn't, would it? But the zebu would keep on. Crocodiles live on sand-banks, don't they? Well, then, the zebu would come and live near the sand-bank too—just so far as the crocodile would never see him. Then every time the crocodile wasn't looking the zebu would butt him. Don't you think he would beat the crocodile?"

"Well, perhaps he would."

"How long do you think it would take the zebu to beat the crocodile?"

"Well, it would depend upon how often he got in his butt."

"Well, suppose he butted him once every three hours, don't you think——?"

"Oh, bother the zebu!"

"That's what the crocodile would say," cried Laddie, clapping his hands.

"Well, I agree with the crocodile," said Daddy.

"And it's time all good children were in bed," said the Lady as the glimmer of the Nurse's apron was seen in the gloom.

TWINS.

II.—ABOUT CRICKET.

SUPPER was going on down below and all good children should have been long ago in the land of dreams. Yet a curious noise came from above.

"What on earth——?" asked Daddy.

"Laddie practising cricket," said the Lady, with the curious clairvoyance of motherhood. "He gets out of bed to bowl. I do wish you would go up and speak seriously to him about it, for it takes quite an hour off his rest."

Daddy departed upon his mission intending to be gruff, and my word, he can be quite gruff when he likes! When he reached the top of the stairs, however, and heard the noise still continue, he walked softly down the landing and peeped in through the half-opened door.

The room was dark save for a night-light. In the dim glimmer he saw a little white-clad figure, slight and supple, taking short steps and swinging its arm in the middle of the room.

"Hallo!" said Daddy.

The white-clad figure turned and ran forward to him.

"Oh, Daddy, how jolly of you to come up!"

Daddy felt that gruffness was not quite so easy as it had seemed.

"Look here! You get into bed!" he said, with the best imitation he could manage.

"Yes, Daddy. But before I go, how is this?" He sprang forward and the arm swung round again in a swift and graceful gesture.

Daddy was a moth-eaten cricketer of sorts, and he took it in with a critical eye.

"Good, Laddie. I like a high action. That's the real Spofforth swing."

"Oh, Daddy, come and talk about cricket!" He was pulled to the side of the bed, and the white figure dived between the sheets.

"Yes; tell us about cwicket!" came a cooing voice from the corner. Dimples was sitting up in his cot.

"You naughty boy! I thought one of you was asleep, anyhow. I mustn't stay. I keep you awake."

"Who was Popoff?" cried Laddie, clutching at his father's sleeve. "Was he a very good bowler?"

"Spofforth was the best bowler that ever walked on to a cricket-field. He was the great Australian bowler and he taught us a great deal."

"Did he ever kill a dog?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. Why?"

"Because Laddie said there was a bowler so fast that his ball went frue a coat and killed a dog."

"Oh, that's an old yarn. I heard that when I was a little boy about some bowler whose name, I think, was Jackson."

"Was it a big dog?"

"No, no, son; it wasn't a dog at all."

"It was a cat," said Dimples.

"No; I tell you it never happened."

"But tell us about Spofforth," cried Laddie. Dimples, with his imaginative mind, usually wandered, while the elder came eagerly back to the point. "Was he very fast?"

"He could be very fast. I have heard cricketers who had played against him say that his yorker—that is a ball which is just short of a full pitch—was the fastest ball in England. I have myself seen his long arm swing round and the wicket go down before ever the batsman had time to ground his bat."

"Oo!" from both beds.

"He was a tall, thin man, and they called him the Fiend. That means the Devil, you know."

"And *was* he the Devil?"

"No, Dimples, no. They called him that because he did such wonderful things with the ball."

"Can the Devil do wonderful things with a ball?"

Daddy felt that he was propagating devil-worship and hastened to get to safer ground.

"Spofforth taught us how to bowl and Blackham taught us how to keep wicket. When I was young we always had another fielder, called the long-stop, who stood behind the wicket-keeper. I used to be a thick, solid boy, so they put me as long-stop, and the balls used to bounce off me, I remember, as if I had been a mattress."

Delighted laughter.

"But after Blackham came wicket-keepers had to learn that they were there to stop the ball. Even in good second-class cricket there were no more long-stops. We soon found plenty of good wicket-keeps—like Alfred Lyttelton and MacGregor—but it was Blackham who showed us how. To see Spofforth, all india-rubber and ginger, at one end bowling, and Blackham, with his black beard over the bails waiting for the ball at the other end, was worth living for, I can tell you."

Silence while the boys pondered over this. But Laddie feared Daddy would go, so he quickly got in a question. If Daddy's memory could only be kept going there was no saying how long they might keep him.

"Was there no good bowler until Spofforth came?"

"Oh, plenty, my boy. But he brought something new with him. Especially change of pace—you could never tell by his action up to the last moment whether you were going to get a ball like a flash of lightning, or one that came slow but full of devil and spin. But for mere command of the pitch of a ball I should think Alfred Shaw, of Nottingham, was the greatest bowler I can remember. It was said that he could pitch a ball twice in three times upon a half-crown!"

"Oo!" And then from Dimples:—

"Whose half-crown?"

"Well, anybody's half-crown."

"Did he get the half-crown?"

"No, no; why should he?"

"Because he put the ball on it."

"The half-crown was kept there always for people to aim at," explained Laddie.

"No, no, there never was a half-crown."

Murmurs of remonstrance from both boys.

"I only meant that he could pitch the ball on anything—a half-crown or anything else."

"Daddy," with the energy of one who has a happy idea. "Could he have pitched it on the batsman's toe?"

"Yes, boy, I think so."

"Well, then, suppose he *always* pitched it on the batsman's toe!"

Daddy laughed.

"Perhaps that is why dear old W. G. always stood with his left toe cocked up in the air."

"On one leg?"

"No, no, Dimples. With his heel down and his toe up."

"Did you know W. G., Daddy?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him quite well."

"Was he nice?"

"Yes, he was splendid. He was always like a great jolly schoolboy who was hiding behind a huge black beard."

"Whose beard?"

"I meant that he had a great bushy beard. He looked like the pirate chief in your picture-books, but he had as kind a heart as a child. I have been told that it was the terrible things in this war that really killed him. Grand old W. G.!"

"Was he the best bat in the world, Daddy?"

"Of course he was," said Daddy, beginning to enthuse to the delight of the clever little plotter in the bed. "There never was such a bat—never in the world—and I don't believe there ever could be again. He didn't play on smooth wickets, as they do now. He played where the wickets were all patchy, and you had to watch the ball right on to the bat. You couldn't look at it before it hit the ground and think, 'That's all right. I know where that one will be!' My word, that was cricket. What you got you earned."

"Did you ever see W. G. make a hundred, Daddy?"

"See him! I've fielded out for him and melted on a hot August day while he made a hundred and fifty. There's a pound or two of your Daddy somewhere on that field yet. But I loved to see it, and I was always sorry when he got out for nothing, even if I were playing against him."

"Did he ever get out for nothing?"

"Yes, dear; the first time I ever played in his company he was given out leg-before-wicket before he made a run. And all the way to the pavilion—that's where people go when they are out—he was walking forward but his big black beard was backward over his shoulder as he told the umpire what he thought."

"And what *did* he think?"

"More than I can tell you, Dimples. But I dare say he was right to be annoyed, for it was a left-handed bowler, bowling round the wicket, and it is very hard to get leg-before to that. However, that's all Greek to you."

"What's Gweek?"

"Well, I mean you can't understand that. Now I am going."

"No, no, Daddy; wait a moment! Tell us about Bonner and the big catch."

"Oh, you know about that!"

Two little coaxing voices came out of the darkness.

"Oh, please! Please!"

"I don't know what your mother will say! What was it you asked?"

"Bonner!"

"Ah, Bonner!" Daddy looked out in the gloom and saw green fields and golden sunlight, and great sportsmen long gone to their rest. "Bonner was a wonderful man. He was a giant in size."

"As big as you, Daddy?"

Daddy seized his elder boy and shook him playfully. "I heard what you said to Miss Cregan the other day. When she asked you what an acre was you said 'About the size of Daddy.'"

Both boys gurgled.

"But Bonner was five inches taller than I. He was a giant, I tell you."

"Did nobody kill him?"

"No, no, Dimples. Not a story-book giant. But a great, strong man. He had a splendid figure and blue eyes and a golden beard, and altogether he was the finest man I have ever seen—except perhaps one."

"Who was the one, Daddy?"

"Well, it was the Emperor Frederick of Germany."

"A Jarman!" cried Dimples, in horror.

"Yes, a German. Mind you, boys, a man may be a very noble man and be a German—though what has become of the noble ones these last three years is more than I can guess. But Frederick was noble and good, as you could see on his face. How he ever came to be the father of such a blasphemous braggart"—Daddy sank into reverie.

"Bonner, Daddy!" said Laddie, and Daddy came back from politics with a start.

"Oh, yes, Bonner. Bonner in white flannels on the green sward with an English

June sun upon him. That was a picture of a man! But you asked me about the catch. It was in a test match at the Oval—England against Australia. Bonner said before he went in that he would hit Alfred Shaw into the next county, and he set out to do it. Shaw, as I have told you, could keep a very good length, so for some time Bonner could not get the ball he wanted, but at last he saw his chance, and he jumped out and hit that ball the most awful ker-wallop that ever was seen in a cricket-field."

"Oo!" from both boys, and then: "Did it go into the next county, Daddy?" from Dimples.

"Well, I'm telling you!" said Daddy, who was always testy when one of his stories was interrupted. "Bonner thought he had made the ball a half-volley—that is the best ball to hit—but Shaw had deceived him and the ball was really on the short side. So when Bonner hit it, up and up it went, until it looked as if it were going out of sight into the sky."

"Oo!"

"At first everybody thought it was going far outside the ground. But soon they saw that all the giant's strength had been wasted in hitting the ball so high, and that there was a chance that it would fall within the ropes. The batsmen had run three runs and it was still in the air. Then it was seen that an English fielder was standing on the very edge of the field with his back on the ropes, a white figure against the black line of the people. He stood watching the mighty curve of the ball, and twice he raised his hands together above his head as he did so. Then a third time he raised his hands above his head, and the ball was in them and Bonner was out."

"Why did he raise his hands twice?"

"I don't know. He did so."

"And who was the fielder, Daddy?"

"The fielder was G. F. Grace, the younger brother of W. G. Only a few months afterwards he was a dead man. But he had one grand moment in his life, with twenty thousand people all just mad with excitement. Poor G. F.! He died too soon."

"Did you ever catch a catch like that, Daddy?"

"No, boy. I was never a particularly good fielder."

"Did you never catch a good catch?"

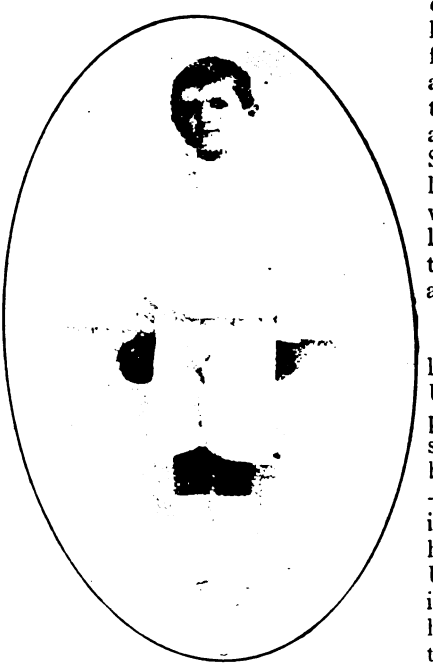
"Well, I won't say that. You see, the best catches are very often flukes, and I remember one awful fluke of that sort."

"Do tell us, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, I was fielding at slip. That is very near the wicket, you know. Woodcock was bowling, and he had the name of being the fastest bowler of England at that time. It was just the beginning of the match and the ball was quite red. Suddenly I saw something like a red flash and there was the ball stuck in my left hand. I had not time to move it. It simply came and stuck."

"Oo!"

"I saw another catch like that. It was done by Ulyett, a fine Yorkshire player—such a big, upstanding fellow. He was bowling, and the batsman—it was an Australian in a test match—hit as hard as ever he could. Ulyett could not have seen it, but he just stuck out his hand and there was the ball."



LADDIE READY TO BOWL.

"Suppose it had hit his body?"

"Well, it would have hurt him."

"Would he have cried?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. That is what games are for, to teach you to take a knock and never show it. Supposing that——"

A step was heard coming along the passage.

"Good gracious, boys, here's Mumty. Shut your eyes this moment. It's all right, dear. I spoke to them very severely and I think they are nearly asleep."

"What have you been talking about?" asked the Lady.

"Cwicket!" cried Dimples.

"It's natural enough," said Daddy; "of course when two boys——"

"Three," said the Lady, as she tucked up the little beds.

[*Two other Child Studies on "Speculation" and on "Indians" will follow.*]

grey sky. The crash of shells was a distant, continued sound. The sharp, vicious hammering of machine-guns was the dominant noise.

Panting with the excitement of the crisis, Hofmeister forced himself through the narrow aperture into the trench. The cold grey light of an overcast dawn showed him his surroundings —unrecognizable. The trench had been pounded out of all resemblance. He had emerged into a shell-crater, non-existent the night before. The others crawled up beside him, stood hesitating. The brown earth, high-heaped, was a circular wall rough-edged, above the level of their sight. Towards the British lines they heard the rapid hammering of machine-guns; behind them, down the slope, was a continual crash of bursting shells. They could see nothing in the brown earth concavity where they stood, but the sounds were eloquent. The creeping barrage which preceded the English advance had passed over them. The attack was even now swarming into the position. They listened, every faculty keyed to its highest pitch, trying to estimate the situation from the machine-gun fire.

The battalion-commander was the first to speak.

"Stein!" he said. "Find out what's happening to Schwarz's company. I don't hear them! Dig them out! Quick! Messages to me here!"

The adjutant saluted, scrambled out of the shell-hole, disappeared.

Hofmeister felt his arm clutched in a painful grip. He turned to see the wild eyes of the old man glaring into his face.

"Hell!" shouted the colonel. "Hell!" In his voice, piercingly above the surrounding uproar, was the frenzy of a damned soul mad for an impossible escape. "I must get out of this pit!—out of this pit!"

Hofmeister looked at him with sharp suspicion.

"You are safer here, Herr Oberst!" he shouted back. "Go into the dug-out! The Engländers will be on us in a moment!"

The Oberst drew himself up in a superb exaggeration of military dignity. His voice was the voice of the parade-ground.

"Hauptmann Hofmeister! I order you to assist me out of this pit! I am your superior officer. Obey!"

For a German officer no discussion was possible. Hofmeister made a sign to Von Waldow. Together—the lieutenant assisting with his valid hand—they dragged the old man out of the crater. Then, not staying even to glance at the ridge charged with menace behind them, they plunged over the soft earth, dashed down the slope, seeking for a better shelter. The two young men still pulled along their senior. The artillery officer had been with them at the start. They lost touch with him, forgot him. In front of them a curtain of black and brown smoke, constantly upspouting from the earth in violent eructations of flying mud, imposed a near limit to their progress. It was the British barrage which had swept across the position.

They dropped into a short length of trench that had miraculously escaped obliteration. In it was a small, short-barrelled, wide-mouthed trench-mortar, squat upon its low carriage. It pointed rearward. The *Unteroffizier* in charge, crouching near it with two men, rose smartly as he perceived the three officers. It was the message-thrower.

The colonel turned to Von Waldow, his eyes blazing.

"Leutnant von Waldow! You reported to me that the message-thrower section were all killed!" He shouted to be heard amid the crashing thunders of the barrage. "You did not carry out my orders!"

The lieutenant stood swaying in front of him, his face deathly white.

"Herr Oberst!" He stammered and stopped. The old man's expression was demoniac.

"*So!* You are a coward!" He glanced at that near curtain of smoke, a barrier of certain death close behind them. The barrage had ceased to move forward, was waiting, mysteriously controlled, until the advancing infantry should overrun the ground it had swept. It crashed unceasingly upon the same belt of earth. "Leutnant von Waldow! Go to the rear immediately! It is an order! Obey—*this time!*"

Hofmeister understood—with a shock of horror. He glanced at Von Waldow. The lieutenant stood rigid, stared—took one deep breath, and saluted. He turned, scrambled out of the trench, and, with the gait of a blind man, walked straight into the dense smoke of the barrage.

Hofmeister shot a look at his superior as the old man sank down to sit upon a heap of mud in the trench. More than a suspicion of insanity prompted his appraisement—yet he could not dispute the justice of the condemnation just pronounced. His mind evaded the terror of it, leaped to a corollary. Thank God, the message-thrower was beside them—in working order —they could still communicate! From the ridge came fierce bursts of machine-gun fire, intermittent, then savagely prolonged—the rapid thuds of exploding bombs. The Engländers were advancing!

He threw himself down against the broken wall of the trench, gazed cautiously over the top. He saw the rough crest-line of the ridge silhouetted against a more distant thinning smoke —the smoke of the German barrage falling between it and the British trenches. Rockets and flares were shooting up, bright spots of coloured light in the grey illumination of the dawn, eloquent of marvellous human brains that could still think, control, in that whelm of fierce and sudden perils, that region of apparently certain death which his experience limned for him, just out of sight.

He thrilled, caught in the intensity of the crisis, as he stared at that crest-line yet bare of any human figures. To him, his vision imprisoned with the near fact, that skyline symbolized the whole of the Siegfried Line, that mighty barrier of defence which had arisen under the toiling arms of thousands of German

"HE SAW—WITH A SUDDEN SHOCK AND A SPASM OF BITTER RAGE—OTHER GROUPS RISE MYSTERIOUSLY FROM THE EARTH."

soldiers, under the inspiration of the idolized Hindenburg, the sublimated type of them all—the bulwark of all that had hitherto been victory, of all that was German. He agonized for the moment that should determine its fate, fiercely craving annihilation for all that was assailing it. The barrage and the counter-barrage still crashed and roared. The vehement machine-guns out of sight raved in their spiteful rapid expostulations. The thud of bombs was nearer, was repeated in quick reiteration. He saw drifting patches of smoke from their explosion leap up upon the summit of the ridge.

Between him and the crest was nothing—an untenanted waste of tumbled earth. Yes! He saw, here and there, the deep helmeted heads of German soldiers appear, just over-topping the rims of shell-craters. He saw what had seemed brown earth in a shallow shell-hole rise slightly, remain at an angle, sloping towards him. Something caught his eye—he could not define it—in a big heap of earth away to his left. He stared at it intently, gripped with expectation. It remained subtly, mysteriously remarkable—a silent heap of earth.

"*Sie kommen!*" he heard himself shout the words, not knowing that he had cried. On the ridge appeared a number of moving figures, moving down towards him. Instantly, from those shell-holes between him and them, commenced the quick, loud hammering of the machine-guns. Some of the figures dropped, but the majority continued their progress, more and yet more streaming over the summit of the ridge. They dodged, disappeared, rose again in the tumbled inequalities of the shell-torn earth. Some few ran at a slow jog-trot. The most walked ploddingly—the difficulties of progress clearly manifest. He saw—with a sudden shock and a spasm of bitter rage—other groups rise mysteriously from the earth, run towards the oncoming figures, their hands high above their heads. His hands itched for a machine-gun.

The slope was alive with the assaulting troops. They advanced in a loose formation of little groups, four groups working together. He watched them, fascinated. Each of the four groups composing the tactical unit was differently armed. One carried rifles, bayonets fixed. Another group was apparently weaponless, carried bags that he knew to contain bombs. A third bore clumsy, heavy firearms, like an old-fashioned blunderbuss. He knew them well—Lewis guns. The fourth group were rifle-bombers. All wore flat helmets. All advanced purposefully, steadily; occasionally springing in swiftly-changing attitudes of combat, effacing themselves, rushing with bomb poised or bayonet levelled as some, to him invisible, nest of Germans contested their advance. Sometimes these little episodes ended with a quick scrambling out of men with arms aloft. Sometimes the flat-helmeted men surged over the heaps of earth where the bomb-smoke drifted and there was never sign of the defenders. Aeroplanes—the "contact" machines reporting the exact progress of the attack—circled and swooped low down over the heads of the advancing troops, suddenly emerging through the clouds of smoke, planing down, shooting suddenly upward and again swerving round and down like monster

birds of carrion wheeling ere they alighted on the prey just smitten down for claws and beak to tear.

The nearest of the attackers were still some hundreds of yards distant, and still the barrage crashed and spouted, thickening the air with rolling smoke just beyond him, attendant upon their progress. He gazed, spellbound, keyed up to a fierce intensity of participation in the unequal struggle that rolled down the slope. Party after party sprang up with arms held high. He thought suddenly of the terrific strain to which they had been subjected, the horror of the night's bombardment, and all but forgave, against his conscience. They were merged, lost in the swarms of brown, flat-helmeted men.

He looked towards his left, to the big heap of earth that had already arrested his attention. There was a long, sustained, rapid hammering. Spurts of dust were leaping from the heap. It was a machine-gun nest. The weapons were now firing at full pressure from invisible loop-holes. He saw a formation of the enemy rush towards it—the four groups fling themselves down. A shower of rifle-bombs, their long sticks twirling slowly in the air, shot up in an easily-followed curve, descended upon the heap in a quick series of vicious detonations. He saw a group armed with the heavy firearms squirm round its flank, heard the rapid reports. He saw an officer pointing. Another group suddenly appeared from the other side, at the rear, stood erect, and flung small objects fast and hard. The smoke-spout and thud of the bombs jumped to eye and ear. There was a scramble of figures in the smother of fumes behind the heap—and then a rush of flat-helmeted bayonet-men. An aeroplane sailed low over the silent machine-gun post.

The attack rolled down on him with a multiplication of such incidents, more than he could watch. He realized its nearness in a flash of personal apprehension. He glanced down at the colonel. The old man sat upon the earth and laughed. He repeated a word to himself amid his laughter. Hofmeister caught it through the crashing din. "*Übermensch! Übermensch!*" The three men at the message-thrower cowered away from him, appalled.

Hofmeister glanced again at the battle, swept his eye over the whole situation. He thrilled suddenly. All his soldierly instincts leaped to supremacy, blurring his personal peril. Over to his right the attack had swarmed far ahead, was out of touch with supporting troops, its flank in the air. Necessarily, it was disorganized by its forward rush. It was the critical moment—the moment which occurs in every battle, plottered to the brain alert enough to seize and utilize it. The position of the support-battalion was suddenly vivid to him—a counter-attack now and the attack would be rolled up, hurled backwards in confusion. It was the moment! *The moment!* Thank God, the colonel was here to give the order, the message-thrower to transmit it!

He slipped down into the trench, snatched a notebook from his pocket, glanced at his map, dashed down the order as a man writes in the supreme inspiration of a flash of genius. He tore the leaf from the book, handed it, with the pencil, to the colonel for the signature. The *Unter-officier*, quick to perceive his purpose, was already charging the *minenwerfer*.

The Oberst took the order, read it—and, with a laugh of diabolical insanity, tore it up. Instinctly, Hofmeister's hand went to his pistol, in a fierce impulse to slay. He mastered himself, in a wild despair.

"Mad and damned!" shrieked the old man, in the bewildering uproar. "Mad and damned! But not so mad as you! There are enough of us in hell, Hofmeister! Enough of us—they are crowding upon me, crowding upon me!" His voice was a culminating horror in the dreadful tension of the moment. "An order—yes! Write, Hauptmann Hofmeister!—write!—write: '*The support battalion will retire!*'"

"But, Herr Oberst——!" Hofmeister cried, in an agony of expostulation, the near thud of bombs at the back of his consciousness.

Once more the old man drew himself up in the dignity of rank.

"Hauptmann Hofmeister! My father led his cavalry regiment in full charge at a stone wall! And they obeyed! A German officer does not criticize an order that he does not understand! Good or bad, he obeys it!" Hofmeister heard fierce voices in the chaos of detonations, the vicious bursts of machine-gun fire. He prayed for an end. "Hauptmann Hofmeister! I have already shown you German discipline! Write the order!"

Feeling himself swept by a kindred madness, the staff-captain obeyed. He scribbled the words. Von Förster snatched the book from him, added his signature, passed the order to the message-thrower N.C.O. A second later they heard the discharge of the *minenwerfer*, saw the bomb sail up into the air, disappear through the smoke of the barrage.

Not they alone had seen it. Hofmeister glanced to perceive an aeroplane swooping down directly upon them. It came with appalling speed, a deafening roar of its engine. Behind the blurred revolutions of its propeller he saw the wide stretch of its wings, every wire and stay photographed on his mind. It rushed at them, momentarily larger, as though to annihilate them with its collision. He saw the gleaming polish of the canoe-nose of its *nacelle*, the barrel of a machine-gun switch towards them, a goggle-covered face glance over the side. It roared upon them, fiercely cracking.

The swarms of flat-helmeted men continued to stream across the position. The barrage moved on. The first counter-attack was mysteriously delayed. When it came it hurled itself vainly against men already dug in, was made in such chaotic fashion that the absence of higher leadership was manifest.

"HOFMEISTER GLANCED TO PERCEIVE AN AEROPLANE SWOOPING DOWN DIRECTLY UPON THEM. IT CAME WITH APPALLING SPEED, A DEAFENING ROAR OF ITS ENGINE."

Three of Them.

I.

A CHAT ABOUT CHILDREN, SNAKES, AND ZEBUS.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THESE little sketches are called "Three of Them," but there are really five, on and off the stage. There is Daddy, a lumpish person with some gift for playing Indian games when he is in the mood. He is then known as "The Great Chief of the Leatherskin Tribe." Then there is my Lady Sunshine. These are the grown-ups, and don't really count. There remain the three, who need some differentiating upon paper, though their little spirits are as different in reality as spirits could be—all beautiful and all quite different. The eldest is a boy of eight whom we shall call "Laddie." If ever there was a little cavalier sent down ready-made it is he. His soul is the most gallant, unselfish, innocent thing that ever God sent out to get an extra polish upon earth. It dwells in a tall, slight, well-formed body, graceful and agile, with a head and face as clean-cut as if an old Greek cameo had come to life, and a pair of innocent and yet wise grey eyes that read and win the heart. He is shy and does not shine before strangers. I have said that he is unselfish and brave. When there is the usual wrangle about going to bed, up he gets in his sedate way. "I will go first," says he, and off he goes, the eldest, that the others may have the few extra minutes while he is in his bath. As to his courage, he is absolutely lion-hearted where he can help or defend anyone else. On one occasion Daddy lost his temper with Dimples (Boy Number 2), and, not without very good provocation, gave him a tap on the side of the head. Next instant he felt a butt down somewhere in the region of his waist-belt, and there was an angry little red face looking up at him, which turned suddenly to a brown mop of hair as the butt was repeated. No one, not even Daddy, should hit his little brother. Such was Laddie, the gentle and the fearless.

Then there is Dimples. Dimples is nearly seven, and you never saw a rounder, softer, dimplier face, with two great roguish, mischievous eyes of wood-pigeon grey, which are sparkling with fun for the most part, though they can look sad and solemn enough at times. Dimples has the making of a big man in him. He has depth and reserves in his tiny soul. But on the surface he is a boy of boys, always in innocent mischief. "I will now do mischuff," he occasionally announces, and is usually as good as his word. He has a love and understanding of all living creatures, the uglier and more slimy the better, treating them all in a tender, fairy-like fashion which seems to come from some inner knowledge. He has been found holding a buttercup under the mouth of a slug "to see if he likes butter." He finds creatures in an astonishing way. Put him in the fairest garden lawn, and presently he will approach you with a newt, a toad, or a huge snail in his custody. Nothing would ever induce him to hurt them, but he gives them what he imagines to be a little treat and then restores them to their homes. He has been known to speak bitterly to the Lady when

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she has given orders that caterpillars be killed if found upon the cabbages, and even the explanation that the caterpillars were doing the work of what he calls "the Jarmans" did not reconcile him to their fate.

He has an advantage over Laddie, in that he suffers from no trace of shyness and is perfectly friendly in an instant with anyone of every class of life, plunging straight into conversation with some such remark as "Can your Daddy give a war-whoop?" or "Were you ever chased by a bear?" He is a sunny creature but combative sometimes, when he draws down his brows, sets his eyes, his chubby cheeks flush, and his lips go back from his almond-white teeth. "I am Swankie the Berserker," says he, quoting out of his favourite "Erling the Bold," which Daddy reads aloud at bed-time. When he is in this fighting mood he can even drive back Laddie, chiefly because the elder is far too chivalrous to hurt him. If you want to see what Laddie can really do, put the small gloves on him and let him go for Daddy. Some of those hurricane rallies of his would stop Daddy grinning if they could get home, and he has to fall back off his stool in order to get away from them.

"HE HAS BEEN FOUND HOLDING A BUTTERCUP UNDER THE MOUTH OF A SLUG 'TO SEE IF HE LIKES BUTTER.'"

If that latent power of Dimples should ever come out, how will it be manifest? Surely in his imagination. Tell him a story and the boy is lost. He sits with his little round, rosy face immovable and fixed, while his eyes never budge from those of the speaker. He sucks in everything that is weird or adventurous or wild. Laddie is a rather restless soul, eager to be up and doing; but Dimples is absorbed in the present if there be something worth hearing to be heard. In height he is half a head shorter than his brother, but rather more sturdy in build. The power of his voice is one of his noticeable characteristics. If Dimples is coming you know it well in advance. With that physical gift upon the top of his audacity, and his loquacity, he fairly takes command of any place in which he may find himself, while Laddie, his soul too noble for jealousy, becomes one of the laughing and admiring audience.

Then there is Baby, a dainty elfin Dresden-china little creature of five, as fair as an angel and as deep as a well. The boys are but shallow, sparkling pools compared with this little girl with her self-repression and dainty aloofness. You know the boys, you never feel that you quite know the girl. Something very strong and forceful seems to be at the back of that wee body. Her will is tremendous. Nothing can break or even bend it. Only kind guidance and friendly reasoning can mould it. The boys are helpless if she has really made up her mind. But this is only when she asserts herself, and those are rare occasions. As a rule she sits quiet, aloof, affable, keenly alive to all that passes and yet taking no part in it save for some subtle smile or glance. And then suddenly the wonderful grey-blue eyes under the long black lashes will gleam like coy diamonds, and such a hearty little chuckle will come from her that everyone else is bound to laugh out of sympathy. She and Dimples are great allies and yet have continual lovers' quarrels. One night she would not even include his name in her prayers. "God bless ——" everyone else, but not a word of Dimples. "Come, come, you must!" urged the Lady. "Well, then, God bless horrid Dimples!" said she at last, after she had named the cat, the goat, her dolls, and her Wriggly.

That is a strange trait, the love for the Wriggly. It would repay thought from some scientific brain. It is an old, faded, disused downy from her cot. Yet go where she will, she must take Wriggly with her. All her toys put together would not console her for the absence of Wriggly. If the family go to the seaside, Wriggly must come too. She will not sleep without the absurd bundle in her arms. If she goes to a party she insists upon dragging its disreputable folds along with her, one end always projecting "to give it fresh air." Every phase of childhood represents to the philosopher something in the history of the race. From the new-born baby which can

hang easily by one hand from a broomstick with its legs drawn up under it, the whole evolution of mankind is re-enacted. You can trace clearly the cave-dweller, the hunter, the scout. What, then, does Wriggly represent? Fetish worship—nothing else. The savage chooses some most unlikely thing and adores it. This dear little savage adores her Wriggly.

So now we have our three little figures drawn as clearly as a clumsy pen can follow such subtle elusive creatures of mood and fancy. We will suppose now that it is a summer evening, that Daddy is seated smoking in his chair, that the Lady is listening somewhere near, and that the three are in a tumbled heap upon the bear-skin before the empty fireplace trying to puzzle out the little problems of their tiny lives. When three children play with a new thought it is like three kittens with a ball, one giving it a pat and another a pat, as they chase it from point to point. Daddy would interfere as little as possible, save when he was called upon to explain or to deny. It was usually wiser for him to pretend to be doing something else. Then their talk was the more natural. On this occasion, however, he was directly appealed to.

BABY.

"Daddy!" asked Dimples.

"Yes, boy."

"Do you fink that the roses know us?"

Dimples, in spite of his impish naughtiness, had a way of looking such a perfectly innocent and delightfully kissable little person that one felt he really might be a good deal nearer to the sweet secrets of Nature than his elders. However, Daddy was in a material mood.

"No, boy; how could the roses know us?"

"The big yellow rose at the corner of the gate knows *me*."

"How do you know that?"

"'Cause it nodded to me yesterday."

Laddie roared with laughter.

"That was just the wind, Dimples."

"No, it was not," said Dimples, with conviction. "There was none wind. Baby was there. Weren't you, Baby?"

"The wose knew us," said Baby, gravely.

"Beasts know us," said Laddie. "But then beasts run round and make noises. Roses don't make noises."

"Yes, they do. They rustle."

"Woses wustle," said Baby.

"That's not a living noise. That's an all-the-same noise. Different to Roy, who barks and makes different noises all the time. Fancy the roses all barkin' at you. Daddy, will you tell us about animals?"

That is one of the child stages which takes us back to the old tribe life—their inexhaustible interest in animals, some distant echo of those long nights when wild men sat round the fires and peered out into the darkness, and whispered about all the strange and deadly creatures who fought with them for the lordship of the earth. Children love caves, and they love fires and meals out of doors, and they love animal talk—all relics of the far distant past.

"What is the biggest animal in South America, Daddy?"

Daddy, wearily: "Oh, I don't know."

"I s'pose an elephant would be the biggest?"

"No, boy; there are none in South America."

"Well, then, a rhinoceros?"

"No, there are none."

"Well, what is there, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, there are jaguars. I suppose a jaguar is the biggest."

"Then it must be thirty-six feet long."

"Oh, no, boy; about eight or nine feet with his tail."

"But there are boa-constrictors in South America thirty-six feet long."

"That's different."

"Do you fink," asked Dimples, with his big, solemn, grey eyes wide open, "there was ever a boa-'stricter forty-five feet long?"

"No, dear; I never heard of one."

"Perhaps there was one, but you never heard of it. Do you fink you would have heard of a boa-'stricter forty-five feet long if there was one in South America?"

"Well, there may have been one."

"Daddy," said Laddie, carrying on the cross-examination with the intense earnestness of a child, "could a boa-constrictor swallow any small animal?"

"Yes, of course he could."

"Could he swallow a jaguar?"

"Well, I don't know about that. A jaguar is a very large animal."

"Well, then," asked Dimples, "could a jaguar swallow a boa-'stricter?"

"Silly ass," said Laddie. "If a jaguar was only nine feet long and the boa-constrictor was thirty-five feet long, then there would be a lot sticking out of the jaguar's mouth. How could he swallow that?"

"He'd bite it off," said Dimples. "And then another slice for supper and another for breakfast—but, I say, Daddy, a 'stricter couldn't swallow a porkpine, could he? He would have a sore throat all the way down."

Shrieks of laughter and a welcome rest for Daddy, who turned to his paper.

"Daddy!"

He put down his paper with an air of conscious virtue and lit his pipe.

"Well, dear?"

"What's the biggest snake you ever saw?"

"Oh, bother the snakes! I am tired of them."

But the children were never tired of them. Heredity again, for the snake was the worst enemy of arboreal man.

"Daddy made soup out of a snake," said Laddie. "Tell us about that snake, Daddy."

Children like a story best the fourth or fifth time, so it is never any use to tell them that they know all about it. The story which they can check and correct is their favourite.

"Well, dear, we got a viper and we killed it. Then we wanted the skeleton to keep and we didn't know how to get it. At first we thought we would bury it, but that seemed too slow. Then I had the idea to boil all the viper's flesh off its bones, and I got an old meat-tin and we put the viper and some water into it and put it above the fire."

"You hung it on a hook, Daddy."

"Yes, we hung it on the hook that they put the porridge pot on in Scotland. Then just as it was turning brown in came the farmer's wife, and ran up to see what we were cooking When she saw the viper she thought we were going to eat it. 'Oh, you dirty divils!' she cried, and caught up the tin in her apron and threw it out of the window."

LADDIE.

Fresh shrieks of laughter from the children, and Dimples repeated "You dirty divil!" until Daddy had to clump him playfully on the head.

"Tell us some more about snakes," cried Laddie. "Did you ever see a really dreadful snake?"

"One that would turn you black and dead you in five minutes?" said Dimples. It was always the most awful thing that appealed to Dimples.

"Yes, I have seen some beastly creatures. Once in the Sudan I was dozing on the sand when I opened my eyes and there was a horrid creature like a big slug with horns, short and thick, about a foot long, moving away in front of me."

"What was it, Daddy?" Six eager eyes were turned up to him.

"It was a death-adder. I expect that would dead you in five minutes, Dimples, if it got a bite at you."

"Did you kill it?"

"No; it was gone before I could get to it."

"Which is the horridest, Daddy—a snake or a shark?"

"I'm not very fond of either!"

"Did you ever see a man eaten by sharks?"

"No, dear, but I was not so far off being eaten myself."

"Oo!" from all three of them.

"I did a silly thing, for I swam round the ship in water where there are many sharks. As I was drying myself on the deck I saw the high fin of a shark above the water a little way off. It had heard the splashing and come up to look for me."

"Weren't you frightened, Daddy?"

"Yes. It made me feel rather cold." There was silence while Daddy saw once more the golden sand of the African beach and the snow-white roaring surf, with the long, smooth swell of the bar.

Children don't like silences.

"Daddy," said Laddie. "Do zebus bite?"

"Zebus! Why, they are cows. No, of course not."

"But a zebu could butt with its horns."

"Oh, yes, it could butt."

"Do you think a zebu could fight a crocodile?"

DIMPLES.

"Well, I should back the crocodile."

"Why?"

"Well, dear, the crocodile has great teeth and would eat the zebu."

"But suppose the zebu came up when the crocodile was not looking and butted it."

"Well, that would be one up for the zebu. But one butt wouldn't hurt a crocodile."

"No, one wouldn't, would it? But the zebu would keep on. Crocodiles live on sand-banks, don't they? Well, then, the zebu would come and live near the sand-bank too—just so far as the crocodile would never see him. Then every time the crocodile wasn't looking the zebu would butt him. Don't you think he would beat the crocodile?"

"Well, perhaps he would."

"How long do you think it would take the zebu to beat the crocodile?"

"Well, it would depend upon how often he got in his butt."

"Well, suppose he butted him once every three hours, don't you think——?"

"Oh, bother the zebu!"

"That's what the crocodile would say," cried Laddie, clapping his hands.

"Well, I agree with the crocodile," said Daddy.

"And it's time all good children were in bed," said the Lady as the glimmer of the Nurse's apron was seen in the gloom.

II.—ABOUT CRICKET.

SUPPER was going on down below and all good children should have been long ago in the land of dreams. Yet a curious noise came from above.

"What on earth——?" asked Daddy.

"Laddie practising cricket," said the Lady, with the curious clairvoyance of motherhood. "He gets out of bed to bowl. I do wish you would go up and speak seriously to him about it, for it takes quite an hour off his rest."

Daddy departed upon his mission intending to be gruff, and my word, he can be quite gruff when he likes! When he reached the top of the stairs, however, and heard the noise still continue, he walked softly down the landing and peeped in through the half-opened door.

The room was dark save for a night-light. In the dim glimmer he saw a little white-clad figure, slight and supple, taking short steps and swinging its arm in the middle of the room.

"Halloa!" said Daddy.

The white-clad figure turned and ran forward to him.

"Oh, Daddy, how jolly of you to come up!"

Daddy felt that gruffness was not quite so easy as it had seemed.

"Look here! You get into bed!" he said, with the best imitation he could manage.

"Yes, Daddy. But before I go, how is this?" He sprang forward and the arm swung round again in a swift and graceful gesture.

Daddy was a moth-eaten cricketer of sorts, and he took it in with a critical eye.

"Good, Laddie. I like a high action. That's the real Spofforth swing."

"Oh, Daddy, come and talk about cricket!" He was pulled to the side of the bed, and the white figure dived between the sheets.

"Yes; tell us about cwicket!" came a cooing voice from the corner. Dimples was sitting up in his cot.

"You naughty boy! I thought one of you was asleep, anyhow. I mustn't stay. I keep you awake."

"Who was Popoff?" cried Laddie, clutching at his father's sleeve. "Was he a very good bowler?"

"Spofforth was the best bowler that ever walked on to a cricket-field. He was the great Australian bowler and he taught us a great deal."

"Did he ever kill a dog?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. Why?"

"Because Laddie said there was a bowler so fast that his ball went frue a coat and killed a dog."

"Oh, that's an old yarn. I heard that when I was a little boy about some bowler whose name, I think, was Jackson."

"Was it a big dog?"

"No, no, son; it wasn't a dog at all."

"It was a cat," said Dimples.

"No; I tell you it never happened."

"But tell us about Spofforth," cried Laddie. Dimples, with his imaginative mind, usually wandered, while the elder came eagerly back to the point. "Was he very fast?"

"He could be very fast. I have heard cricketers who had played against him say that his yorker—that is a ball which is just short of a full pitch—was the fastest ball in England. I have myself seen his long arm swing round and the wicket go down before ever the batsman had time to ground his bat."

"Oo!" from both beds.

"He was a tall, thin man, and they called him the Fiend. That means the Devil, you know."

"And *was* he the Devil?"

"No, Dimples, no. They called him that because he did such wonderful things with the ball."

"Can the Devil do wonderful things with a ball?"

Daddy felt that he was propagating devil-worship and hastened to get to safer ground.

"Spofforth taught us how to bowl and Blackham taught us how to keep wicket. When I was young we always had another fielder, called the long-stop, who stood behind the wicket-keeper. I used to be a thick, solid boy, so they put me as long-stop, and the balls used to bounce off me, I remember, as if I had been a mattress."

Delighted laughter.

"But after Blackham came wicket-keepers had to learn that they were there to stop the ball. Even in good second-class cricket there were no more long-stops. We soon found plenty of good wicket-keeps—like Alfred Lyttelton and MacGregor—but it was Blackham who showed us how. To see Spofforth, all india-rubber and ginger, at one end bowling, and Blackham, with his black beard over the bails waiting for the ball at the other end, was worth living for, I can tell you."

Silence while the boys pondered over this. But Laddie feared Daddy would go, so he quickly got in a question. If Daddy's memory could only be kept going there was no saying how long they might keep him.

"Was there no good bowler until Spofforth came?"

"Oh, plenty, my boy. But he brought something new with him. Especially change of pace—you could never tell by his action up to the last moment whether you were going to get a ball like a flash of lightning, or one that came slow but full of devil and spin. But for mere command of the pitch of a ball I should think Alfred Shaw, of Nottingham, was the greatest bowler I can remember. It was said that he could pitch a ball twice in three times upon a half-crown!"

"Oo!" And then from Dimples:—

"Whose half-crown?"

"Well, anybody's half-crown."

"Did he get the half-crown?"

"No, no: why should he?"

"Because he put the ball on it."

"The half-crown was kept there always for people to aim at," explained Laddie.

"No, no, there never was a half-crown."

Murmurs of remonstrance from both boys.

"I only meant that he could pitch the ball on anything—a half-crown or anything else."

"Daddy," with the energy of one who has a happy idea. "Could he have pitched it on the batsman's toe?"

"Yes, boy, I think so."

"Well, then, suppose he *always* pitched it on the batsman's toe!"

Daddy laughed.

"Perhaps that is why dear old W. G. always stood with his left toe cocked up in the air."

"On one leg?"

"No, no, Dimples. With his heel down and his toe up."

"Did you know W. G., Daddy?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him quite well."

"Was he nice?"

"Yes, he was splendid. He was always like a great jolly schoolboy who was hiding behind a huge black beard."

"Whose beard?"

"I meant that he had a great bushy beard. He looked like the pirate chief in your picture-books, but he had as kind a heart as a child. I have been told that it was the terrible things in this war that really killed him. Grand old W. G.!"

"Was he the best bat in the world, Daddy?"

"Of course he was," said Daddy, beginning to enthuse to the delight of the clever little plotter in the bed. "There never was such a bat—never in the world—and I don't believe there ever could be again. He didn't play on smooth wickets, as they do now. He played where the wickets were all patchy, and you had to watch the ball right on to the bat. You couldn't look at it before it hit the ground and think, 'That's all right. I know where that one will be!' My word, that was cricket. What you got you earned."

"Did you ever see W. G. make a hundred, Daddy?"

"See him! I've fielded out for him and melted on a hot August day while he made a hundred and fifty. There's a pound or two of your Daddy somewhere on that field yet. But I loved to see it, and I was always sorry when he got out for nothing, even if I were playing against him."

"Did he ever get out for nothing?"

"Yes, dear; the first time I ever played in his company he was given out leg-before-wicket before he made a run. And all the way to the pavilion—that's where people go when they are out—he was walking forward but his big black beard was backward over his shoulder as he told the umpire what he thought."

"And what *did* he think?"

"More than I can tell you, Dimples. But I dare say he was right to be annoyed, for it was a left-handed bowler, bowling round the wicket, and it is very hard to get leg-before to that. However, that's all Greek to you."

"What's Gweek?"

"Well, I mean you can't understand that. Now I am going."

"No, no, Daddy; wait a moment! Tell us about Bonner and the big catch."

"Oh, you know about that!"

Two little coaxing voices came out of the darkness.

"Oh, please! Please!"

"I don't know what your mother will say! What was it you asked?"

"Bonner!"

"Ah, Bonner!" Daddy looked out in the gloom and saw green fields and golden sunlight, and great sportsmen long gone to their rest. "Bonner was a wonderful man. He was a giant in size."

"As big as you, Daddy?"

Daddy seized his elder boy and shook him playfully. "I heard what you said to Miss Cregan the other day. When she asked you what an acre was you said 'About the size of Daddy.'"

Both boys gurgled.

"But Bonner was five inches taller than I. He was a giant, I tell you."

"Did nobody kill him?"

"No, no, Dimples. Not a story-book giant. But a great, strong man. He had a splendid figure and blue eyes and a golden beard, and altogether he was the finest man I have ever seen—except perhaps one."

"Who was the one, Daddy?"

"Well, it was the Emperor Frederick of Germany."

"A Jarman!" cried Dimples, in horror.

"Yes, a German. Mind you, boys, a man may be a very noble man and be a German—though what has become of the noble ones these last three years is more than I can guess. But Frederick was noble and good, as you could see on his face. How he ever came to be the father of such a blasphemous braggart"—Daddy sank into reverie.

"Bonner, Daddy!" said Laddie, and Daddy came back from politics with a start.

"Oh, yes, Bonner. Bonner in white flannels on the green sward with an English

June sun upon him. That was a picture of a man! But you asked me about the catch. It was in a test match at the Oval—England against Australia. Bonner said before he went in that he would hit Alfred Shaw into the next county, and he set out to do it. Shaw, as I have told you, could keep a very good length, so for some time Bonner could not get the ball he wanted, but at last he saw his chance, and he jumped out and hit that ball the most awful ker-wallop that ever was seen in a cricket-field."

"Oo!" from both boys, and then: "Did it go into the next county, Daddy?" from Dimples.

"Well, I'm telling you!" said Daddy, who was always testy when one of his stories was interrupted. "Bonner thought he had made the ball a half-volley—that is the best ball to hit—but Shaw had deceived him and the ball was really on the short side. So when Bonner hit it, up and up it went, until it looked as if it were going out of sight into the sky."

"Oo!"

"At first everybody thought it was going far outside the ground. But soon they saw that all the giant's strength had been wasted in hitting the ball so high, and that there was a chance that it would fall within the ropes. The batsmen had run three runs and it was still in the air. Then it was seen that an English fielder was standing on the very edge of the field with his back on the ropes, a white figure against the black line of the people. He stood watching the mighty curve of the ball, and twice he raised his hands together above his head as he did so. Then a third time he raised his hands above his head, and the ball was in them and Bonner was out."

"Why did he raise his hands twice?"

"I don't know. He did so."

"And who was the fielder, Daddy?"

"The fielder was G. F. Grace, the younger brother of W. G. Only a few months afterwards he was a dead man. But he had one grand moment in his life, with twenty thousand people all just mad with excitement. Poor G. F.! He died too soon."

"Did you ever catch a catch like that, Daddy?"

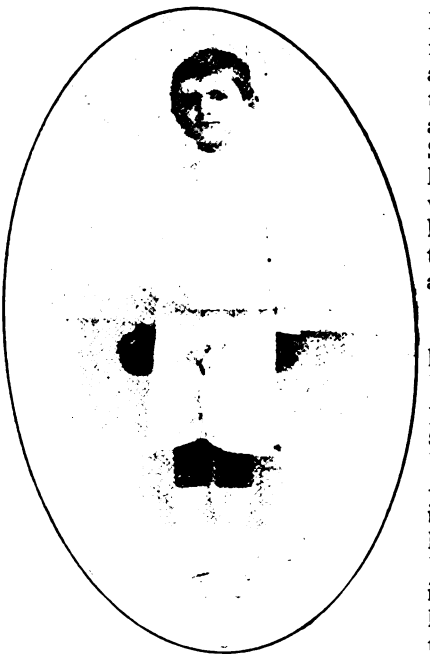
"No, boy. I was never a particularly good fielder."

"Did you never catch a good catch?"

"Well, I won't say that. You see, the best catches are very often flukes, and I remember one awful fluke of that sort."

"Do tell us, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, I was fielding at slip. That is very near the wicket, you know. Woodcock was bowling, and he had the name of being the fastest bowler of England at that time. It was just the beginning of the match and the ball was quite red. Suddenly I saw something like a red flash and there was the ball stuck in my left hand. I had not time to move it. It simply came and stuck."



LADDIE READY TO BOWL.

"Oo!"

"I saw another catch like that. It was done by Ulyett, a fine Yorkshire player—such a big, upstanding fellow. He was bowling, and the batsman—it was an Australian in a test match—hit as hard as ever he could. Ulyett could not have seen it, but he just stuck out his hand and there was the ball."

"Suppose it had hit his body?"

"Well, it would have hurt him."

"Would he have cried?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. That is what games are for, to teach you to take a knock and never show it. Supposing that——"

A step was heard coming along the passage.

"Good gracious, boys, here's Mumty. Shut your eyes this moment. It's all right, dear. I spoke to them very severely and I think they are nearly asleep."

"What have you been talking about?" asked the Lady.

"Cwicket!" cried Dimples.

"It's natural enough," said Daddy; "of course when two boys——"

"Three," said the Lady, as she tucked up the little beds.

[*Two other Child Studies on "Speculation" and on "Indians" will follow.*]

APRIL FOOLS.

By
OWEN OLIVER.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

APRIL SMITH rose early upon All Fools' Day, washed in the bathroom before the water was warm, and ran downstairs in her dressing-gown to make April fools of the cook and housemaid. When the cook had ascertained that the cat was *not* in the larder, and the housemaid had countermanded her telephone message for the fire-engine, as the chimney was *not* on fire, April ran upstairs again and laughed joyfully at herself while she did her hair. She had several reasons for joyfulness. In the first place, it was her birthday—appropriately her father often told her, and most people agreed with him. In the second place, it was a privileged occasion for such pranks as she loved. She had been an imp of mischief from her babyhood upwards. In the third place, it was a sunny morning and she felt very sunny herself, and very pleased with her thoughts. They were principally of one Robert Johnson, who figured at the tail-end of Deedes, Gray, and Johnson, solicitors. He was a grave-looking young lawyer, who had bought his partnership and settled in her town three months before. About three weeks previously he had begun to get over his gravity when he talked to April, and to smile openly instead of just twinkling his eyes, and even to tease her a little in retaliation. Three days previously he had made distinct overtures. He had asked her to go on the river that very afternoon, and she had made mother invite him to her birthday high-tea in the evening. She thought it would be great fun to show the other girls that she had a grown-up admirer. At least that was the ostensible thought; but she found herself thinking of the admirer and forgetting the girls.

"Mind you don't make an April fool of yourself, my dear child!" she admonished the merry face in the mirror. "Perhaps he doesn't mean anything. But I believe he does!"

When her toilet was complete she raced to the parental bedroom to tell her mother that cook had packed up her clothes and gone; and enticed her father from the dressing-room with a half-lathered face on the ground that the boiler had burst. She put on a coat and hat—the saucy one with the red cockade—and went out before they had found the cook and the boiler still performing their duties—the boiler uncomplainingly, the cook grumbling that "Miss Hapril was a himp!" She almost danced along the road, she was so pleased with the mischief done and to come. The mischief to come pleased her most. She intended to make an April fool of that crusty old plutocrat, Uncle William, whose grumpy word was law to all his relatives, except her reckless self. It was not that she bore the old gentleman any ill-

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will—in fact she liked him, which few of his other relatives did—but she knew how he would splutter!

She arrived at his house before nine o'clock, but he was already in the garden, fussing about among his rose-trees. He frowned ferociously at her.

"You limb of mischief!" he grunted. "You needn't tell me it's your nineteenth birthday. I know it is. It couldn't be any other day! But it's no use thinking you'll get anything out of me. I don't give presents to impudent hussies!"

"Oh, Uncle William!" she protested, with an injured air. "I didn't come about that! I was just passing and I saw something you ought to know, that someone has chalked a horrible caricature of you on the black shed; on the side in the road, you know. You can see it from miles away. I can't tell you what they've written under it. It's too dreadful! They ought to be put in prison!"

Uncle William roared like a bull and rushed through the side gate to inspect the insult. He found no drawing, but there was writing, "*April 1st.*" He had no difficulty in guessing the misdoer.

He stood regarding the inscription for some seconds, during which his niece thought that he seemed to swell. Then he walked back slowly to the garden and pointed to chalk marks on her hands and dress.

"Well," he said, in a tone like suppressed thunder, "you have made an April fool of me. Now I will make one of you. I shall send for Johnson to strike you out of my will this morning."

"Oh, well!" April tossed her head. "If you can't take a bit of fun, *I* don't care. Anyhow, you can't say I've ever run after you for your money like some of them."

She flounced off as far as the gate, then she came back smiling rather doubtfully.

"Look here, uncle," she said. "I don't grumble at being made an April fool of; but when you've done it, we'll be square, won't we? So you can wish me many happy returns; and my wisdom doubled every year." She laughed at that.

"If the money spent on your education hadn't been wasted," he growled, "you'd know that twice naught is nothing." He looked at the laughing face without any outward sign of relenting. "Very well," he agreed, at last. "After I've altered the will—I hope it will be a lesson to you—we'll be square; and I'll say no more about it, if you don't; and if you call in this afternoon I'll give you your birthday present. None of the family have much sense; but as for you——! You're a born April fool!"

"Then you can't make me one!" she claimed. "You were born sensible. So I can. Good-bye, uncle."

"I'm not your uncle," he snapped. "I disown you entirely—until the will's altered."

"Then you will be!" she assured him, cheerfully. "Good-bye!"

She ran off and he walked round to the back door and sent the gardener to tell Mr. Johnson to come at once, as he had some important legal business.

Meanwhile April returned home to breakfast and a lecture from her parents. It was time that she had a little sense, her mother thought, and her father was emphatically in agreement.

"Some of these times, my girl," he warned her, "you'll make an April fool of yourself. Oh, yes! I know you can coax me. I don't mind for myself, though I expect I shall have a fine to pay for calling out the fire-engine. It's *you* I'm concerned about. One of your pranks will rebound on yourself some time, April. You'll offend someone you don't want to, or cause harm that you don't dream of. You really mustn't be such a little donkey now you're grown up. Think it over, kid, and see if you can't sober down just a trifle."

"Ye-es," she agreed. "I didn't choose my birthday, you know, daddy."

She walked to the station with father, and did some shopping for mother on the way back, When she arrived home, she found two notes awaiting her. One was from Uncle William, She read that in the hall. It stated briefly that he had squared their little account by the alteration of his will, and that the birthday present was now at her service. She ran upstairs to her bedroom to read the other note. It was addressed in a neat, masculine hand, which she had not seen before. She thought she could guess the writer.

She found that she had guessed correctly. It was from Mr. Johnson. He regretted deeply that he could not have the pleasure of going on the river that afternoon, or of coming to tea. He had very urgent and important business to attend to. In fact, he was thinking of leaving the town and setting up in business elsewhere.

April started when she saw herself in the looking-glass just after reading the note for the second time. The pale, set-faced girl seemed a stranger to her.

"Well," she said to herself, presently, "*I* am the April fool!" She surveyed herself in the mirror, put a hairpin right, straightened her kiss-curl, and adjusted the collar of her blouse; doing it all very mechanically. "He thought I should have money from Uncle William; and now he has altered the will for him and finds that I sha'n't! I won't be a fool to myself and say I didn't care for him. I did. But I won't. You can't go on caring for a *cad!*" She saw a small tear trickle down each cheek of the pale face in the glass; and wiped her own face quickly. "Don't be an idiot!" she muttered. "You little April fool! You ought to be glad to have found him out in time. Just think if he had married you for your money! *Beast!* I *won't* care!"

She seemed her usual lively self all the rest of the morning, and showed no concern when she told her mother of her altered arrangements for the afternoon.

"I'm not going on the river with that solemn old owl, after all," she said. "He has some

urgent business. I'm jolly glad of it! He's too sensible or I'm too silly. I don't know which!"

"I do, April." Her mother sighed. "He's really a very nice fellow, I think."

"What care I how nice he be, if he be not nice to me!" April sang.

"He is nice to you, April," her mother insisted. "In fact—well, I don't want to put old thoughts into your dreadfully young head, but I've always hoped you'd like someone of his sort, who would be a counterpoise to your wildness. I don't mean Mr. Johnson in particular, except that he's the only man of that stamp you've ever taken any notice of. Of course if you don't care for him, you don't, but——"

"And, of course, if I am an April fool, I am!" April interrupted. "Oh, well! I'll begin to grow sensible now I'm in my twentieth year. I'll start being quite serious to-morrow—if I feel like it."

"You won't feel like it," her mother prophesied, "I'm afraid."

But April was afraid that she would.

She went for a walk in the afternoon, and decided to call upon Uncle William. It was good of him to square off her enormity, she felt, and she did not want to leave his feelings ruffled,

On the way she saw Mr. Johnson. He was on the other side of the road, and did not even attempt to cross to her and apologize. She gave him no encouragement certainly; but he was not the sort of man to wait for that, if he wanted to come. She could not help a little twisty feeling inside now.

"Oh!" she reproached herself. "You fool, April! You April fool!" She gave him a careless nod and hurried on.

Uncle William was in the library reclining in the arm-chair with one foot on a stool. He had attacks of gout occasionally, and no relative but April ever dared to call them "gout." He stared at her over his spectacles when she appeared.

"All square, uncle!" she cried, brightly.

"All square, April," he said. "Many happy returns; and your wisdom doubled every month; if there's a little wisdom to double."

"That's the difficulty," she confessed. "If only I could get the capital to begin with. How *do* you get wisdom, uncle?"

"By getting into trouble," he stated, grimly. "Wisdom is like wisdom-teeth: a nuisance from beginning to end. It hurts when it comes, and it hurts when it's there, and it hurts when it goes. You don't want wisdom before you cut the teeth; but you do need a little common sense. Well, here's your birthday present."

He produced a couple of chain bracelets—dainty gold chains, with in-betweens of pearl; the most attractive recognition that April had ever known him to make of anyone's birthday. It occurred to her that he had chosen them to prove that he bore no malice; and since she was very ready to be touched by kindness at the moment, the tears came very near her eyes.

"Uncle William!" she cried. "Oh! You're a *dear!*" She kissed him suddenly, although he always refused embraces. "They're coals of fire!" she protested, holding up her wrists after she had put the bracelets on them. "I wish I hadn't done it!" The tears were right in her eyes now.

"Tut, tut!" he grunted. "You forget that we're square. I kept my word and made Johnson alter the will this morning, as I said I should. We're square."

"We were," April corrected; "but now you've given me these. They start a new account, uncle, and we aren't a bit square. I owe you a lot of niceness. I know I am very silly, but I don't mean to be nasty. Does your foot hurt, uncle? Let me get a cushion. It's such a horrid hard old stool."

She rushed for a cushion and brought it to him.

"Mind how you lift it," he roared, as she approached the aching foot. "Gently, child, gently! Ur-r-r-r! That's better. I wouldn't complain of the gout, if I'd earned it; but there's no satisfaction or credit in having a bad foot because your father's grandfather drank good port, or in being made an April fool because your sister's daughter was born one—ur-r-r!"

"I think I shall grow very serious now," she remarked, sitting down opposite to the old man. "I'm in my twentieth year, so I ought to be cutting my wisdom. I expect I am."

She looked straight in front of her; and Uncle William looked straight at her for a long time. Uncle William saw a great deal, the family often remarked, especially if it was something which he was not meant to see.

"Cutting your wisdom, eh?" he remarked, presently; and then with a snap: "Is it hurting?" he demanded.

April blushed and bit her lips.

"I didn't mean anything in particular," she protested.

"Umph!" Uncle William grunted. "Shift the cushion a bit, child. It's too humpy under the foot. Ur-r-r! Be careful. That's right. Is my will the trouble, child?"

"No, uncle," she assured him. "It isn't that. I don't think I care about money. I expect I'm not sensible enough to!"

"I expect not! That isn't the wisdom-tooth one cuts at your age; not the one *I* cut, anyhow." He grunted. "A girl threw me over. She wasn't worth having; but I thought she was. Well, I got over it; but I cut *that* wisdom-tooth with inflammation, as the old women say! That's the sort of tooth you cut at nineteen!"

April put her hand on his arm gently.

"Poor old uncle," she said. "I—I've cut that tooth, too!"

"Eh?" he cried, sharply. "Eh? Since this morning?" April said nothing. "Can't you answer a plain question, girl?"

"I don't want to talk about it, uncle," she pleaded. "I didn't mean anyone to know; but when you spoke about yourself, it just slipped out. Would you like me to move your foot again?"

"No," he refused, crustily. "You've monkeyed enough with my foot. Don't monkey with yourself. You're an extraordinarily silly child, and I dare say you're being extraordinarily silly over your love affair, as I suppose you call it." He snorted. "Don't you think you'd better tell me, and see if I can stop you making an April fool of yourself? What's the tiff about?"

"It isn't a tiff," she answered, slowly. "There was nothing really. I don't care."

"Then you haven't cut the tooth," Uncle William denied. "It hurts enough to make you care, always."

"Well, I do care a little. He asked me to go on the river this afternoon—and he wrote and excused himself. That's all!"

"April!" Uncle William began. "You *are* a——"

"I'm not!" she interrupted. "I'm not! I know why he did it; because you had struck me out of your will, and he only wanted me for the money he thought I'd get."

"Eh?" Uncle William sat upright and let his gouty foot slide off the chair without a groan. "*Eh?*"

"It's true," April asserted. "He's a cad, of course."

"Why were you such an idiot as to tell him about it?" Uncle William wanted to know. "I suppose you began by boasting that you had made a fool of me?"

"I didn't!" she denied. "And I didn't say a word to anyone about the will, either."

"Then how in the name of goodness could he know?" Uncle William demanded.

"If you must know, it was the man who had to alter it," said April.

Uncle William blew out his cheeks and puffed.

"Johnson?" he asked.

"Yes," said April.

"He's ten years older than you at least."

"I dare say."

"And he'd been making up to you?"

"Yes. I thought so."

"And you like him?"

"I hate him!" April cried. She blinked; and to her astonishment she found Uncle William's big hand on her shoulder.

"We'll get a wisdom-tooth through, my dear," he said, "this afternoon. You showed me this morning that if you were good friends with me it wouldn't be for my money. That's all the rest of them care for. So I altered my will—and left the lot to you! I suppose Johnson was man enough to think he mustn't try to win a girl of nineteen who was my heiress."

April gasped several times; then suddenly kissed her uncle's hand.

"Send for him," she whispered, "and tell him to take me out of the will again! You see—the wisdom-tooth you've helped through isn't the money one!"

"It's the one you have out after you've been married about a year," he growled; and then he did an unprecedented thing—kissed his niece! "You've made an April fool of me

"'MIND HOW YOU LIFT IT!' HE ROARED, AS SHE APPROACHED THE ACHING FOOT."

again!" he grunted, and hobbled over to his telephone.

"Five-two-seven," he called. "I want to speak to Mr. Johnson. No. He *won't* do. Why do you suppose I say Johnson if I mean Fiddle-de-dee or whatever you said his name was? Don't argue with me, young man. Ask Mr. Johnson to come to the 'phone. Is that you, Johnson? I've changed my mind about that will I made this morning. I suppose, if I tear it up, the previous one will hold good? Very well. I'm tearing it up. Sudden? What the—— What's that to do with you? If you're so curious, I'll tell you. The impudent little hussy has been here and made an April fool of me. Eh? What? I've made one of you, have I? Nonsense. I shall pay you for your work; but let me tell you it's the last will you'll do for me!" The old man banged the receiver on the arm and turned to April.

"It is," he said. "I'm going to put up with you. I sha'n't tear up this morning's will whatever you do. I fancy that's the best way to keep you in order. You'll feel in honour bound to behave decently to me now! Now run off home to your party. If he's worth his salt he'll be there, and you'll be able to make him a proper April fool!"

Mr. Johnson *was* there. He found that he could do some of the urgent work late in the evening, he explained; and he so very much wanted to be at April's birthday party. He brought an enormous box of chocolates and a quantity of choice roses. She put one at her neck and one in his buttonhole, and made him help to arrange the others, because there was no one else to assist. He had mistaken the time (so he said) and was twenty minutes before the other guests.

"HE BROUGHT AN ENORMOUS BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND A QUANTITY OF CHOICE ROSES."

"I was so disappointed about this afternoon, April," he apologized. "I wanted to take you very much." There was no mistaking his earnestness.

"Did you?" She smiled up at him. "I am glad, because—I thought perhaps you were only making an April fool of me!"

"Oh, April!" he protested.

"I was, I thought, because—I wanted you to want me to come." She smiled up at him again.

"April?" he begged. "I want you so much; *so* much, April. Will you come to me for always?"

"If you don't think I'm too silly!" she whispered, with her head on his shoulder.

"I have made an April fool of him," she explained, when her mother came in. (There was obvious need of explanation.) "At least I got Uncle William to! Oh, yes! You may stare, Bob, but you can't get out of it now. He wasn't going to have any more to do with me, because he put me down for uncle's heiress in a will this morning. That was why he cried off this afternoon. Silly thing! I wasn't going to have such a trifle as money upset everything. So I made uncle tell him that he'd torn it up; but he hadn't, and he says he isn't going to!" She laughed delightedly. "April fool, Bob!" she cried.

"Dear little girl!" he protested. "I'm afraid it's you!"

"It seems to me," her mother suggested, "that it's both of you. May it turn out the wisest folly of your lives!"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

BEE-LINES.

An Article on the True Positions of Commonly-Known Places.

By E. TRACEY ARCHER.

SOME people are map-maniacs. I am one of them. My object in writing this article is to spread the infection. The disease is not dangerous. A mild attack cannot possibly hurt you, and may even do you good. I shall not detain you longer than a few minutes. When I have finished, you will begin to see that there is method—and mirth—in map-madness. Many less pleasant ways of making the time pass profitably might easily be imagined.

Figure 1 is the key to a problem with which you may puzzle your friends. Ask them: "How many B's are there a hundred miles from London?"

When they "give it up," look at them with a smile, and say: "I mean towns whose names begin with B—Bombay, for instance—or Berlin!"

Draw a circle roughly one hundred miles round London, and you will find that it cuts through Bristol, Birmingham, Boston, and Beccles. Bournemouth and Boulogne are slightly within the radius. Brighton, unfortunately, is less than half-way, and to complete our magic circle there should be a Big Island in the North Sea one hundred miles due east of London. But never mind.

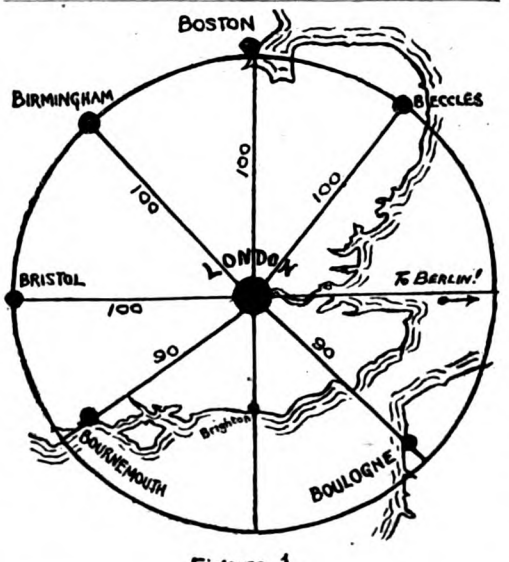


Figure 1.

If any lady or gentleman friend of yours wants to start an argument about the exact distances of these towns on the map, tell him or her that anything within ten miles is near enough for our purpose.

You now know that from London to Birmingham—and all those other places—is roughly one hundred miles. We will use that distance as a standard, and call it "B."

Twice "B" is the distance from London to Blackpool, Bangor, Bodmin, Brussels, Antwerp, or Paris. (See Figure 2.)

Ask somebody—anybody—"Which is nearer: Blackpool in Lancashire, or Brussels

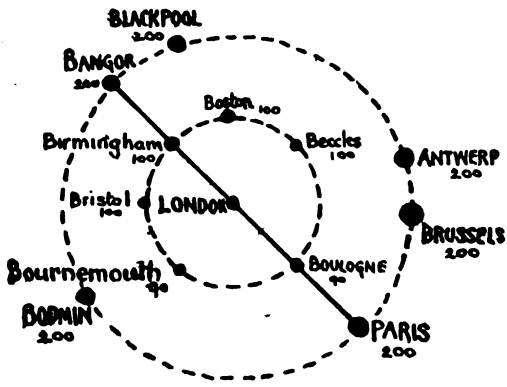


Figure 2.

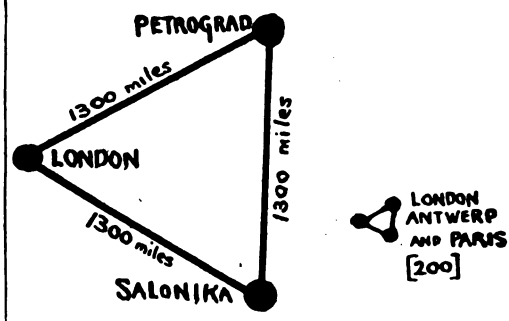


Figure 4.

in Belgium?" You can bet in nine cases out of ten that the answer will be: "Don't bother me with silly questions!"

Very few people have any idea of distance beyond the length of their own garden.

When it comes to hundreds of miles—and thousands—they get in a hopeless muddle, and tell you to go to Jericho. You can always catch them then with the neat retort: "Tell me how far it is, and I'll go at once!"

How many miles is it really to Jericho? Five thousand? Four thousand? Oh, dear, no! Only two thousand two hundred, and you can remember this easily, because it is just the same as the distance to Timbuctoo!

To Timbuctoo or Jericho
Is twice as far as "Gib.," you know.

(See Figure 3.)

The London-Jericho bee-line cuts through Serbia just half-way.

Now here is a very curious thing (Figure 4), what Euclid calls an equilateral triangle, and each side of it is thirteen hundred miles long.

Figure 3

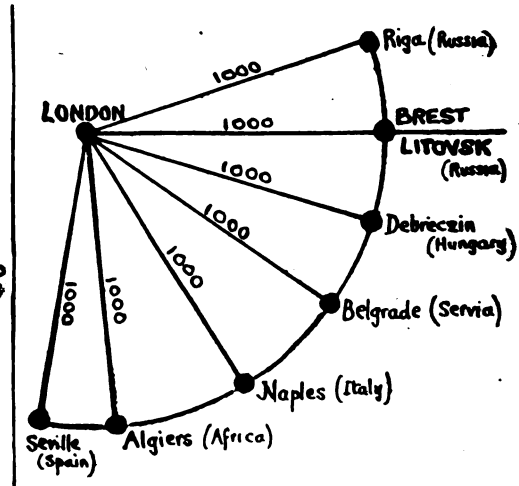


Figure 5

Thirteen times "B," remember — thirteen journeys to Birmingham.

Nearly the whole of Germany and Austria are inside that triangle.

London, Antwerp, and Paris make another triangle, similar to the above, but only two

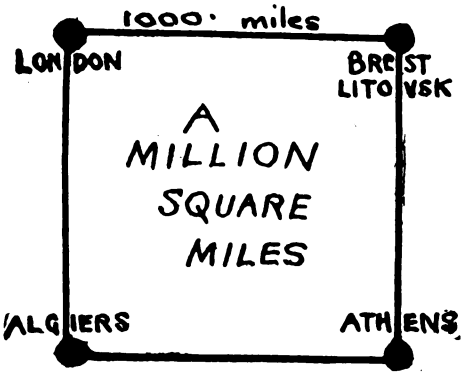


Figure 6.

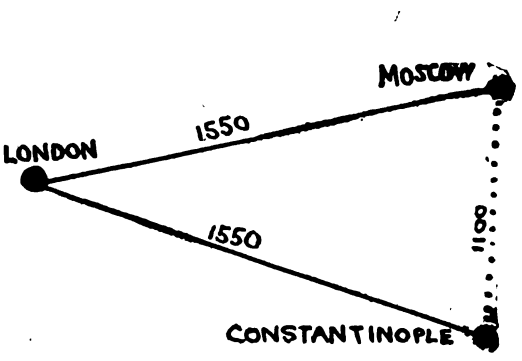


Figure 7.

hundred miles long (twice "B"). London, Antwerp, Paris—L.A.P. It's a long lap, isn't it?

See Figure 5. Looks like a fan, doesn't it?

Can you imagine a thousand miles? Ten times "B," you know. Brighton to Inverness and back again—by aeroplane, not by rail—just makes the distance.

Let us try southwards: A bee-line of one thousand miles will take you to Seville, in Sunny Spain; or to Algiers—the nearest point of Africa; or to Naples; or to Belgrade, in Serbia, nearly; or to Debreczin, in the middle of Hungary; or to the Gulf of Riga, where the Germans tried to bottle up the Russian fleet.

All these places are one thousand miles from the Bank of England, or the British Museum, or Bond Street—roughly—and there's one place that nobody ever heard of before the war, but everybody knows now, and it's the biggest B of them all—Brest Litovsk! —one thousand miles almost due east from Billingsgate in a bee-line.

We shall get a grip of that ten "B" distance presently.

Make a square across the centre of Europe. You can't draw it because you haven't a ruler long enough, but imagine it—one thousand miles each way, like our Figure 6.

Athens is a bit farther out, really (only about one hundred miles—a mere trifle). There you have a million square miles, a space twenty times the size of England.

You can put a square like that right inside Russia, and Moscow—the old capital—will be practically in the centre.

Moscow, by the by, is due east of Edinburgh, and one thousand five hundred and fifty miles from the Scottish capital or from London. From London to Constantinople is the same distance.

"It's a long way to Tipperary!" Well, yes; for a tortoise. But it isn't so far from the Tottenham Court Road. Just three hundred and forty miles—as far as Glasgow.

Now get out your atlas, and see what you can find for yourself!

FIFTY-SEVEN CHESS PROBLEMS!

By T. B. ROWLAND.

THE position shown at the top of the next page is so far extraordinary that it can be placed anywhere on the chessboard and then, with the addition of the White queen and king, form a problem that can be solved from any side of the board—that is, you play from the side facing you as you would from White's side. Set as it is shown the number of different unoccupied squares on which the White king and queen can be placed is fifty-seven each. These numbers multiplied one by the other produce three thousand two hundred and forty-nine—the number of changes that can be made, and, as the position can be solved from any side, we get twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-six changes, each being a problem.

"No, no, there never was a half-crown."

Murmurs of remonstrance from both boys.

"I only meant that he could pitch the ball on anything—a half-crown or anything else."

"Daddy," with the energy of one who has a happy idea. "Could he have pitched it on the batsman's toe?"

"Yes, boy, I think so."

"Well, then, suppose he *always* pitched it on the batsman's toe!"

Daddy laughed.

"Perhaps that is why dear old W. G. always stood with his left toe cocked up in the air."

"On one leg?"

"No, no, Dimples. With his heel down and his toe up."

"Did you know W. G., Daddy?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him quite well."

"Was he nice?"

"Yes, he was splendid. He was always like a great jolly schoolboy who was hiding behind a huge black beard."

"Whose beard?"

"I meant that he had a great bushy beard. He looked like the pirate chief in your picture-books, but he had as kind a heart as a child. I have been told that it was the terrible things in this war that really killed him. Grand old W. G.!"

"Was he the best bat in the world, Daddy?"

"Of course he was," said Daddy, beginning to enthuse to the delight of the clever little plotter in the bed. "There never was such a bat—never in the world—and I don't believe there ever could be again. He didn't play on smooth wickets, as they do now. He played where the wickets were all patchy, and you had to watch the ball right on to the bat. You couldn't look at it before it hit the ground and think, 'That's all right. I know where that one will be!' My word, that was cricket. What you got you earned."

"Did you ever see W. G. make a hundred, Daddy?"

"See him! I've fielded out for him and melted on a hot August day while he made a hundred and fifty. There's a pound or two of your Daddy somewhere on that field yet. But I loved to see it, and I was always sorry when he got out for nothing, even if I were playing against him."

"Did he ever get out for nothing?"

"Yes, dear; the first time I ever played in his company he was given out leg-before-wicket before he made a run. And all the way to the pavilion—that's where people go when they are out—he was walking forward but his big black beard was backward over his shoulder as he told the umpire what he thought."

"And what *did* he think?"

"More than I can tell you, Dimples. But I dare say he was right to be annoyed, for it was a left-handed bowler, bowling round the wicket, and it is very hard to get leg-before to that. However, that's all Greek to you."

"What's Gweek?"

"Well, I mean you can't understand that. Now I am going."

"No, no, Daddy; wait a moment! Tell us about Bonner and the big catch."

"Oh, you know about that!"

Two little coaxing voices came out of the darkness.

"Oh, please! Please!"

"I don't know what your mother will say! What was it you asked?"

"Bonner!"

"Ah, Bonner!" Daddy looked out in the gloom and saw green fields and golden sunlight, and great sportsmen long gone to their rest. "Bonner was a wonderful man. He was a giant in size."

"As big as you, Daddy?"

Daddy seized his elder boy and shook him playfully. "I heard what you said to Miss Cregan the other day. When she asked you what an acre was you said 'About the size of Daddy.'"

Both boys gurgled.

"But Bonner was five inches taller than I. He was a giant, I tell you."

"Did nobody kill him?"

"No, no, Dimples. Not a story-book giant. But a great, strong man. He had a splendid figure and blue eyes and a golden beard, and altogether he was the finest man I have ever seen—except perhaps one."

"Who was the one, Daddy?"

"Well, it was the Emperor Frederick of Germany."

"A Jarman!" cried Dimples, in horror.

"Yes, a German. Mind you, boys, a man may be a very noble man and be a German—though what has become of the noble ones these last three years is more than I can guess. But Frederick was noble and good, as you could see on his face. How he ever came to be the father of such a blasphemous braggart"—Daddy sank into reverie.

"Bonner, Daddy!" said Laddie, and Daddy came back from politics with a start.

"Oh, yes, Bonner. Bonner in white flannels on the green sward with an English

June sun upon him. That was a picture of a man! But you asked me about the catch. It was in a test match at the Oval—England against Australia. Bonner said before he went in that he would hit Alfred Shaw into the next county, and he set out to do it. Shaw, as I have told you, could keep a very good length, so for some time Bonner could not get the ball he wanted, but at last he saw his chance, and he jumped out and hit that ball the most awful ker-wallop that ever was seen in a cricket-field."

"Oo!" from both boys, and then: "Did it go into the next county, Daddy?" from Dimples.

"Well, I'm telling you!" said Daddy, who was always testy when one of his stories was interrupted. "Bonner thought he had made the ball a half-volley—that is the best ball to hit—but Shaw had deceived him and the ball was really on the short side. So when Bonner hit it, up and up it went, until it looked as if it were going out of sight into the sky."

"Oo!"

"At first everybody thought it was going far outside the ground. But soon they saw that all the giant's strength had been wasted in hitting the ball so high, and that there was a chance that it would fall within the ropes. The batsmen had run three runs and it was still in the air. Then it was seen that an English fielder was standing on the very edge of the field with his back on the ropes, a white figure against the black line of the people. He stood watching the mighty curve of the ball, and twice he raised his hands together above his head as he did so. Then a third time he raised his hands above his head, and the ball was in them and Bonner was out."

"Why did he raise his hands twice?"

"I don't know. He did so."

"And who was the fielder, Daddy?"

"The fielder was G. F. Grace, the younger brother of W. G. Only a few months afterwards he was a dead man. But he had one grand moment in his life, with twenty thousand people all just mad with excitement. Poor G. F.! He died too soon."

"Did you ever catch a catch like that, Daddy?"

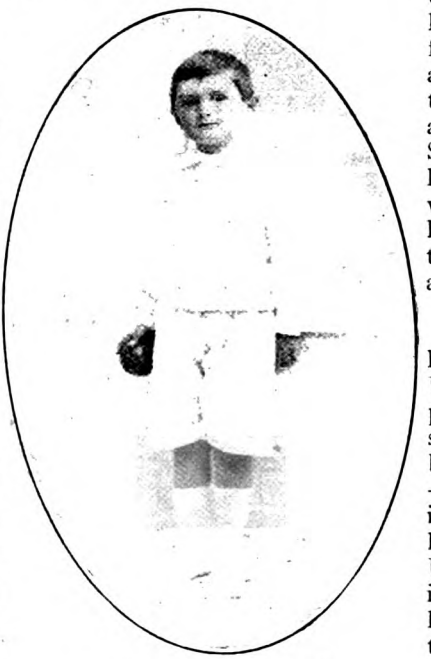
"No, boy. I was never a particularly good fielder."

"Did you never catch a good catch?"

"Well, I won't say that. You see, the best catches are very often flukes, and I remember one awful fluke of that sort."

"Do tell us, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, I was fielding at slip. That is very near the wicket, you know. Woodcock was bowling, and he had the name of being the fastest bowler of England at that time. It was just the beginning of the match and the ball was quite red. Suddenly I saw something like a red flash and there was the ball stuck in my left hand. I had not time to move it. It simply came and stuck."



LADDIE READY TO BOWL.

"Oo!"

"I saw another catch like that. It was done by Ulyett, a fine Yorkshire player—such a big, upstanding fellow. He was bowling, and the batsman—it was an Australian in a test match—hit as hard as ever he could. Ulyett could not have seen it, but he just stuck out his hand and there was the ball."

"Suppose it had hit his body?"

"Well, it would have hurt him."

"Would he have cried?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. That is what games are for, to teach you to take a knock and never show it. Supposing that——"

A step was heard coming along the passage.

"Good gracious, boys, here's Mumty. Shut your eyes this moment. It's all right, dear. I spoke to them very severely and I think they are nearly asleep."

"What have you been talking about?" asked the Lady.

"Cwicket!" cried Dimples.

"It's natural enough," said Daddy; "of course when two boys——"

"Three," said the Lady, as she tucked up the little beds.

[*Two other Child Studies on "Speculation" and on "Indians" will follow.*]

APRIL FOOLS.

By
OWEN OLIVER.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

APRIL SMITH rose early upon All Fools' Day, washed in the bathroom before the water was warm, and ran downstairs in her dressing-gown to make April fools of the cook and housemaid. When the cook had ascertained that the cat was *not* in the larder, and the housemaid had countermanded her telephone message for the fire-engine, as the chimney was *not* on fire, April ran upstairs again and laughed joyfully at herself while she did her hair. She had several reasons for joyfulness. In the first place, it was her birthday—appropriately her father often told her, and most people agreed with him. In the second place, it was a privileged occasion for such pranks as she loved. She had been an imp of mischief from her babyhood upwards. In the third place, it was a sunny morning and she felt very sunny herself, and very pleased with her thoughts. They were principally of one Robert Johnson, who figured at the tail-end of Deedes, Gray, and Johnson, solicitors. He was a grave-looking young lawyer, who had bought his partnership and settled in her town three months before. About three weeks previously he had begun to get over his gravity when he talked to April, and to smile openly instead of just twinkling his eyes, and even to tease her a little in retaliation. Three days previously he had made distinct overtures. He had asked her to go on the river that very afternoon, and she had made mother invite him to her birthday high-tea in the evening. She thought it would be great fun to show the other girls that she had a grown-up admirer. At least that was the ostensible thought; but she found herself thinking of the admirer and forgetting the girls.

"Mind you don't make an April fool of yourself, my dear child!" she admonished the merry face in the mirror. "Perhaps he doesn't mean anything. But I believe he does!"

When her toilet was complete she raced to the parental bedroom to tell her mother that cook had packed up her clothes and gone; and enticed her father from the dressing-room with a half-lathered face on the ground that the boiler had burst. She put on a coat and hat—the saucy one with the red cockade—and went out before they had found the cook and the boiler still performing their duties—the boiler uncomplainingly, the cook grumbling that "Miss Hapril was a himp!" She almost danced along the road, she was so pleased with the mischief done and to come. The mischief to come pleased her most. She intended to make an April fool of that crusty old plutocrat, Uncle William, whose grumpy word was law to all his relatives, except her reckless self. It was not that she bore the old gentleman any ill-

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will—in fact she liked him, which few of his other relatives did—but she knew how he would splutter!

She arrived at his house before nine o'clock, but he was already in the garden, fussing about among his rose-trees. He frowned ferociously at her.

"You limb of mischief!" he grunted. "You needn't tell me it's your nineteenth birthday. I know it is. It couldn't be any other day! But it's no use thinking you'll get anything out of me. I don't give presents to impudent hussies!"

"Oh, Uncle William!" she protested, with an injured air. "I didn't come about that! I was just passing and I saw something you ought to know, that someone has chalked a horrible caricature of you on the black shed; on the side in the road, you know. You can see it from miles away. I can't tell you what they've written under it. It's too dreadful! They ought to be put in prison!"

Uncle William roared like a bull and rushed through the side gate to inspect the insult. He found no drawing, but there was writing, "*April 1st.*" He had no difficulty in guessing the misdoer.

He stood regarding the inscription for some seconds, during which his niece thought that he seemed to swell. Then he walked back slowly to the garden and pointed to chalk marks on her hands and dress.

"Well," he said, in a tone like suppressed thunder, "you have made an April fool of me. Now I will make one of you. I shall send for Johnson to strike you out of my will this morning."

"Oh, well!" April tossed her head. "If you can't take a bit of fun, *I* don't care. Anyhow, you can't say I've ever run after you for your money like some of them."

She flounced off as far as the gate, then she came back smiling rather doubtfully.

"Look here, uncle," she said. "I don't grumble at being made an April fool of; but when you've done it, we'll be square, won't we? So you can wish me many happy returns; and my wisdom doubled every year." She laughed at that.

"If the money spent on your education hadn't been wasted," he growled, "you'd know that twice naught is nothing." He looked at the laughing face without any outward sign of relenting. "Very well," he agreed, at last. "After I've altered the will—I hope it will be a lesson to you—we'll be square; and I'll say no more about it, if you don't; and if you call in this afternoon I'll give you your birthday present. None of the family have much sense; but as for you——! You're a born April fool!"

"Then you can't make me one!" she claimed. "You were born sensible. So I can. Good-bye, uncle."

"I'm not your uncle," he snapped. "I disown you entirely—until the will's altered."

"Then you will be!" she assured him, cheerfully. "Good-bye!"

She ran off and he walked round to the back door and sent the gardener to tell Mr. Johnson to come at once, as he had some important legal business.

Meanwhile April returned home to breakfast and a lecture from her parents. It was time that she had a little sense, her mother thought, and her father was emphatically in agreement.

"Some of these times, my girl," he warned her, "you'll make an April fool of yourself. Oh, yes! I know you can coax me. I don't mind for myself, though I expect I shall have a fine to pay for calling out the fire-engine. It's *you* I'm concerned about. One of your pranks will rebound on yourself some time, April. You'll offend someone you don't want to, or cause harm that you don't dream of. You really mustn't be such a little donkey now you're grown up. Think it over, kid, and see if you can't sober down just a trifle."

"Ye-es," she agreed. "I didn't choose my birthday, you know, daddy."

She walked to the station with father, and did some shopping for mother on the way back, When she arrived home, she found two notes awaiting her. One was from Uncle William, She read that in the hall. It stated briefly that he had squared their little account by the alteration of his will, and that the birthday present was now at her service. She ran upstairs to her bedroom to read the other note. It was addressed in a neat, masculine hand, which she had not seen before. She thought she could guess the writer.

She found that she had guessed correctly. It was from Mr. Johnson. He regretted deeply that he could not have the pleasure of going on the river that afternoon, or of coming to tea. He had very urgent and important business to attend to. In fact, he was thinking of leaving the town and setting up in business elsewhere.

April started when she saw herself in the looking-glass just after reading the note for the second time. The pale, set-faced girl seemed a stranger to her.

"Well," she said to herself, presently, "*I* am the April fool!" She surveyed herself in the mirror, put a hairpin right, straightened her kiss-curl, and adjusted the collar of her blouse; doing it all very mechanically. "He thought I should have money from Uncle William; and now he has altered the will for him and finds that I sha'n't! I won't be a fool to myself and say I didn't care for him. I did. But I won't. You can't go on caring for a *cad!*" She saw a small tear trickle down each cheek of the pale face in the glass; and wiped her own face quickly. "Don't be an idiot!" she muttered. "You little April fool! You ought to be glad to have found him out in time. Just think if he had married you for your money! *Beast!* I *won't* care!"

She seemed her usual lively self all the rest of the morning, and showed no concern when she told her mother of her altered arrangements for the afternoon.

"I'm not going on the river with that solemn old owl, after all," she said. "He has some

urgent business. I'm jolly glad of it! He's too sensible or I'm too silly. I don't know which!"

"I do, April." Her mother sighed. "He's really a very nice fellow, I think."

"What care I how nice he be, if he be not nice to me!" April sang.

"He is nice to you, April," her mother insisted. "In fact—well, I don't want to put old thoughts into your dreadfully young head, but I've always hoped you'd like someone of his sort, who would be a counterpoise to your wildness. I don't mean Mr. Johnson in particular, except that he's the only man of that stamp you've ever taken any notice of. Of course if you don't care for him, you don't, but——"

"And, of course, if I am an April fool, I am!" April interrupted. "Oh, well! I'll begin to grow sensible now I'm in my twentieth year. I'll start being quite serious to-morrow—if I feel like it."

"You won't feel like it," her mother prophesied, "I'm afraid."

But April was afraid that she would.

She went for a walk in the afternoon, and decided to call upon Uncle William. It was good of him to square off her enormity, she felt, and she did not want to leave his feelings ruffled.

On the way she saw Mr. Johnson. He was on the other side of the road, and did not even attempt to cross to her and apologize. She gave him no encouragement certainly; but he was not the sort of man to wait for that, if he wanted to come. She could not help a little twisty feeling inside now.

"Oh!" she reproached herself. "You fool, April! You April fool!" She gave him a careless nod and hurried on.

Uncle William was in the library reclining in the arm-chair with one foot on a stool. He had attacks of gout occasionally, and no relative but April ever dared to call them "gout." He stared at her over his spectacles when she appeared.

"All square, uncle!" she cried, brightly.

"All square, April," he said. "Many happy returns; and your wisdom doubled every month; if there's a little wisdom to double."

"That's the difficulty," she confessed. "If only I could get the capital to begin with. How *do* you get wisdom, uncle?"

"By getting into trouble," he stated, grimly. "Wisdom is like wisdom-teeth: a nuisance from beginning to end. It hurts when it comes, and it hurts when it's there, and it hurts when it goes. You don't want wisdom before you cut the teeth; but you do need a little common sense. Well, here's your birthday present."

He produced a couple of chain bracelets—dainty gold chains, with in-betweens of pearl; the most attractive recognition that April had ever known him to make of anyone's birthday. It occurred to her that he had chosen them to prove that he bore no malice; and since she was very ready to be touched by kindness at the moment, the tears came very near her eyes.

"Uncle William!" she cried. "Oh! You're a *dear*!" She kissed him suddenly, although he always refused embraces. "They're coals of fire!" she protested, holding up her wrists after she had put the bracelets on them. "I wish I hadn't done it!" The tears were right in her eyes now.

"Tut, tut!" he grunted. "You forget that we're square. I kept my word and made Johnson alter the will this morning, as I said I should. We're square."

"We were," April corrected; "but now you've given me these. They start a new account, uncle, and we aren't a bit square. I owe you a lot of niceness. I know I am very silly, but I don't mean to be nasty. Does your foot hurt, uncle? Let me get a cushion. It's such a horrid hard old stool."

She rushed for a cushion and brought it to him.

"Mind how you lift it," he roared, as she approached the aching foot. "Gently, child, gently! Ur-r-r-r! That's better. I wouldn't complain of the gout, if I'd earned it; but there's no satisfaction or credit in having a bad foot because your father's grandfather drank good port, or in being made an April fool because your sister's daughter was born one—ur-r-r!"

"I think I shall grow very serious now," she remarked, sitting down opposite to the old man. "I'm in my twentieth year, so I ought to be cutting my wisdom. I expect I am."

She looked straight in front of her; and Uncle William looked straight at her for a long time. Uncle William saw a great deal, the family often remarked, especially if it was something which he was not meant to see.

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April put her hand on his arm gently.

"Poor old uncle," she said. "I—I've cut that tooth, too!"

"Eh?" he cried, sharply. "Eh? Since this morning?" April said nothing. "Can't you answer a plain question, girl?"

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"No," he refused, crustily. "You've monkeyed enough with my foot. Don't monkey with yourself. You're an extraordinarily silly child, and I dare say you're being extraordinarily silly over your love affair, as I suppose you call it." He snorted. "Don't you think you'd better tell me, and see if I can stop you making an April fool of yourself? What's the tiff about?"

"It isn't a tiff," she answered, slowly. "There was nothing really. I don't care."

"Then you haven't cut the tooth," Uncle William denied. "It hurts enough to make you care, always."

"Well, I do care a little. He asked me to go on the river this afternoon—and he wrote and excused himself. That's all!"

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"He's ten years older than you at least."

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"I hate him!" April cried. She blinked; and to her astonishment she found Uncle William's big hand on her shoulder.

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again!" he grunted, and hobbled over to his telephone.

"F i v e - t w o - seven," he called. "I want to speak to Mr. Johnson. No. He *won't* do. Why do you suppose I say Johnson if I mean Fiddle-de-dee or whatever you said his name was? Don't argue with me, young man. Ask Mr. Johnson to come to the 'phone. Is that you, Johnson? I've changed my mind about that will I made this morning. I suppose, if I tear it up, the previous o n e will hold good? Very well. I'm tearing it up. S u d d e n? What the—— W h a t's that to do with you? If you're so curious, I'll tell you. The impudent little hussy has been here and made an April fool of me. Eh? What? I've made one of you, have I? Nonsense. I shall pay you for your work; but let me tell you it's the last will you'll do for me!" The old man banged the receiver on the arm and turned to April.

"HE BROUGHT AN ENORMOUS BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND A QUANTITY OF CHOICE ROSES."

"It is," he said. "I'm going to put up with you. I sha'n't tear up this morning's will whatever you do. I fancy that's the best way to keep you in order. You'll feel in honour bound to behave decently to me now! Now run off home to your party. If he's worth his salt he'll be there, and you'll be able to make him a proper April fool!"

Mr. Johnson *was* there. He found that he could do some of the urgent work late in the evening, he explained; and he so very much wanted to be at April's birthday party. He brought an enormous box of chocolates and a quantity of choice roses. She put one at her neck and one in his buttonhole, and made him help to arrange the others, because there was no one else to assist. He had mistaken the time (so he said) and was twenty minutes before the other guests.

"I was so disappointed a b o u t this a f t e r n o o n, April," he apologized. "I wanted to take you very much." There was no mistaking his earnestness.

"Did you?" She smiled up at him. "I am glad, because—I thought perhaps you were only making an April fool of me!"

"Oh, April!" he protested.

"I was, I thought, because—I wanted you to want me to come." She smiled up at him again.

"A p r i l?" he begged. "I want you so much; *so* much, April. Will you come to me for always?"

"If you don't t h i n k I'm t o o silly!" she whispered, with her h e a d o n h i s shoulder.

"I have made an April fool of him," she explained, when her mother came in. (There was obvious need of explanation.) "At least I got Uncle William to! Oh, yes! You may stare, Bob, but you can't get out of it now. He wasn't going to have any more to do with me, because he put me down for uncle's heiress in a will this morning. That was why he cried off this afternoon. Silly thing! I wasn't going to have such a trifle as money upset everything. So I made uncle tell him that he'd torn it up; but he hadn't, and he says he isn't going to!" She laughed delightedly. "April fool, Bob!" she cried.

"Dear little girl!" he protested. "I'm afraid it's you!"

"It seems to me," her mother suggested, "that it's both of you. May it turn out the wisest folly of your lives!"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

BEE-LINES.

An Article on the True Positions of Commonly-Known Places.

By E. TRACEY ARCHER.

SOME people are map-maniacs. I am one of them. My object in writing this article is to spread the infection. The disease is not dangerous. A mild attack cannot possibly hurt you, and may even do you good. I shall not detain you longer than a few minutes. When I have finished, you will begin to see that there is method—and mirth—in map-madness. Many less pleasant ways of making the time pass profitably might easily be imagined.

Figure 1 is the key to a problem with which you may puzzle your friends. Ask them: "How many B's are there a hundred miles from London?"

When they "give it up," look at them with a smile, and say: "I mean towns whose names begin with B—Bombay, for instance—or Berlin!"

Draw a circle roughly one hundred miles round London, and you will find that it cuts through Bristol, Birmingham, Boston, and Beccles. Bournemouth and Boulogne are slightly within the radius. Brighton, unfortunately, is less than half-way, and to complete our magic circle there should be a Big Island in the North Sea one hundred miles due east of London. But never mind.

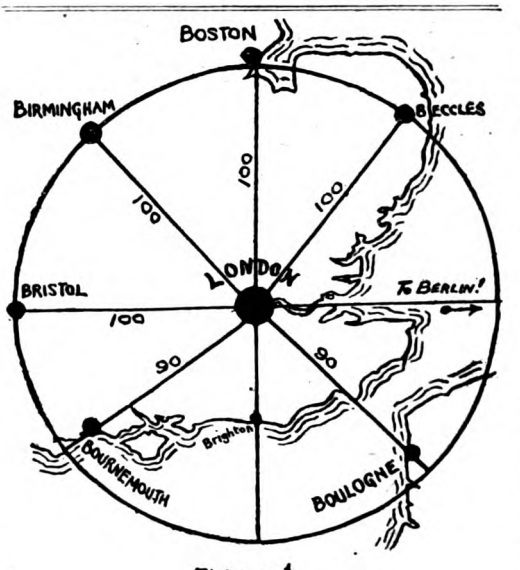


Figure 1.

If any lady or gentleman friend of yours wants to start an argument about the exact distances of these towns on the map, tell him or her that anything within ten miles is near enough for our purpose.

You now know that from London to Birmingham—and all those other places—is roughly one hundred miles. We will use that distance as a standard, and call it "B."

Twice "B" is the distance from London to Blackpool, Bangor, Bodmin, Brussels, Antwerp, or Paris. (See Figure 2.)

Ask somebody — anybody — "Which is nearer: Blackpool in Lancashire, or Brussels

"What was it, Daddy?" Six eager eyes were turned up to him.

"It was a death-adder. I expect that would dead you in five minutes, Dimples, if it got a bite at you."

"Did you kill it?"

"No; it was gone before I could get to it."

"Which is the horridest, Daddy—a snake or a shark?"

"I'm not very fond of either!"

"Did you ever see a man eaten by sharks?"

"No, dear, but I was not so far off being eaten myself."

"Oo!" from all three of them.

"I did a silly thing, for I swam round the ship in water where there are many sharks. As I was drying myself on the deck I saw the high fin of a shark above the water a little way off. It had heard the splashing and come up to look for me."

"Weren't you frightened, Daddy?"

"Yes. It made me feel rather cold." There was silence while Daddy saw once more the golden sand of the African beach and the snow-white roaring surf, with the long, smooth swell of the bar.

Children don't like silences.

"Daddy," said Laddie. "Do zebus bite?"

"Zebus! Why, they are cows. No, of course not."

"But a zebu could butt with its horns."

"Oh, yes, it could butt."

"Do you think a zebu could fight a crocodile?"

DIMPLES.

"Well, I should back the crocodile."

"Why?"

"Well, dear, the crocodile has great teeth and would eat the zebu."

"But suppose the zebu came up when the crocodile was not looking and butted it."

"Well, that would be one up for the zebu. But one butt wouldn't hurt a crocodile."

"No, one wouldn't would it? But the zebu would keep on Crocodiles live on sand-banks, don't they? Well, then, the zebu would come and live near the sand bank too—just so far as the crocodile would never see him. Then every time the croco dile wasn't looking the zebu would butt him. Don't you think he would beat the crocodile?"

"Well, perhaps he would."

"How long do you think it would take the zebu to beat the crocodile?"

"Well, it would depend upon how often he got in his butt."

"Well, suppose he butted him once every three hours, don't you think——?"

"Oh, bother the zebu!"

"That's what the crocodile would say," cried Laddie, clapping his hands.

"Well, I agree with the crocodile," said Daddy.

"And it's time all good children were in bed," said the Lady as the glimmer of the Nurse's apron was seen in the gloom.

II.—ABOUT CRICKET.

SUPPER was going on down below and all good children should have been long ago in the land of dreams. Yet a curious noise came from above.

"What on earth——?" asked Daddy.

"Laddie practising cricket," said the Lady, with the curious clairvoyance of mother-

"He gets out of bed to bowl. I do would go up and speak seriously ut it, for it takes quite an hour

d upon his mission intending to be gruff, and my word, he can be qui gruff when he likes! When he reached t top of the stairs, however, and heard t noise still continue, he walked softly dow the landing and peeped in through the ha opened door.

The room was dark save for a night-ligh In the dim glimmer he saw a little whit clad figure, slight and supple, taking sho steps and swinging its arm in the midd of the room.

"Halloa!" said Daddy.

The white-clad figure turned and ran forward to him.

"Oh, Daddy, how jolly of you to come up!"

Daddy felt that gruffness was not quite so easy as it had seemed.

"Look here! You get into bed!" he said, with the best imitation he could manage.

"Yes, Daddy. But before I go, how is this?" He sprang forward and the arm swung round again in a swift and graceful gesture.

Daddy was a moth-eaten cricketer of sorts, and he took it in with a critical eye.

"Good, Laddie. I like a high action. That's the real Spofforth swing."

"Oh, Daddy, come and talk about cricket!" He was pulled to the side of the bed, and the white figure dived between the sheets.

"Yes; tell us about cwicket!" came a cooing voice from the corner. Dimples was sitting up in his cot.

"You naughty boy! I thought one of you was asleep, anyhow. I mustn't stay. I keep you awake."

"Who was Popoff?" cried Laddie, clutching at his father's sleeve. "Was he a very good bowler?"

"Spofforth was the best bowler that ever walked on to a cricket-field. He was the great Australian bowler and he taught us a great deal."

"Did he ever kill a dog?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. Why?"

"Because Laddie said there was a bowler so fast that his ball went frue a coat and killed a dog."

"Oh, that's an old yarn. I heard that when I was a little boy about some bowler whose name, I think, was Jackson."

"Was it a big dog?"

"No, no, son; it wasn't a dog at all."

"It was a cat," said Dimples.

"No; I tell you it never happened."

"But tell us about Spofforth," cried Laddie. Dimples, with his imaginative mind, usually wandered, while the elder came eagerly back to the point. "Was he very fast?"

"He could be very fast. I have heard cricketers who had played against him say that his yorker—that is a ball which is just short of a full pitch—was the fastest ball in England. I have myself seen his long arm swing round and the wicket go down before ever the batsman had time to ground his bat."

"Oo!" from both beds.

"He was a tall, thin man, and they called him the Fiend. That means the Devil, you know."

"And *was* he the Devil?"

"No, Dimples, no. They called him that because he did such wonderful things with the ball."

"Can the Devil do wonderful things with a bail?"

Daddy felt that he was propagating devil-worship and hastened to get to safer ground.

"Spofforth taught us how to bowl and Blackham taught us how to keep wicket. When I was young we always had another fielder, called the long-stop, who stood behind the wicket-keeper. I used to be a thick, solid boy, so they put me as long-stop, and the balls used to bounce off me, I remember, as if I had been a mattress."

Delighted laughter.

"But after Blackham came wicket-keepers had to learn that they were there to stop the ball. Even in good second-class cricket there were no more long-stops. We soon found plenty of good wicket-keeps—like Alfred Lyttelton and MacGregor—but it was Blackham who showed us how. To see Spofforth, all india-rubber and ginger, at one end bowling, and Blackham, with his black beard over the bails waiting for the ball at the other end, was worth living for, I can tell you."

Silence while the boys pondered over this. But Laddie feared Daddy would go, so he quickly got in a question. If Daddy's memory could only be kept going there was no saying how long they might keep him.

"Was there no good bowler until Spofforth came?"

"Oh, plenty, my boy. But he brought something new with him. Especially change of pace—you could never tell by his action up to the last moment whether you were going to get a ball like a flash of lightning, or one that came slow but full of devil and spin. But for mere command of the pitch of a ball I should think Alfred Shaw, of Nottingham, was the greatest bowler I can remember. It was said that he could pitch a ball twice in three times upon a half-crown!"

"Oo!" And then from Dimples:—

"Whose half-crown?"

"Well, anybody's half-crown."

"Did he get the half-crown?"

"No, no; why should he?"

"Because he put the ball on it."

"The half-crown was kept there always for people to aim at," explained Laddie.

"No, no, there never was a half-crown."

Murmurs of remonstrance from both boys.

"I only meant that he could pitch the ball on anything—a half-crown or anything else."

"Daddy," with the energy of one who has a happy idea. "Could he have pitched it on the batsman's toe?"

"Yes, boy, I think so."

"Well, then, suppose he *always* pitched it on the batsman's toe!"

Daddy laughed.

"Perhaps that is why dear old W. G. always stood with his left toe cocked up in the air."

"On one leg?"

"No, no, Dimples. With his heel down and his toe up."

"Did you know W. G., Daddy?"

"Oh, yes, I knew him quite well."

"Was he nice?"

"Yes, he was splendid. He was always like a great jolly schoolboy who was hiding behind a huge black beard."

"Whose beard?"

"I meant that he had a great bushy beard. He looked like the pirate chief in your picture-books, but he had as kind a heart as a child. I have been told that it was the terrible things in this war that really killed him. Grand old W. G.!"

"Was he the best bat in the world, Daddy?"

"Of course he was," said Daddy, beginning to enthuse to the delight of the clever little plotter in the bed. "There never was such a bat—never in the world—and I don't believe there ever could be again. He didn't play on smooth wickets, as they do now. He played where the wickets were all patchy, and you had to watch the ball right on to the bat. You couldn't look at it before it hit the ground and think, 'That's all right. I know where that one will be!' My word, that was cricket. What you got you earned."

"Did you ever see W. G. make a hundred, Daddy?"

"See him! I've fielded out for him and melted on a hot August day while he made a hundred and fifty. There's a pound or two of your Daddy somewhere on that field yet. But I loved to see it, and I was always sorry when he got out for nothing, even if I were playing against him."

"Did he ever get out for nothing?"

"Yes, dear; the first time I ever played in his company he was given out leg-before-wicket before he made a run. And all the way to the pavilion—that's where people go when they are out—he was walking forward but his big black beard was backward over his shoulder as he told the umpire what he thought."

"And what *did* he think?"

"More than I can tell you, Dimples. But I dare say he was right to be annoyed, for it was a left-handed bowler, bowling round the wicket, and it is very hard to get leg-before to that. However, that's all Greek to you."

"What's Gweek?"

"Well, I mean you can't understand that. Now I am going."

"No, no, Daddy; wait a moment! Tell us about Bonner and the big catch."

"Oh, you know about that!"

Two little coaxing voices came out of the darkness.

"Oh, please! Please!"

"I don't know what your mother will say! What was it you asked?"

"Bonner!"

"Ah, Bonner!" Daddy looked out in the gloom and saw green fields and golden sunlight, and great sportsmen long gone to their rest. "Bonner was a wonderful man. He was a giant in size."

"As big as you, Daddy?"

Daddy seized his elder boy and shook him playfully. "I heard what you said to Miss Cregan the other day. When she asked you what an acre was you said 'About the size of Daddy.'"

Both boys gurgled.

"But Bonner was five inches taller than I. He was a giant, I tell you."

"Did nobody kill him?"

"No, no, Dimples. Not a story-book giant. But a great, strong man. He had a splendid figure and blue eyes and a golden beard, and altogether he was the finest man I have ever seen—except perhaps one."

"Who was the one, Daddy?"

"Well, it was the Emperor Frederick of Germany."

"A Jarman!" cried Dimples, in horror.

"Yes, a German. Mind you, boys, a man may be a very noble man and be a German—though what has become of the noble ones these last three years is more than I can guess. But Frederick was noble and good, as you could see on his face. How he ever came to be the father of such a blasphemous braggart"—Daddy sank into reverie.

"Bonner, Daddy!" said Laddie, and Daddy came back from politics with a start.

"Oh, yes, Bonner. Bonner in white flannels on the green sward with an English

June sun upon him. That was a picture of a man! But you asked me about the catch. It was in a test match at the Oval—England against Australia. Bonner said before he went in that he would hit Alfred Shaw into the next county, and he set out to do it. Shaw, as I have told you, could keep a very good length, so for some time Bonner could not get the ball he wanted, but at last he saw his chance, and he jumped out and hit that ball the most awful ker-wallop that ever was seen in a cricket-field."

"Oo!" from both boys, and then: "Did it go into the next county, Daddy?" from Dimples.

"Well, I'm telling you!" said Daddy, who was always testy when one of his stories was interrupted. "Bonner thought he had made the ball a half-volley—that is the best ball to hit—but Shaw had deceived him and the ball was really on the short side. So when Bonner hit it, up and up it went, until it looked as if it were going out of sight into the sky."

"Oo!"

"At first everybody thought it was going far outside the ground. But soon they saw that all the giant's strength had been wasted in hitting the ball so high, and that there was a chance that it would fall within the ropes. The batsmen had run three runs and it was still in the air. Then it was seen that an English fielder was standing on the very edge of the field with his back on the ropes, a white figure against the black line of the people. He stood watching the mighty curve of the ball, and twice he raised his hands together above his head as he did so. Then a third time he raised his hands above his head, and the ball was in them and Bonner was out."

"Why did he raise his hands twice?"

"I don't know. He did so."

"And who was the fielder, Daddy?"

"The fielder was G. F. Grace, the younger brother of W. G. Only a few months afterwards he was a dead man. But he had one grand moment in his life, with twenty thousand people all just mad with excitement. Poor G. F.! He died too soon."

"Did you ever catch a catch like that, Daddy?"

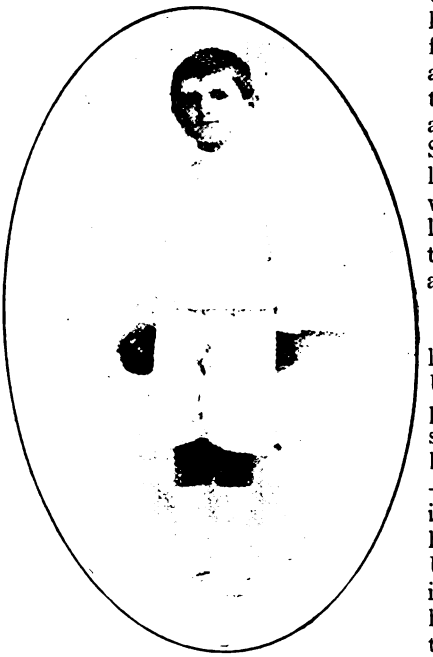
"No, boy. I was never a particularly good fielder."

"Did you never catch a good catch?"

"Well, I won't say that. You see, the best catches are very often flukes, and I remember one awful fluke of that sort."

"Do tell us, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, I was fielding at slip. That is very near the wicket, you know. Woodcock was bowling, and he had the name of being the fastest bowler of England at that time. It was just the beginning of the match and the ball was quite red. Suddenly I saw something like a red flash and there was the ball stuck in my left hand. I had not time to move it. It simply came and stuck."



LADDIE READY TO BOWL.

"Oo!"

"I saw another catch like that. It was done by Ulyett, a fine Yorkshire player—such a big, upstanding fellow. He was bowling, and the batsman—it was an Australian in a test match—hit as hard as ever he could. Ulyett could not have seen it, but he just stuck out his hand and there was the ball."

"Suppose it had hit his body?"

"Well, it would have hurt him."

"Would he have cried?" from Dimples.

"No, boy. That is what games are for, to teach you to take a knock and never show it. Supposing that——"

A step was heard coming along the passage.

"Good gracious, boys, here's Mumty. Shut your eyes this moment. It's all right, dear. I spoke to them very severely and I think they are nearly asleep."

"What have you been talking about?" asked the Lady.

"Cwicket!" cried Dimples.

"It's natural enough," said Daddy; "of course when two boys——"

"Three," said the Lady, as she tucked up the little beds.

[*Two other Child Studies on "Speculation" and on "Indians" will follow.*]

APRIL FOOLS.

By
OWEN OLIVER.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

APRIL SMITH rose early upon All Fools' Day, washed in the bathroom before the water was warm, and ran downstairs in her dressing-gown to make April fools of the cook and housemaid. When the cook had ascertained that the cat was *not* in the larder, and the housemaid had countermanded her telephone message for the fire-engine, as the chimney was *not* on fire, April ran upstairs again and laughed joyfully at herself while she did her hair. She had several reasons for joyfulness. In the first place, it was her birthday—appropriately her father often told her, and most people agreed with him. In the second place, it was a privileged occasion for such pranks as she loved. She had been an imp of mischief from her babyhood upwards. In the third place, it was a sunny morning and she felt very sunny herself, and very pleased with her thoughts. They were principally of one Robert Johnson, who figured at the tail-end of Deedes, Gray, and Johnson, solicitors. He was a grave-looking young lawyer, who had bought his partnership and settled in her town three months before. About three weeks previously he had begun to get over his gravity when he talked to April, and to smile openly instead of just twinkling his eyes, and even to tease her a little in retaliation. Three days previously he had made distinct overtures. He had asked her to go on the river that very afternoon, and she had made mother invite him to her birthday high-tea in the evening. She thought it would be great fun to show the other girls that she had a grown-up admirer. At least that was the ostensible thought; but she found herself thinking of the admirer and forgetting the girls.

"Mind you don't make an April fool of yourself, my dear child!" she admonished the merry face in the mirror. "Perhaps he doesn't mean anything. But I believe he does!"

When her toilet was complete she raced to the parental bedroom to tell her mother that cook had packed up her clothes and gone; and enticed her father from the dressing-room with a half-lathered face on the ground that the boiler had burst. She put on a coat and hat—the saucy one with the red cockade—and went out before they had found the cook and the boiler still performing their duties—the boiler uncomplainingly, the cook grumbling that "Miss Hapril was a himp!" She almost danced along the road, she was so pleased with the mischief done and to come. The mischief to come pleased her most. She intended to make an April fool of that crusty old plutocrat, Uncle William, whose grumpy word was law to all his relatives, except her reckless self. It was not that she bore the old gentleman any ill

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will—in fact she liked him, which few of his other relatives did—but she knew how he would splutter!

She arrived at his house before nine o'clock, but he was already in the garden, fussing about among his rose-trees. He frowned ferociously at her.

"You limb of mischief!" he grunted. "You needn't tell me it's your nineteenth birthday. I know it is. It couldn't be any other day! But it's no use thinking you'll get anything out of me. I don't give presents to impudent hussies!"

"Oh, Uncle William!" she protested, with an injured air. "I didn't come about that! I was just passing and I saw something you ought to know, that someone has chalked a horrible caricature of you on the black shed; on the side in the road, you know. You can see it from miles away. I can't tell you what they've written under it. It's too dreadful! They ought to be put in prison!"

Uncle William roared like a bull and rushed through the side gate to inspect the insult. He found no drawing, but there was writing, "*April 1st.*" He had no difficulty in guessing the misdoer.

He stood regarding the inscription for some seconds, during which his niece thought that he seemed to swell. Then he walked back slowly to the garden and pointed to chalk marks on her hands and dress.

"Well," he said, in a tone like suppressed thunder, "you have made an April fool of me. Now I will make one of you. I shall send for Johnson to strike you out of my will this morning."

"Oh, well!" April tossed her head. "If you can't take a bit of fun, *I* don't care. Anyhow, you can't say I've ever run after you for your money like some of them."

She flounced off as far as the gate, then she came back smiling rather doubtfully.

"Look here, uncle," she said. "I don't grumble at being made an April fool of; but when you've done it, we'll be square, won't we? So you can wish me many happy returns; and my wisdom doubled every year." She laughed at that.

"If the money spent on your education hadn't been wasted," he growled, "you'd know that twice naught is nothing." He looked at the laughing face without any outward sign of relenting. "Very well," he agreed, at last. "After I've altered the will—I hope it will be a lesson to you—we'll be square; and I'll say no more about it, if you don't; and if you call in this afternoon I'll give you your birthday present. None of the family have much sense; but as for you——! You're a born April fool!"

"Then you can't make me one!" she claimed. "You were born sensible. So I can. Good-bye, uncle."

"I'm not your uncle," he snapped. "I disown you entirely—until the will's altered."

"Then you will be!" she assured him, cheerfully. "Good-bye!"

She ran off and he walked round to the back door and sent the gardener to tell Mr. Johnson to come at once, as he had some important legal business.

Meanwhile April returned home to breakfast and a lecture from her parents. It was time that she had a little sense, her mother thought, and her father was emphatically in agreement.

"Some of these times, my girl," he warned her, "you'll make an April fool of yourself. Oh, yes! I know you can coax me. I don't mind for myself, though I expect I shall have a fine to pay for calling out the fire-engine. It's *you* I'm concerned about. One of your pranks will rebound on yourself some time, April. You'll offend someone you don't want to, or cause harm that you don't dream of. You really mustn't be such a little donkey now you're grown up. Think it over, kid, and see if you can't sober down just a trifle."

"Ye-es," she agreed. "I didn't choose my birthday, you know, daddy."

She walked to the station with father, and did some shopping for mother on the way back, When she arrived home, she found two notes awaiting her. One was from Uncle William, She read that in the hall. It stated briefly that he had squared their little account by the alteration of his will, and that the birthday present was now at her service. She ran upstairs to her bedroom to read the other note. It was addressed in a neat, masculine hand, which she had not seen before. She thought she could guess the writer.

She found that she had guessed correctly. It was from Mr. Johnson. He regretted deeply that he could not have the pleasure of going on the river that afternoon, or of coming to tea. He had very urgent and important business to attend to. In fact, he was thinking of leaving the town and setting up in business elsewhere.

April started when she saw herself in the looking-glass just after reading the note for the second time. The pale, set-faced girl seemed a stranger to her.

"Well," she said to herself, presently, "*I* am the April fool!" She surveyed herself in the mirror, put a hairpin right, straightened her kiss-curl, and adjusted the collar of her blouse; doing it all very mechanically. "He thought I should have money from Uncle William; and now he has altered the will for him and finds that I sha'n't! I won't be a fool to myself and say I didn't care for him. I did. But I won't. You can't go on caring for a *cad!*" She saw a small tear trickle down each cheek of the pale face in the glass; and wiped her own face quickly. "Don't be an idiot!" she muttered. "You little April fool! You ought to be glad to have found him out in time. Just think if he had married you for your money! *Beast!* I *won't* care!"

She seemed her usual lively self all the rest of the morning, and showed no concern when she told her mother of her altered arrangements for the afternoon.

"I'm not going on the river with that solemn old owl, after all," she said. "He has some

urgent business. I'm jolly glad of it! He's too sensible or I'm too silly. I don't know which!"

"I do, April." Her mother sighed. "He's really a very nice fellow, I think."

"What care I how nice he be, if he be not nice to me!" April sang.

"He is nice to you, April," her mother insisted. "In fact—well, I don't want to put old thoughts into your dreadfully young head, but I've always hoped you'd like someone of his sort, who would be a counterpoise to your wildness. I don't mean Mr. Johnson in particular, except that he's the only man of that stamp you've ever taken any notice of. Of course if you don't care for him, you don't, but——"

"And, of course, if I am an April fool, I am!" April interrupted. "Oh, well! I'll begin to grow sensible now I'm in my twentieth year. I'll start being quite serious to-morrow—if I feel like it."

"You won't feel like it," her mother prophesied, "I'm afraid."

But April was afraid that she would.

She went for a walk in the afternoon, and decided to call upon Uncle William. It was good of him to square off her enormity, she felt, and she did not want to leave his feelings ruffled.

On the way she saw Mr. Johnson. He was on the other side of the road, and did not even attempt to cross to her and apologize. She gave him no encouragement certainly; but he was not the sort of man to wait for that, if he wanted to come. She could not help a little twisty feeling inside now.

"Oh!" she reproached herself. "You fool, April! You April fool!" She gave him a careless nod and hurried on.

Uncle William was in the library reclining in the arm-chair with one foot on a stool. He had attacks of gout occasionally, and no relative but April ever dared to call them "gout." He stared at her over his spectacles when she appeared.

"All square, uncle!" she cried, brightly.

"All square, April," he said. "Many happy returns; and your wisdom doubled every month; if there's a little wisdom to double."

"That's the difficulty," she confessed. "If only I could get the capital to begin with. How *do* you get wisdom, uncle?"

"By getting into trouble," he stated, grimly. "Wisdom is like wisdom-teeth: a nuisance from beginning to end. It hurts when it comes, and it hurts when it's there, and it hurts when it goes. You don't want wisdom before you cut the teeth; but you do need a little common sense. Well, here's your birthday present."

He produced a couple of chain bracelets—dainty gold chains, with in-betweens of pearl; the most attractive recognition that April had ever known him to make of anyone's birthday. It occurred to her that he had chosen them to prove that he bore no malice; and since she was very ready to be touched by kindness at the moment, the tears came very near her eyes.

"Uncle William!" she cried. "Oh! You're *dear!*" She kissed him suddenly, although he always refused embraces. "They're coals of fire!" she protested, holding up her wrists after she had put the bracelets on them. "I wish I hadn't done it!" The tears were right in her eyes now.

"Tut, tut!" he grunted. "You forget that we're square. I kept my word and made Johnson alter the will this morning, as I said I should. We're square."

"We were," April corrected; "but now you've given me these. They start a new account, uncle, and we aren't a bit square. I owe you a lot of niceness. I know I am very silly, but I don't mean to be nasty. Does your foot hurt, uncle? Let me get a cushion. It's such a horrid hard old stool."

She rushed for a cushion and brought it to him.

"Mind how you lift it," he roared, as she approached the aching foot. "Gently, child, gently! Ur-r-r-r! That's better. I wouldn't complain of the gout, if I'd earned it; but there's no satisfaction or credit in having a bad foot because your father's grandfather drank good port, or in being made an April fool because your sister's daughter was born one—ur-r-r!"

"I think I shall grow very serious now," she remarked, sitting down opposite to the old man. "I'm in my twentieth year, so I ought to be cutting my wisdom. I expect I am."

She looked straight in front of her; and Uncle William looked straight at her for a long time. Uncle William saw a great deal, the family often remarked, especially if it was something which he was not meant to see.

"Cutting your wisdom, eh?" he remarked, presently; and then with a snap: "Is it hurting?" he demanded.

April blushed and bit her lips.

"I didn't mean anything in particular," she protested.

"Umph!" Uncle William grunted. "Shift the cushion a bit, child. It's too humpy under the foot. Ur-r-r! Be careful. That's right. Is my will the trouble, child?"

"No, uncle," she assured him. "It isn't that. I don't think I care about money. I expect I'm not sensible enough to!"

"I expect not! That isn't the wisdom-tooth one cuts at your age; not the one *I* cut, anyhow." He grunted. "A girl threw me over. She wasn't worth having; but I thought she was. Well, I got over it; but I cut *that* wisdom-tooth with inflammation, as the old women say! That's the sort of tooth you cut at nineteen!"

April put her hand on his arm gently.

"Poor old uncle," she said. "I—I've cut that tooth, too!"

"Eh?" he cried, sharply. "Eh? Since this morning?" April said nothing. "Can't you answer a plain question, girl?"

"I don't want to talk about it, uncle," she pleaded. "I didn't mean anyone to know; but when you spoke about yourself, it just slipped out. Would you like me to move your foot again?"

"No," he refused, crustily. "You've monkeyed enough with my foot. Don't monkey with yourself. You're an extraordinarily silly child, and I dare say you're being extraordinarily silly over your love affair, as I suppose you call it." He snorted. "Don't you think you'd better tell me, and see if I can stop you making an April fool of yourself? What's the tiff about?"

"It isn't a tiff," she answered, slowly. "There was nothing really. I don't care."

"Then you haven't cut the tooth," Uncle William denied. "It hurts enough to make you care, always."

"Well, I do care a little. He asked me to go on the river this afternoon—and he wrote and excused himself. That's all!"

"April!" Uncle William began. "You *are* a ——"

"I'm not!" she interrupted. "I'm not! I know why he did it; because you had struck me out of your will, and he only wanted me for the money he thought I'd get."

"Eh?" Uncle William sat upright and let his gouty foot slide off the chair without a groan. "*Eh?*"

"It's true," April asserted. "He's a cad, of course."

"Why were you such an idiot as to tell him about it?" Uncle William wanted to know. "I suppose you began by boasting that you had made a fool of me?"

"I didn't!" she denied. "And I didn't say a word to anyone about the will, either."

"Then how in the name of goodness could he know?" Uncle William demanded.

"If you must know, it was the man who had to alter it," said April.

Uncle William blew out his cheeks and puffed.

"Johnson?" he asked.

"Yes," said April.

"He's ten years older than you at least."

"I dare say."

"And he'd been making up to you?"

"Yes. I thought so."

"And you like him?"

"I hate him!" April cried. She blinked; and to her astonishment she found Uncle William's big hand on her shoulder.

"We'll get a wisdom-tooth through, my dear," he said, "this afternoon. You showed me this morning that if you were good friends with me it wouldn't be for my money. That's all the rest of them care for. So I altered my will—and left the lot to you! I suppose Johnson was man enough to think he mustn't try to win a girl of nineteen who was my heiress."

April gasped several times; then suddenly kissed her uncle's hand.

"Send for him," she whispered, "and tell him to take me out of the will again! You see—the wisdom-tooth you've helped through isn't the money one!"

"It's the one you have out after you've been married about a year," he growled; and then he did an unprecedented thing—kissed his niece! "You've made an April fool of me

"'MIND HOW YOU LIFT IT!' HE ROARED, AS SHE APPROACHED THE ACHING FOOT."

again!" he grunted, and hobbled over to his telephone.

"Five-two-seven," he called. "I want to speak to Mr. Johnson. No. He *won't* do. Why do you suppose I say Johnson if I mean Fiddle-de-dee or whatever you said his name was? Don't argue with me, young man. Ask Mr. Johnson to come to the 'phone. Is that you, Johnson? I've changed my mind about that will I made this morning. I suppose, if I tear it up, the previous one will hold good? Very well. I'm tearing it up. Sudden? What the—— What's that to do with you? If you're so curious, I'll tell you. The impudent little hussy has been here and made an April fool of me. Eh? What? I've made one of you, have I? Nonsense. I shall pay you for your work; but let me tell you it's the last will you'll do for me!" The old man banged the receiver on the arm and turned to April.

"HE BROUGHT AN ENORMOUS BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND A QUANTITY OF CHOICE ROSES."

"It is," he said. "I'm going to put up with you. I sha'n't tear up this morning's will whatever you do. I fancy that's the best way to keep you in order. You'll feel in honour bound to behave decently to me now! Now run off home to your party. If he's worth his salt he'll be there, and you'll be able to make him a proper April fool!"

Mr. Johnson *was* there. He found that he could do some of the urgent work late in the evening, he explained; and he so very much wanted to be at April's birthday party. He brought an enormous box of chocolates and a quantity of choice roses. She put one at her neck and one in his buttonhole, and made him help to arrange the others, because there was no one else to assist. He had mistaken the time (so he said) and was twenty minutes before the other guests.

"I was so disappointed about this afternoon, April," he apologized. "I wanted to take you very much." There was no mistaking his earnestness.

"Did you?" She smiled up at him. "I am glad, because—I thought perhaps you were only making an April fool of me!"

"Oh, April!" he protested.

"I was, I thought, because—I wanted you to want me to come." She smiled up at him again.

"April?" he begged. "I want you so much; *so* much, April. Will you come to me for always?"

"If you don't think I'm too silly!" she whispered, with her head on his shoulder.

"I have made an April fool of him," she explained, when her mother came in. (There was obvious need of explanation.) "At least I got Uncle William to! Oh, yes! You may stare, Bob, but you can't get out of it now. He wasn't going to have any more to do with me, because he put me down for uncle's heiress in a will this morning. That was why he cried off this afternoon. Silly thing! I wasn't going to have such a trifle as money upset everything. So I made uncle tell him that he'd torn it up; but he hadn't, and he says he isn't going to!" She laughed delightedly. "April fool, Bob!" she cried.

"Dear little girl!" he protested. "I'm afraid it's you!"

"It seems to me," her mother suggested, "that it's both of you. May it turn out the wisest folly of your lives!"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

BEE-LINES.

An Article on the True Positions of Commonly-Known Places.

By E. TRACEY ARCHER.

SOME people are map-maniacs. I am one of them. My object in writing this article is to spread the infection. The disease is not dangerous. A mild attack cannot possibly hurt you, and may even do you good. I shall not detain you longer than a few minutes. When I have finished, you will begin to see that there is method—and mirth—in map-madness. Many less pleasant ways of making the time pass profitably might easily be imagined.

Figure 1 is the key to a problem with which you may puzzle your friends. Ask them: "How many B's are there a hundred miles from London?"

When they "give it up," look at them with a smile, and say: "I mean towns whose names begin with B—Bombay, for instance—or Berlin!"

Draw a circle roughly one hundred miles round London, and you will find that it cuts through Bristol, Birmingham, Boston, and Beccles. Bournemouth and Boulogne are slightly within the radius. Brighton, unfortunately, is less than half-way, and to complete our magic circle there should be a Big Island in the North Sea one hundred miles due east of London. But never mind.

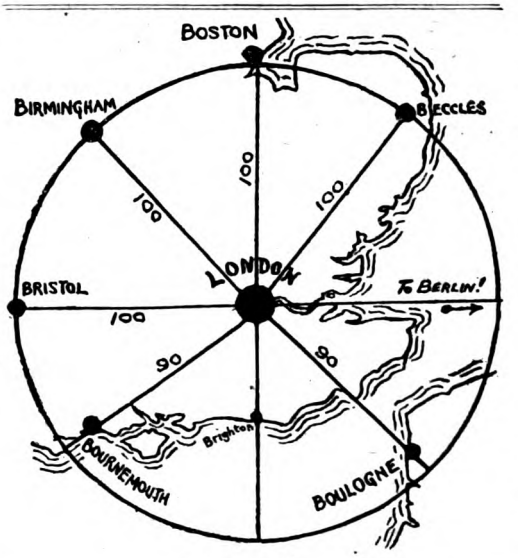


Figure 1.

If any lady or gentleman friend of yours wants to start an argument about the exact distances of these towns on the map, tell him or her that anything within ten miles is near enough for our purpose.

You now know that from London to Birmingham—and all those other places—is roughly one hundred miles. We will use that distance as a standard, and call it "B."

Twice "B" is the distance from London to Blackpool, Bangor, Bodmin, Brussels, Antwerp, or Paris. (See Figure 2.)

Ask somebody — anybody — "Which is nearer: Blackpool in Lancashire, or Brussels

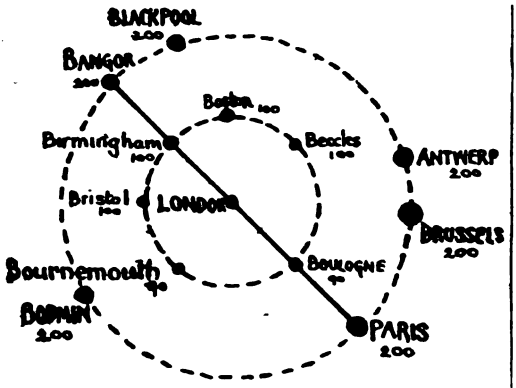


Figure 2.

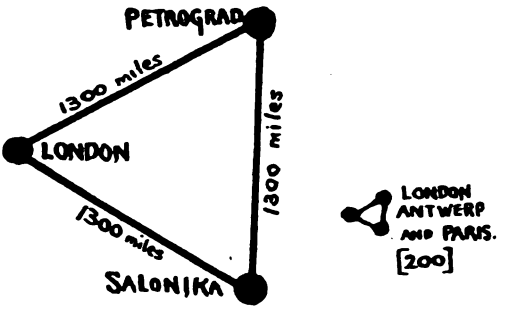


Figure 4.

in Belgium?" You can bet in nine cases out of ten that the answer will be: "Don't bother me with silly questions!"

Very few people have any idea of distance beyond the length of their own garden.

When it comes to hundreds of miles—and thousands—they get in a hopeless muddle,

Figure 3

you can remember this easily, because it is just the same as the distance to Timbuctoo!

To Timbuctoo or Jericho
Is twice as far as "Gib.," you know.

(See Figure 3.)

The London-Jericho bee-line cuts through Serbia just half-way.

Now here is a very curious thing (Figure 4), what Euclid calls an equilateral triangle, and each side of it is thirteen hundred miles long.

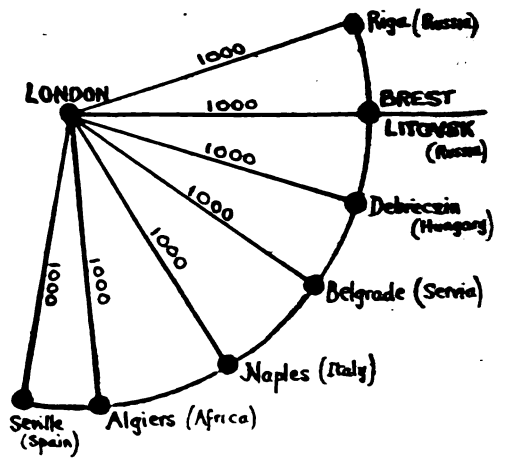


Figure 5

and tell you to go to Jericho. You can always catch them then with the neat retort: "Tell me how far it is, and I'll go at once!"

How many miles is it really to Jericho? Five thousand? Four thousand? Oh, dear, no! Only two thousand two hundred, and

Thirteen times "B," remember — thirteen journeys to Birmingham.

Nearly the whole of Germany and Austria are inside that triangle.

London, Antwerp, and Paris make another triangle, similar to the above, but only two

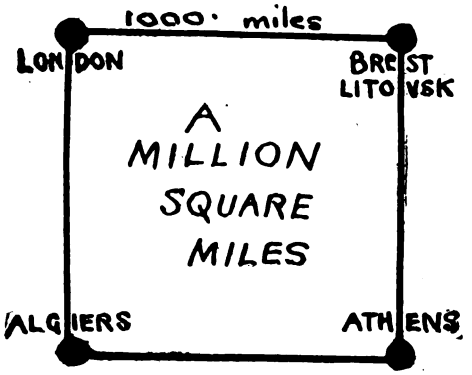


Figure 6.

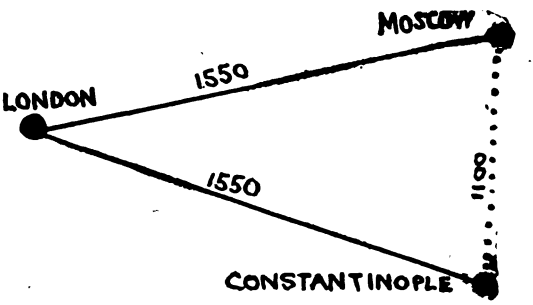


Figure 7.

hundred miles long (twice "B"). London, Antwerp, Paris—L.A.P. It's a long lap, isn't it?

See Figure 5. Looks like a fan, doesn't it?

Can you imagine a thousand miles? Ten times "B," you know. Brighton to Inverness and back again—by aeroplane, not by rail—just makes the distance.

Let us try southwards: A bee-line of one thousand miles will take you to Seville, in Sunny Spain; or to Algiers—the nearest point of Africa; or to Naples; or to Belgrade, in Serbia, nearly; or to Debreczin, in the middle of Hungary; or to the Gulf of Riga, where the Germans tried to bottle up the Russian fleet.

All these places are one thousand miles from the Bank of England, or the British Museum, or Bond Street—roughly—and there's one place that nobody ever heard of before the war, but everybody knows now, and it's the biggest B of them all—Brest Litovsk!—one thousand miles almost due east from Billingsgate in a bee-line.

We shall get a grip of that ten "B" distance presently.

Make a square across the centre of Europe. You can't draw it because you haven't a ruler long enough, but imagine it—one thousand miles each way, like our Figure 6.

Athens is a bit farther out, really (only about one hundred miles—a mere trifle). There you have a million square miles, a space twenty times the size of England.

You can put a square like that right inside Russia, and Moscow—the old capital—will be practically in the centre.

Moscow, by the by, is due east of Edinburgh, and one thousand five hundred and fifty miles from the Scottish capital or from London. From London to Constantinople is the same distance.

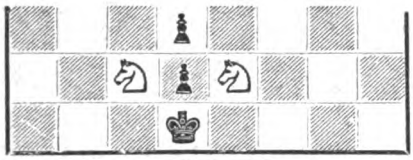
"It's a long way to Tipperary!" Well, yes; for a tortoise. But it isn't so far from the Tottenham Court Road. Just three hundred and forty miles—as far as Glasgow.

Now get out your atlas, and see what you can find for yourself!

FIFTY-SEVEN CHESS PROBLEMS!

By T. B. ROWLAND.

THE position shown at the top of the next page is so far extraordinary that it can be placed anywhere on the chessboard and then, with the addition of the White queen and king, form a problem that can be solved from any side of the board—that is, you play from the side facing you as you would from White's side. Set as it is shown the number of different unoccupied squares on which the White king and queen can be placed is fifty-seven each. These numbers multiplied one by the other produce three thousand two hundred and forty-nine—the number of changes that can be made, and, as the position can be solved from any side, we get twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-six changes, each being a problem.

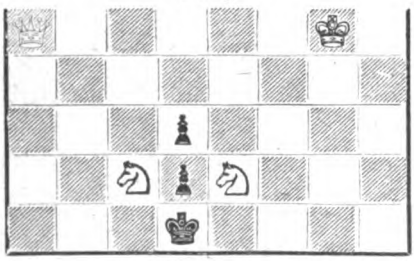


WHITE.

In the present series the White queen makes the tour of the fifty-seven squares, while the White king may be on almost any other unoccupied one.

Having set up the position as shown, place the queen on Q R 1 sq. This necessitates an interposing piece, so, for choice, place a Black bishop at its Q B 8. The White king may be anywhere on the upper half of the board excepting Q R file. We now have a three-move problem (No. 1) in which White is to play first—a condition to be followed throughout. Now remove the bishop, place the Q at Q R 2, the W K at Q R 6 for choice, and we have a two-mover (No. 2). Q placed at Q R 3, 4, or 5, give three-movers respectively (Nos. 3, 4, and 5). In the latter the W K may be at K Kt 5 as follows :—

No. 5.



WHITE.

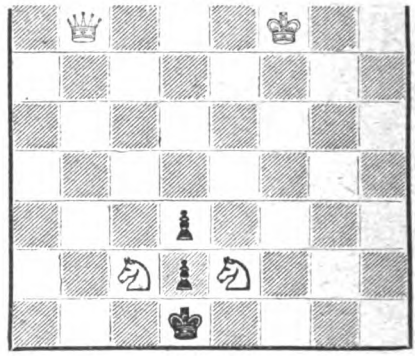
White mates in three moves.

The Q placed one square higher changes the problem to a two-mover (No. 6), and on placing it another square up it becomes a three-mover again (No. 7), which in turn becomes a two-mover (No. 8), with the Q again one square higher.

Now place the Q at Q Kt 1, the interposing Black B at Q B 8, and we have mate on the move (No. 9). With the B off, and Q at Q Kt 2, we have a similar result (No. 10), but, with Q at Q Kt 3, we obtain a two-mover (No. 11), and when placed a square higher we have a three-mover (No. 12). So far the White K has acted the part of the disinterested bystander—it having choice of any square on the upper half of the board to occupy. Now, however, we will bring it into action by placing it at K R 3, the Q now to be a square up, viz.—at Q Kt 5. This produces another neat three-mover (No. 13), which is not without difficulty. The Q moved up a square, and the roving K placed at Q R 3, gives a two-mover (No. 14).

The Q continues the tour *viâ* Q Kt 7, in which case the W K may be placed anywhere outside the zone of action. This produces :—

No. 15.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

All changes from this on to the thirty-third are three-movers, so the conditions need not be repeated.

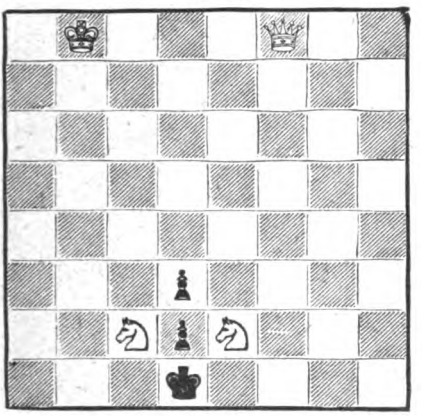
The Q now proceeds by Q Kt 8, Q B 3, 4, 5, and 6 (Nos. 16 to 20). The W K placed at Q R 4 in the two latter would be an improvement. The solver will have noted the various changes in the moves of the solutions, and that according as he proceeds he gets plenty of scope for his ingenuity.

The Q now goes on to Q B 7 and 8, then down to Q 4. In each of these changes have the W K at K R 3, and we get problems Nos. 21, 22, and 23. With the Q at Q 5, it would be well to place his ermine majesty at his fifth square (No. 24). Q at Q 6, 7, or 8, with the W K at K Kt 3, and an extra Black pawn at its K 4, produces what may be termed the royal sacrifice (Nos. 25, 26, and 27). Remove the extra pawn, and travel the Q up K's file, commencing at K 3 square, moving one square at a time, and we get changes Nos. 28 to 33. The one having the Q at K 6 would be improved by having the wandering K at Q R 6, and a White P at K 4 ; and the one having the Q at K 8 should have the W K at K Kt 1, and the extra pawn replaced at K 4. Continuing the tour along the K B file, we must again, when at B 1, introduce the interposing Black bishop. The W K may then be out of the zone of action ; place it at Q R 4 for choice. Here we have mate on the move (No. 34). Take off the bishop and change the Q to K B 2, and again we have mate on the move (No. 35). The Q on the third square up gives a two-mover (No. 36), and the fourth up, a three-mover (No. 37). Now bring the W K over to K Kt 3, then the Q up to B 5 and 6 in turn, and we obtain two-movers (Nos. 38 and 39). The W K may now be removed to the upper part of the board and the Q changed to the seventh and

then the eighth square up, giving three-movers—No. 40 and—

No. 41.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

The Q is now to traverse the K Kt file, commencing at the first square, where the Black bishop is to interpose as before. When at second and sixth squares we have two-movers, and when at any of the others—three-movers (Nos. 42 to 49). In Nos. 44 and 45 the W K would be useful standing at K Kt 6.

Finally, place Q at K R square—the Black bishop to be then only at its K 8—and again move it up one square at a time, as before. When at the second square up, have W K at Q R square in this change only, and when at the eighth and last square have W K at K Kt square; these two positions are two-movers, and each of the others are three-movers (Nos. 50 to 57).

The solutions will easily be found on solving from any other side of the board, which should be turned to the right in all cases. When so turned, play from the side facing you, as you would from White's side. In solving, the following alterations—to be made before turning the board—will considerably facilitate finding the solutions: W K to be at Q R square for the first quarter turn in Nos. 37 and 41; at Q R 2 for the second turns of Nos. 21 and 22; at Q R 3 for the first turns of Nos. 18, 24, 29, 42 to 47, and the second turns of 18, 20, 24, 29, 32, 54, 55, and 56; at Q R 4 for the first turns of 19, 20, and 36, the second turns of 19, 28, 34 to 42, 44, 50, 52, and 53, and the third turns of 19, 23, 28, and 35 to 41; at K Kt 3 for the third turns of 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, and 12 to 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 51, and 54 to 57; and a W P at K 4 for the first and second turns rightwards of 11 to 17, and 23 and 30.

In order to avoid dual continuations on the second and third turns of 26 and 27, remove the W K from K Kt 3 to K B 1; K at Q R 7 for the first turns of 21 and 22; a Black B at its K R 7 for the first and second turns of 10; and a W P at Q 5 for the third turns of 8 and 15.

All can then be solved in two moves each, excepting on the first turns of 19, 20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 42, 44, and 50; the second turns of 3, 9, 24, 29, 31, and 33; and the third turns of 9, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 42, and 50, which are three-movers. The third turns of 9 and 10 and the first turns of 34 and 35 each admit of mate on the move.

No solution exceeds three moves in length.

(Solutions next month.)

HOW TO MEMORIZE THE CALENDAR.

By HENRY BREMNER.

SOME years ago I invented a mechanical Perpetual Calendar. While working upon it it occurred to me that the principle could be easily memorized, and after a good deal of thought I evolved the system which I describe herewith. I have found it of very great service to myself, and feel that it ought to be given to the public. A child can learn to use it in a very short time, and once learned it will not be readily forgotten.

Commit the following rhyme to memory:—

April, July, and leap year Jan.,
Count as *nothing* in the plan:
One for September and December:
Two for June you must remember:
February, March, November *three*:
August *four* and leap February:
May is *five* and this will fix
January and October *six*.

Note that January and February have different values for leap years than ordinary years. All other months do not vary.

EXAMPLE NO. 1.

Required to find day of week for, say, January 10th, 1918.

Add	The year of the century ..	= '18
to	The number of leap years contained $\frac{18}{4}$	= 4
to	The day of the month	= 10
	Total	= 32
Subtract ..	The number given by rhyme for January	= 6
	Remainder	= 26 days

26 days = $\frac{26}{7}$ weeks = 3 weeks 5 days.

The fifth day of week=Thursday (Sunday being reckoned the first).

EXAMPLE NO. 2.

When the day of the week is known, to find the date. Say the day remembered is a Friday at the beginning of February, 1908.

APRIL FOOLS.

By
OWEN OLIVER.

Illustrated by Treyer Evans.

APRIL SMITH rose early upon All Fools' Day, washed in the bathroom before the water was warm, and ran downstairs in her dressing-gown to make April fools of the cook and housemaid. When the cook had ascertained that the cat was *not* in the larder, and the housemaid had countermanded her telephone message for the fire-engine, as the chimney was *not* on fire, April ran upstairs again and laughed joyfully at herself while she did her hair. She had several reasons for joyfulness. In the first place, it was her birthday—appropriately her father often told her, and most people agreed with him. In the second place, it was a privileged occasion for such pranks as she loved. She had been an imp of mischief from her babyhood upwards. In the third place, it was a sunny morning and she felt very sunny herself, and very pleased with her thoughts. They were principally of one Robert Johnson, who figured at the tail-end of Deedes, Gray, and Johnson, solicitors. He was a grave-looking young lawyer, who had bought his partnership and settled in her town three months before. About three weeks previously he had begun to get over his gravity when he talked to April, and to smile openly instead of just twinkling his eyes, and even to tease her a little in retaliation. Three days previously he had made distinct overtures. He had asked her to go on the river that very afternoon, and she had made mother invite him to her birthday high-tea in the evening. She thought it would be great fun to show the other girls that she had a grown-up admirer. At least that was the ostensible thought; but she found herself thinking of the admirer and forgetting the girls.

"Mind you don't make an April fool of yourself, my dear child!" she admonished the merry face in the mirror. "Perhaps he doesn't mean anything. But I believe he does!"

When her toilet was complete she raced to the parental bedroom to tell her mother that cook had packed up her clothes and gone; and enticed her father from the dressing-room with a half-lathered face on the ground that the boiler had burst. She put on a coat and hat—the saucy one with the red cockade—and went out before they had found the cook and the boiler still performing their duties—the boiler uncomplainingly, the cook grumbling that "Miss Hapril was a himp!" She almost danced along the road, she was so pleased with the mischief done and to come. The mischief to come pleased her most. She intended to make an April fool of that crusty old plutocrat, Uncle William, whose grumpy word was law to all his relatives, except her reckless self. It was not that she bore the old gentleman any ill-

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will—in fact she liked him, which few of his other relatives did—but she knew how he would splutter!

She arrived at his house before nine o'clock, but he was already in the garden, fussing about among his rose-trees. He frowned ferociously at her.

"You limb of mischief!" he grunted. "You needn't tell me it's your nineteenth birthday. I know it is. It couldn't be any other day! But it's no use thinking you'll get anything out of me. I don't give presents to impudent hussies!"

"Oh, Uncle William!" she protested, with an injured air. "I didn't come about that! I was just passing and I saw something you ought to know, that someone has chalked a horrible caricature of you on the black shed; on the side in the road, you know. You can see it from miles away. I can't tell you what they've written under it. It's too dreadful! They ought to be put in prison!"

Uncle William roared like a bull and rushed through the side gate to inspect the insult. He found no drawing, but there was writing, "*April 1st.*" He had no difficulty in guessing the misdoer.

He stood regarding the inscription for some seconds, during which his niece thought that he seemed to swell. Then he walked back slowly to the garden and pointed to chalk marks on her hands and dress.

"Well," he said, in a tone like suppressed thunder, "you have made an April fool of me. Now I will make one of you. I shall send for Johnson to strike you out of my will this morning."

"Oh, well!" April tossed her head. "If you can't take a bit of fun, *I* don't care. Anyhow, you can't say I've ever run after you for your money like some of them."

She flounced off as far as the gate, then she came back smiling rather doubtfully.

"Look here, uncle," she said. "I don't grumble at being made an April fool of; but when you've done it, we'll be square, won't we? So you can wish me many happy returns; and my wisdom doubled every year." She laughed at that.

"If the money spent on your education hadn't been wasted," he growled, "you'd know that twice naught is nothing." He looked at the laughing face without any outward sign of relenting. "Very well," he agreed, at last. "After I've altered the will—I hope it will be a lesson to you—we'll be square; and I'll say no more about it, if you don't; and if you call in this afternoon I'll give you your birthday present. None of the family have much sense; but as for you——! You're a born April fool!"

"Then you can't make me one!" she claimed. "You were born sensible. So I can. Good-bye, uncle."

"I'm not your uncle," he snapped. "I disown you entirely—until the will's altered."

"Then you will be!" she assured him, cheerfully. "Good-bye!"

She ran off and he walked round to the back door and sent the gardener to tell Mr. Johnson to come at once, as he had some important legal business.

Meanwhile April returned home to breakfast and a lecture from her parents. It was time that she had a little sense, her mother thought, and her father was emphatically in agreement.

"Some of these times, my girl," he warned her, "you'll make an April fool of yourself. Oh, yes! I know you can coax me. I don't mind for myself, though I expect I shall have a fine to pay for calling out the fire-engine. It's *you* I'm concerned about. One of your pranks will rebound on yourself some time, April. You'll offend someone you don't want to, or cause harm that you don't dream of. You really mustn't be such a little donkey now you're grown up. Think it over, kid, and see if you can't sober down just a trifle."

"Ye-es," she agreed. "I didn't choose my birthday, you know, daddy."

She walked to the station with father, and did some shopping for mother on the way back. When she arrived home, she found two notes awaiting her. One was from Uncle William, She read that in the hall. It stated briefly that he had squared their little account by the alteration of his will, and that the birthday present was now at her service. She ran upstairs to her bedroom to read the other note. It was addressed in a neat, masculine hand, which she had not seen before. She thought she could guess the writer.

She found that she had guessed correctly. It was from Mr. Johnson. He regretted deeply that he could not have the pleasure of going on the river that afternoon, or of coming to tea. He had very urgent and important business to attend to. In fact, he was thinking of leaving the town and setting up in business elsewhere.

April started when she saw herself in the looking-glass just after reading the note for the second time. The pale, set-faced girl seemed a stranger to her.

"Well," she said to herself, presently, "*I* am the April fool!" She surveyed herself in the mirror, put a hairpin right, straightened her kiss-curl, and adjusted the collar of her blouse; doing it all very mechanically. "He thought I should have money from Uncle William; and now he has altered the will for him and finds that I sha'n't! I won't be a fool to myself and say I didn't care for him. I did. But I won't. You can't go on caring for a *cad!*" She saw a small tear trickle down each cheek of the pale face in the glass; and wiped her own face quickly. "Don't be an idiot!" she muttered. "You little April fool! You ought to be glad to have found him out in time. Just think if he had married you for your money! *Beast! I won't care!*"

She seemed her usual lively self all the rest of the morning, and showed no concern when she told her mother of her altered arrangements for the afternoon.

"I'm not going on the river with that solemn old owl, after all," she said. "He has some

urgent business. I'm jolly glad of it! He's too sensible or I'm too silly. I don't know which!"

"I do, April." Her mother sighed. "He's really a very nice fellow, I think."

"What care I how nice he be, if he be not nice to me!" April sang.

"He is nice to you, April," her mother insisted. "In fact—well, I don't want to put old thoughts into your dreadfully young head, but I've always hoped you'd like someone of his sort, who would be a counterpoise to your wildness. I don't mean Mr. Johnson in particular, except that he's the only man of that stamp you've ever taken any notice of. Of course if you don't care for him, you don't, but——"

"And, of course, if I am an April fool, I am!" April interrupted. "Oh, well! I'll begin to grow sensible now I'm in my twentieth year. I'll start being quite serious to-morrow—if I feel like it."

"You won't feel like it," her mother prophesied, "I'm afraid."

But April was afraid that she would.

She went for a walk in the afternoon, and decided to call upon Uncle William. It was good of him to square off her enormity, she felt, and she did not want to leave his feelings ruffled.

On the way she saw Mr. Johnson. He was on the other side of the road, and did not even attempt to cross to her and apologize. She gave him no encouragement certainly; but he was not the sort of man to wait for that, if he wanted to come. She could not help a little twisty feeling inside now.

"Oh!" she reproached herself. "You fool, April! You April fool!" She gave him a careless nod and hurried on.

Uncle William was in the library reclining in the arm-chair with one foot on a stool. He had attacks of gout occasionally, and no relative but April ever dared to call them "gout." He stared at her over his spectacles when she appeared.

"All square, uncle!" she cried, brightly.

"All square, April," he said. "Many happy returns; and your wisdom doubled every month; if there's a little wisdom to double."

"That's the difficulty," she confessed. "If only I could get the capital to begin with. How *do* you get wisdom, uncle?"

"By getting into trouble," he stated, grimly. "Wisdom is like wisdom-teeth: a nuisance from beginning to end. It hurts when it comes, and it hurts when it's there, and it hurts when it goes. You don't want wisdom before you cut the teeth; but you do need a little common sense. Well, here's your birthday present."

He produced a couple of chain bracelets—dainty gold chains, with in-betweens of pearl; the most attractive recognition that April had ever known him to make of anyone's birthday. It occurred to her that he had chosen them to prove that he bore no malice; and since she was very ready to be touched by kindness at the moment, the tears came very near her eyes.

"Uncle William!" she cried. "Oh! You're a *dear!*" She kissed him suddenly, although he always refused embraces. "They're coals of fire!" she protested, holding up her wrists after she had put the bracelets on them. "I wish I hadn't done it!" The tears were right in her eyes now.

"Tut, tut!" he grunted. "You forget that we're square. I kept my word and made Johnson alter the will this morning, as I said I should. We're square."

"We were," April corrected; "but now you've given me these. They start a new account, uncle, and we aren't a bit square. I owe you a lot of niceness. I know I am very silly, but I don't mean to be nasty. Does your foot hurt, uncle? Let me get a cushion. It's such a horrid hard old stool."

She rushed for a cushion and brought it to him.

"Mind how you lift it," he roared, as she approached the aching foot. "Gently, child, gently! Ur-r-r-r! That's better. I wouldn't complain of the gout, if I'd earned it; but there's no satisfaction or credit in having a bad foot because your father's grandfather drank good port, or in being made an April fool because your sister's daughter was born one—ur-r-r!"

"I think I shall grow very serious now," she remarked, sitting down opposite to the old man. "I'm in my twentieth year, so I ought to be cutting my wisdom. I expect I am."

She looked straight in front of her; and Uncle William looked straight at her for a long time. Uncle William saw a great deal, the family often remarked, especially if it was something which he was not meant to see.

"Cutting your wisdom, eh?" he remarked, presently; and then with a snap: "Is it hurting?" he demanded.

April blushed and bit her lips.

"I didn't mean anything in particular," she protested.

"Umph!" Uncle William grunted. "Shift the cushion a bit, child. It's too humpy under the foot. Ur-r-r! Be careful. That's right. Is my will the trouble, child?"

"No, uncle," she assured him. "It isn't that. I don't think I care about money. I expect I'm not sensible enough to!"

"I expect not! That isn't the wisdom-tooth one cuts at your age; not the one *I* cut, anyhow." He grunted. "A girl threw me over. She wasn't worth having; but I thought she was. Well, I got over it; but I cut *that* wisdom-tooth with inflammation, as the old women say! That's the sort of tooth you cut at nineteen!"

April put her hand on his arm gently.

"Poor old uncle," she said. "I—I've cut that tooth, too!"

"Eh?" he cried, sharply. "Eh? Since this morning?" April said nothing. "Can't you answer a plain question, girl?"

"I don't want to talk about it, uncle," she pleaded. "I didn't mean anyone to know; but when you spoke about yourself, it just slipped out. Would you like me to move your foot again?"

"No," he refused, crustily. "You've monkeyed enough with my foot. Don't monkey with yourself. You're an extraordinarily silly child, and I dare say you're being extraordinarily silly over your love affair, as I suppose you call it." He snorted. "Don't you think you'd better tell me, and see if I can stop you making an April fool of yourself? What's the tiff about?"

"It isn't a tiff," she answered, slowly. "There was nothing really. I don't care."

"Then you haven't cut the tooth," Uncle William denied. "It hurts enough to make you care, always."

"Well, I do care a little. He asked me to go on the river this afternoon—and he wrote and excused himself. That's all!"

"April!" Uncle William began. "You *are* a——"

"I'm not!" she interrupted. "I'm not! I know why he did it; because you had struck me out of your will, and he only wanted me for the money he thought I'd get."

"Eh?" Uncle William sat upright and let his gouty foot slide off the chair without a groan. "*Eh?*"

"It's true," April asserted. "He's a cad, of course."

"Why were you such an idiot as to tell him about it?" Uncle William wanted to know. "I suppose you began by boasting that you had made a fool of me?"

"I didn't!" she denied. "And I didn't say a word to anyone about the will, either."

"Then how in the name of goodness could he know?" Uncle William demanded.

"If you must know, it was the man who had to alter it," said April.

Uncle William blew out his cheeks and puffed.

"Johnson?" he asked.

"Yes," said April.

"He's ten years older than you at least."

"I dare say."

"And he'd been making up to you?"

"Yes. I thought so."

"And you like him?"

"I hate him!" April cried. She blinked; and to her astonishment she found Uncle William's big hand on her shoulder.

"We'll get a wisdom-tooth through, my dear," he said. "this afternoon. You showed me this morning that if you were good friends with me it wouldn't be for my money. That's all the rest of them care for. So I altered my will—and left the lot to you! I suppose Johnson was man enough to think he mustn't try to win a girl of nineteen who was my heiress."

April gasped several times; then suddenly kissed her uncle's hand.

"Send for him," she whispered, "and tell him to take me out of the will again! You see—the wisdom-tooth you've helped through isn't the money one!"

"It's the one you have out after you've been married about a year," he growled; and then he did an unprecedented thing—kissed his niece! "You've made an April fool of me

"'MIND HOW YOU LIFT IT!' HE ROARED, AS SHE APPROACHED THE ACHING FOOT."

again!" he grunted, and hobbled over to his telephone.

"Five-two-seven," he called. "I want to speak to Mr. Johnson. No. He *won't* do. Why do you suppose I say Johnson if I mean Fiddle-de-dee or whatever you said his name was? Don't argue with me, young man. Ask Mr. Johnson to come to the 'phone. Is that you, Johnson? I've changed my mind about that will I made this morning. I suppose, if I tear it up, the previous one will hold good? Very well. I'm tearing it up. Sudden? What the—— What's that to do with you? If you're so curious, I'll tell you. The impudent little hussy has been here and made an April fool of me. Eh? What? I've made one of you, have I? Nonsense. I shall pay you for your work; but let me tell you it's the last will you'll do for me!" The old man banged the receiver on the arm and turned to April.

"It is," he said. "I'm going to put up with you. I sha'n't tear up this morning's will whatever you do. I fancy that's the best way to keep you in order. You'll feel in honour bound to behave decently to me now! Now run off home to your party. If he's worth his salt he'll be there, and you'll be able to make him a proper April fool!"

Mr. Johnson *was* there. He found that he could do some of the urgent work late in the evening, he explained; and he so very much wanted to be at April's birthday party. He brought an enormous box of chocolates and a quantity of choice roses. She put one at her neck and one in his buttonhole, and made him help to arrange the others, because there was no one else to assist. He had mistaken the time (so he said) and was twenty minutes before the other guests.

"HE BROUGHT AN ENORMOUS BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND A QUANTITY OF CHOICE ROSES."

"I was so disappointed about this afternoon, April," he apologized. "I wanted to take you very much." There was no mistaking his earnestness.

"Did you?" She smiled up at him. "I am glad, because—I thought perhaps you were only making an April fool of me!"

"Oh, April!" he protested.

"I was, I thought, because—I wanted you to want me to come." She smiled up at him again.

"April?" he begged. "I want you so much; *so* much, April. Will you come to me for always?"

"If you don't think I'm too silly!" she whispered, with her head on his shoulder.

"I have made an April fool of him," she explained, when her mother came in. (There was obvious need of explanation.) "At least I got Uncle William to! Oh, yes! You may stare, Bob, but you can't get out of it now. He wasn't going to have any more to do with me, because he put me down for uncle's heiress in a will this morning. That was why he cried off this afternoon. Silly thing! I wasn't going to have such a trifle as money upset everything. So I made uncle tell him that he'd torn it up; but he hadn't, and he says he isn't going to!" She laughed delightedly. "April fool, Bob!" she cried.

"Dear little girl!" he protested. "I'm afraid it's you!"

"It seems to me," her mother suggested, "that it's both of you. May it turn out the wisest folly of your lives!"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

BEE-LINES.

An Article on the True Positions of Commonly-Known Places.

By E. TRACEY ARCHER.

SOME people are map-maniacs. I am one of them. My object in writing this article is to spread the infection. The disease is not dangerous. A mild attack cannot possibly hurt you, and may even do you good. I shall not detain you longer than a few minutes. When I have finished, you will begin to see that there is method—and mirth—in map-madness. Many less pleasant ways of making the time pass profitably might easily be imagined.

Figure 1 is the key to a problem with which you may puzzle your friends. Ask them: "How many B's are there a hundred miles from London?"

When they "give it up," look at them with a smile, and say: "I mean towns whose names begin with B—Bombay, for instance—or Berlin!"

Draw a circle roughly one hundred miles round London, and you will find that it cuts through Bristol, Birmingham, Boston, and Beccles. Bournemouth and Boulogne are slightly within the radius. Brighton, unfortunately, is less than half-way, and to complete our magic circle there should be a Big Island in the North Sea one hundred miles due east of London. But never mind.

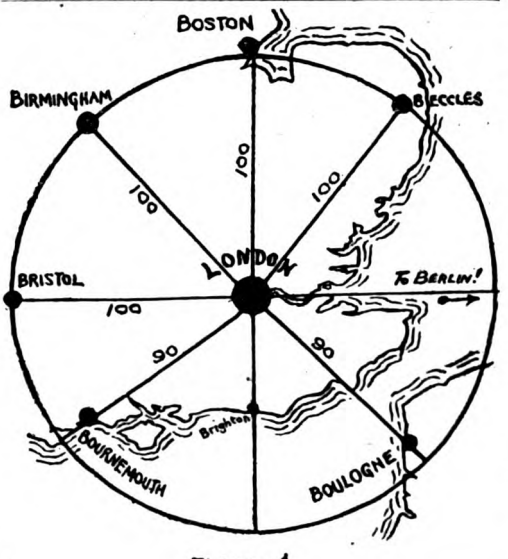


Figure 1.

If any lady or gentleman friend of yours wants to start an argument about the exact distances of these towns on the map, tell him or her that anything within ten miles is near enough for our purpose.

You now know that from London to Birmingham—and all those other places—is roughly one hundred miles. We will use that distance as a standard, and call it "B."

Twice "B" is the distance from London to Blackpool, Bangor, Bodmin, Brussels, Antwerp, or Paris. (See Figure 2.)

Ask somebody—anybody—"Which is nearer: Blackpool in Lancashire, or Brussels

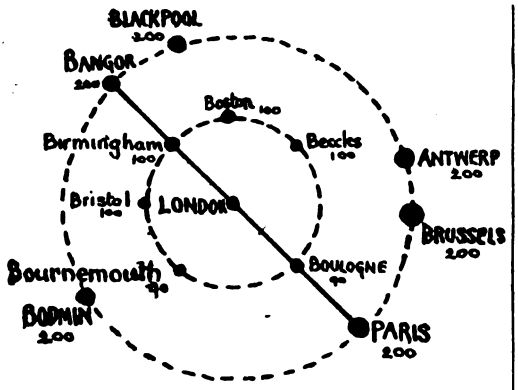


Figure 2.

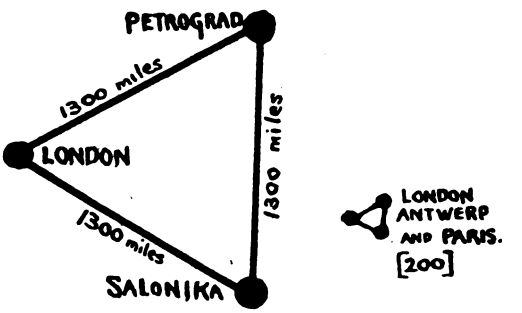


Figure 4.

in Belgium?" You can bet in nine cases out of ten that the answer will be: "Don't bother me with silly questions!"

Very few people have any idea of distance beyond the length of their own garden.

When it comes to hundreds of miles—and thousands—they get in a hopeless muddle,

Figure 3

you can remember this easily, because it is just the same as the distance to Timbuctoo!

To Timbuctoo or Jericho
Is twice as far as "Gib.," you know.

(See Figure 3.)

The London-Jericho bee-line cuts through Serbia just half-way.

Now here is a very curious thing (Figure 4), what Euclid calls an equilateral triangle, and each side of it is thirteen hundred miles long.

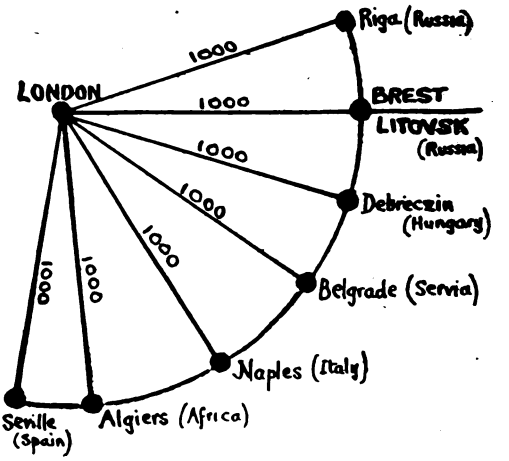


Figure 5

and tell you to go to Jericho. You can always catch them then with the neat retort: "Tell me how far it is, and I'll go at once!"

How many miles is it really to Jericho? Five thousand? Four thousand? Oh, dear, no! Only two thousand two hundred, and

Thirteen times "B," remember — thirteen journeys to Birmingham.

Nearly the whole of Germany and Austria are inside that triangle.

London, Antwerp, and Paris make another triangle, similar to the above, but only two

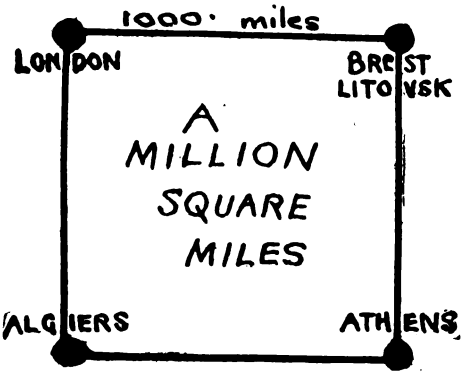


Figure 6.

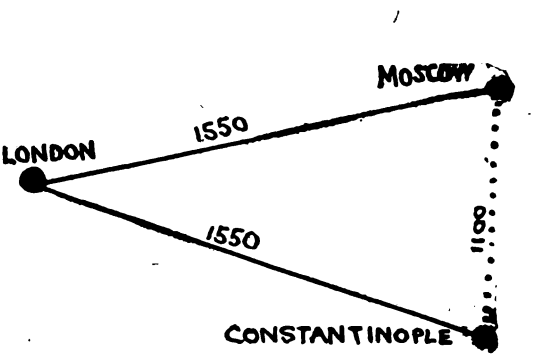


Figure 7.

hundred miles long (twice "B"). London, Antwerp, Paris—L.A.P. It's a long lap, isn't it?

See Figure 5. Looks like a fan, doesn't it?

Can you imagine a thousand miles? Ten times "B," you know. Brighton to Inverness and back again—by aeroplane, not by rail—just makes the distance.

Let us try southwards: A bee-line of one thousand miles will take you to Seville, in Sunny Spain; or to Algiers—the nearest point of Africa; or to Naples; or to Belgrade, in Serbia, nearly; or to Debreczin, in the middle of Hungary; or to the Gulf of Riga, where the Germans tried to bottle up the Russian fleet.

All these places are one thousand miles from the Bank of England, or the British Museum, or Bond Street—roughly—and there's one place that nobody ever heard of before the war, but everybody knows now, and it's the biggest B of them all—Brest Litovsk!—one thousand miles almost due east from Billingsgate in a bee-line.

We shall get a grip of that ten "B" distance presently.

Make a square across the centre of Europe. You can't draw it because you haven't a ruler long enough, but imagine it—one thousand miles each way, like our Figure 6.

Athens is a bit farther out, really (only about one hundred miles—a mere trifle). There you have a million square miles, a space twenty times the size of England.

You can put a square like that right inside Russia, and Moscow—the old capital—will be practically in the centre.

Moscow, by the by, is due east of Edinburgh, and one thousand five hundred and fifty miles from the Scottish capital or from London. From London to Constantinople is the same distance.

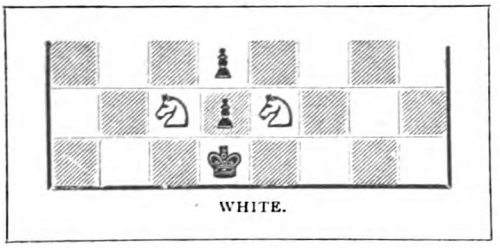
"It's a long way to Tipperary!" Well, yes; for a tortoise. But it isn't so far from the Tottenham Court Road. Just three hundred and forty miles—as far as Glasgow.

Now get out your atlas, and see what you can find for yourself!

FIFTY-SEVEN CHESS PROBLEMS!

By T. B. ROWLAND.

THE position shown at the top of the next page is so far extraordinary that it can be placed anywhere on the chessboard and then, with the addition of the White queen and king, form a problem that can be solved from any side of the board—that is, you play from the side facing you as you would from White's side. Set as it is shown the number of different unoccupied squares on which the White king and queen can be placed is fifty-seven each. These numbers multiplied one by the other produce three thousand two hundred and forty-nine—the number of changes that can be made, and, as the position can be solved from any side, we get twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-six changes, each being a problem.

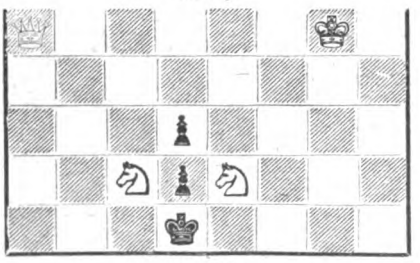


WHITE.

In the present series the White queen makes the tour of the fifty-seven squares, while the White king may be on almost any other unoccupied one.

Having set up the position as shown, place the queen on Q R 1 sq. This necessitates an interposing piece, so, for choice, place a Black bishop at its Q B 8. The White king may be anywhere on the upper half of the board excepting Q R file. We now have a three-move problem (No. 1) in which White is to play first—a condition to be followed throughout. Now remove the bishop, place the Q at Q R 2, the W K at Q R 6 for choice, and we have a two-mover (No. 2). Q placed at Q R 3, 4, or 5, give three-movers respectively (Nos. 3, 4, and 5). In the latter the W K may be at K Kt 5 as follows :—

No. 5.



WHITE.

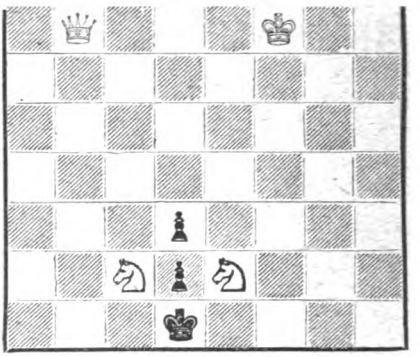
White mates in three moves.

The Q placed one square higher changes the problem to a two-mover (No. 6), and on placing it another square up it becomes a three-mover again (No. 7), which in turn becomes a two-mover (No. 8), with the Q again one square higher.

Now place the Q at Q Kt 1, the interposing Black B at Q B 8, and we have mate on the move (No. 9). With the B off, and Q at Q Kt 2, we have a similar result (No. 10), but, with Q at Q Kt 3, we obtain a two-mover (No. 11), and when placed a square higher we have a three-mover (No. 12). So far the White K has acted the part of the disinterested bystander—it having choice of any square on the upper half of the board to occupy. Now, however, we will bring it into action by placing it at K R 3, the Q now to be a square up, viz.—at Q Kt 5. This produces another neat three-mover (No. 13), which is not without difficulty. The Q moved up a square, and the roving K placed at Q R 3, gives a two-mover (No. 14).

The Q continues the tour *viâ* Q Kt 7, in which case the W K may be placed anywhere outside the zone of action. This produces :—

No. 15.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

All changes from this on to the thirty-third are three-movers, so the conditions need not be repeated.

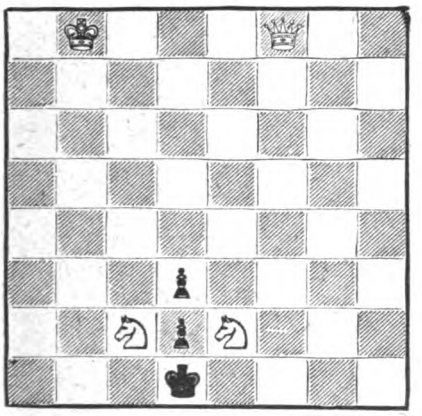
The Q now proceeds by Q Kt 8, Q B 3, 4, 5, and 6 (Nos. 16 to 20). The W K placed at Q R 4 in the two latter would be an improvement. The solver will have noted the various changes in the moves of the solutions, and that according as he proceeds he gets plenty of scope for his ingenuity.

The Q now goes on to Q B 7 and 8, then down to Q 4. In each of these changes have the W K at K R 3, and we get problems Nos. 21, 22, and 23. With the Q at Q 5, it would be well to place his ermine majesty at his fifth square (No. 24). Q at Q 6, 7, or 8, with the W K at K Kt 3, and an extra Black pawn at its K 4, produces what may be termed the royal sacrifice (Nos. 25, 26, and 27). Remove the extra pawn, and travel the Q up K's file, commencing at K 3 square, moving one square at a time, and we get changes Nos. 28 to 33. The one having the Q at K 6 would be improved by having the wandering K at Q R 6, and a White P at K 4 ; and the one having the Q at K 8 should have the W K at K Kt 1, and the extra pawn replaced at K 4. Continuing the tour along the K B file, we must again, when at B 1, introduce the interposing Black bishop. The W K may then be out of the zone of action ; place it at Q R 4 for choice. Here we have mate on the move (No. 34). Take off the bishop and change the Q to K B 2, and again we have mate on the move (No. 35). The Q on the third square up gives a two-mover (No. 36), and the fourth up, a three-mover (No. 37). Now bring the W K over to K Kt 3, then the Q up to B 5 and 6 in turn, and we obtain two-movers (Nos. 38 and 39). The W K may now be removed to the upper part of the board and the Q changed to the seventh and

then the eighth square up, giving three-movers—No. 40 and—

No. 41.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

The Q is now to traverse the K Kt file, commencing at the first square, where the Black bishop is to interpose as before. When at second and sixth squares we have two-movers, and when at any of the others—three-movers (Nos. 42 to 49). In Nos. 44 and 45 the W K would be useful standing at K Kt 6.

Finally, place Q at K R square—the Black bishop to be then only at its K 8—and again move it up one square at a time, as before. When at the second square up, have W K at Q R square in this change only, and when at the eighth and last square have W K at K Kt square; these two positions are two-movers, and each of the others are three-movers (Nos. 50 to 57).

The solutions will easily be found on solving from any other side of the board, which should be turned to the right in all cases. When so turned, play from the side facing you, as you would from White's side. In solving, the following alterations—to be made before turning the board—will considerably facilitate finding the solutions: W K to be at Q R square for the first quarter turn in Nos. 37 and 41; at Q R 2 for the second turns of Nos. 21 and 22; at Q R 3 for the first turns of Nos. 18, 24, 29, 42 to 47, and the second turns of 18, 20, 24, 29, 32, 54, 55, and 56; at Q R 4 for the first turns of 19, 20, and 36, the second turns of 19, 28, 34 to 42, 44, 50, 52, and 53, and the third turns of 19, 23, 28, and 35 to 41; at K Kt 3 for the third turns of 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, and 12 to 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 51, and 54 to 57; and a W P at K 4 for the first and second turns rightwards of 11 to 17, and 23 and 30.

In order to avoid dual continuations on the second and third turns of 26 and 27, remove the W K from K Kt 3 to K B 1; K at Q R 7 for the first turns of 21 and 22; a Black B at its K R 7 for the first and second turns of 10; and a W P at Q 5 for the third turns of 8 and 15.

All can then be solved in two moves each, excepting on the first turns of 19, 20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 42, 44, and 50; the second turns of 3, 9, 24, 29, 31, and 33; and the third turns of 9, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 42, and 50, which are three-movers. The third turns of 9 and 10 and the first turns of 34 and 35 each admit of mate on the move.

No solution exceeds three moves in length.

(Solutions next month.)

HOW TO MEMORIZE THE CALENDAR.

By HENRY BREMNER.

SOME years ago I invented a mechanical Perpetual Calendar. While working upon it it occurred to me that the principle could be easily memorized, and after a good deal of thought I evolved the system which I describe herewith. I have found it of very great service to myself, and feel that it ought to be given to the public. A child can learn to use it in a very short time, and once learned it will not be readily forgotten.

Commit the following rhyme to memory:—

April, July, and leap year Jan.,
Count as *nothing* in the plan:
One for September and December:
Two for June you must remember;
February, March, November *three*:
August *four* and leap February:
May is *five* and this will fix
January and October *six*.

Note that January and February have different values for leap years than ordinary years. All other months do not vary.

EXAMPLE NO. 1.

Required to find day of week for, say, January 10th, 1918.

Add	The year of the century ..	= '18
to	The number of leap years contained $\frac{18}{4}$	= 4
to	The day of the month	= 10
	Total	= 32
Subtract ..	The number given by rhyme for January	= 6
	Remainder	= 26 days

26 days = $\frac{26}{7}$ weeks = 3 weeks 5 days.

The fifth day of week=Thursday (Sunday being reckoned the first).

EXAMPLE NO. 2.

When the day of the week is known, to find the date. Say the day remembered is a Friday at the beginning of February, 1908.

Assume the date to be the first, and proceed as before :—

Add	The year of the century ..	= '08
to	The number of leap years contained = $\frac{8}{4}$	= 2
to	The day of the month	= 1
	Total	= 11
Subtract ..	The number given by rhyme for leap February	= 4
	Remainder	= 7 days

Seven days is a complete week, therefore the day is obviously a Saturday.

If the first of the month is a Saturday, then Friday will be on the 7th.

For each past century add an extra 2, and for each future century subtract an extra 2.

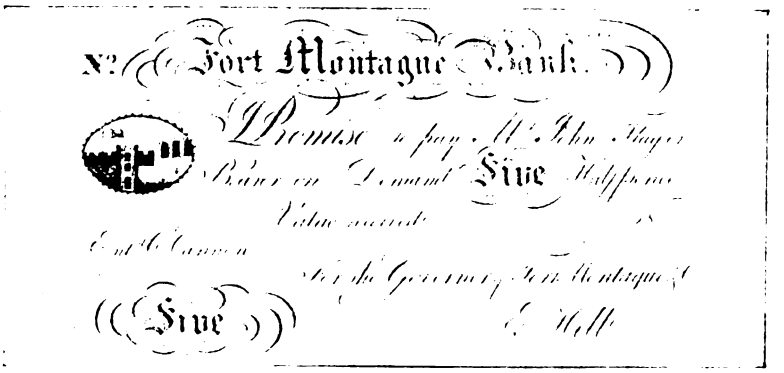
Of course, if a date had to be taken prior to the reform of the calendar, allowance would require to be made for the break. This is, however, outside the requirements of a memorized calendar, and the further details need not be given here.

A BANKNOTE FOR TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY.

CAN YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY?

By MAJOR H. STRACHAN-CAMERON.

THE accompanying reproduction shows one of three notes which were discovered amongst family papers some years ago, but without any record to show how they came there or what was their purport. Two of them have been completed by being numbered and dated by hand, and seem to have been issued. The third has neither number nor date filled into the blanks provided, while its clean condition indicates that it has not been in circulation. They have been submitted to the foremost London curiosity dealers, who have been unable to throw any light upon them, nor has an application to the authorities of the British Museum met with any better success. The existence of such an institution as the "Fort Montague Bank," in the early part of the nineteenth century, has not been traced. The only suggestions put forward are that they may have been some form of "Commission Note," or—alternatively—been issued in pursuance of a "bet," or by way of some "joke," forms of amusement very prevalent at that period. Neither of these speculations affords a satisfactory explanation. It is inconceivable that notes resembling in form and lettering those of the Bank of England should have been prepared and issued for such trifling commissions as "five half-pence."



It would have been a most elaborate and expensive form of "joke" which entailed the preparation of *two* plates from which to print *two* issues of notes differing in detail as these do. The appearance of the two which have been completed strongly indicates that they have been in *bonâ-fide* circulation.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We are pleased to be able to announce that in our next number will appear

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S

graphic and detailed account of

The Battle of the Somme,

"THE GREATEST DAY'S WORK IN THE WAR."

The Port Look-Out.

By

"BARTIMEUS."

Illustrated by

Frank Gillett, R.I.

THERE is a tendency among some people to regard war as a morally uplifting pursuit. Because a man fights in the cause of right and freedom it is believed by quite a large section of those who don't fight that he goes about the business in a completely regenerate spirit, unhampered by any of the human failings that were apt to beset him in pre-war days. Be that as it may, Able-Seaman Pettigrew, wearer of no good-conduct badges and incorrigible leave-breaker in peace time, remained in war merely Able-Seaman Pettigrew, leave-breaker, and still minus good-conduct badges.

He stood at the door of a London public-house contemplating the night distastefully. The wind howled down the muddy street, and the few lamps casting smears of yellow light at intervals along the thoroughfare only served to illuminate the driving rain. His leave expired at 7 a.m. the following morning, and he had just time to catch the last train to Portsmouth that night. To do Mr. Pettigrew justice he had completed the first stage of his journey—the steps of the public-house—with that laudable end in view. Here, however, he faltered, and as he faltered he remembered a certain hospitable lady of his acquaintance who lived south of the river.

"To blazes!" said Mr. Pettigrew, recklessly, and swung himself on to a passing omnibus. As he climbed the steps he noted that it passed Waterloo Station, and for an instant the flame of good intent, temporarily doused, flickered into life again. His ship, he remembered, was under sailing orders. He found himself alone on top of the omnibus, and walked forward to the front right-hand seat. For a moment he stood there, gripping the rail and peering ahead through the stinging rain while the omnibus lurched and skidded on its way through deserted streets. Then his imagination, quickened somewhat by hot whisky and water, obliterated the impulse of conscience. He saw himself twenty-four hours later, standing thus as port look-out on board his destroyer, peering ahead through the drenching spray, gripping the rail with numbed hands.

"Oh, to blazes!" said Mr. Pettigrew again, and sitting down gave himself up sullenly to amorous anticipation.

He was interrupted by a girl's voice at his elbow.

"Fare, please."

He turned his head and saw it was the

conductress, a slim, compact figure swaying easily to the lurch of the vehicle. Her fingers touched his as she handed him the ticket, and they were bitterly cold.

"Nice night, ain't it?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Not 'arf!" said the girl, philosophically. "But there, it ain't so bad for us 's what it is for them boys in the trenches."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pettigrew, archly. "Them boys—*'im*, you means."

The girl shook her head swiftly. Seen in the gleam of a passing lamp her face was pretty, and glistening with rain.

"Not me," she said. "There was two—my brothers—but they went west. There's only me left—carryin' on." The omnibus lurched violently, causing the little conductress to lose her balance, and her weight rested momentarily against Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder. She recovered her equilibrium instantly without self-consciousness, and stood looking absently ahead into the darkness.

"That's what we've all got to do, ain't it?" she said—"do our bit?"

She jingled the coppers in her bag and turned abruptly.

Mr. Pettigrew watched the trim, self-respecting little figure till it vanished down the steps.

"Oh, blazes!" he groaned, as imperious flesh and immortal spirit awoke to renew the unending combat.

Five minutes later the conductress reappeared at Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder.

"Waterloo," she said. "That's where all you boys gets off, ain't it?"

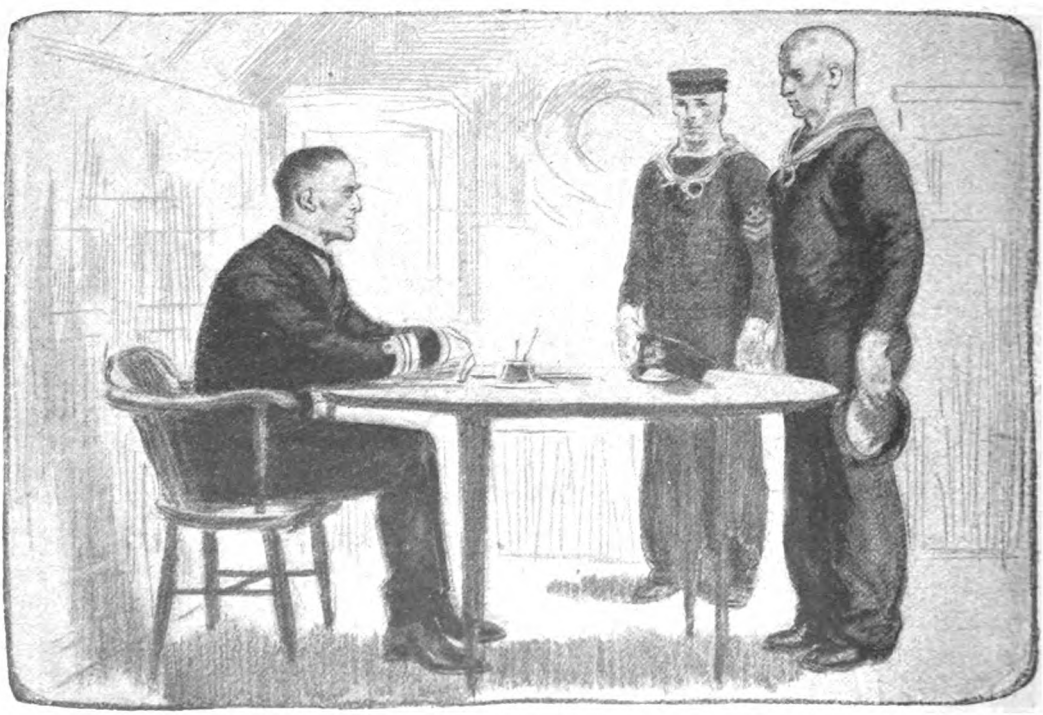
"That's right," said Mr. Pettigrew. He jerked to his feet, gripping his bundle, and made for the steps with averted head. "'Night!" he said, brusquely. The omnibus slowed and stopped.

"Good luck!" said the girl.

The port look-out gripped the bridge-rail to steady himself, and stared out through the driving spray and the darkness as the destroyer thrashed her way down Channel. He was chosen for the trick because of his eyesight. "I gotter eye like a adjective 'awk," Mr. Pettigrew was wont to admit in his more expansive moments, and none gainsaid him the length and breadth of the destroyer's mess-deck. None gainsaid him on the bridge that night when suddenly he wheeled inboard and bawled at the full strength of his lungs:—

"Objec' on the port bow, sir!"

There was an instant's pause, a confused shouting of orders, a vision of the coxswain struggling at the kicking wheel as the helm



"'PUT YOUR CAP ON,' SAID THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER."

went over, and a man's clear voice saying: "By God! we've got her!"

Then came the stunning shock of the impact, the grinding crash of blunt metal shearing metal, more shouts, faces seen white for an instant against the dark waters, something scraping past the side of the forecastle, and finally a dull explosion aft.

"Rammed a submarine and sunk the perisher!" shouted the Yeoman in Mr. Pettigrew's ear. "Wake up! What the deuce is up—are ye dazed?"

Mr. Pettigrew was considerably more dazed when he was sent for the following day in harbour by his captain. From force of custom on obeying such summonses, the ship's black sheep removed his cap.

"Put your damned cap on," said the lieutenant-commander. Mr. Pettigrew replaced his cap. "Now shake hands." Mr. Pettigrew shook hands. "Now go on leave." Mr. Pettigrew obeyed.

For forty minutes the policeman on duty outside Waterloo Station had been keeping under observation a rather dejected-looking bluejacket carrying a bundle, and standing at the corner scrutinizing the omnibuses as they passed. Finally, with deliberate measured tread, he approached the man of the sea.

"What bus do you want, mate?"

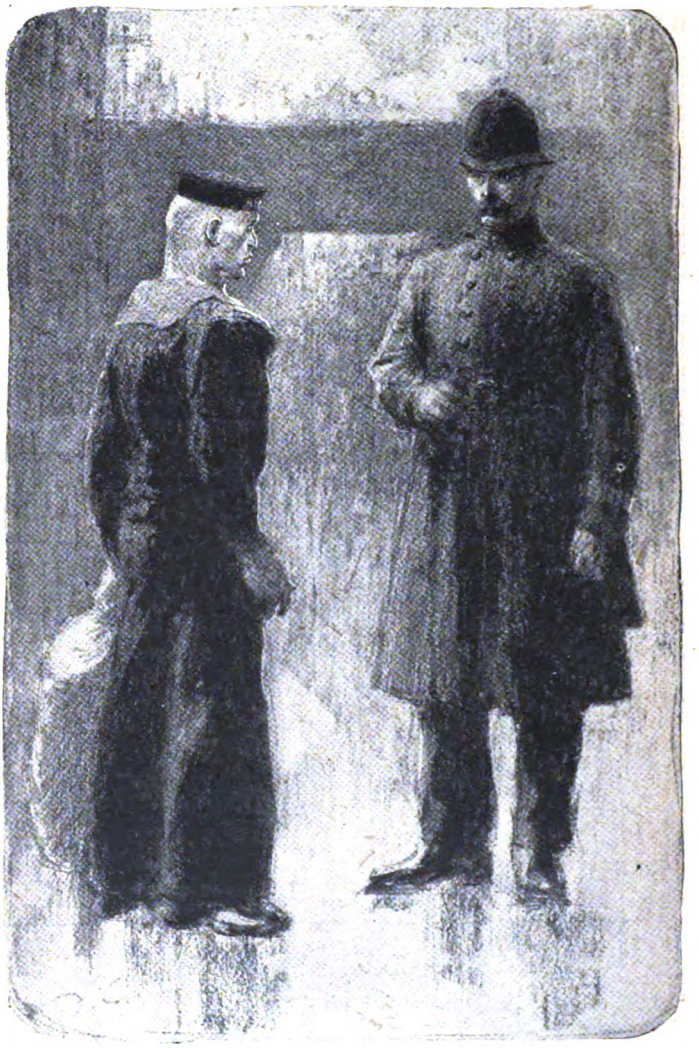
Mr. Pettigrew enlightened him as to the number.

"There's been four of that number gone past while you was standin' 'ere," said the policeman, not without suspicion in his tones.

"I'm very partickler about buses," said Mr. Pettigrew, coldly.

"Well," said the constable, "'ere's another one."

The sailor waited till it slowed up abreast of them. His blue eyes were cocked on the rear end.



"'I'M VERY PARTICKLER ABOUT 'BUSES,' SAID MR. PETTIGREW, COLDLY."

"An' *this* 'ere's the right one," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He stepped briskly into the roadway, ran half-a-dozen paces, and swung himself on to the footboard beside the conductress.

again!" he grunted, and hobbled over to his telephone.

"Five-two-seven," he called. "I want to speak to Mr. Johnson. No. He *won't* do. Why do you suppose I say Johnson if I mean Fiddle-de-dee or whatever you said his name was? Don't argue with me, young man. Ask Mr. Johnson to come to the 'phone. Is that you, Johnson? I've changed my mind about that will I made this morning. I suppose, if I tear it up, the previous one will hold good? Very well. I'm tearing it up. Sudden? What the—— What's that to do with you? If you're so curious, I'll tell you. The impudent little hussy has been here and made an April fool of me. Eh? What? I've made one of you, have I? Nonsense. I shall pay you for your work; but let me tell you it's the last will you'll do for me!" The old man banged the receiver on the arm and turned to April.

"HE BROUGHT AN ENORMOUS BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND A QUANTITY OF CHOICE ROSES."

"It is," he said. "I'm going to put up with you. I sha'n't tear up this morning's will whatever you do. I fancy that's the best way to keep you in order. You'll feel in honour bound to behave decently to me now! Now run off home to your party. If he's worth his salt he'll be there, and you'll be able to make him a proper April fool!"

Mr. Johnson *was* there. He found that he could do some of the urgent work late in the evening, he explained; and he so very much wanted to be at April's birthday party. He brought an enormous box of chocolates and a quantity of choice roses. She put one at her neck and one in his buttonhole, and made him help to arrange the others, because there was no one else to assist. He had mistaken the time (so he said) and was twenty minutes before the other guests.

"I was so disappointed about this afternoon, April," he apologized. "I wanted to take you very much." There was no mistaking his earnestness.

"Did you?" She smiled up at him. "I am glad, because—I thought perhaps you were only making an April fool of me!"

"Oh, April!" he protested.

"I was, I thought, because—I wanted you to want me to come." She smiled up at him again.

"April?" he begged. "I want you so much; *so* much, April. Will you come to me for always?"

"If you don't think I'm too silly!" she whispered, with her head on his shoulder.

"I have made an April fool of him," she explained, when her mother came in. (There was obvious need of explanation.) "At least I got Uncle William to! Oh, yes! You may stare, Bob, but you can't get out of it now. He wasn't going to have any more to do with me, because he put me down for uncle's heiress in a will this morning. That was why he cried off this afternoon. Silly thing! I wasn't going to have such a trifle as money upset everything. So I made uncle tell him that he'd torn it up; but he hadn't, and he says he isn't going to!" She laughed delightedly. "April fool, Bob!" she cried.

"Dear little girl!" he protested. "I'm afraid it's you!"

"It seems to me," her mother suggested, "that it's both of you. May it turn out the wisest folly of your lives!"

MULTUM IN PARVO.

A COMPENDIUM OF SHORT ARTICLES.

BEE-LINES.

An Article on the True Positions of Commonly-Known Places.

By E. TRACEY ARCHER.

SOME people are map-maniacs. I am one of them. My object in writing this article is to spread the infection. The disease is not dangerous. A mild attack cannot possibly hurt you, and may even do you good. I shall not detain you longer than a few minutes. When I have finished, you will begin to see that there is method—and mirth—in map-madness. Many less pleasant ways of making the time pass profitably might easily be imagined.

Figure 1 is the key to a problem with which you may puzzle your friends. Ask them: "How many B's are there a hundred miles from London?"

When they "give it up," look at them with a smile, and say: "I mean towns whose names begin with B—Bombay, for instance—or Berlin!"

Draw a circle roughly one hundred miles round London, and you will find that it cuts through Bristol, Birmingham, Boston, and Beccles. Bournemouth and Boulogne are slightly within the radius. Brighton, unfortunately, is less than half-way, and to complete our magic circle there should be a Big Island in the North Sea one hundred miles due east of London. But never mind.

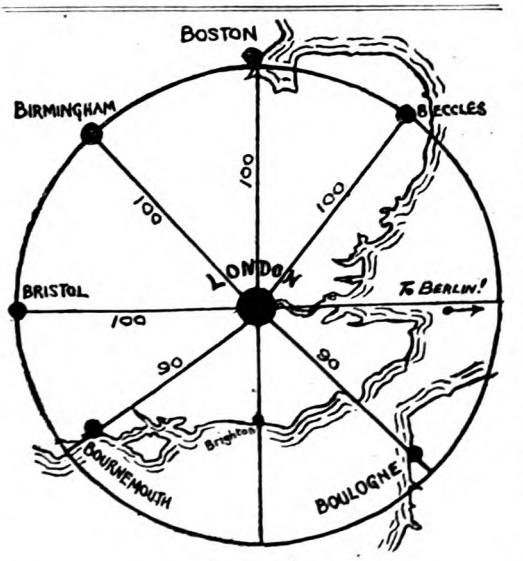


Figure 1.

If any lady or gentleman friend of yours wants to start an argument about the exact distances of these towns on the map, tell him or her that anything within ten miles is near enough for our purpose.

You now know that from London to Birmingham—and all those other places—is roughly one hundred miles. We will use that distance as a standard, and call it "B."

Twice "B" is the distance from London to Blackpool, Bangor, Bodmin, Brussels, Antwerp, or Paris. (See Figure 2.)

Ask somebody—anybody—"Which is nearer: Blackpool in Lancashire, or Brussels

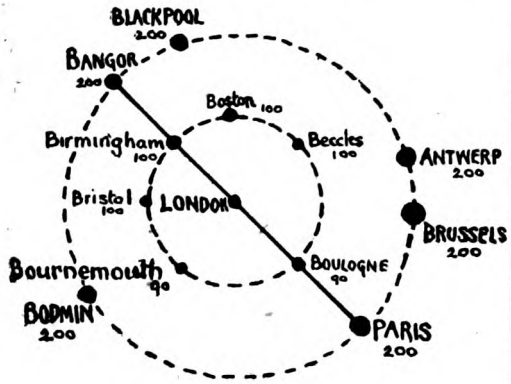


Figure 2.

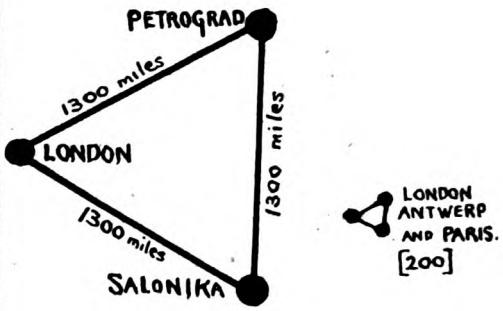


Figure 4.

in Belgium?" You can bet in nine cases out of ten that the answer will be: "Don't bother me with silly questions!"

Very few people have any idea of distance beyond the length of their own garden.

When it comes to hundreds of miles—and thousands—they get in a hopeless muddle, you can remember this easily, because it is just the same as the distance to Timbuctoo!

To Timbuctoo or Jericho
Is twice as far as "Gib.," you know.

(See Figure 3.)

The London-Jericho bee-line cuts through Serbia just half-way.

Now here is a very curious thing (Figure 4), what Euclid calls an equilateral triangle, and each side of it is thirteen hundred miles long.

Figure 3

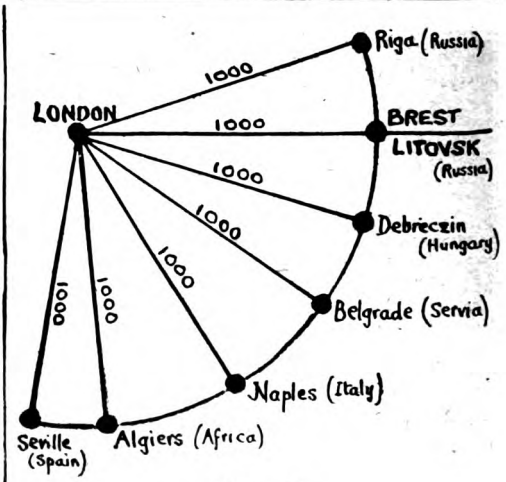


Figure 5

and tell you to go to Jericho. You can always catch them then with the neat retort: "Tell me how far it is, and I'll go at once!"

How many miles is it really to Jericho? Five thousand? Four thousand? Oh, dear, no! Only two thousand two hundred, and

Thirteen times "B," remember — thirteen journeys to Birmingham.

Nearly the whole of Germany and Austria are inside that triangle.

London, Antwerp, and Paris make another triangle, similar to the above, but only two

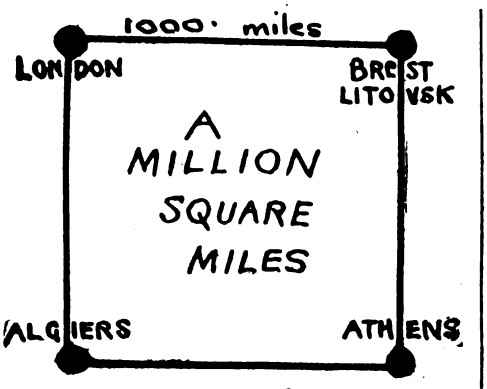


Figure 6.

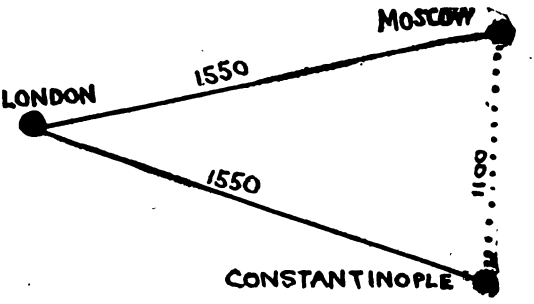


Figure 7.

hundred miles long (twice "B"). London, Antwerp, Paris—L.A.P. It's a long lap, isn't it?

See Figure 5. Looks like a fan, doesn't it?

Can you imagine a thousand miles? Ten times "B," you know. Brighton to Inverness and back again—by aeroplane, not by rail—just makes the distance.

Let us try southwards: A bee-line of one thousand miles will take you to Seville, in Sunny Spain; or to Algiers—the nearest point of Africa; or to Naples; or to Belgrade, in Serbia, nearly; or to Debreczin, in the middle of Hungary; or to the Gulf of Riga, where the Germans tried to bottle up the Russian fleet.

All these places are one thousand miles from the Bank of England, or the British Museum, or Bond Street—roughly—and there's one place that nobody ever heard of before the war, but everybody knows now, and it's the biggest B of them all—Brest Litovsk!—one thousand miles almost due east from Billingsgate in a bee-line.

We shall get a grip of that ten "B" distance presently.

Make a square across the centre of Europe. You can't draw it because you haven't a ruler long enough, but imagine it—one thousand miles each way, like our Figure 6.

Athens is a bit farther out, really (only about one hundred miles—a mere trifle). There you have a million square miles, a space twenty times the size of England.

You can put a square like that right inside Russia, and Moscow—the old capital—will be practically in the centre.

Moscow, by the by, is due east of Edinburgh, and one thousand five hundred and fifty miles from the Scottish capital or from London. From London to Constantinople is the same distance.

"It's a long way to Tipperary!" Well, yes; for a tortoise. But it isn't so far from the Tottenham Court Road. Just three hundred and forty miles—as far as Glasgow.

Now get out your atlas, and see what you can find for yourself!

FIFTY-SEVEN CHESS PROBLEMS!

By T. B. ROWLAND.

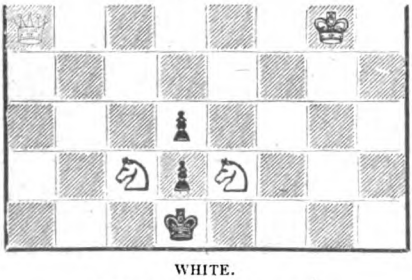
THE position shown at the top of the next page is so far extraordinary that it can be placed anywhere on the chessboard and then, with the addition of the White queen and king, form a problem that can be solved from any side of the board—that is, you play from the side facing you as you would from White's side. Set as it is shown the number of different unoccupied squares on which the White king and queen can be placed is fifty-seven each. These numbers multiplied one by the other produce three thousand two hundred and forty-nine—the number of changes that can be made, and, as the position can be solved from any side, we get twelve thousand nine hundred and ninety-six changes, each being a problem.

WHITE.

In the present series the White queen makes the tour of the fifty-seven squares, while the White king may be on almost any other unoccupied one.

Having set up the position as shown, place the queen on Q R 1 sq. This necessitates an interposing piece, so, for choice, place a Black bishop at its Q B 8. The White king may be anywhere on the upper half of the board excepting Q R file. We now have a three-move problem (No. 1) in which White is to play first—a condition to be followed throughout. Now remove the bishop, place the Q at Q R 2, the W K at Q R 6 for choice, and we have a two-mover (No. 2). Q placed at Q R 3, 4, or 5, give three-movers respectively (Nos. 3, 4, and 5). In the latter the W K may be at K Kt 5 as follows :—

No. 5.



WHITE.

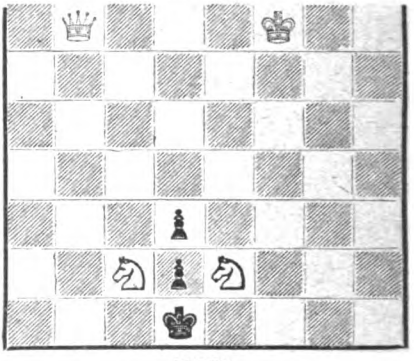
White mates in three moves.

The Q placed one square higher changes the problem to a two-mover (No. 6), and on placing it another square up it becomes a three-mover again (No. 7), which in turn becomes a two-mover (No. 8), with the Q again one square higher.

Now place the Q at Q Kt 1, the interposing Black B at Q B 8, and we have mate on the move (No. 9). With the B off, and Q at Q Kt 2, we have a similar result (No. 10), but, with Q at Q Kt 3, we obtain a two-mover (No. 11), and when placed a square higher we have a three-mover (No. 12). So far the White K has acted the part of the disinterested bystander—it having choice of any square on the upper half of the board to occupy. Now, however, we will bring it into action by placing it at K R 3, the Q now to be a square up, viz.—at Q Kt 5. This produces another neat three-mover (No. 13), which is not without difficulty. The Q moved up a square, and the roving K placed at Q R 3, gives a two-mover (No. 14).

The Q continues the tour *viâ* Q Kt 7, in which case the W K may be placed anywhere outside the zone of action. This produces :—

No. 15.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

All changes from this on to the thirty-third are three-movers, so the conditions need not be repeated.

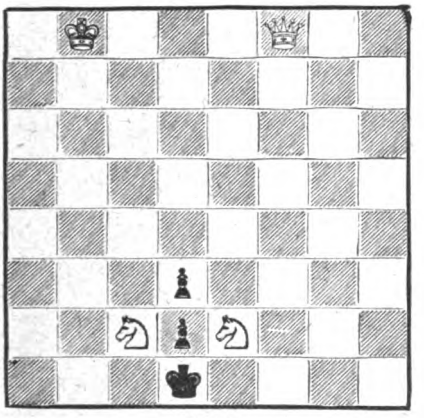
The Q now proceeds by Q Kt 8, Q B 3, 4, 5, and 6 (Nos. 16 to 20). The W K placed at Q R 4 in the two latter would be an improvement. The solver will have noted the various changes in the moves of the solutions, and that according as he proceeds he gets plenty of scope for his ingenuity.

The Q now goes on to Q B 7 and 8, then down to Q 4. In each of these changes have the W K at K R 3, and we get problems Nos. 21, 22, and 23. With the Q at Q 5, it would be well to place his ermine majesty at his fifth square (No. 24). Q at Q 6, 7, or 8, with the W K at K Kt 3, and an extra Black pawn at its K 4, produces what may be termed the royal sacrifice (Nos. 25, 26, and 27). Remove the extra pawn, and travel the Q up K's file, commencing at K 3 square, moving one square at a time, and we get changes Nos. 28 to 33. The one having the Q at K 6 would be improved by having the wandering K at Q R 6, and a White P at K 4 ; and the one having the Q at K 8 should have the W K at K Kt 1, and the extra pawn replaced at K 4. Continuing the tour along the K B file, we must again, when at B 1, introduce the interposing Black bishop. The W K may then be out of the zone of action ; place it at Q R 4 for choice. Here we have mate on the move (No. 34). Take off the bishop and change the Q to K B 2, and again we have mate on the move (No. 35). The Q on the third square up gives a two-mover (No. 36), and the fourth up, a three-mover (No. 37). Now bring the W K over to K Kt 3, then the Q up to B 5 and 6 in turn, and we obtain two-movers (Nos. 38 and 39). The W K may now be removed to the upper part of the board and the Q changed to the seventh and

then the eighth square up, giving three-movers—No. 40 and—

No. 41.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White mates in three moves.

The Q is now to traverse the K Kt file, commencing at the first square, where the Black bishop is to interpose as before. When at second and sixth squares we have two-movers, and when at any of the others—three-movers (Nos. 42 to 49). In Nos. 44 and 45 the W K would be useful standing at K Kt 6.

Finally, place Q at K R square—the Black bishop to be then only at its K 8—and again move it up one square at a time, as before. When at the second square up, have W K at Q R square in this change only, and when at the eighth and last square have W K at K Kt square; these two positions are two-movers, and each of the others are three-movers (Nos. 50 to 57).

The solutions will easily be found on solving from any other side of the board, which should be turned to the right in all cases. When so turned, play from the side facing you, as you would from White's side. In solving, the following alterations—to be made before turning the board—will considerably facilitate finding the solutions: W K to be at Q R square for the first quarter turn in Nos. 37 and 41; at Q R 2 for the second turns of Nos. 21 and 22; at Q R 3 for the first turns of Nos. 18, 24, 29, 42 to 47, and the second turns of 18, 20, 24, 29, 32, 54, 55, and 56; at Q R 4 for the first turns of 19, 20, and 36, the second turns of 19, 28, 34 to 42, 44, 50, 52, and 53, and the third turns of 19, 23, 28, and 35 to 41; at K Kt 3 for the third turns of 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, and 12 to 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 51, and 54 to 57; and a W P at K 4 for the first and second turns rightwards of 11 to 17, and 23 and 30.

In order to avoid dual continuations on the second and third turns of 26 and 27, remove the W K from K Kt 3 to K B 1; K at Q R 7 for the first turns of 21 and 22; a Black B at its K R 7 for the first and second turns of 10; and a W P at Q 5 for the third turns of 8 and 15.

All can then be solved in two moves each, excepting on the first turns of 19, 20, 21, 22, 26, 27, 42, 44, and 50; the second turns of 3, 9, 24, 29, 31, and 33; and the third turns of 9, 21, 22, 24, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 42, and 50, which are three-movers. The third turns of 9 and 10 and the first turns of 34 and 35 each admit of mate on the move.

No solution exceeds three moves in length.

(Solutions next month.)

HOW TO MEMORIZE THE CALENDAR.

By HENRY BREMNER.

SOME years ago I invented a mechanical Perpetual Calendar. While working upon it it occurred to me that the principle could be easily memorized, and after a good deal of thought I evolved the system which I describe herewith. I have found it of very great service to myself, and feel that it ought to be given to the public. A child can learn to use it in a very short time, and once learned it will not be readily forgotten.

Commit the following rhyme to memory:—

April, July, and leap year Jan.,
Count as *nothing* in the plan:
One for September and December:
Two for June you must remember;
February, March, November *three*:
August *four* and leap February:
May is *five* and this will fix
January and October *six*.

Note that January and February have different values for leap years than ordinary years. All other months do not vary.

EXAMPLE NO. 1.

Required to find day of week for, say, January 10th, 1918.

Add	The year of the century ..	= '18
to	The number of leap years contained $\frac{1}{4}$	= 4
to	The day of the month	= 10
	Total	= 32
Subtract ..	The number given by rhyme for January	= 6
	Remainder	= 26 days

26 days = $\frac{26}{7}$ weeks = 3 weeks 5 days.

The fifth day of week=Thursday (Sunday being reckoned the first).

EXAMPLE NO. 2.

When the day of the week is known, to find the date. Say the day remembered is a Friday at the beginning of February, 1908.

Assume the date to be the first, and proceed as before :—

Add	The year of the century ..	= '08
to	The number of leap years contained = $\frac{8}{4}$	= 2
to	The day of the month	= 1
	Total	= 11
Subtract ..	The number given by rhyme for leap February	= 4
	Remainder	= 7 days

Seven days is a complete week, therefore the day is obviously a Saturday.

If the first of the month is a Saturday, then Friday will be on the 7th.

For each past century add an extra 2, and for each future century subtract an extra 2.

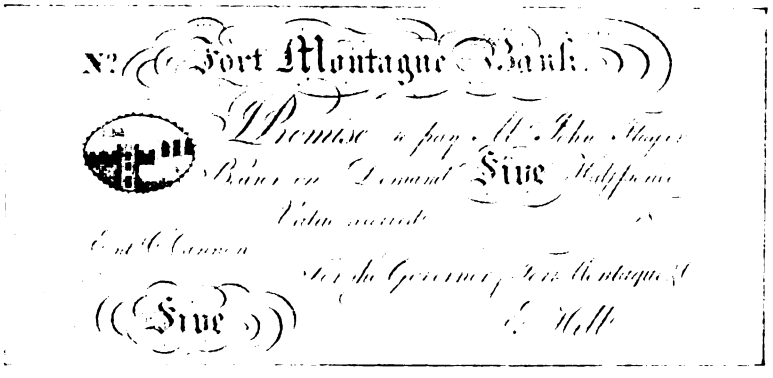
Of course, if a date had to be taken prior to the reform of the calendar, allowance would require to be made for the break. This is, however, outside the requirements of a memorized calendar, and the further details need not be given here.

A BANKNOTE FOR TWOPENCE-HALFPENNY.

CAN YOU SOLVE THE MYSTERY?

By MAJOR H. STRACHAN-CAMERON.

THE accompanying reproduction shows one of three notes which were discovered amongst family papers some years ago, but without any record to show how they came there or what was their purport. Two of them have been completed by being numbered and dated by hand, and seem to have been issued. The third has neither number nor date filled into the



blanks provided, while its clean condition indicates that it has not been in circulation. They have been submitted to the foremost London curiosity dealers, who have been unable to throw any light upon them, nor has an application to the authorities of the British Museum met with any better success. The existence of such an institution as the "Fort Montague Bank," in the early part of the nineteenth century, has not been traced. The only suggestions put forward are that they may have been some form of "Commission Note," or—alternatively—been issued in pursuance of a "bet," or by way of some "joke," forms of amusement very prevalent at that period. Neither of these speculations affords a satisfactory explanation. It is inconceivable that notes resembling in form and lettering those of the Bank of England should have been prepared and issued for such trifling commissions as "five half-pence."

It would have been a most elaborate and expensive form of "joke" which entailed the preparation of *two* plates from which to print *two* issues of notes differing in detail as these do. The appearance of the two which have been completed strongly indicates that they have been in *bonâ-fide* circulation.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

We are pleased to be able to announce that in our next number will appear

SIR A. CONAN DOYLE'S

graphic and detailed account of

The Battle of the Somme,

"THE GREATEST DAY'S WORK IN THE WAR."

The Port Look-Out.

By

"BARTIMEUS."

Illustrated by

Frank Gillett, R.I.

THERE is a tendency among some people to regard war as a morally uplifting pursuit. Because a man fights in the cause of right and freedom it is believed by quite a large section of those who don't fight that he goes about the business in a completely regenerate spirit, unhampered by any of the human failings that were apt to beset him in pre-war days. Be that as it may, Able-Seaman Pettigrew, wearer of no good-conduct badges and incorrigible leave-breaker in peace time, remained in war merely Able-Seaman Pettigrew, leave-breaker, and still minus good-conduct badges.

He stood at the door of a London public-house contemplating the night distastefully. The wind howled down the muddy street, and the few lamps casting smears of yellow light at intervals along the thoroughfare only served to illuminate the driving rain. His leave expired at 7 a.m. the following morning, and he had just time to catch the last train to Portsmouth that night. To do Mr. Pettigrew justice he had completed the first stage of his journey—the steps of the public-house—with that laudable end in view. Here, however, he faltered, and as he faltered he remembered a certain hospitable lady of his acquaintance who lived south of the river.

"To blazes!" said Mr. Pettigrew, recklessly, and swung himself on to a passing omnibus. As he climbed the steps he noted that it passed Waterloo Station, and for an instant the flame of good intent, temporarily doused, flickered into life again. His ship, he remembered, was under sailing orders. He found himself alone on top of the omnibus, and walked forward to the front right-hand seat. For a moment he stood there, gripping the rail and peering ahead through the stinging rain while the omnibus lurched and skidded on its way through deserted streets. Then his imagination, quickened somewhat by hot whisky and water, obliterated the impulse of conscience. He saw himself twenty-four hours later, standing thus as port look-out on board his destroyer, peering ahead through the drenching spray, gripping the rail with numbed hands.

"Oh, to blazes!" said Mr. Pettigrew again, and sitting down gave himself up sullenly to amorous anticipation.

He was interrupted by a girl's voice at his elbow.

"Fare, please."

He turned his head and saw it was the

conductress, a slim, compact figure swaying easily to the lurch of the vehicle. Her fingers touched his as she handed him the ticket, and they were bitterly cold.

"Nice night, ain't it?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Not 'arf!" said the girl, philosophically. "But there, it ain't so bad for us 's what it is for them boys in the trenches."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pettigrew, archly. "Them boys—*'im*, you means."

The girl shook her head swiftly. Seen in the gleam of a passing lamp her face was pretty, and glistening with rain.

"Not me," she said. "There was two—my brothers—but they went west. There's only me left—carryin' on." The omnibus lurched violently, causing the little conductress to lose her balance, and her weight rested momentarily against Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder. She recovered her equilibrium instantly without self-consciousness, and stood looking absently ahead into the darkness.

"That's what we've all got to do, ain't it?" she said—"do our bit?"

She jingled the coppers in her bag and turned abruptly.

Mr. Pettigrew watched the trim, self-respecting little figure till it vanished down the steps.

"Oh, blazes!" he groaned, as imperious flesh and immortal spirit awoke to renew the unending combat.

Five minutes later the conductress reappeared at Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder.

"Waterloo," she said. "That's where all you boys gets off, ain't it?"

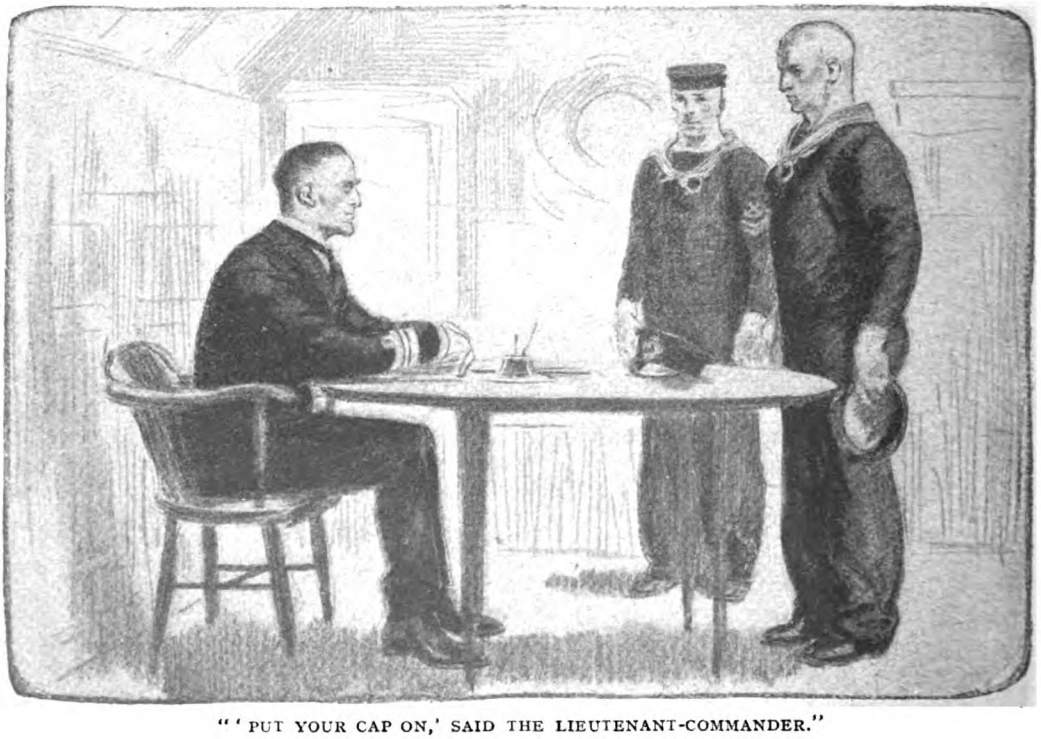
"That's right," said Mr. Pettigrew. He jerked to his feet, gripping his bundle, and made for the steps with averted head. "'Night!" he said, brusquely. The omnibus slowed and stopped.

"Good luck!" said the girl.

The port look-out gripped the bridge-rail to steady himself, and stared out through the driving spray and the darkness as the destroyer thrashed her way down Channel. He was chosen for the trick because of his eyesight. "I gotter eye like a adjective 'awk," Mr. Pettigrew was wont to admit in his more expansive moments, and none gainsaid him the length and breadth of the destroyer's mess-deck. None gainsaid him on the bridge that night when suddenly he wheeled inboard and bawled at the full strength of his lungs:—

"Objec' on the port bow, sir!"

There was an instant's pause, a confused shouting of orders, a vision of the coxswain struggling at the kicking wheel as the helm



"'PUT YOUR CAP ON,' SAID THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER."

went over, and a man's clear voice saying: "By God! we've got her!"

Then came the stunning shock of the impact, the grinding crash of blunt metal shearing metal, more shouts, faces seen white for an instant against the dark waters, something scraping past the side of the forecastle, and finally a dull explosion aft.

"Rammed a submarine and sunk the perisher!" shouted the Yeoman in Mr. Pettigrew's ear. "Wake up! What the deuce is up—are ye dazed?"

Mr. Pettigrew was considerably more dazed when he was sent for the following day in harbour by his captain. From force of custom on obeying such summonses, the ship's black sheep removed his cap.

"Put your damned cap on," said the lieutenant-commander. Mr. Pettigrew replaced his cap. "Now shake hands." Mr. Pettigrew shook hands. "Now go on leave." Mr. Pettigrew obeyed.

For forty minutes the policeman on duty outside Waterloo Station had been keeping under observation a rather dejected-looking bluejacket carrying a bundle, and standing at the corner scrutinizing the omnibuses as they passed. Finally, with deliberate measured tread, he approached the man of the sea.

"What bus do you want, mate?"

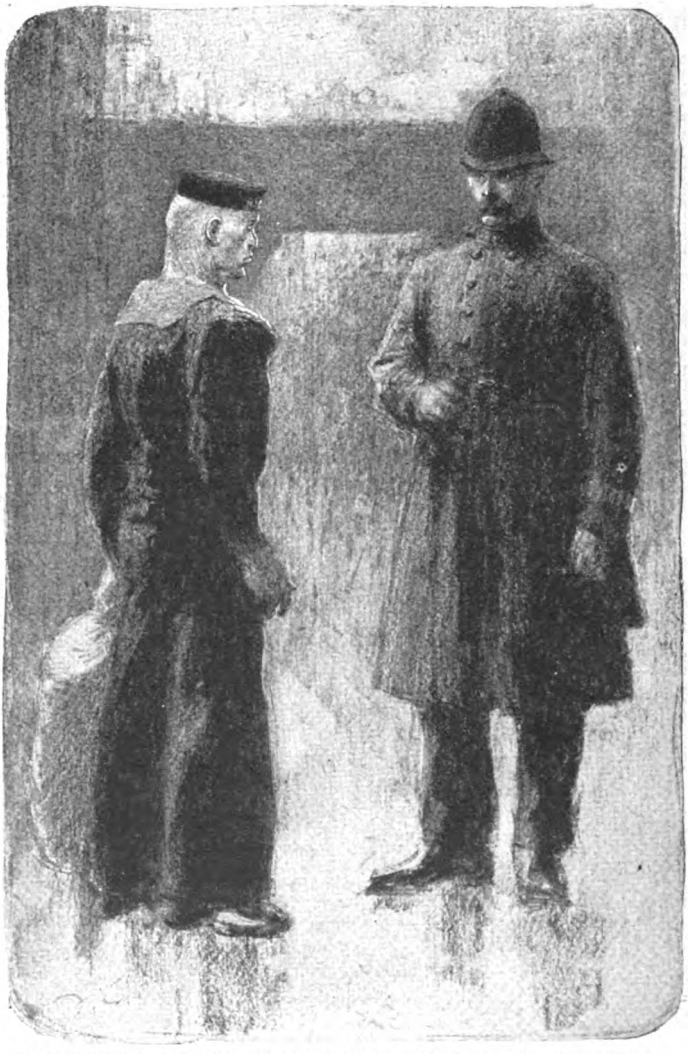
Mr. Pettigrew enlightened him as to the number.

"There's been four of that number gone past while you was standin' 'ere," said the policeman, not without suspicion in his tones.

"I'm very partickler about buses," said Mr. Pettigrew, coldly.

"Well," said the constable, "'ere's another one."

The sailor waited till it slowed up abreast of them. His blue eyes were cocked on the rear end.

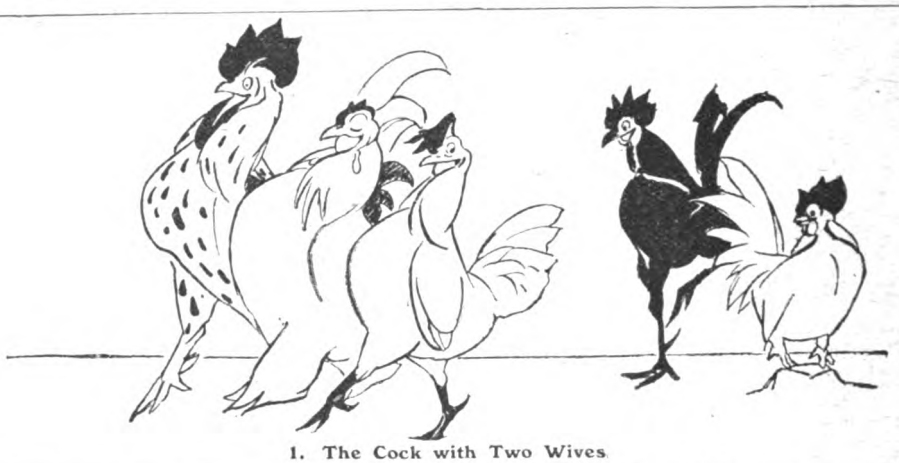


"'I'M VERY PARTICKLER ABOUT 'BUSES,' SAID MR. PETTIGREW, COLDLY."

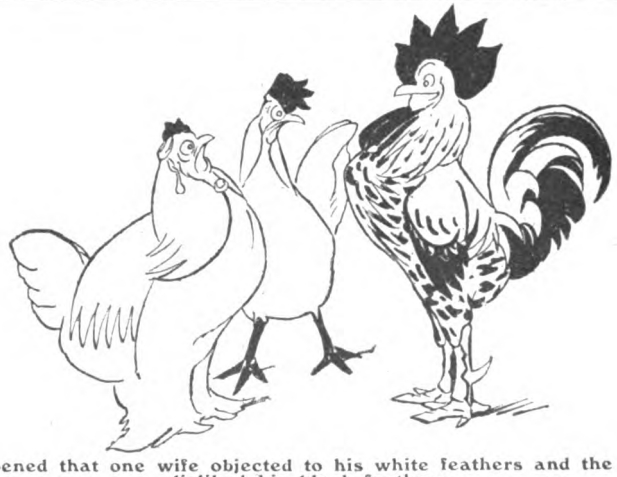
"An' *this* 'ere's the right one," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He stepped briskly into the roadway, ran half-a-dozen paces, and swung himself on to the footboard beside the conductress.

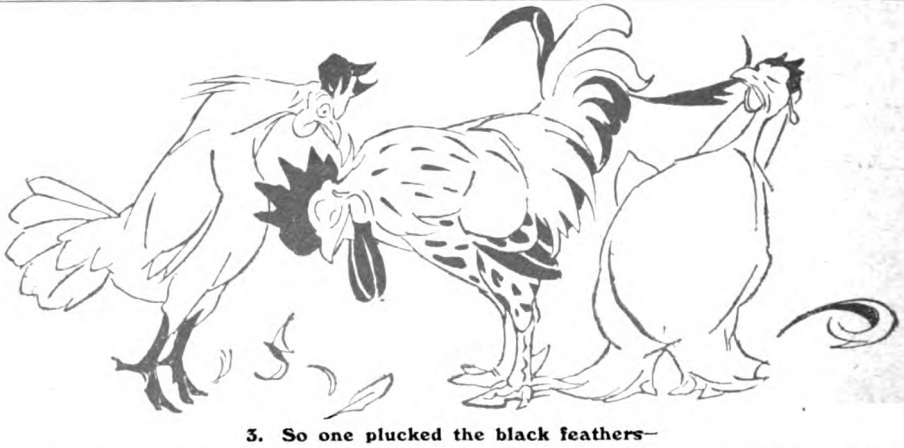
THE COCK WITH TWO WIVES.



1. The Cock with Two Wives

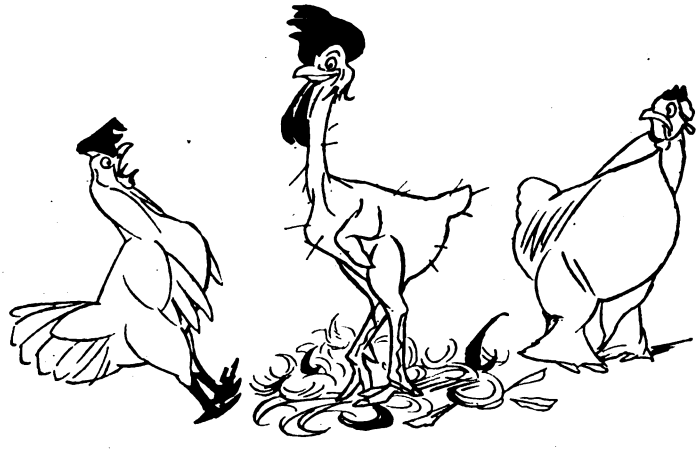


2. It happened that one wife objected to his white feathers and the other wife disliked his black feathers.

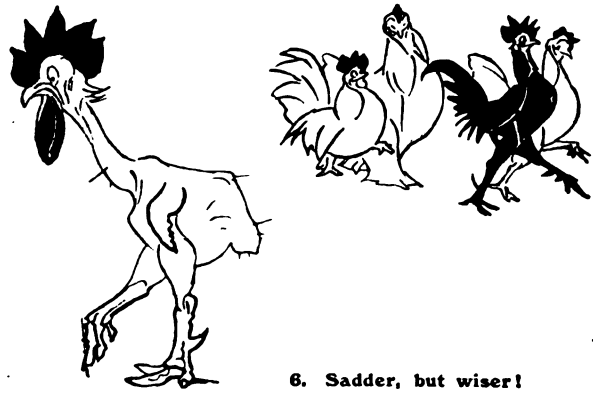


3. So one plucked the black feathers—

4. And the other plucked the white feathers—



5. Until there were none remaining.



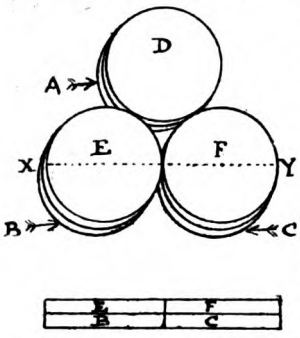
6. Sadder, but wiser!

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

400.—THE SIX SUBMARINES.

READERS may remember a puzzle that I gave in an article on "The Best Puzzles With Coins" (July-August, 1909), to place five pennies so that every penny shall touch every other penny. This is reproduced in my book, "Amusements in Mathematics," and a correspondent has suggested that as many as six coins can be placed under the conditions if we arrange them as shown in the upper diagram—that is, with A, B, and C in the form of a triangle, and D, E, and F respectively on the top of A, B, and C. If we take a section of the coins at X Y (see the lower diagram), he held that E and C and also B and F meet at a "mathematical point," and are therefore in contact. But he was wrong, for if E touches C a barrier is set up between B and F. If B touches F, then E cannot touch C. It is a subtle fallacy that I know will interest my readers. When we say that a number of things meet at a point (like the spokes of a wheel) only three can be in contact (each with each) on the same plane.



This has led me to propound a new "touching" problem. If Mr. Lloyd George's five submarines, sunk on the same day, all went down at the same spot where another had previously been sunk, how might they all lie at rest so that every one of the six U-boats should touch every other one? To simplify we will say, place six ordinary wooden matches so that every match shall touch every other match. No bending or breaking allowed.

401.—DIGGING A DITCH.

HERE is a curious question that is more perplexing than it looks at first sight. Abraham, an infirm old man, undertook to dig a ditch for two pounds. He engaged Benjamin, an able-bodied fellow, to assist him and share the money fairly according to their capacities. Abraham could dig as fast as Benjamin could shovel out the dirt, and Benjamin could dig four times as fast as Abraham could do the shovelling. How should they divide the money? Of course, we must assume their relative abilities for work to be the same in digging or shovelling.

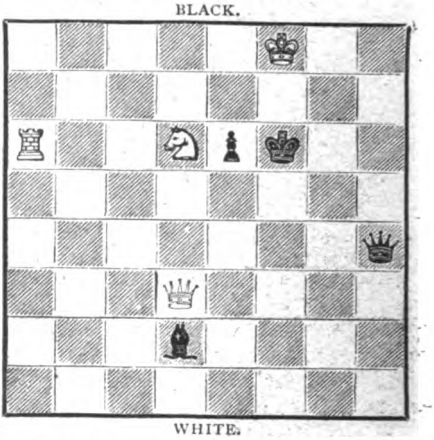
402.—AN ALPHABET PUZZLE.

MANY attempts have been made to form a perfect sentence out of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, using each letter only once. Beyond doubt it is impossible: there are not enough vowels. Then the attempt has been made to form a sentence with the fewest possible extra letters. Thus a familiar example is: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." Here there are six extra letters: one e, two i's, two o's, and one u. Can you form a sentence with only two repeated letters—that is, twenty-eight letters in all? Of course, abbreviations and contractions are not allowed, or we might do it without any additional letters whatever, as in this case that was once suggested to me: "G. V. D. (Jew nymph), fix quartz blocks." Here it was explained that "G. V. D." are the initials of a Jew nymph, Geraldine Violet Davis! The best in twenty-nine letters that I know is: "Quick-blowing zephyrs vex daft Jim." Now, try to improve on that with only two additional letters.

403.—A CHARADE.

I WAS seeking election for the *second-third* of *whole*, when I received my *first* from my *third* because I said "*second I*" to him.

404.—A PRETTY FINISH.



HERE is a position that is not artificially constructed, but one that occurred in actual chess-play in New York some years ago. White, whose turn it was to play, announced checkmate in two moves. It is not at all difficult, but quite pretty. How many of our readers would have discovered such a neat finish to the game?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

396.—THE SUBMARINE NET.

THE illustration will show the best way of cutting the net. It will be seen that eight cuts are made from A to B, dividing the net into two parts.

397.—THE LADDER.

THE length of the ladder must have been 6⅔ yards. The distance from the top of the ladder to the ground was four-fifths of the length of the ladder. Multiply the distance from the wall, 4 yards, by the denominator of this fraction, 5, and you get 20. Now deduct the square of the numerator from the square of the denominator and you have 9, which is the square of 3. Finally, divide 20 by 3, and there is the answer—6⅔ yards.

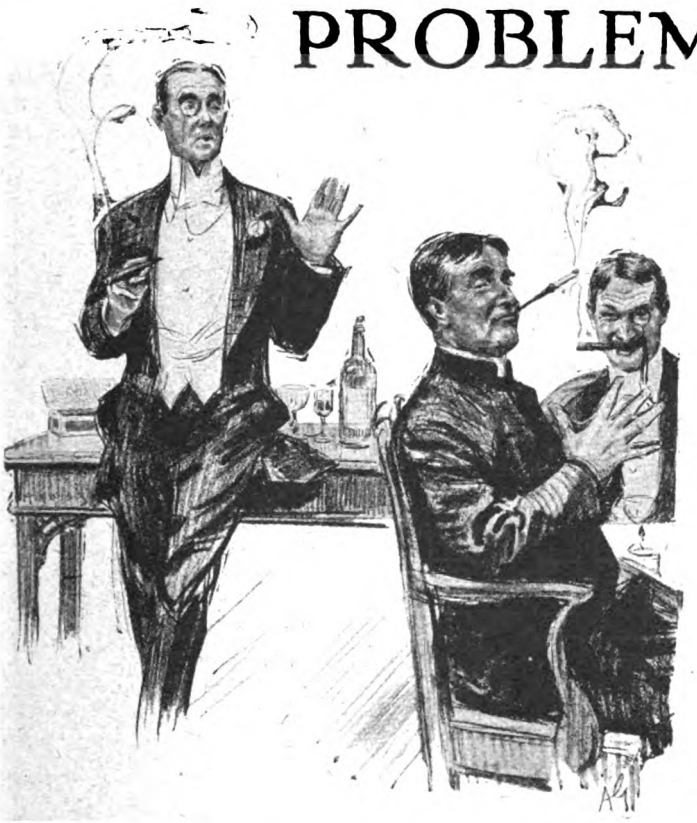
398.—THE QUARRELSOME OFFSPRING.

EACH parent had three children when they married, and six were born afterwards.

399.—A REBUS.

THE maxim is: "Think twice before you speak." (Th in K twice, before U's, pea K.)

THE PROBLEM CLUB.



By

BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by

Arthur Garrett.

No. 5.

THE HANDKERCHIEF. PROBLEM.

AT the forty-seventh meeting of the Problem Club, the chair was taken by the youngest member, the Hon. James Feldane. That weary young gentleman having provided himself with a double portion of green Chartreuse, for the purpose, as he said, of supporting the dignity of the position, opened his adjudication a little informally.

"Let's get started," he said. "The first job is to read out the particular teaser with which the wily Leonard has been worrying you poor old things during the past month. Here goes."

The terms of the Handkerchief Problem were then read out. They were as follows: "It is required to steal as many handkerchiefs as possible from a member or members of the Problem Club. Violence may not be used and thefts detected in the act will not score. Restitution will be made of the stolen handkerchiefs within twenty-four hours of the adjudication, but felonious intent is to be presumed in every case."

"I wish I could have been a competitor this time," the chairman continued, "instead of being stuck up here to give the momentous decision. I should have had some sport, and handkerchief-sneaking falls nicely within my line of intellect; I might have scooped the prize. But as I'm debarred from scoring off you, I've taken jolly good care that none of you should score off me. For the past month every handkerchief I've used has been attached to the interior of the pocket by a steel chain and swivel, and those not in use have been locked away in a safe. My valet thinks I've gone off my head, of course, but then he'd have been bound to have thought that sooner or later, anyhow. The great point is that not one of you low pickpockets has been able to get a handkerchief out of me. We'll now pursue the inquiry. Hesseltine, are you guilty or not guilty?"

Copyright, 1918, by Barry Pain.

"Guilty, m'lord," said young Hesseltine, cheerfully. "I may not be winner, but I think it would be safe to back me for a place. I struck early. At our last meeting, as soon as this problem was announced, I slipped stealthily and unobserved from the room. I had rightly concluded that there would be no attendant in the cloak-room at that hour. If there had been I should have sent him away to get me a box of matches. From the overcoats of members I secured a nice little haul of nine handkerchiefs. One of them, a silk bandanna, the property of Major Byles, was big enough for two, and ought to count as two."

"Might count two on a division, as they say at the elections," said the chairman. "But in the undivided state it counts one. Anything further to say?"

"That was my only *coup*. The only thing to add is that one of the nine belonged to a gentleman who did not start keeping them in the safe quite soon enough."

"All right," said Jimmy. "Speaking entirely *sotto voce* and *ex officio*, I'll be even with you for that one of these days. Meanwhile, Mr. Matthews, it will be your painful duty as secretary to give that thief a score of nine."

The chairman then called upon Mr. Quillian, K.C., whose story was connected with the story of Mr. Pusely-Smythe. In both cases it was a story of failure. Both men had hit on precisely the same idea.

Quillian called on Pusely-Smythe at a time when he knew he would be out, but would be expected back shortly. He, as he anticipated, was recognized by the servant and asked if he would wait. During the period of waiting Quillian made a swift and silent excursion to Pusely-Smythe's bedroom with a view to abstracting his available store of handkerchiefs. But the chairman was not the only member who had taken the precaution of keeping his handkerchiefs in an unlikely place. Not one solitary handkerchief could Quillian find. And while he was thus engaged Pusely-Smythe had been calling on Quillian with similar intentions, similar practice, and a similar result.

"You're both too clever to live," observed the chairman, "but you've cancelled one another for once. Mr. Harding Pope, as a politician, you should be familiar with the paths of dishonesty. How did you get on?"

The Member of Parliament gave a somewhat sickly smile.

"I fear," he said, "that I have not competed. I represent a Dissenting constituency, which is careful—almost to the point of being inquisitorial—as to my character and private life. Had I competed, it is easily possible that I might have been arrested. I could have explained, but all explanations come too late. It would have done me great injury. In the circumstances I have decided to resign my membership of this club, and my resignation will be in the chairman's hands at the next meeting. I have enjoyed these meetings immensely, but I have been—and am likely to be—too often debarred from taking an active part in the competition as a member should. The delightful but unscrupulous Leonard asks too much of me. Should I ever find myself in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, I shall certainly crave the honour of re-election."

"Sorry," said the chairman. "I'm sure we all are. But the rules of the club do require that members shall be workers and not merely onlookers. If ever the political cat jumps the other way, and you're thrown out of Westminster into the cold, cold night, I make no doubt that at the first vacancy we shall welcome the lost sheep back to the nest. I will now call upon Major Byles."

The Major lived in the country. There were unusually good golf links in the neighbourhood, and he was both a good player and a good host. He had used his opportunities, as he explained.

"I worked on a system. I waited till my man was absolutely wrapped up in the game, meanwhile locating his handkerchief carefully. Then, at the moment when he was following the ball with the eye, I put in some swift finger-work. It was not always successful. The Doctor, for instance, bowled me out twice—he's got eyes in the back of his head. But I got six handkerchiefs that way, and a seventh from a rain-coat that had been left in my hall. I've good reason to know that I'm not a winner, but it's not bad—eh?

"A good sporting game," said the chairman. "These thefts from the person ought really to count more than easy overcoat-shots. They want more dexterity. The others only require brain-work. Still, I have to administer the law as Leonard lays it down. So far Hesseltine wins."

"But he won't win," said the Major, mysteriously. "Oh, yes, I've got good reason to know it." And he proceeded to compound for himself a due measure of whisky and seltzer-water.

Dr. Alden, who was next called upon, could claim a score of only two. But so far as it went it was brilliant and audacious

"IN THE INTERIOR OF THE VAN I EXPLORED A LAUNDRY BASKET, AND ANNEXED FOURTEEN OF THE MAJOR'S HANDKERCHIEFS."

work. One of the handkerchiefs had been taken from Sir Charles Bunford and one from Mr. Matthews, and in both cases the theft had been committed in Piccadilly in broad daylight and under the eyes of the police.

"It's clear where your real talent lies," said Jimmy. "You're wasted in Harley Street. However, time's getting on, and a few bad men would like a rubber of bridge before we part. Will any member who claims to have beaten Hesseltine's score kindly hold up a hand?"

The Rev. Septimus Cunliffe and Mr. Wildersley, A.R.A., both held up hands.

"What?" said the chairman. "Our padre in the sneak-thief business? Has he no respect for his cloth? Leonard has a lot to answer for. However, we will hear you, Mr. Cunliffe."

"Leonard," said that broad-minded cleric in his sonorous voice, "has once more revealed himself as a great moralist. He has shown us that the thief, a bad man, must none the less have good qualities, and has taught us to differentiate the good from the bad. The spirit of adventure, the clever planning, the manual dexterity displayed by the thief, are all worthy of praise. It is solely to his felonious intentions that we should take exception. Leonard has expressly provided that for the purposes of this competition the felonious intentions are to be purely imaginary; they are to be supposed. Consequently, I could approach the problem with a clear conscience. And I admit that in compiling a score of fourteen my cloth has been of assistance. Suspicion does not attach readily to a man in clerical attire.

"To proceed to my story. One Saturday, early in the month, I had been down to play golf with our friend, the Major. (By the way, you'll send me back my handkerchief, Major. Already in the post? Thanks.) On leaving his house I noticed at the back entrance a laundry van, in charge of a sleepy-looking rustic. The name and address of the laundry were proclaimed on the van in large letters. My knowledge of the country showed me that in approaching the Major's house that van would pass an inn called the Royal George, at a distance of two miles from the house, and a turning to the railway-station at a distance of one mile. That made everything easy. On the following Saturday I was on that road three miles from the house. My boots were dusty and I looked as tired as I could. I waited till the van came along, hailed it, and asked the driver to give me a lift as far as the station turning. He was not averse to making an extra shilling and I climbed up. For the first mile I was talking to the man and making friends with him. When we reached the Royal George I suggested that a pint at my expense would not come amiss to him, and that I would look after the horse while he was inside. He was good enough to say that I was a parson after his own heart, and handed me the reins. The horse did not need any looking after; it was not that kind of horse. In the interior of the van I explored a laundry basket, and

annexed fourteen of the Major's handkerchiefs. (I have left them in the cloak-room for you, Major.) When the driver came out I was holding the reins and looking pensive. I stepped off at the station turning. What is your decision, Mr. Chairman?"

"Brainy piece of work, and a fair score of fourteen. My idea was that nobody would get beyond fifteen. Did you beat that, Wildersley?"

That large but child-like artist smiled. "I claim a score of one hundred and forty-four."

"Gee-whizz! I didn't know there were so many handkerchiefs in the world. Which members did you get them from?"

"I got the whole lot from you, in spite of the steel chain and the locked safe."

"But I've not got as many. It's an impossibility. However, let's have the yarn."

"You'll find it's all right, Mr. Chairman. You young men are so careless that you don't know what you've got. Some time ago I had to execute a Deed of Gift—making over a rotten-cotton picture of mine to a provincial gallery. Up to that time I didn't know the difference between a Deed of Gift and a hole in a wall, but you learn things as you go on living. When this problem was set, I saw that by a Deed of Gift and a small investment I could do myself good. My first step was to buy twelve dozen handkerchiefs—top quality and deucedly expensive. I had a monogram of the chairman's initials excellently designed by myself and embroidered by the shop on all those handkerchiefs. This having been done, I collected my parcel of lingerie and went off to my solicitor, who is of the old-established, eighteen-carat type. I told him what I wanted and the shock nearly killed him. When he got better I explained that it was a joke, but that it was essential in order to get the laugh that the Deed of Gift making over the handkerchiefs should be all correct, water-tight, and copper-bottomed. He does not understand jokes and will believe anything about them. So he engineered me a lovely Deed. I then addressed the parcel to the Hon. James Feldane, and went off with it in a taxi to Jimmy's place. I deposited the parcel, with the address downwards, on a chair in the hall, and put my overcoat and hat on the top of it. I then went in and had a few words with Jimmy about a bridge-problem. I had now made the handkerchiefs Jimmy's property by Deed of Gift. I had delivered them at his residence. It only remained to steal them, and that was easy. It's always easier to steal a thing if the owner doesn't know he's got it. Besides, as it was half-past eleven in the morning, Jimmy's costume consisted of

"SO HE ENGINEERED ME A LOVELY DEED."

a bath-gown, a Turkish cigarette, and a bad headache, which excused him from coming out into the hall with me when I left. I picked up my hat and coat, and a parcel containing one hundred and forty-four handkerchiefs, the property of the chairman, and went off. He will find the parcel returned to him when he gets home to-night. And I should like his decision."

"Much obliged to you, Wildersley. It's ironical that I can make a bit, as long as I'm not competing. All the same the decision must be held up a moment. The fact that you've provided me with more handkerchiefs than I shall ever use this side of the silent tomb might influence my judicial mind. I must have a second opinion—counsel's. Will Mr. Quillian kindly give us his views on this claim?"

"I don't usually give opinions in this off-hand way," said Mr. Quillian, "but on this occasion I have really no doubt. The Deed, sir, was duly executed, so we are informed. The goods in question were *bonâ-fide* intended to become your property, and have in fact become so. They were delivered at your residence. In the absence of felonious intent I should say that they had not been stolen, but the terms of the problem state that felonious intent is to be presumed. Your ignorance of the whole transaction does not seem to me to affect it. In your place, sir, I should have no hesitation in finding the claim good—and I only wish I had thought of the idea myself—I ought to have done."

"Thank you, Mr. Quillian. Then I decide that Wildersley is the winner. Mr. Matthews, will you please draw the usual cheque to Mr. Wildersley's order?"

This having been done, and the chairman for the next meeting appointed, Jimmy opened the sealed envelope containing the problem that Leonard, the astute head-waiter, had set for the ensuing month.

Jimmy read it to himself first. "Well," he said, "this is a new line of country. This is somewhat of a sensation. It's called the Identity Problem, and runs as follows: 'It is required to discover the identity of Leonard. The use of professional detectives, and any communication with Leonard himself on the subject of this problem, are forbidden.'"

"I always knew," said Hesseltine, with conviction, "that chap was no ordinary head-waiter."

And it appeared that several other members, who also had forgotten to mention it before, had always been of the same opinion.

ACROSTICS.

WITH Acrostic No. 43, printed below, our eighth series of six acrostics commences. Prizes to the value of twelve guineas will be awarded to the most successful solvers.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 43.

The months go by in rapid flight,
And left we now exchange for right.

1. To warmer isle our way we take.
   And think about the wine and cake.
2. The little snake that killed a queen
   Within the Caspian can be seen.
3. The best of three, to one who plays;
   The worker can his work erase.
4. Acrostic here is incomplete,
   Since neither head nor tail we meet.
5. Though it may prove a steep ascent,
   Less than a thousand feet is meant. PAX

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 44.

Silver coin we offer you:
Thirty pennies ought to do.

1. Adjective, suggesting Jew.
2. Tool, to bore a passage through.
3. Card-game, look at Waterloo.
4. Small in number, one or two.
5. Not a loss, afresh, anew.

PAX.

Answers to Acrostics 43 *and* 44 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on April 9th.*

The answer to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; at the foot of each answer every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 42.

1.	S	pirœ	A
2.	I	ra	N
3.	L	acklan	D
4.	C	rou	C
5.	H	adassa	H
6.	E	auli	E
7.	S	unles	S
8.	T	ene	T
9.	E	nvelop	E
10.	R	éaumu	R

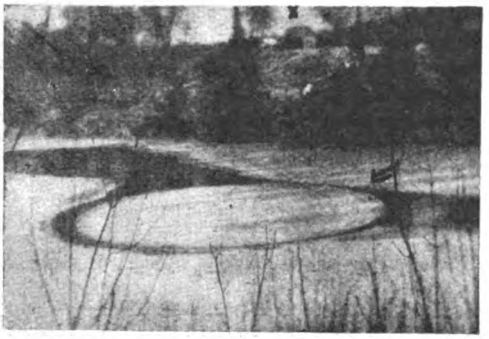
NOTES.—Light 2. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*, iii. Light 3. King John. 4. Crouch End. 5. Esther. 6. Beaulieu. 9. Elope, run away. 10. Thermometer.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A WHEEL OF ICE.

WHILE hunting last year in North Ontario I came across a natural curiosity in the form of an ice wheel, and as I never saw or read of one before, I am sending a photograph of it. It is on the



Goubas River, about thirty miles from Lake Superior, and is about 50ft. to 75ft. in diameter, and perfectly round. It revolves about once in every two minutes, and is propelled by the current in an elbow of the river. It runs all through the winter, and gets loaded up with ice till it is about 6ft. high, and is caused by a deep whirlpool.—Mr. Fred Neil, P.O. Box 218, Steelton, Ontario, Canada.

SOMETHING NEW IN CLOCKS.

IN this new form of clock the time is recorded on a parchment strip ⅛in. wide and 18in. long from

which the ball is suspended, and the time indicated by Father Time, who is placed at the edge and points to the hour with his finger. There is no mainspring for driving the clock, the motive power being supplied by the total weight in the movement, ball, and Father Time, and controlled by a lever escapement. As soon as the ball is suspended the clock begins to run, and continues until the 18in. has been unwound, which takes thirty hours. To re-wind, the ball is simply lifted up to whatever the time may be, and left; if lifted too far, it can be pulled down. The ball will not drop, as it is kept in position by a friction spring. A small mainspring is fixed on the plate to which the arbor of the drum is connected, so as to wind the strip round when lifting the ball up.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mount Morris, Ill., U.S.A.

A MUSICAL NOVELTY.

HERE is a suggestion for those directors of musical shows who would like something new to supplant the ukeleles and balalaikas of previous

seasons. This man and boy are first-class musicians according to Philippine standards. Their only instruments are horns made entirely of bamboo, the length and diameter of the trunk determining the depth of the tone; the larger the trunk the deeper and heavier the volume of sound. The music resulting from blowing into these peculiar instruments is a weird, soft sort of noise, which always carries with it a note of wild, restless undertone. Labour unions have not as yet turned their attention seriously toward these islands in the Pacific, and the scale of wages would be termed low in most countries. Two and a half hours of continuous labour brings to the performers one penny each.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mount Morris, Ill., U.S.A.

MAY 2 1918

YNN DOYLE'S Most Amusing Story

FRY'S
Pure
Breakfast
COCOA
"No Better Food"
Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.
See Page 22.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

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MAY 1918

conductress, a slim, compact figure swaying easily to the lurch of the vehicle. Her fingers touched his as she handed him the ticket, and they were bitterly cold.

"Nice night, ain't it?" said Mr. Pettigrew.

"Not 'arf!" said the girl, philosophically. "But there, it ain't so bad for us 's what it is for them boys in the trenches."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pettigrew, archly. "Them boys—*'im*, you means."

The girl shook her head swiftly. Seen in the gleam of a passing lamp her face was pretty, and glistening with rain.

"Not me," she said. "There was two—my brothers—but they went west. There's only me left—carryin' on." The omnibus lurched violently, causing the little conductress to lose her balance, and her weight rested momentarily against Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder. She recovered her equilibrium instantly without self-consciousness, and stood looking absently ahead into the darkness.

"That's what we've all got to do, ain't it?" she said—"do our bit?"

She jingled the coppers in her bag and turned abruptly.

Mr. Pettigrew watched the trim, self-respecting little figure till it vanished down the steps.

"Oh, blazes!" he groaned, as imperious flesh and immortal spirit awoke to renew the unending combat.

Five minutes later the conductress reappeared at Mr. Pettigrew's shoulder.

"Waterloo," she said. "That's where all you boys gets off, ain't it?"

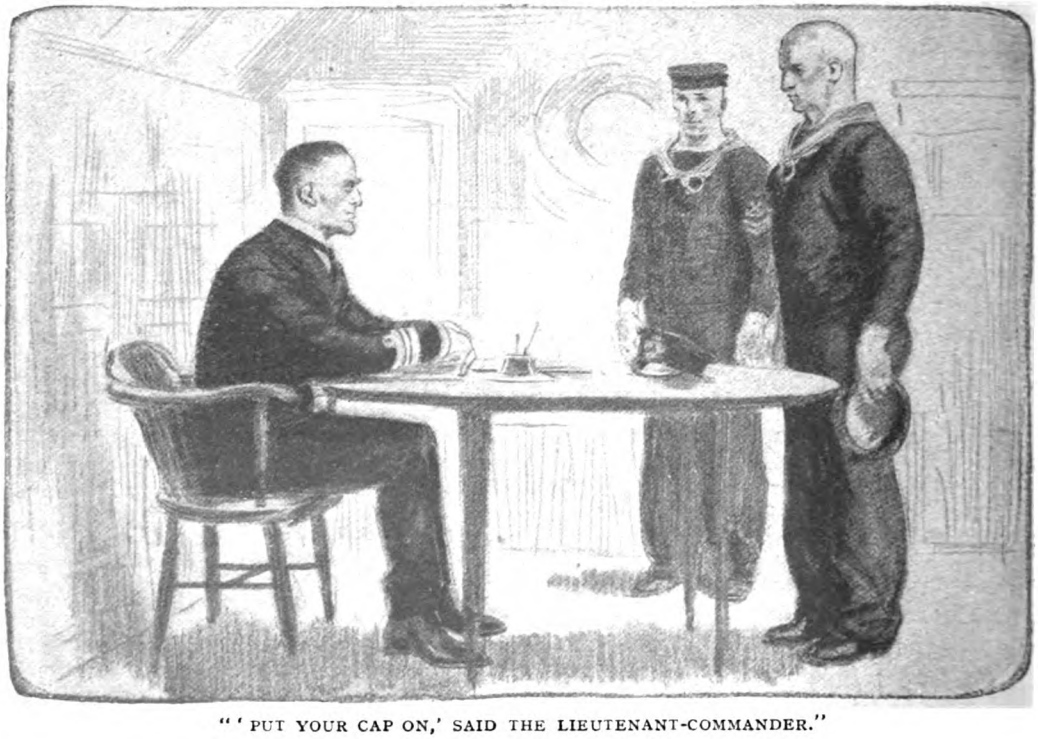
"That's right," said Mr. Pettigrew. He jerked to his feet, gripping his bundle, and made for the steps with averted head. "'Night!" he said, brusquely. The omnibus slowed and stopped.

"Good luck!" said the girl.

The port look-out gripped the bridge-rail to steady himself, and stared out through the driving spray and the darkness as the destroyer thrashed her way down Channel. He was chosen for the trick because of his eyesight. "I gotter eye like a adjective 'awk," Mr. Pettigrew was wont to admit in his more expansive moments, and none gainsaid him the length and breadth of the destroyer's mess-deck. None gainsaid him on the bridge that night when suddenly he wheeled inboard and bawled at the full strength of his lungs:—

"Objec' on the port bow, sir!"

There was an instant's pause, a confused shouting of orders, a vision of the coxswain struggling at the kicking wheel as the helm



"'PUT YOUR CAP ON,' SAID THE LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER."

went over, and a man's clear voice saying: "By God! we've got her!"

Then came the stunning shock of the impact, the grinding crash of blunt metal shearing metal, more shouts, faces seen white for an instant against the dark waters, something scraping past the side of the forecastle, and finally a dull explosion aft.

"Rammed a submarine and sunk the perisher!" shouted the Yeoman in Mr. Pettigrew's ear. "Wake up! What the deuce is up—are ye dazed?"

Mr. Pettigrew was considerably more dazed when he was sent for the following day in harbour by his captain. From force of custom on obeying such summonses, the ship's black sheep removed his cap.

"Put your damned cap on," said the lieutenant-commander. Mr. Pettigrew replaced his cap. "Now shake hands." Mr. Pettigrew shook hands. "Now go on leave." Mr. Pettigrew obeyed.

For forty minutes the policeman on duty outside Waterloo Station had been keeping under observation a rather dejected-looking bluejacket carrying a bundle, and standing at the corner scrutinizing the omnibuses as they passed. Finally, with deliberate measured tread, he approached the man of the sea.

"What bus do you want, mate?"

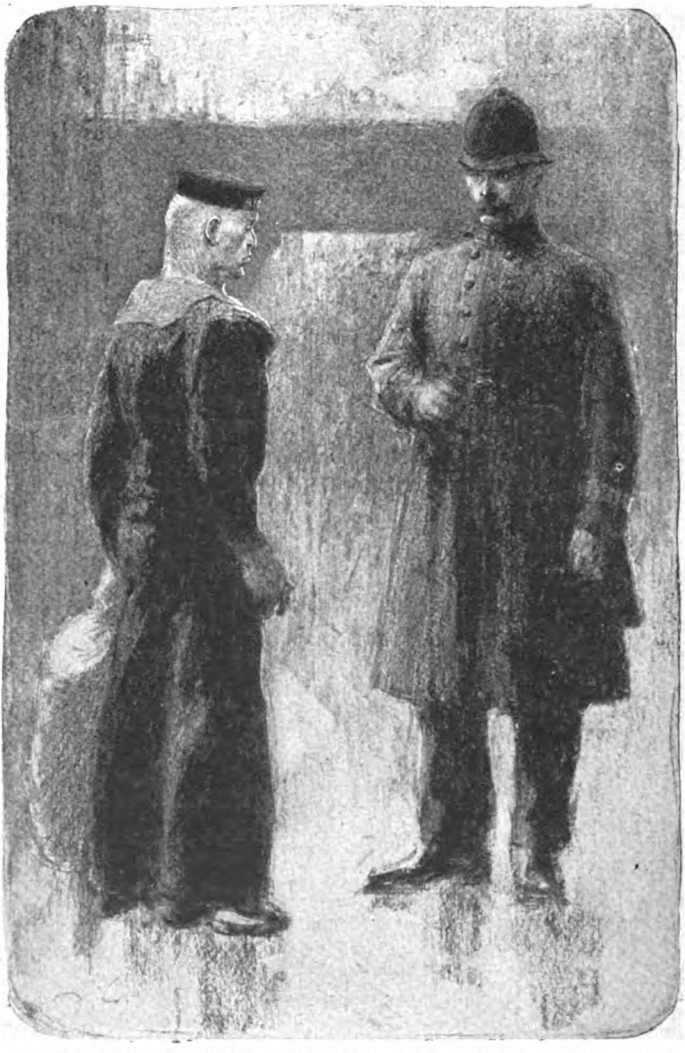
Mr. Pettigrew enlightened him as to the number.

"There's been four of that number gone past while you was standin' 'ere," said the policeman, not without suspicion in his tones.

"I'm very partickler about buses," said Mr. Pettigrew, coldly.

"Well," said the constable, "'ere's another one."

The sailor waited till it slowed up abreast of them. His blue eyes were cocked on the rear end.

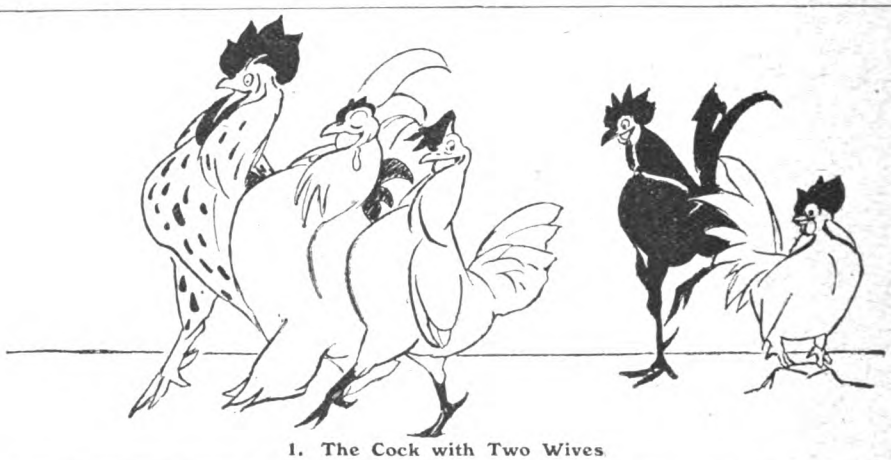


"'I'M VERY PARTICKLER ABOUT 'BUSES,' SAID MR. PETTIGREW, COLDLY."

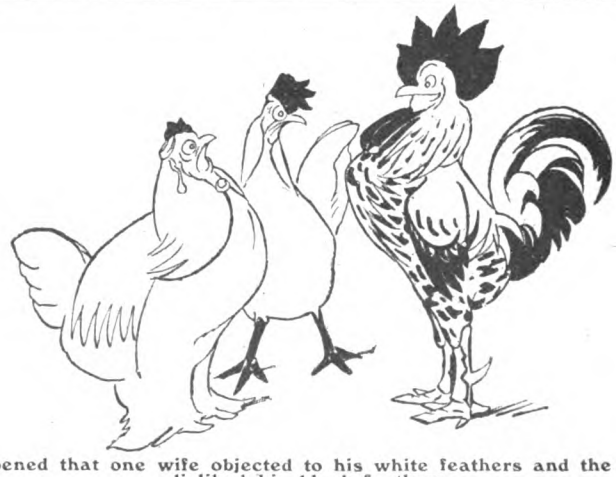
"An' *this* 'ere's the right one," said Mr. Pettigrew.

He stepped briskly into the roadway, ran half-a-dozen paces, and swung himself on to the footboard beside the conductress.

THE COCK WITH TWO WIVES.



1. The Cock with Two Wives

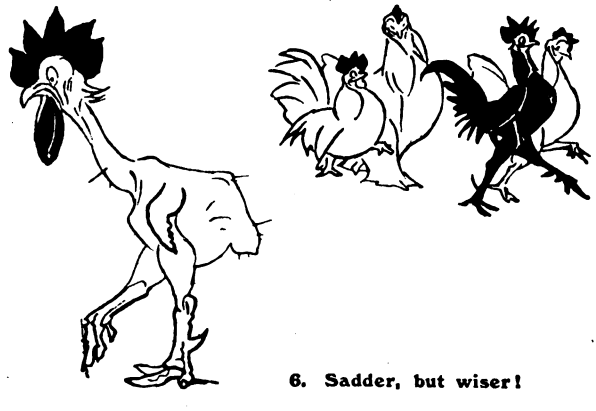


2. It happened that one wife objected to his white feathers and the other wife disliked his black feathers.

3. So one plucked the black feathers—

4. And the other plucked the white feathers—

5. Until there were none remaining.



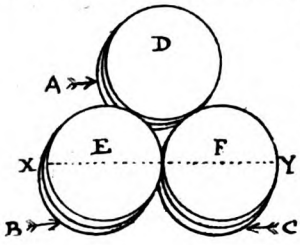
6. Sadder, but wiser!

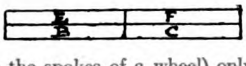
PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

400.—THE SIX SUBMARINES.

READERS may remember a puzzle that I gave in an article on "The Best Puzzles With Coins" (July-August, 1909), to place five pennies so that every penny shall touch every other penny. This is reproduced in my book, "Amusements in Mathematics," and a correspondent has suggested that as many as six coins can be placed under the conditions if we arrange them as shown in the upper diagram—that is, with A, B, and C in the form of a triangle, and D, E, and F respectively on the top of A, B, and C. If we take a section of the coins at X Y (see the lower diagram), he held that E and C and also B and F meet at a "mathematical point," and are therefore in contact. But he was wrong, for if E touches C a barrier is set up between B and F. If B touches F, then E cannot touch C. It is a subtle fallacy that I know will interest my readers. When we say that a number of things meet at a point (like the spokes of a wheel) only three can be in contact (each with each) on the same plane.





This has led me to propound a new "touching" problem. If Mr. Lloyd George's five submarines, sunk on the same day, all went down at the same spot where another had previously been sunk, how might they all lie at rest so that every one of the six U-boats should touch every other one? To simplify we will say, place six ordinary wooden matches so that every match shall touch every other match. No bending or breaking allowed.

401.—DIGGING A DITCH.

HERE is a curious question that is more perplexing than it looks at first sight. Abraham, an infirm old man, undertook to dig a ditch for two pounds. He engaged Benjamin, an able-bodied fellow, to assist him and share the money fairly according to their capacities. Abraham could dig as fast as Benjamin could shovel out the dirt, and Benjamin could dig four times as fast as Abraham could do the shovelling. How should they divide the money? Of course, we must assume their relative abilities for work to be the same in digging or shovelling.

402.—AN ALPHABET PUZZLE.

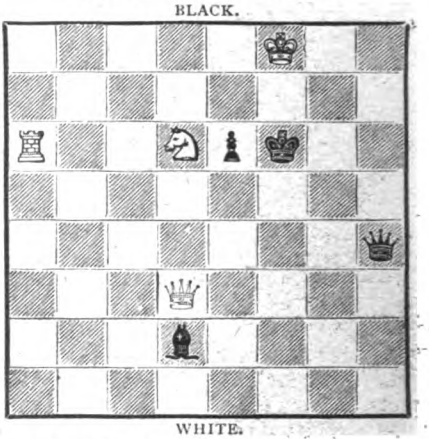
MANY attempts have been made to form a perfect sentence out of the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, using each letter only once. Beyond doubt it is impossible: there are not enough vowels. Then the attempt has been made to form a sentence with the fewest possible extra letters. Thus a familiar example is: "Pack my box with five dozen liquor jugs." Here there are six extra letters: one e, two i's, two o's, and one u. Can you form a sentence with only two repeated letters—that is, twenty-eight letters in all? Of course, abbreviations and contractions are not allowed, or we might do it without any additional letters whatever, as in this case that was once suggested to me: "G. V. D. (Jew nymph), fix quartz blocks." Here it was explained that "G. V. D." are the initials of a Jew nymph, Geraldine Violet Davis! The best in twenty-nine letters that I know is: "Quick-blowing zephyrs vex daft Jim." Now, try to improve on that with only two additional letters.

403.—A CHARADE.

I WAS seeking election for the *second-third* of *whole*, when I received my *first* from my *third* because I said "*second!*" to him.

404.—A PRETTY FINISH.

BLACK.



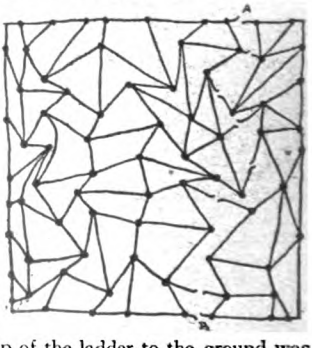
WHITE.

HERE is a position that is not artificially constructed, but one that occurred in actual chess-play in New York some years ago. White, whose turn it was to play, announced checkmate in two moves. It is not at all difficult, but quite pretty. How many of our readers would have discovered such a neat finish to the game?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

396.—THE SUBMARINE NET.

THE illustration will show the best way of cutting the net. It will be seen that eight cuts are made from A to B, dividing the net into two parts.



397.—THE LADDER.

THE length of the ladder must have been 6⅔ yards. The distance from the top of the ladder to the ground was four-fifths of the length of the ladder. Multiply the distance from the wall, 4 yards, by the denominator of this fraction, 5, and you get 20. Now deduct the square of the numerator from the square of the denominator and you have 9, which is the square of 3. Finally, divide 20 by 3, and there is the answer—6⅔ yards.

398.—THE QUARRELSOME OFFSPRING.

EACH parent had three children when they married, and six were born afterwards.

399.—A REBUS.

THE maxim is: "Think twice before you speak." (Th in K twice, before U's, pea K.)

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By

BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by

Arthur Garrett.

No. 5.

THE HANDKERCHIEF. PROBLEM.

AT the forty-seventh meeting of the Problem Club, the chair was taken by the youngest member, the Hon. James Feldane. That weary young gentleman having provided himself with a double portion of green Chartreuse, for the purpose, as he said, of supporting the dignity of the position, opened his adjudication a little informally.

"Let's get started," he said. "The first job is to read out the particular teaser with which the wily Leonard has been worrying you poor old things during the past month. Here goes."

The terms of the Handkerchief Problem were then read out. They were as follows: "It is required to steal as many handkerchiefs as possible from a member or members of the Problem Club. Violence may not be used and thefts detected in the act will not score. Restitution will be made of the stolen handkerchiefs within twenty-four hours of the adjudication, but felonious intent is to be presumed in every case."

"I wish I could have been a competitor this time," the chairman continued, "instead of being stuck up here to give the momentous decision. I should have had some sport, and handkerchief-sneaking falls nicely within my line of intellect; I might have scooped the prize. But as I'm debarred from scoring off you, I've taken jolly good care that none of you should score off me. For the past month every handkerchief I've used has been attached to the interior of the pocket by a steel chain and swivel, and those not in use have been locked away in a safe. My valet thinks I've gone off my head, of course, but then he'd have been bound to have thought that sooner or later, anyhow. The great point is that not one of you low pickpockets has been able to get a handkerchief out of me. We'll now pursue the inquiry. Hesseltine, are you guilty or not guilty?"

Copyright, 1918, by Barry Pain.

"Guilty, m'lord," said young Hesseltine, cheerfully. "I may not be winner, but I think it would be safe to back me for a place. I struck early. At our last meeting, as soon as this problem was announced, I slipped stealthily and unobserved from the room. I had rightly concluded that there would be no attendant in the cloak-room at that hour. If there had been I should have sent him away to get me a box of matches. From the overcoats of members I secured a nice little haul of nine handkerchiefs. One of them, a silk bandanna, the property of Major Byles, was big enough for two, and ought to count as two."

"Might count two on a division, as they say at the elections," said the chairman. "But in the undivided state it counts one. Anything further to say?"

"That was my only *coup*. The only thing to add is that one of the nine belonged to a gentleman who did not start keeping them in the safe quite soon enough."

"All right," said Jimmy. "Speaking entirely *sotto voce* and *ex officio*, I'll be even with you for that one of these days. Meanwhile, Mr. Matthews, it will be your painful duty as secretary to give that thief a score of nine."

The chairman then called upon Mr. Quillian, K.C., whose story was connected with the story of Mr. Pusely-Smythe. In both cases it was a story of failure. Both men had hit on precisely the same idea.

Quillian called on Pusely-Smythe at a time when he knew he would be out, but would be expected back shortly. He, as he anticipated, was recognized by the servant and asked if he would wait. During the period of waiting Quillian made a swift and silent excursion to Pusely-Smythe's bedroom with a view to abstracting his available store of handkerchiefs. But the chairman was not the only member who had taken the precaution of keeping his handkerchiefs in an unlikely place. Not one solitary handkerchief could Quillian find. And while he was thus engaged Pusely-Smythe had been calling on Quillian with similar intentions, similar practice, and a similar result.

"You're both too clever to live," observed the chairman, "but you've cancelled one another for once. Mr. Harding Pope, as a politician, you should be familiar with the paths of dishonesty. How did you get on?"

The Member of Parliament gave a somewhat sickly smile.

"I fear," he said, "that I have not competed. I represent a Dissenting constituency, which is careful—almost to the point of being inquisitorial—as to my character and private life. Had I competed, it is easily possible that I might have been arrested. I could have explained, but all explanations come too late. It would have done me great injury. In the circumstances I have decided to resign my membership of this club, and my resignation will be in the chairman's hands at the next meeting. I have enjoyed these meetings immensely, but I have been—and am likely to be—too often debarred from taking an active part in the competition as a member should. The delightful but unscrupulous Leonard asks too much of me. Should I ever find myself in a position of greater freedom and less responsibility, I shall certainly crave the honour of re-election."

"Sorry," said the chairman. "I'm sure we all are. But the rules of the club do require that members shall be workers and not merely onlookers. If ever the political cat jumps the other way, and you're thrown out of Westminster into the cold, cold night, I make no doubt that at the first vacancy we shall welcome the lost sheep back to the nest. I will now call upon Major Byles."

The Major lived in the country. There were unusually good golf links in the neighbourhood, and he was both a good player and a good host. He had used his opportunities, as he explained.

"I worked on a system. I waited till my man was absolutely wrapped up in the game, meanwhile locating his handkerchief carefully. Then, at the moment when he was following the ball with the eye, I put in some swift finger-work. It was not always successful. The Doctor, for instance, bowled me out twice—he's got eyes in the back of his head. But I got six handkerchiefs that way, and a seventh from a rain-coat that had been left in my hall. I've good reason to know that I'm not a winner, but it's not bad—eh?

"A good sporting game," said the chairman. "These thefts from the person ought really to count more than easy overcoat-shots. They want more dexterity. The others only require brain-work. Still, I have to administer the law as Leonard lays it down. So far Hesseltine wins."

"But he won't win," said the Major, mysteriously. "Oh, yes, I've got good reason to know it." And he proceeded to compound for himself a due measure of whisky and seltzer-water.

Dr. Alden, who was next called upon, could claim a score of only two. But so far as it went it was brilliant and audacious

"IN THE INTERIOR OF THE VAN I EXPLORED A LAUNDRY BASKET, AND ANNEXED FOURTEEN OF THE MAJOR'S HANDKERCHIEFS."

work. One of the handkerchiefs had been taken from Sir Charles Bunford and one from Mr. Matthews, and in both cases the theft had been committed in Piccadilly in broad daylight and under the eyes of the police.

"It's clear where your real talent lies," said Jimmy. "You're wasted in Harley Street. However, time's getting on, and a few bad men would like a rubber of bridge before we part. Will any member who claims to have beaten Hesseltine's score kindly hold up a hand?"

The Rev. Septimus Cunliffe and Mr. Wildersley, A.R.A., both held up hands.

"What?" said the chairman. "Our padre in the sneak-thief business? Has he no respect for his cloth? Leonard has a lot to answer for. However, we will hear you, Mr. Cunliffe."

"Leonard," said that broad-minded cleric in his sonorous voice, "has once more revealed himself as a great moralist. He has shown us that the thief, a bad man, must none the less have good qualities, and has taught us to differentiate the good from the bad. The spirit of adventure, the clever planning, the manual dexterity displayed by the thief, are all worthy of praise. It is solely to his felonious intentions that we should take exception. Leonard has expressly provided that for the purposes of this competition the felonious intentions are to be purely imaginary; they are to be supposed. Consequently, I could approach the problem with a clear conscience. And I admit that in compiling a score of fourteen my cloth has been of assistance. Suspicion does not attach readily to a man in clerical attire.

"To proceed to my story. One Saturday, early in the month, I had been down to play golf with our friend, the Major. (By the way, you'll send me back my handkerchief, Major. Already in the post? Thanks.) On leaving his house I noticed at the back entrance a laundry van, in charge of a sleepy-looking rustic. The name and address of the laundry were proclaimed on the van in large letters. My knowledge of the country showed me that in approaching the Major's house that van would pass an inn called the Royal George, at a distance of two miles from the house, and a turning to the railway-station at a distance of one mile. That made everything easy. On the following Saturday I was on that road three miles from the house. My boots were dusty and I looked as tired as I could. I waited till the van came along, hailed it, and asked the driver to give me a lift as far as the station turning. He was not averse to making an extra shilling and I climbed up. For the first mile I was talking to the man and making friends with him. When we reached the Royal George I suggested that a pint at my expense would not come amiss to him, and that I would look after the horse while he was inside. He was good enough to say that I was a parson after his own heart, and handed me the reins. The horse did not need any looking after; it was not that kind of horse. In the interior of the van I explored a laundry basket, and

annexed fourteen of the Major's handkerchiefs. (I have left them in the cloak-room for you, Major.) When the driver came out I was holding the reins and looking pensive. I stepped off at the station turning. What is your decision, Mr. Chairman ? "

" Brainy piece of work, and a fair score of fourteen. My idea was that nobody would get beyond fifteen. Did you beat that, Wildersley ? "

That large but child-like artist smiled. " I claim a score of one hundred and forty-four."

" Gee-whizz ! I didn't know there were so many handkerchiefs in the world. Which members did you get them from ? "

" I got the whole lot from you, in spite of the steel chain and the locked safe."

" But I've not got as many. It's an impossibility. However, let's have the yarn."

" You'll find it's all right, Mr. Chairman. You young men are so careless that you don't know what you've got. Some time ago I had to execute a Deed of Gift—making over a rotten-cotton picture of mine to a provincial gallery. Up to that time I didn't know the difference between a Deed of Gift and a hole in a wall, but you learn things as you go on living. When this problem was set, I saw that by a Deed of Gift and a small investment I could do myself good. My first step was to buy twelve dozen handkerchiefs—top quality and deucedly expensive. I had a monogram of the chairman's initials excellently designed by myself and embroidered by the shop on all those handkerchiefs. This having been done, I collected my parcel of lingerie and went off to my solicitor, who is of the old-established, eighteen-carat type. I told him what I wanted and the shock nearly killed him. When he got better I explained that it was a joke, but that it was essential in order to get the laugh that the Deed of Gift making over the handkerchiefs should be all correct, water-tight, and copper-bottomed. He does not understand jokes and will believe anything about them. So he engineered me a lovely Deed. I then addressed the parcel to the Hon. James Feldane, and went off with it in a taxi to Jimmy's place. I deposited the parcel, with the address downwards, on a chair in the hall, and put my overcoat and hat on the top of it. I then went in and had a few words with Jimmy about a bridge-problem. I had now made the handkerchiefs Jimmy's property by Deed of Gift. I had delivered them at his residence. It only remained to steal them, and that was easy. It's always easier to steal a thing if the owner doesn't know he's got it. Besides, as it was half-past eleven in the morning, Jimmy's costume consisted of

" SO HE ENGINEERED ME A LOVELY DEED."

a bath-gown, a Turkish cigarette, and a bad headache, which excused him from coming out into the hall with me when I left. I picked up my hat and coat, and a parcel containing one hundred and forty-four handkerchiefs, the property of the chairman, and went off. He will find the parcel returned to him when he gets home to-night. And I should like his decision."

"Much obliged to you, Wildersley. It's ironical that I can make a bit, as long as I'm not competing. All the same the decision must be held up a moment. The fact that you've provided me with more handkerchiefs than I shall ever use this side of the silent tomb might influence my judicial mind. I must have a second opinion—counsel's. Will Mr. Quillian kindly give us his views on this claim?"

"I don't usually give opinions in this off-hand way," said Mr. Quillian, "but on this occasion I have really no doubt. The Deed, sir, was duly executed, so we are informed. The goods in question were *bonâ-fide* intended to become your property, and have in fact become so. They were delivered at your residence. In the absence of felonious intent I should say that they had not been stolen, but the terms of the problem state that felonious intent is to be presumed. Your ignorance of the whole transaction does not seem to me to affect it. In your place, sir, I should have no hesitation in finding the claim good—and I only wish I had thought of the idea myself—I ought to have done."

"Thank you, Mr. Quillian. Then I decide that Wildersley is the winner. Mr. Matthews, will you please draw the usual cheque to Mr. Wildersley's order?"

This having been done, and the chairman for the next meeting appointed, Jimmy opened the sealed envelope containing the problem that Leonard, the astute head-waiter, had set for the ensuing month.

Jimmy read it to himself first. "Well," he said, "this is a new line of country. This is somewhat of a sensation. It's called the Identity Problem, and runs as follows: 'It is required to discover the identity of Leonard. The use of professional detectives, and any communication with Leonard himself on the subject of this problem, are forbidden.'"

"I always knew," said Hesseltine, with conviction, "that chap was no ordinary head-waiter."

And it appeared that several other members, who also had forgotten to mention it before, had always been of the same opinion.

ACROSTICS.

WITH Acrostic No. 43, printed below, our eighth series of six acrostics commences. Prizes to the value of twelve guineas will be awarded to the most successful solvers.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 43.

The months go by in rapid flight,
And left we now exchange for right.

1. To warmer isle our way we take,
   And think about the wine and cake.
2. The little snake that killed a queen
   Within the Caspian can be seen.
3. The best of three, to one who plays;
   The worker can his work erase.
4. Acrostic here is incomplete,
   Since neither head nor tail we meet.
5. Though it may prove a steep ascent,
   Less than a thousand feet is meant. PAX

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 44.

Silver coin we offer you:
Thirty pennies ought to do.

1. Adjective, suggesting Jew.
2. Tool, to bore a passage through.
3. Card-game, look at Waterloo.
4. Small in number, one or two.
5. Not a loss, afresh, anew.

PAX.

Answers to Acrostics 43 *and* 44 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on April 9th.*

The answer to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; at the foot of each answer every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 42.

1.	S	pirœ	A
2.	I	ra	N
3.	L	acklan	D
4.	C	rou	C
5.	H	adassa	H
6.	E	auli	E
7.	S	unles	S
8.	T	ene	T
9.	E	nvelop	E
10.	R	éaumu	R

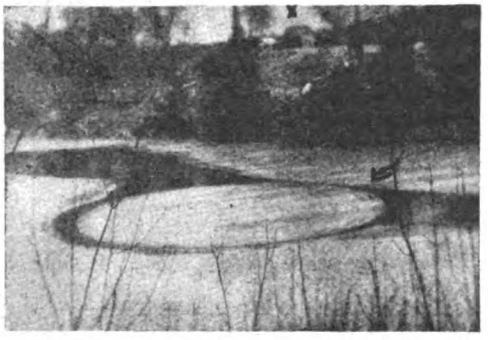
NOTES.—Light 2. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*, iii. Light 3. King John. 4. Crouch End. 5. Esther. 6. Beaulieu. 9. Elope, run away. 10. Thermometer.

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A WHEEL OF ICE.

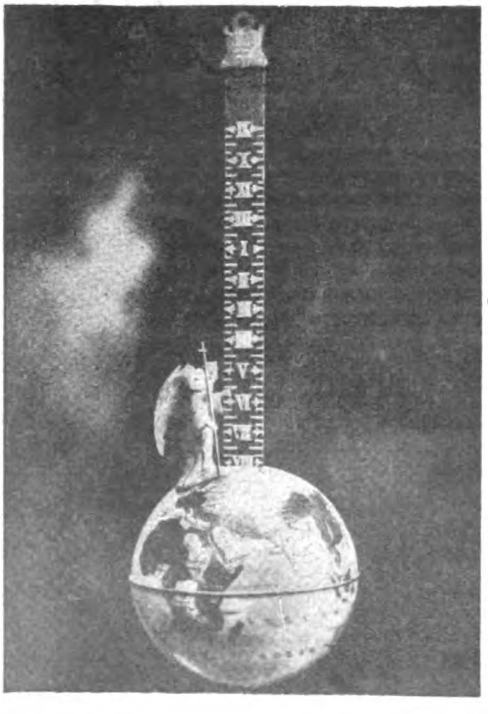
WHILE hunting last year in North Ontario I came across a natural curiosity in the form of an ice wheel, and as I never saw or read of one before, I am sending a photograph of it. It is on the



Goubas River, about thirty miles from Lake Superior, and is about 50ft. to 75ft. in diameter, and perfectly round. It revolves about once in every two minutes, and is propelled by the current in an elbow of the river. It runs all through the winter, and gets loaded up with ice till it is about 6ft. high, and is caused by a deep whirlpool.—Mr. Fred Neil, P.O. Box 218, Steelton, Ontario, Canada.

SOMETHING NEW IN CLOCKS.

IN this new form of clock the time is recorded on a parchment strip ⅛in. wide and 18in. long from



which the ball is suspended, and the time indicated by Father Time, who is placed at the edge and points to the hour with his finger. There is no mainspring for driving the clock, the motive power being supplied by the total weight in the movement, ball, and Father Time, and controlled by a lever escapement. As soon as the ball is suspended the clock begins to run, and continues until the 18in. has been unwound, which takes thirty hours. To re-wind, the ball is simply lifted up to whatever the time may be, and left; if lifted too far, it can be pulled down. The ball will not drop, as it is kept in position by a friction spring. A small mainspring is fixed on the plate to which the arbor of the drum is connected, so as to wind the strip round when lifting the ball up.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mount Morris, Ill., U.S.A.

A MUSICAL NOVELTY.

HERE is a suggestion for those directors of musical shows who would like something new to supplant the ukeleles and balalaikas of previous

seasons. This man and boy are first-class musicians according to Philippine standards. Their only instruments are horns made entirely of bamboo, the length and diameter of the trunk determining the depth of the tone; the larger the trunk the deeper and heavier the volume of sound. The music resulting from blowing into these peculiar instruments is a weird, soft sort of noise, which always carries with it a note of wild, restless undertone. Labour unions have not as yet turned their attention seriously toward these islands in the Pacific, and the scale of wages would be termed low in most countries. Two and a half hours of continuous labour brings to the performers one penny each.—Mr. H. E. Zimmerman, Mount Morris, Ill., U.S.A.

LYNN DOYLE'S Most Amusing Story

FRY'S
Pure
Breakfast
COCOA
"No Better Food"
Dr. Andrew Wilson, F.R.S.E., etc.

See Page 22.

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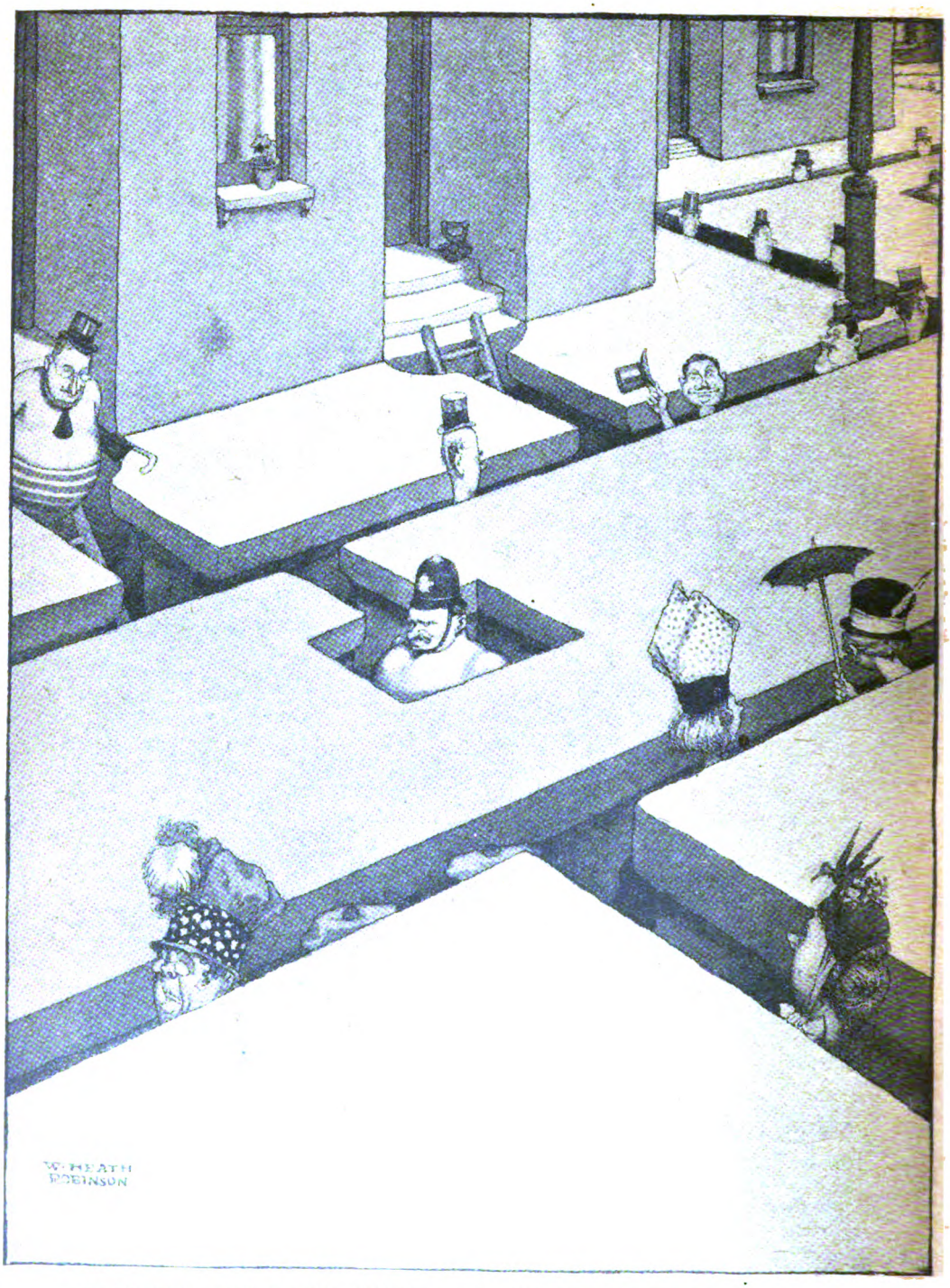


A SCHEME FOR DOING AWAY WITH THE NECESSITY FOR CLOTHES.

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. MAY, 1918. No. 329.

Photo MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON AT WORK. [*F. T. Beeson.*

War-Time Economies.

The Art of Doing Without Things.

By W. HEATH ROBINSON.

IN an article on "Mr. W. Heath Robinson and His Work," which appeared in this magazine some years ago, the writer gave forth the opinion that "his humour is of a rare sort. He is serious—as serious as Lewis Carroll. He believes in his jokes." This being so, it is plain that he would have us believe in them also. So that we must accept these ingenious suggestions for "doing without things" in war-time, not as the quips of a mad wag but as ideas to be taken to heart and put into practice. And after all why not? The notion of doing away with clothes by the simple process of using trenches instead of roads, as shown in the frontispiece, is one that has only to be explained to be adopted. Who will trouble himself to blow out a candle when the same can be achieved by such a simple piece of labour-saving machinery as the artist has depicted? What cattle-breeder in the future will dispense with the strikingly easy and practical method suggested for increasing his profit on ox-tails? The reader will note.

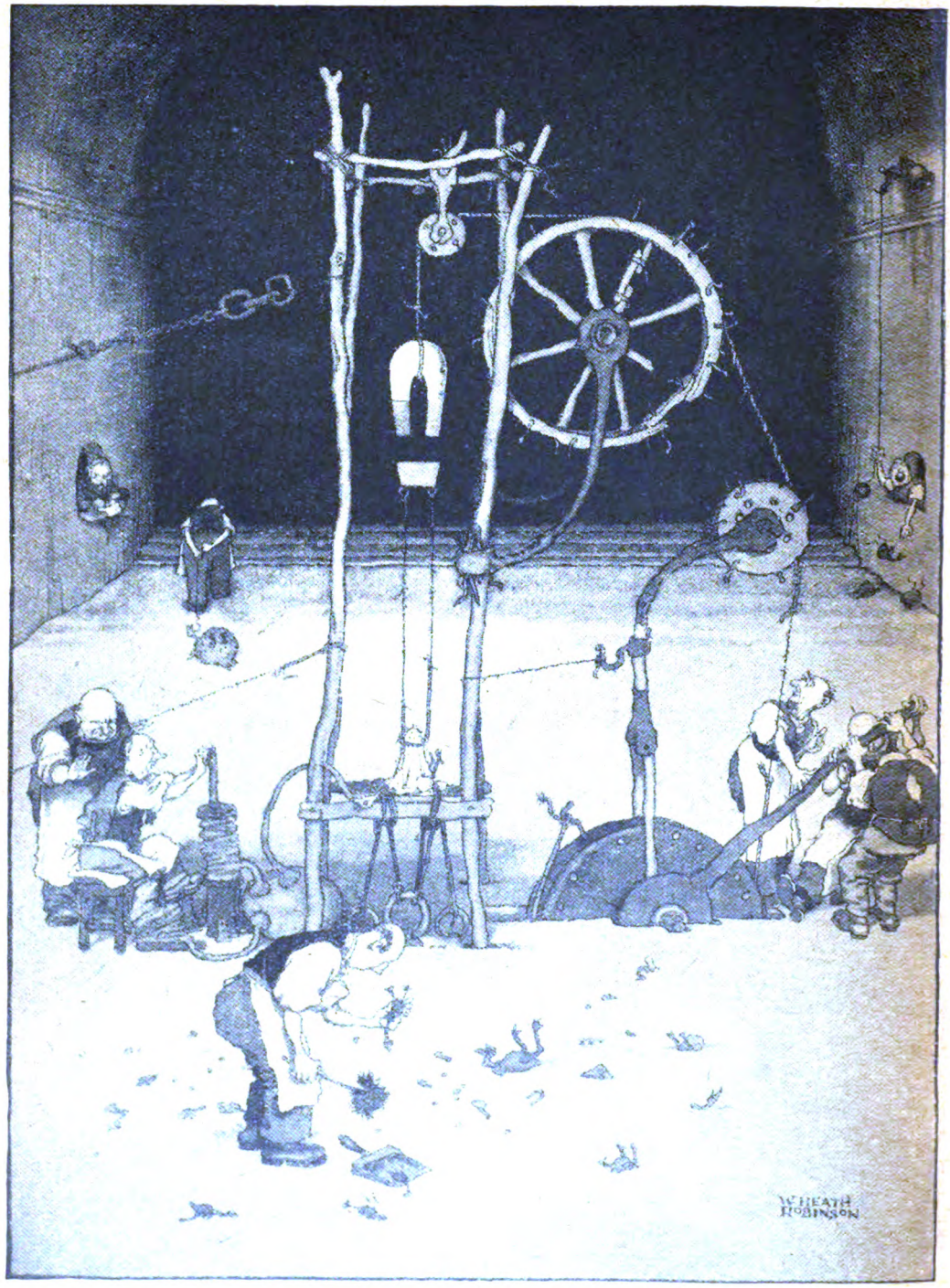
IN THE STRETCHING SHEDS OF AN OX-TAIL SOUP FACTORY.

A SENSIBLE WAY OF DOING WITHOUT BRACES.

beside the device now shown for increasing the size of poultry. It is combined, it will be noted, with the employment of compressed air—another application of up-to-date conceptions. In like manner, regarding the idea of the gentleman who suspends his nether garments by means of a magnet, the device is so obvious an improvement on any form of belt or braces hitherto known among mankind, that we are confident that every reader of the male sex will (like ourselves) refuse in the future to make use of any other.

on studying this illustration, how the inventor, leaving nothing to chance, has worked out his idea to the minutest details—such as the bell on the ox's back, the use of which is not apparent until, in the most distant ox, it is seen in action, announcing to the operators that the tail has reached its amplitude and is ready for dissection. And our inventor is always up to date. Nothing in the advance of modern science is more striking than the application of electricity and magnetism to the practical affairs of life; but the most ingenious examples of such application—the dynamo, the electric light, the wireless telegraph, and the like — pale into insignificance

TO SAVE YOUR BREATH.
THE PENNY-IN-THE-SLOT MACHINE FOR BLOWING OUT CANDI



A NEW MAGNETIC PLANT FOR THE ENLARGEMENT OF FOWLS IN A CHICKEN AND HAM PASTE FACTORY.

FLASHLIGHTS.

A Story of the East Coast.

By LAURENCE CLARKE.

Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds.

I.

AUTHORITY, in the guise of an Admiral, rose from its chair and extended a welcoming hand. The sailor who had entered Authority's room was a man of forty-eight, with a deep chest, an eradicable tan, and an authentic sea-blue eye. His russet beard was short and neat. When he and Authority, who had been shipmates together on the old *Nelson*, had performed terse compliments, Captain Evan Carlton took a chair opposite his superior's desk and unfolded his trouble anew.

Carlton was Captain of Coastguards from Scarthoe Head to Howe beach. He had been given that appointment because of his special gifts; there had, as a matter of fact, been no flaw in the exercise of those gifts, and yet trouble was upon him.

"You are having a rotten time," conceded his friend the Admiral, with a note of sympathy.

"Damnable!" responded Carlton. "The signalling from Scarthoe Hill," he went on, "took place again two nights ago. You know, Radson," he continued, "I am not a man given to flights of imagination, but the thing is beginning to look uncanny to me."

"We've lost two boats through those infernal signals already," interposed the Admiral.

Carlton put a hand to his brow.

"Move me, if you like. I can do no more than I've done. I have a perpetual cordon of men within sight of each other from Scarthoe to Vale Hill. Two nights ago, when the last signals ascended, my men were within a hundred yards of the spot. I myself was in the coastguard house at the telescope. I saw the flashes go up—a sort of magnesium-light effect—and actually before the glare died I could see my fellows closing in upon the spot. Of course, when they reached the place the old thing happened. There was no one there."

Carlton was dramatically silent for a moment. "The thing leaves me gasping," he resumed. "If it wasn't for the good work at sea we should have lost ten or fifteen boats by now. The mystery of it is deepened by the fact that the sender of the signals is actually *within* my cordon. He can have no touch with the outer world, and he yet is possessed of the knowledge of every boat that leaves D——. There is no wireless except our own within sixty miles of us."

Here Captain Carlton drew from his pocket a sketch map which provided a simplified view of his difficulties and the precautions he had taken. The Admiral asked to see it.

"You say," inquired the Admiral, when he had examined the map in detail, "that all possible landing from a submarine is excluded by your coastguard and other precautions?"

"Absolutely," responded Carlton.

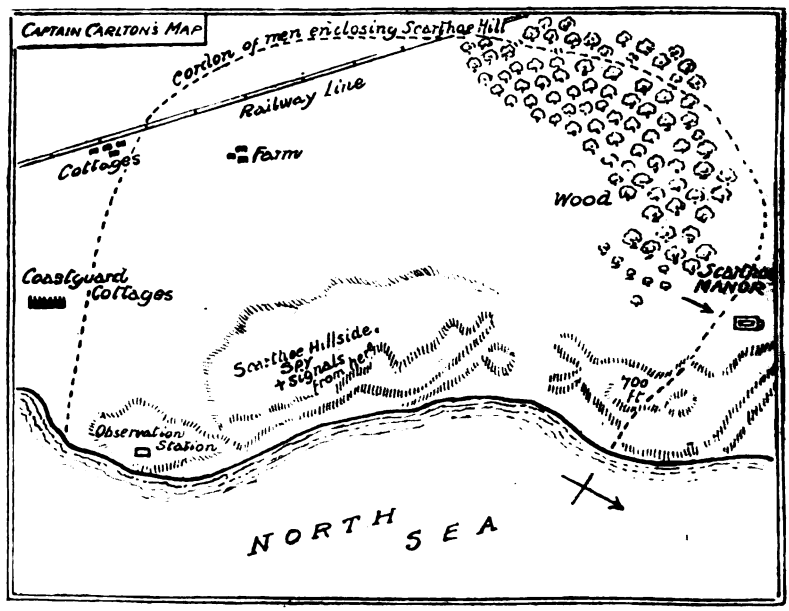
"Or from the railway?" inquired the Admiral, laying the point of his pencil on a straight strip of line at the upper edge of the map.

"The military authorities took that in hand," answered Carlton.

Authority eyed Carlton's map again.

"And this empty house, Scarthoe Manor? I remember in your last report," said the Admiral, "you examined it in a search for wireless." Carlton nodded. "Who owns the house?" again inquired the Admiral.

"A rich furniture dealer in Tottenham Court Road," the Captain answered. "He is as British as I am. He formerly used the house as a summer residence, but shut it up to economize when the war broke out. The place has been empty ever since. The house is old, and has historical associations. As you see from the map, no one from the Manor could have sent up those signals, as my cordon of men cuts off all access from the house to Scarthoe Hill, where the signals ascend. That is, there is a close line of watchers between the Manor and the hillside. No," he added, after a thoughtful pause, "I think we can safely rule Scarthoe Manor out of suspicion."



The Admiral frowned. Nevertheless, he was glad that it was not his duty to discover a flaw in Carlton's precautions.

Then a new thought flashed upon him. "Look here, Carlton," he said, at length, "you've been very close to this problem; I'd like to act a little on my own, from the outside."

"I shall be only too delighted to have your help," responded the Captain of Coastguards, with alacrity.

The Admiral still pored over the map; he was formulating a plan in his mind. Finally, he said, laying his pencil point on a particular part of the shore, "Make it possible, Carlton, for a man to get ashore at this point for the next three nights!"

II.

Two nights later Submarine M15, running a slow five knots on the surface, groped a cautious passage into Scarthoe Bay. The blackness of the night, and the absence that evening of the usual Scarthoe searchlight, veiled the great man-made fish utterly from observation.

Terence Milner was in command of M15, and was making this secretive approach in direct pursuance of orders. He was young, keen-eyed, and satisfactorily good-looking. He had received orders that filled him with vivid expectation. Authority had commanded that he should undertake an odd and unusual duty—that, in fact, he should play a lone hand ashore.

When M15 had slipped in to within five hundred yards of the shore, and Milner's leadsman had called six fathoms, Commander Milner himself, leaving his second in the turret, made a cautious journey along the sleek back of his craft until he reached a point where darkness completely cut him off from observation. Here he drew off his coat, slipped off his sea-boots, and discarded his cap. He slung his leg over the wire handrail, leaned out over the water for one minute, and at length, with the swift neatness of an otter, dived into the sea.

Milner's first orders were to make for a boulder on the beach, and to fulfil certain directions to the east of the said boulder. This done, he was to betake himself landward and effect an entrance into the empty mansion shown on the map as Scarthoe Manor. Thereafter his own wits were to serve him. Authority had provided him with a copy of Captain Carlton's map of Scarthoe Hill and district. He had studied that map carefully and knew it by heart.

Milner swam briskly towards a high isolated boulder, without doubt the rock mentioned by Authority. On the east side of this rock Milner fell on his hands and knees and began to dig with spaded fingers.

Five minutes' dramatic scratching and groping, and his fingers touched the surface of a tin-

covered box. He drew out the box and, in all-pervading darkness, rehabilitated himself in dry clothes. The *cached* box not only contained clothes, but a score of other requisites suitable to a gentleman sojourning secretly in a possibly dangerous environment. Milner buried his own wet apparel in the sand, obliterated as well as he could traces of his presence, and made a further shoreward progress with the tin box.

The going was dark, and when he reached the towering black menace of Scarthoe Manor, buried in a weed-choked garden, he put his carefully-filled tin on the ground and began a soft fingering of a kitchen window.

When the window surrendered to his persuasion Milner stepped into the interior darkness. He drew the window shut behind him, put a loaded weapon provided by omniscient Authority in his hip-pocket, and penetrated the interior of the house. Using his electric torch with infinite caution, he made a careful search of the rooms on each floor. A memory of the catacombs of Rome came to him. On the fourth floor, at the end of a passage, he discovered the only room whose window obtained, over tree-tops, a view of Scarthoe Head. The apartment was small, with a sloping roof—clearly a servant's bedroom.

Milner slipped into it, laid down his case on the bed, then went to the window and looked out. The darkness obliterated all trace of Scarthoe Head. He drew down the blind, closed the thick curtains so that no chink of light should reveal his presence, and examined the room with the torch, paying particular attention to the lock of the door.

Having thus taken his bearings, he subdued his electric gleam, drew up the blind again, and seated himself to watch Scarthoe Head.

Hours seemed to pass before he became conscious of the completeness of his solitude. Then the darkness became oppressive. Even Milner's resilient nature grew serious before the power of the combined silence and darkness. Later, however, the silence was shattered by the ascending roar of the north-bound mail train. Milner listened, taking in the sound with avidity; he had never until that moment known that it was possible to feel a real greed for unmusical uproar.

He rested his elbow on the window and stared into the outer darkness. To his left he could define faintly the line of the great sixteenth-century chimney built on the exterior of the house. He knew that in the utter blackness, a quarter of a mile beyond, lay the slope of Scarthoe Head, smooth and treeless, with Evan Carlton's glass box of a look-out on its apex.

"What if I have to wait here for weeks?" thought Milner. And as these thoughts drifted through his mind a bluish-white weal of light fountained up from the distant hill, severing the night sky with the thin sharpness of lightning. So neatly, so unobtrusively, so much in consonance was this light with the main trend of his reverie that Milner was not startled. He was scarcely even surprised. For an instant the light persisted, then descended and vanished. After that, at measured intervals, searing the murk of night, three other thin fountains of intense light ascended from the hill.

Milner's nerves were of the temper of chilled steel. Nevertheless his pulse quickened. He had not expected this. He had not expected that the phenomena of the signals would occur at all that night; he had been prepared to watch for days, weeks even, and now——

The signal was fading. He twisted his binoculars swiftly, but when at last he achieved clearness of definition the last weal of light was almost gone. And suddenly, with a great blinding and masterful flare, the illumination of the coast-guard searchlight wheeled and spread day over the bare slope.

Now, in the naked glare, he could plainly see Carlton's watchers, running like ants, making a brisk and close search of the slope. But Milner, from his secret eyrie, knew that the result was nothing. Even at that distance there was an air of hopelessness evidenced in the movements of Carlton's men.

"If there was a German on that hillside," thought Milner, "these fellows must have ringed him round and got him." Then the fact that there was no one there dawned upon him and deepened the mystery. The signals had ascended from the bare hillside without visible agency. For an hour Milner pondered the situation, and Carlton's searchlight groped the hill with futile incandescence.

"It absolutely leaves me guessing," thought Milner, with a touch of fretfulness. "The Admiralty may know something, or surmise something, but it seems to me I should be a deuced sight more use if I probed around a bit. I may sit here for weeks. I'm too far away to see anything and—what's that?" He stopped suddenly, erect and tense.

A laugh rasped upon his ears. Of course, the thing was impossible. Nevertheless, quite near him someone had distinctly laughed. Milner put his face towards the dark outline of the door; he had not locked that door, and he waited with a poised Mauser in his grip.

Again the laugh sounded. Not, however, from the direction of the door. Despite the quality of Milner's nerve, a tingle of ice hopped along his spine and clutched at his scalp. Very softly he crossed the apartment, and put his ear to the ancient fireplace. Here he became aware of a faint movement, a sound either above or below. The thing perplexed him beyond measure. The room he occupied was in the very roof of the house. Before his visit the Admiralty, thorough as usual, had scoured the empty house for traces of wireless. He himself had inspected every room. But had he?

Milner went to his window, thrust it noiselessly open, and put out his head. Above him there was no window, nothing but a sloping roof; below, and to his left, thick ivy grew, covering the whole surface of the broad chimney.

In the darkness he put one leg over the window-sill and looked out, craning his neck at full stretch. There was no shine from a window below him. And yet someone had laughed.

He was about to make further investigation in the interior of the house when a faint pencil of light touched an ivy leaf on the surface of the broad chimney. Milner drew in a sharp breath of amazement, stared for a minute, then stepped back into the room and gave himself furiously to think.

"It's a useful thing," he mused, "that I made no particular noise to-night." Milner recalled that at Boscobel House, of Charles II. fame, he had once seen a priest's hiding-place which was entered by a concealed door in the floor of an attic.

For a time he stood rigid in the middle of the room, and gradually that faint point of light on an ivy leaf moving in the wind told him everything. Without doubt there was a secret room, probably just such a priest's hiding-place as he recalled, either in or beside the chimney.

Milner, thrilling with excitement, was convinced absolutely that there was some connection between the laugh and the signals that had ascended from Scarthoe.

Several plans flashed through his mind, and were discarded in favour of an Army blanket which covered the little bed in the room he occupied. With much care he cut the edge of his blanket in the form of a fringe, out of the fringed edge he created a fine protuberance of knots. This done, he rolled the blanket into tubular form, climbed outside the window-sill, jambed the window down on the knotted end of the blanket, and, using it to steady himself, came down with infinite caution to the level of the concealed window. There was a possible drop of sixty feet below him. But with the aid of the ivy and his improvised rope he managed to lean perilously towards the spot whence that point of light had appeared. His interest quickened as through the thick ivy he detected a faint radiance. Without doubt there was a narrow, lance-like window there covered with a thick blind; this blind moving very faintly showed that the window was either without glass or was open. Milner, clinging to the thick ivy and still steadying himself with his improvised rope, moved nearer. He knew that if his approach became excessive in noise accidents might assuredly happen to him. Accidents, in fact, might happen to him now at any moment.

He was opposite the slit-like window at length, however, and was still undetected. Without doubt the person whose laughter he had heard from above was in the room beyond. Milner was all eagerness to see this man of mystery, to know why he was there and what exactly was his game. Finally his intense desire to get at the truth as rapidly as possible prompted him to put forth a cautious finger. Working his hand through the ivy he drew back the edge of the blind half an inch or so and peered into the lighted room.

What he saw filled him with the keenest appreciation and delight. The sight that greeted him was nothing less than that of a powerfully-built, broad-shouldered man in pale-pink pyjamas. The man held a copy of a daily paper in his hands, and was standing in the middle of the floor reading in the light of a lamp which stood on a narrow shelf. He had laughed at something in the paper, and as Milner watched he closed the sheet and ran his fingers down the Agony column, appearing to read the announcements with infinite relish. But Milner's eyes had wandered from the man now to the rest of the room. The apartment, as he had foreseen, was cramped and small. He saw a disordered bed from which the man had just arisen. Another thing he saw which riveted his attention was an unusual-looking rifle fixed on a tripod-stand. The moment Milner's eyes fell upon the rifle he knew that a meeting between himself and the gentleman of the pyjamas was inevitable. Then something occurred that startled Milner so much that he almost let go his hold. The pyjama-man suddenly lifted his head, whipped the rifle from its stand, slid it under his mattress, and leapt into bed.

Almost as he drew the clothes over him a girl of twenty appeared in Milner's line of vision. She had entered the room by an aperture out of Milner's range of view.

"And the Admiralty calls this an empty house!" commented Milner, in silent and joyous irony. "There is more in this than meets the eye—oceans more," he thought.

The girl who had appeared was attired in a black dress and a black hat and carried a flat envelope-like packet covered in dark American cloth. Milner was a man who had never had his nose tweaked by Cupid; his heart was thoroughly sound. He was enamoured only of M15, of M15's delicate lines and soft purring voice. Nevertheless, even he admitted that the lady who had entered the concealed room was unquestionably fair. Her hair was brown and plentiful, her complexion pale, and her eyes grey. She was a little breathless, and almost as she entered the room and advanced towards the bed decorated by the pink-garbed German she began to withdraw her hatpins.

"I am sorry I was away so long, Gottfried," said the girl. "I came back through the wood, but they seem to be watching everywhere now."

Gottfried looked at her with a languid, low-lidded eye. He was playing, for the girl's benefit, the part of a sick man, and Milner was prepared to admit that his lassitude of that moment was in fine contrast to the agile manner in which he had skipped into bed.

Gottfried took the packet from the girl's hand, opened it, and to Milner's disappointment withdrew nothing more significant than a copy of that day's *Daily Imperialist*. In the meantime the lady removed her hat, drove her hatpins into it, and stood hat in hand looking at the pink-pyjamaed Gottfried in the bed.

"How are you feeling to-night, Gottfried?"

The German shook his head. He was not feeling so well, he averred. "Before you go, don't forget to see that the window is open a little."

Milner, who was still perilously in the air outside that same window, realized that here

was the time for his departure. He departed, achieving the obscurity of the upper room in less than a minute.

Meanwhile, the lady of the pale beauty assured herself that the window was still slightly open, then returned to the middle of the apartment and stood at the foot of the bed. Gottfried was in a finely-simulated condition of languor. The girl gripped the rail of the bed.

"Gottfried," she said. "I can't go again!"

He moved his globe-like head and viewed her through half-closed eyelids.

"Eh?"

"I can't go to the train again. To-night a sentry nearly caught me. He called to me to halt, and if I had been less quick——" She broke off. A look of supplication came into her fine eyes. "There seemed to be men everywhere, Gottfried!"

Gottfried made a porpoise-like roll in the bed and sat up in his vivid pink pyjamas.

"When I tell you to go, you go!" he said, in a tone of menace.

For a second she became weakly defiant.

"Why are you so particular about having the papers?"

"Don't I wish to read the news?" retorted Gottfried. "What else is there to do in this beastly place?" He suddenly flung out a large powerful hand and shook a forefinger at her. "You'll get the papers every night, as usual," he said, "and you will not be caught. Do you hear me?"

The girl avoided his eyes. She had discovered three months after her marriage to this unpleasant-looking German that she did not like those eyes—that she was, in fact, afraid of them. She had stood loyally by this man, her husband. She knew little of his history and little of the thoughts that passed behind his exceptional expanse of forehead. She had admitted to herself months ago that she was afraid of him, but to-night was the first night that she had doubted him.

"Why do you always read the advertisements first, Gottfried?" she asked.

"I hate your fool questions," he said. "Put out the light and go away and let me rest!"

"I can't go to the train to-morrow, Gottfried; I am afraid."

Gottfried made an inarticulate and incomprehensible sound. He was sure in his own mind that she would do exactly as he desired her to do. He watched her from the corner of his eye; he had bent her will to his, he knew she was without power to resist. There was contentment in Gottfried's eyes as she at length crossed to the lamp and extinguished it.

A minute later the girl ascended a narrow ladder and pushed up a trap-door that gave access to the top landing of the house. Here, in darkness, she crossed the landing, entered a little room that had been a servant's bedroom, and closed the door behind her. She had placed matches on the chest of drawers earlier in the evening; she put out a hand now to find them. Heavy curtains were drawn over the window, intensifying a darkness that was oppressive—her fingers failed to discover the matches. And as she stood thus, sliding her hand over the surface of the table, two things smote her consciousness simultaneously. One was that the matches had been removed from the table since her departure from the room half an hour ago. Another was that someone was in the room with her at that moment! The house that had secreted herself and Gottfried for weeks had been invaded by another personality!

Very slowly she withdrew her hand from the table and pressed it over her heart. She began to shrink back instinctively towards the door of the room. She was aware of an overpowering terror that weakened her knees, that held her throat in an all-paralyzing grip. The figure in the room moved audibly, and an instant later, tearing away the veil of darkness, a match flared up! In the bright orange glow of the light her terror-widened eyes beheld a young man's face looking closely and intently into her own.

"Don't go," said the young man, in a guarded whisper.

"Who are you?" Her own words were uttered in a faltering voice without conscious volition.

The match went out, and in a moment the young man replaced its illumination by clicking on an electric torch.

"Who—who—who are you," faltered the girl, "and why are you here?"

"That," answered the young man, with a smile that held no friendliness, "is exactly the question I was about to put to you." The girl lifted her head and looked at him with a sudden recovery of courage.

"I—I," she began, then again her courage failed. "Why do you ask that?"

"Well," returned Milner, easily, "your presence here in an empty house that does not belong to you is a little odd, to say the least of it."

"Oh!" a sharp expression of fright lit in the girl's eyes. "Then it is your house? I—I——" She was bewildered and at a loss. Here, in a manner of the utmost drama, she found herself suddenly confronted by the genuine owner of Scarthoe Manor! Naturally he was surprised at her presence there, naturally he was suspicious and filled with a keen desire for information concerning her. What Gottfried would say she had no idea. She had helped Gottfried in his plan of hiding there for the sole purpose of saving him from internment. Gottfried, as a matter of fact, was a spy, who, upon information received, had chosen that house long before the war as his scene of operations, but she was not aware of that fact. She glanced over her shoulder, and Milner made a quick impulsive movement towards her.

"Don't go," he commanded, in a low voice; "there are quite a number of things I want to ask you." As he spoke he put out a hand and deftly gripped her wrist. "In the first place," he said, his voice stern and a formidable hardness in his blue eyes, "who is Gottfried?" Even in the thin light from the electric torch

"IN THE BRIGHT ORANGE GLOW OF THE LIGHT HER TERROR-WIDENED EYES BEHELD A YOUNG MAN'S FACE LOOKING CLOSELY AND INTENTLY INTO HER OWN. 'DON'T GO,' SAID THE YOUNG MAN, IN A GUARDED WHISPER."

whose radiance cast a white cart-wheel of light on the farther wall, he could see the girl's sudden expression of amazement. "Yes, who is Gottfried?" repeated Milner. "Who is he?"

The girl turned away her fine head so that her profile only was visible.

"He is my husband," she breathed.

There was a moment's silence. Two words evolved themselves in Milner's consciousness—the words "Traitor" and "Spy." She was an exceptionally beautiful girl, and she was either one or the other.

"Are you a German?" he demanded.

"No," said the girl; "I am English by birth."

"You married a German since the war?"

"A fortnight before the war."

Suddenly Milner, whose experience of women was absurdly limited, found himself developing astonishing perspicacity in regard to the sex. The girl's wrist moved within his grip; Milner relaxed his hold.

"I want you to answer a few more questions," he said, and his tone suddenly became friendly and confidential. "You don't love Gottfried, do you?"

The girl turned her gaze fully upon him. There was a proud uplift of her chin which did not fail to win Milner's admiration.

"That is not a question you should ask."

"Oh!" said Milner. "Well, we will put it this way: If Gottfried were not the harmless invalid seeking to avoid the rigours of internment which he pretends to be, if he were not in reality an invalid at all——"

"Gottfried's heart is weak," interjected the girl; "his life hangs by a thread."

Milner smiled very slowly. He was prepared to believe that Gottfried's life hung by a thread. He was equally prepared to affirm that there

was nothing whatever the matter with the resourceful Gottfried's heart. There was silence for a minute, then the girl put both hands forth imploringly.

"Please let me go. We hid in your house with no intent to do harm."

Something in the simplicity of her expression, a touch of girlish ingenuousness, lifted a vast load off Milner's mind. The doubts that he had felt cleared. Nevertheless, duty was duty, and he put his questions bluntly.

"Are you aware that Gottfried is as active as I am, and that his sole purpose in occupying the secret room yonder is that he can command Scarthoe Hill, and so, with the aid of his most ingenious rifle, can fire contact star-shells——" He stopped. "Not to put too fine a point on it," he added, sharply, "Gottfried is a spy!"

As he spoke he looked keenly and searchingly into the girl's face. Very slowly the truth began to dawn upon her. She moved towards him then, her hands fluttering weakly. Suddenly the whole terrible knowledge seemed to blaze in upon her. Her head bowed, her hands covered her face, a low stricken cry escaped her.

"Oh, my God! my God!" she moaned, and burst into a passion of weeping. Milner caught her as she fell. This was a new situation for him. He was quite alive to the fact that her cry might have been a signal to arouse the predatory Gottfried, and as he held her with one arm he took his Mauser from his coat-pocket with the other, and covered the door of the room. But Gottfried did not appear.

No sound came to them from the corridor without, and finally Milner placed his hand on the girl's shoulder.

"I am sorry," he went on, "to impose this 'third degree' examination upon you, but I am here on behalf of some very good fellows who have lost their lives on account of Gottfried!"

The girl lifted her head, her lips quivered, with a great effort she drew herself erect.

"I didn't know," she uttered, brokenly. "I swear I didn't know."

"I am prepared to believe you," answered Milner, briefly. "Now tell me about the newspaper, and who throws it to you night by night from the north-bound express?"

"That I do not know," she said. "Gottfried makes me go there and wait for it each night. He has made me promise not to mention his existence if I am caught."

"Didn't all this strike you as curious?" demanded Milner.

She shook her head slowly.

"It was only to-night," she said, "that I seemed to begin to doubt him."

There came a pause. Milner moved softly to the door of the room and looked out into the corridor. Silence and an intense darkness seemed to envelop the entire house. He shut the door noiselessly, and came back into the room. The girl was standing in a rigid attitude with her hand resting on the surface of the table. Milner moved towards her.

"Do you love Gottfried?" he demanded.

She lifted her head slowly.

"I am afraid of him."

"Do you love him?"

She moistened her dry lips.

"I think I never loved him," she answered, "but now I know the truth—oh—I hate him! *I loathe and detest him more than words can tell!* Two of my brothers——" She suddenly put out her hand and gripped Milner's. "Two of my brothers are in France—fighting!" she said.

Milner liked her for that. There was a genuine ring in her voice.

"Now," he said, "you can do something also to help me. Gottfried is in his room. Hidden under his mattress is a rifle with a Raleigh silencer. Eight or nine times during the past three weeks he has fired from his concealed window signals that have ascended on Scarthoe Hill."

The girl drew in a sharp hissing breath. She was as one awakening from hypnosis in a state of violent indignation.

"Two of our ships and some fine lives were lost because of Gottfried's signals. To-night *you* shall have a chance of sending up a signal of Retribution. Are you willing?"

The truth of Gottfried's guilt was cutting itself more and more deeply into her brain. A shudder ran through her.

"What retribution can there be?" she uttered, and passed a hand over her smooth brow as though pressing away evil and sinister images. She knew now that she had been a dupe, that she had been innocently a traitor. And something burned in her that she had never known existed in her nature, a consuming and all-powerful anger blazed through her whole being.

"Yes—yes—yes," she answered. "Only tell me: I'll do anything!" She was looking into Milner's face with appealing eyes. Her piteous beauty penetrated his consciousness even at that moment. "Anything," she said, "anything I'll do—afterwards, but now I want you to do a thing for me." A terrible expression came into her face. "Lend me—lend me the pistol I saw in your hand."

Milner looked down into her face.

"Why do you want it?" he demanded. He knew why, yet was determined to ask the question.

"*I* can shoot," said the girl, putting her face close to his, and permitting words to issue from her lips with a sibilance that thrilled him; but Milner was not prepared to have her go back to Gottfried's room and incontinently pot the pink-pyjamaed gentleman. Therefore he led the girl to his own eyrie above Gottfried's apartment, slid open the window quietly, and laid a square brown lozenge on the window-sill.

"All you have to do," whispered Milner, "is to apply a match to the corner of that as I leave the room, one minute from now. Do that and you will be squaring accounts with our friend below just as effectively as if I lent you my Mauser."

"What will happen?" asked the girl.

"There will be a fine brilliant illumination lasting three-quarters of a minute. A minute

after that the Royal Garrison Artillery and the coastguards will begin to close on the house."

"But Gottfried——"

"If Gottfried sees the illumination and tries to escape from the room, he'll meet me in the corridor."

He went out of the room, leaving the girl alone with matches in her hand. Outside the door he waited, until the scrape of a match came to him, and a brilliant light from the key-hole and the cracks of the door illuminated the landing. Then he hurried along the passage and waited for the German to rise, geni-like, from the trap-door in the floor. He knew that Evan Carlton's men, seeing the coloured light, would instantly surround the place, so there could be no possible escape for the ingenious Gottfried.

Gottfried came at length. The blaze of Milner's signal had penetrated his concealed room and startled him. He rose out of the floor of the dark corridor with masterly caution. Milner watching him with quickened pulse saw his figure as a vague blur. The next moment the man was at the window at the end of the passage. Milner stepped towards him, clicked on his light, and enveloped him in its radiance.

"The game's up, Gottfried," he called, in a loud voice.

But Gottfried was not of that opinion. For a fraction of time he stared into the dazzle of Milner's torch, then thrust open the window and began to spin out a coil of rope with dexterous fingers. For a second there was a pause. Gottfried again turned his large head—his eyes met Milner's.

Then the spell broke. Milner leapt across the passage, just as Gottfried flung a leg over the window-sill. For a moment the two swayed perilously, interlocked and breathing heavily, with never a word uttered. The electric torch had dropped and darkness enveloped them. Someone advanced in the obscurity, picked it up, and clicked it on again. The struggle continued. It became clear in Milner's mind that the unamiable Gottfried was trying to fling them both into the garden below.

Milner, who had no mind for ending matters in a draw of that kind, put forth a superhuman effort and the two toppled to the floor of the landing. At that moment the German suddenly collapsed and lay still.

"It's no good," he said. "They are coming. I hear them—I give in."

He lay on his back, his fat face empurpled by the struggle, his breath coming in gasps. Milner rose and caught a glimpse of the girl holding the torch. He, too, could hear advancing footsteps, and presently over the edge of the staircase appeared two of Carlton's armed coastguards carrying Admiralty torches, and following them Carlton himself.

"Well?" demanded Carlton, striding along the passage.

Milner stood erect.

"The spy, sir," he said, pointing to Gottfried, who had risen and was mopping his countenance with a handkerchief. "The German who sent up the signals from Scarthoe Hill!"

Carlton looked into Gottfried's unmistakably Teutonic face, then back again to Milner.

"Was it you who sent up that flare a few minutes ago?"

Milner shook his head.

"It was sent up at my direction," he said, "by the young lady here, who has been duped by our friend Gottfried."

Captain Carlton's expression clouded. He was amazed at finding anyone in Scarthoe Manor, which had been carefully searched. Milner, however, quickly explained the whereabouts of the secret room, the existence of which had evidently been known to German secret-agents before the war.

"But I don't understand," protested Carlton; "that doesn't explain the signals. It was impossible for any living thing to get inside my cordon drawn round Scarthoe Hill."

An expression of relief came over the German's countenance, but vanished instantly when Milner spoke.

"If you look under his mattress, sir," he said, "you'll find the explanation. He never was on Scarthoe Hill, he did everything from here. Under his mattress is an unusual-looking rifle fitted with a Raleigh silencer. He fired his signals from the concealed window. His ingenious shells struck the hillside and ignited at contact."

Two minutes later Captain Carlton and two of his men had descended to Gottfried's hiding-place. Without ceremony the coastguards whisked the mattress from Gottfried's bed and produced a large-bore rifle fitted with an ugly-looking attachment. Carlton, who had not quite realized matters until that moment, examined the weapon closely. When he returned to the landing again he looked at the younger officer.

"Cunning isn't the word, eh, Milner?" he said. "Anyway, thank God we've got him at last!"

Next day Milner gave his report in person to Authority at the Admiralty. Gottfried was in safe custody at the Tower, and with him was a confederate who travelled always by the north-bound train and flung a copy of the *Daily Imperialist* from the window.

The mystery of Gottfried's knowledge, despite his isolation, lay in the fact that he was merely the end link in a little chain of spies whose information was coded and printed in the form of Agony advertisements in the columns of the *Daily Imperialist*. This information was conveyed to Gottfried by the simple plan of flinging the paper, in an unnoticeable American cloth cover, nightly from the north-bound train. Thence the girl carried the paper to the supposed invalid. Gottfried in turn flashed the code news it contained to a lurking submarine by his ingenious signals from Scarthoe Hill.

When Milner had completed his narrative of adventure Authority looked at him with keen eyes.

"What about the girl?"

"FOR A MOMENT THE TWO SWAYED PERILOUSLY, INTERLOCKED AND BREATHING HEAVILY, WITH NEVER A WORD UTTERED."

"She was absolutely duped by him," responded Milner, with conviction. "She's had a rotten time, sir, but she is totally incapable of treachery."

"She will be a widow by this time to-morrow," thought Authority, grimly. He held out his hand to the young man.

"Milner," he said, "don't go giving your heart to anything but His Majesty's Navy until after the war!" A twinkle lit in his stern eyes. "You are in luck, my boy, and as a reward for your work at Scarthoe Head you'll find a little lady"—again a twinkle lit in his eyes—"of five thousand tons awaiting you at Harwich. Take her in hand at once, and see that she acts as a lady should!"

FRAUD AS A FINE ART.

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

Illustrated by W. J. Enright.

I.—"ROYALTIES" AT MONTE CARLO.

LL the queer people in the world arrive at Monte Carlo.

In this strange company I have seen no more extraordinary persons than the Prince Valdimir Lykoff and his daughter Nina. Everything about Prince Lykoff was unusual. He was a huge man with a square, black beard, massive features, and pale eyes like faded slate. He had a livid colour, and his whole body seemed lacking in vitality.

His habits were even stranger than his appearance.

He had no vices; no questionable foibles. The strangest thing about him was that he never played at the gaming-tables. He seemed to have a deep-rooted antipathy to every form of chance. He came year after year to Monte Carlo for the climate. He loved the soft air of the Riviera, its tropical colour, and the sweep of the sea. One found him always in a great chair on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris.

This is a rough outline sketch of Prince Valdimir Lykoff.

The daughter was incredibly the reverse of this queer parent. She was beautiful in the fashion which English-speaking persons imagine to be Russian. She had the thin nostrils and the delicate complexion which seemed unsuited to out-of-doors. In contrast with her father, the Princess Nina bubbled over with the vigour of youth. When one is done with description, she was, in simple words, a charming young girl of the period. She had been educated in Paris, spoke five languages, and had those little mannerisms that are always to be marked in charming persons. She turned out her thumbs with a queer twist, and she had a way of pouting her lips when she undertook to speak a foreign tongue.

In contrast to Prince Valdimir, she was charmed with the casino. The gambling virus was in her blood. The Prince sternly refused to permit her to go into the casino, but she was wholly carried away by the allurement of Monte Carlo, and she was not to be turned aside from the hazards of chance merely because her father would not permit her to approach the tables.

How she got over the difficulty is one of the features of this story.

I should give the reader an improper impression if I allowed him to believe that Prince Lykoff was of a distant or repellent personality. He was, in fact, one of the most interesting persons to be found on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris. His information was large and accurate, and he seemed to be equipped with an enormous experience of life; his conversations were not to be equalled by anybody. But he preferred a young and careless audience. He rarely gave any attention to persons of maturer age.

It was youth and its irresponsibilities that appealed to him.

For this reason, and because of the charm of the Princess Nina, there was always a crowd of young men about this extraordinary person. The Prince maintained a sort of salon on the terrace of the Hôtel de Paris. He took a certain pride in inviting idle young men to his charming circle, and he was always pleased to receive a new acquaintance.

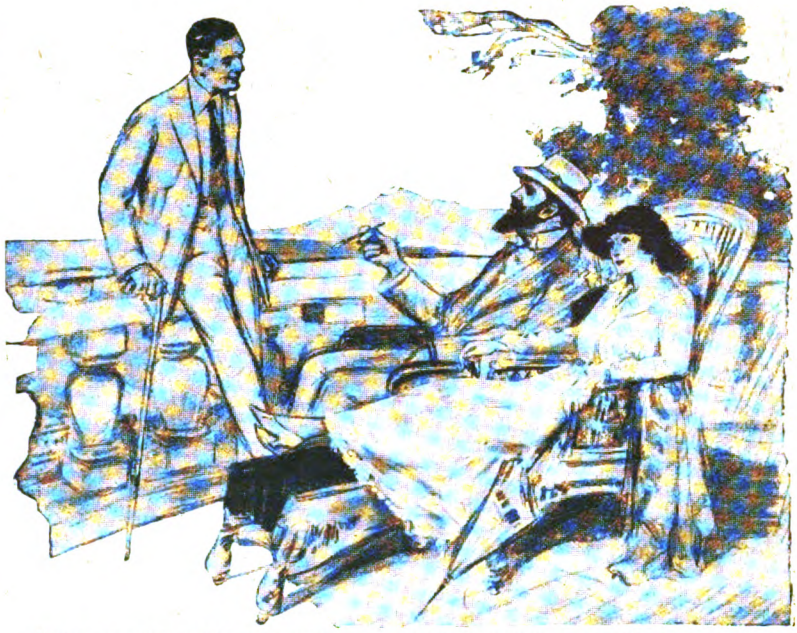
His conversation was delightfully varied. But with every new acquaintance it always came sooner or later to a discourse on the gaming-tables. He said that Monte Carlo was a very good conception of a fairy hell—it was beautiful and poisonous! He said the casino was the most immoral place in the world.

It was not for the reasons set out commonly in the indictment against it—that it encouraged a hope of reward without labour, and that the lure of it led to every form of vice—that the Prince considered Monte Carlo the most immoral place in the world. He said that the prime objection to this great gambling centre was that

the example of it disproved a system of order in events.

The greatest minds that the human race had ever produced had undertaken to establish the fact that everything in the universe was the manifestation of a certain order. These leading authorities had finally convinced everybody that all events moved according to an established order; that the only problem was to discover the laws governing this order.

This discourse of the Prince seemed sometimes difficult to understand until one thought about it; then one presently realized that all human knowledge was in fact based on the primal idea that everything in the universe moved according to certain established laws, and it was the business of the human mind to find out what these laws were.



"THE PRINCE TOOK A CERTAIN PRIDE IN INVITING IDLE YOUNG MEN TO HIS CHARMING CIRCLE."

The Prince put this idea more clearly than I am able to do.

One saw as he spoke that all human knowledge would be, in fact, toppled over if it could be shown that this basic conception of order in the universe was a mere fancy; something the philosophers had assumed.

The Prince said that the gaming-tables in the casino struck him with a certain horror because they demonstrated that there was no such thing as order in the vicissitudes of fortune, and, by analogy, that there was no such thing as order anywhere in the universe. He pointed out that one saw every day the tables crowded with people who were endeavouring by accurate observation to establish the laws of chance.

Every variety of human intelligence had been at work at Monte Carlo for half a lifetime to discover some system in the hazards of chance.

Everybody believed that the turn of the card or the spin of the ball followed some established laws like everything else in the universe, but not a single person out of the multitude who had studied the subject had ever obtained the slightest evidence to establish this theory. On the contrary, the whole casino was a conclusive illustration of the fact that our impression of established laws in the universe, outside of the human mind, was a mere fancy!

We were all impressed by this jargon, and we were impressed that the Prince's horror of the gambling-tables was deep-seated and not to be affected by any argument. For this reason we were perhaps the more willing to lend ourselves to the little evasions of the Princess Nina.

She was fascinated with roulette, and was always trying her fortune at it.

She was not permitted to go into the casino, but any one of the half-dozen young fellows about the Hôtel de Paris was quite willing to play for her. She always had money, and there was hardly a day when somebody did not play for the Princess in the casino. Sometimes the sums were large, at other times there would be only a few hundred francs; for a day or two it would be the desultory wagering of gold pieces, then she would make a drive at fortune with very considerable sums for a week at a time.

She never had any complicated system. She always played an even wager with the tables on the black. The result was that she never seemed to get anywhere with her adventures; the result came out about even. On the whole, the per cent. of chance was with the casino; she lost a little. But it was very little. It was extraordinary how she usually came out about even at the end of the season.

One summer we failed to find the Prince and his daughter in their accustomed quarters at the Hôtel de Paris. We inquired about them. For reply we got evasive shrugs of the shoulder. Monte Carlo is a close-mouthed place; one has a good deal of trouble to discover anything. Finally, however, we got to the bottom of the mystery.

The Prince Lykoff and his charming daughter were, in fact, two of the cleverest crooks in Europe.

The old man was what is known in criminal

circles as a "fence"—that is to say, one who disposes of stolen goods. It was the trade of himself and his daughter to dispose of stolen French money. There is always danger in large bank robberies, and the like, that the money may be traced either by knowledge of its issue or by secret marks of identification.

Criminals are well organized in France.

Wherever there was a robbery involving bank-notes or coins which might be traced, this money was sent to the Prince at Monte Carlo. It was his plan to get this money exchanged at the gaming-tables for other money that could not be traced. It would not do for any one person to undertake to stake very much money of this character; consequently, it was the daughter's part of the business to get innocent persons to stake it.

The antipathy of the Prince to gambling, and the devices of the daughter in order to circumvent her prohibition of the tables, was all a clever ruse to get the money staked by persons who would not be suspected. It is amazing to realize how long the Prince and his daughter were successful at this enterprise. The very success of it was made possible by the fact that into Monte Carlo any sort of person may drift, and no eccentricity is questioned.

I ought to add that the pair were not Russian at all. The "Prince" was a Croatian, and the "Princess" a variety actress from East Prussia.

II.—A GAME OF POKER.

One is not required to go to the archives of the College of Criminology in Vienna, or the records of the Police Department in Paris, for examples of fraud as a fine art. The records of the United States District Court for a Western State disclose an instance which hardly anyone would believe if he did not find it under the authority of a judicial tribunal.

It varies in one of its vital features from the usual schemes of this character.

It is a feature that would escape the attention of the average person. It is interesting to observe how cleverly the thing was managed and how efficient an old device may become by the mere introduction of a new and unexpected element.

One evening two Scotchmen stepped off at Salt Lake City on their way to California. They had ten thousand dollars in money, with which they intended to purchase an orange ranch.

They went out of the hotel after dinner to look at the city. As they wandered about they finally came across another person who also seemed to be a stranger. This person, who looked like the average tourist, asked them if they could direct him to a certain address. They explained that they, too, were strangers and could not be of any service to him.

However, he had some general directions which the three of them were able to understand, and, as they were all at leisure, they undertook to find the address, which seemed to be near to the point at which they had inadvertently met; in fact, it was apparently some number on the opposite side of the street. They discussed the address, and finally the three of them went across the street to see if they were correct in their idea that odd numbers ran in a certain direction on that side.

They had a little difficulty, but finally located the house.

The stranger then explained that this was the residence of his brother, who was a mining engineer, and that he wished to go in to see him He said that his brother was an authority, and that if the two strangers had no other engagements they might be interested to learn about the mineral development of the country. He would be very glad to have them come in with him.

They were at leisure and they went in.

The house seemed to be the home of a well-to-do bachelor. In the library they found the engineer. He was a well-dressed, intelligent person. There was a visitor with him, a man whom he introduced as a mine-owner. The two men were playing poker on the library table; the game seemed to be one of considerable stakes.

After introductions the engineer and his friend went on with the poker game. They courteously asked their visitors if they wished to take a hand. The two Scotchmen declined; but the engineer's brother entered the game, and the two Scotchmen sat down at the table as onlookers.

It was a very interesting game to the two strangers.

They knew something about poker, as amateurs would, but nothing about its more subtle features. They were very much entertained. When he was at leisure the engineer told them all about the mines of that region, the interesting history of fortune and the strange exigencies of chance in the location of mines. The game also developed into a contest over considerable sums of money.

There is a saying in the gambling-house that no limit is too high to the outsider.

The Scotchmen began to see what they had read about in American stories—large sums of money hanging on the turn of a card.

As the game progressed the engineer's brother began to complain that he was suffering from a severe headache; he finally said that he would go out to the drug-store at the corner and get a headache powder, and he asked one of the Scotchmen to play his hand in the game. The Scotchman replied that he did not understand the game well enough to play it, and, besides, he never played at any game in which he might win or lose money. The engineer's brother explained that the Scotchman quite misunderstood him; that he wished him merely to play the hand for him; that the loss would be his or the gain his; the Scotchman, in fact, was taking no part in it except to represent the engineer's brother.

The Scotchman was a canny person, and declined to take the hand until it was plainly understood that he, personally, was incurring no

hazard and that he could not be held responsible for any loss.

When this was all made clear to everybody he sat down in the chair and the engineer's brother went out for the headache powder. The Scotchman had fair luck; he won for the principal whom he represented, and presently the engineer's brother came back. But he did not at once take his seat in the game. The cards had just been dealt, and he asked the Scotchman to play them before he gave up the place at the table.

Now it is proper to observe that here was an adventure that might have occurred to anybody; so far there was no dangerous or questionable element in it. The Scotchmen had not been induced to stake their money in a card game. It would have been impossible to induce two men of that character to play cards for money with strangers, nor could they have been inveigled into any one of the usual card-sharp games. It is true that one of the Scotchmen was in fact in the game, but he was in it as a mere courtesy, with no money of his own in the affair and with no danger of a pecuniary loss to himself.

It was at this point that the unusual thing happened.

There was a heavy knocking at the door, and immediately two policemen entered. Everybody sprang up in astonishment. The police said they had evidence that it was a gambling-house and they had determined to raid it. They put everybody under arrest, took charge of the money on the table, and began to search the prisoners. The two Scotchmen explained how they came to be in the house.

They told the truth about it and the police believed them.

The officers took their hotel address and told them that they would permit them to leave the house provided they came to the police-station promptly at nine o'clock. They searched them, took their papers and money, for which they gave a receipt, and allowed them to go out. The other persons in the house they proceeded to put under arrest and to handcuff.

The two Scotchmen returned to their hotel, waited until nine o'clock, and then went to the police-station. There they found the police magistrate, but not the policemen who had raided the gambling-house. These, with their confederates, the puzzled stranger, the noted mining engineer, and the poker-playing visitor, had disappeared like Noah's raven!

III.—AN OLD MAN'S BURIED TREASURE.

One morning Mrs. X., of Richmond, got a letter from the Federal Prison at Atlanta.

It was an extraordinary letter, badly spelled, without punctuation, and involved. The letter explained that the writer was a life prisoner at Atlanta—an old man; that he had no hope of ever getting out of penal servitude, and that he felt that his life was drawing to a close. He said that he had learned that she was the daughter of General Z., who was killed in the Civil War; that he had been under the General's command, and that there was a thing in connection with her father that she ought to know.

He then went on to say that he had been the General's orderly; that shortly before the General was killed he had gone with him to a house which he believed to be the residence of the family at that time. He described the place, giving certain characteristics of the house and its setting which convinced Mrs. X. that it was in fact the residence of her father at the time.

She remembered the condition of the place shortly before her father's death, and she was able to verify what the convict said.

"THERE WAS A HEAVY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR, AND IMMEDIATELY TWO POLICEMEN ENTERED. EVERYBODY SPRANG UP IN ASTONISHMENT."

The letter went on to say that when the General and the writer arrived at the place, they spent the night there.

The next day the General sent away all the negro servants. He then took up the bricks in the hearth. Under these bricks was concealed a quantity of silver plate and some coin in a tin box. This was the only place in the house from which the writer had seen the officer take up any hidden valuables, but from other places about the house, which he did not see, the General brought into the room a considerable quantity of coin.

He also brought in a pair of saddle-pockets that he had carried to the house with him.

These saddle-pockets contained a quantity of gold coin in cotton bags. The writer seemed to have no very accurate idea of the amount of this treasure, but he said that it all filled a good-sized wooden box, which, when it was nailed up, was about as much as the two of them could carry out of the house. He said that the two of them carried it some distance from the house and buried it in the open field.

There were a number of trees in the field, some oak trees and a poplar tree.

He said that he dug a hole about four feet deep, put the box in, and covered it up, and that while he was engaged with this labour General Z. stepped off the direction of the box toward several of these trees and made a diagram on a sheet of foolscap paper. He also made an inventory of what was in the box; this covered several sheets of foolscap paper. General Z. pinned these papers together, folded them up, and put them into his pocket.

The writer said that he observed this very carefully.

The papers were folded so that they made a sort of long packet like a land deed. He was perfectly certain about this, as Mrs. X. would presently see.

They took a good deal of care about burying the box. He fitted the turf back into place and carried away every particle of earth not put back into the hole. Extraordinary precautions were observed. They had put a bedquilt down upon the ground before they began to dig the hole and had heaped the earth out of the hole on the quilt, after having first carefully cut the turf and removed it; they were thereby able to replace the turf and to carry away every particle of the new earth from the place.

The writer said that no one would have known, when they finished, that the ground had been disturbed at this place.

There was no mark about the place or within several hundred yards of it except these distant trees. It was with the line of these trees that General Z. laid out the distances and drew the diagram locating the point at which the box was buried. He had gone back that evening with the General to his regiment, and a few days later the officer was killed in circumstances well known to Mrs. X.

The writer went on to say that he was beside the General when he was shot, and that when he found that the man was dead, before any other person arrived, he took the folded sheets of foolscap out of the officer's pocket and put them into the bosom of his blouse. The convict said, in his letter, that at that moment he had not determined what he intended to do; his first impulse was to get possession of the paper before anyone else should see it.

The old convict wrote, in his cramped hand, several badly-spelled pages on this feature of the matter. The letter seemed to indicate a long period of moral indecision. The man went through the war. He kept the paper. When the war ended he seemed still undetermined; he neither went to the place to endeavour to secure what was buried, nor did he tell anyone of his possession of the paper. He said in his letter that the General had considered him trustworthy and that he had always been honest.

Afterwards, when he had killed a man and been sentenced to the Federal Prison for life, he had put this paper into a trunk that belonged to him. He said that it was an old horsehair trunk, lined with canvas; that he had taken up the lining and put the paper between the lining and the bottom of the trunk.

He had been permitted to take this trunk, with his personal effects, to the prison at Atlanta.

He said that the prison authorities had promised to keep the trunk for him, but that recently he had learned it had been sold to a junk-dealer. He gave the junk-dealer's name and the street in which he had a shop in Atlanta. He asked Mrs. X. to go at once to Atlanta and get the trunk. She would find the paper with the diagram and the inventory under the lining in the bottom of it.

The writer said that the only thing he asked in return was that Mrs. X. would say nothing about the matter. He seemed to think that his reputation for honesty would be injured if the fact came out that he had concealed this paper for so many years instead of turning it over to her. It was one of those strange notions sometimes held by the lowest order of criminals—the notion that the crime for which they were suffering punishment was not an infamy, but that some other form of crime would be. This man, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, was concerned that the world should not believe him a thief.

It was natural for Mrs. X. to be excited over this letter. So far as she was able to determine it was perfectly authentic. The descriptions given of the place were correct, and all the details about her father's death were accurate. She did precisely what anybody else would have done. She got into the train and went to Atlanta; there she took a carriage and hunted up the address given in the convict's letter.

She found a queer person in a shanty in the negro quarters of the city.

He was a foreigner of some sort, very dirty and very shrewd, with a wagon-load of old junk about him. Among this junk she at once marked the horsehair trunk that the convict had mentioned in his letter.

She asked the junk-dealer what he would take for the trunk.

He seemed amazed at seeing a woman of her evident station in life coming to inquire about such an article, and he asked her what she would give him. Mrs. X. very indiscreetly mentioned a sum several times in excess of what the trunk was evidently worth. The junk-dealer looked at her, seemed to reflect, and finally said he did not want to sell the trunk.

She offered him a larger sum, and he refused.

He said that as the trunk seemed to be worth so much to her it must be worth a good deal to him. Mrs. X. asked him to let her look at the trunk. He opened it and when his attention was directed to something else she felt over the bottom. It was lined, as the convict had said, and she could feel the packet of papers under the canvas. This convinced her, and she finally bought the trunk for three hundred dollars. She put it in the carriage and took it to the hotel; there she ripped up the lining.

Under the lining there was a folded newspaper!

"THE JUNK-DEALER LOOKED AT HER, SEEMED TO REFLECT, AND FINALLY SAID HE DID NOT WANT TO SELL THE TRUNK."

The whole elaborate business was merely a clever scheme of some crooks to get a few hundred dollars.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 45.

(The Third of the Series.)

Two cities built, so runs the ancient story,
By one, a mighty hunter 'fore the Lord.
Rivals in art, and learning, and the glory
That sooner fades, the harvest of the sword.

1. By boys in khaki used and understood,
At least in France and Flanders. It is good.

2. Two vowels name a town the Jews destroyed.
"Top-hole" they'd class it in the lists of Lloyd.

3. A famous sailor of the Arctic Sea.
One vowel changed, a Golden Dustman he.

4. Big valley in a land where things run tall.
And yet one half of it is wondrous small.

5. Famous for Gothic art, by Huns o'erthrown;
Take out of it what Scotsmen call their own.

6. Lydian enslaver she of Jove's strong son.
She wore his lion-skin. Her wool he spun.

7. 'Tis "true and tender," runs the poet's song;
Stick to the needle and you can't go wrong.

FABIUS.

Answers to Acrostic No. 45 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on May 9th.

Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 43.

1.	M	adeir	A
2.	A	s	P
3.	R	ubbe	R
4.	C	rost	I
5.	H	il	L

NOTES.—Light 2. Cleopatra. 4. A-crosti-c.

ANSWER TO No. 44.

1.	H	ebrai	C
2.	A	uge	R
3.	L	e	O
4.	F	e	W
5.	A	gai	N

NOTE.—Light 5. A gain, not a loss.

The result of the seventh series will be published in next month's number.

FALSE COLOURS.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon.

WHEN a young woman affects to have discovered that your body is transparent, and stares through it, with studied insolence, every time she meets you, well—dash it all, it does get your back up a bit. Even the prettiest of girls has no right to put on all that side, just because you have ventured to cast one or two admiring, but perfectly respectful, glances in her direction. There is a medium, surely, between giving a fellow the absolute glad and looking at him as if he were a conscientious objector on his way to a Sinn Fein meeting?

That was Valentine's opinion, anyhow.

Not, mind you, that he deliberately set himself out to give the Pretty Girl the nasty knock which he felt she so richly deserved. Oh, no. Valentine's nature was not vindictive. He had no *arrière-pensée* in seeking the acquaintance of her brother. The thing was a pure accident.

It happened on one of those paralyzing afternoons possible only to an English summer. Wind and wet reigned outside to an extent that kept even the most demented golfer in the house.

Bored to tears, Valentine mooned into the billiard-room of the (alleged) Grand Hotel at Seahaven. Its sole occupant was the Pretty Girl's brother, who was getting rather sick of knocking the balls about by himself. With some hesitation—for he had a sort of idea that the Pretty Girl would construe this into a deliberate attempt to thrust his acquaintance upon her—Valentine accepted the young man's eager offer of a game

After he had enjoyed his fifth hundred in succession at Valentine's expense, the Pretty Girl's brother arrived at the conclusion that his opponent was the sort of man whom one might—nay, ought to—know. So he proceeded to break the ice of reserve.

"By the way," he remarked, essaying an impossible cannon to cover the confusion into which every decent-minded man is thrown when the necessity arises to pronounce his own name aloud, "my name is Smithson".

"How do you do?" inquired Valentine, politely, just as if he had never exchanged a word with the other before. "Mine is Vere."

"Vere?" The young man put down his cue and took a quick look at Valentine. He remembered having noticed the name in the Visitors' Book. Yes, and it had a "V" before it, too! He wondered.

"Not *Valentine* Vere, by any chance?" he hazarded.

"Yes, my name is Valentine Vere," admitted Valentine, coldly. He knew what was coming.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the other in an awestruck sort of way. "How jolly interesting! You must let me introduce you to my mother and sister, if I may. They're staying with me here. Geraldine—that's my sister, you know—is no end keen on the stage."

"Yes, but I'm not——" Valentine stopped suddenly. "Not on the stage" he was going to say; but, all at once, he remembered the way in which Geraldine had looked not at but through him when they had met that afternoon on the stairs. He felt a wonderful longing to see how Geraldine would look at him if he were introduced to her as one of the ornaments of that stage upon which she was alleged to be so keen.

"I shall be charmed to make your mother's acquaintance," he announced, after a brief pause; adding as an afterthought, "and your sister's, too."

Young Smithson seemed quite overcome by this signal mark of condescension.

"It's awfully nice of you," he said, gratefully. "Let's go and find them."

Now that he had taken the fatal step Valentine began to feel just a little apprehensive as to what he might be letting himself in for. But, of course, it was too late to draw back.

"'THIS IS MR. VERE,' ANNOUNCED HER BROTHER IN A TRIUMPHANT TONE. 'MR. VALENTINE VERE.'"

They met the Pretty Girl in one of the corridors.

Valentine noticed that she stiffened perceptibly when she saw who was with her brother.

"Gerry, old thing!" was the fraternal greeting; "come and guess who this is!"

Riddles, to judge from her expression, did not appear to be Miss Smithson's favourite pastime. She looked at Valentine as if he

had been one of the lower orders of earthworm which she had been called upon to classify, and said nothing.

"This is Mr. Vere," announced her brother in a triumphant tone. "Mr. *Valentine* Vere."

Repeated experience had so accustomed Valentine to that look that he was not at all put out when he saw it come into Miss Smithson's pretty face. Young women always got it when they heard his name for the first time. Later on—when they found out the truth—the look disappeared. So, at the earliest possible moment, did the young women; leaving Valentine to curse the day when John Joseph Cheesehouse was born.

Let me explain.

There are—strange as it may seem—two Valentine Veres in the world. One is Valentine Vere; the other is John Joseph Cheesehouse.

Valentine Vere's troubles dated from that unlucky day on which John Joseph Cheesehouse threw up a very promising career as an auctioneer and surveyor and went on the stage, where in course of time he became a footlight favourite of no small virulence.

But not as John Joseph Cheesehouse. Far from it. That name he abandoned at the very outset of his theatrical career. For an auctioneer, no doubt, it was great; a man with such an appellation could have surveyed anything. But for the stage—no.

So John Joseph Cheesehouse called himself Valentine Vere.

So long as he remained buried in the decent obscurity of a Number Four Touring Company that did not particularly matter; but when he got a London engagement and made a hit, and became, in consequence, one of the People who Count, it made a considerable difference to the original owner of the name.

Indeed, the real Valentine Vere eventually became so sick of being regarded as an impostor—principally by young women, who edged resentfully away when they discovered he was not the person who had assumed his name for trading purposes—that he gave up going out in London, and spent most of his time at the less-frequented watering-places, brooding over the hardness of his lot and longing for the death of J. J. Cheesehouse.

That was how he came to find himself at Seahaven.

"I should never have known you!" declared Miss Smithson, when she had recovered somewhat from the agitation into which she had been thrown by the discovery that she was actually talking (as she imagined) to a Real actor. "Without your moustache, I mean," she added, hastily, anxious that her remark should not be misconstrued.

"You always seem to wear one when you're acting; don't you?"

(J. J. Cheesehouse specialized in what is known as the Romantic Drama. As a hairy hero of the Elizabethan or Stuart period J. J. was unapproachable.)

Miss Smithson pronounced the word "acting" with a sort of reverent droop in her voice. When she looked at Valentine her eyes seemed to be pleading mutely for forgiveness for her contumelious treatment of him in the past. "It wasn't our fault—we did not know!" they seemed to say.

"Yes, I always wear a moustache on the stage," replied Valentine, boldly. He excused himself to his conscience by drawing its attention to the fact that at his first (and only) appearance on the stage—in some despicable amateur theatricals—he certainly had worn a moustache, until it dropped off and ruined the most important scene in the play. "Rather an advantage, I find it," he went on unblushingly to say. "It prevents people from recognizing me when I'm off the stage."

"By Jove!" exclaimed young Smithson, admiringly. "It must be topping to be so famous that one has to think of dodges to prevent people from mobbing one!"

Valentine smiled indulgently at this ingenuous idea. He was beginning to enjoy himself immensely. It is difficult not to do so when an extremely attractive young woman is looking at you as if you were one of the few things that ever happened. Certainly, now that she had removed that mask of hauteur, Miss Smithson was very attractive indeed. It was a pity, thought Valentine, that actors appealed to her so strongly. Histrionic talents are all very well; but for solid usefulness they are not in it with rich relations. The possession of rich relations was Valentine's strong suit. The mortality amongst his moneyed aunts was amazing. But, of course, if Miss Smithson preferred an actor, he must do his best to oblige her. It would brighten up the very dull evening which otherwise lay before him, and give him something to laugh over on the long journey back to town, which he proposed to take by an early train on the morrow.

As they stood talking a voluminous figure bore down upon them from the other end of the corridor.

"It's the mater!" announced young Smithson, with obviously assumed cheerful-

ness. As a matter of fact, young Smithson felt a little uneasy as to how his mother would comport herself towards their new-found acquaintance. Mrs. Smithson did not share her children's enthusiasm for the stage. She disapproved of actors. Indeed, Mrs. Smithson disapproved of everybody whose name she could not find in the Blue Book or the Red Book, or whatever the Roll of Respectability was called to which she always hastened to make reference whenever a stranger swept across her ken.

Her attitude towards Valentine was strictly non-committal. A stately inclination of the head—no more. The conversation languished.

"My dears—who is this Mr. Valentine Vere?" was her first question, directly Valentine had taken himself off to dress for dinner.

"Who is he? My dear mother, I thought you prided yourself upon knowing all about everybody who was anybody," replied her son, in a tone that showed he was somewhat nettled by her question. "That's Mr. Valentine Vere—the famous actor."

"Oh—an actor!" It is doubtful whether Mrs. Smithson's method of pronouncing the word "actor" would have secured for her any very wide popularity in theatrical circles. "I don't think it is at all wise for Geraldine to make these promiscuous acquaintances, Charles."

"But, my dear mother—Valentine Vere!" protested the boy, aghast at this lack of reverence. "You ought to be jolly pleased to be able to say you know him. He goes to the very best houses."

"Really?"

Mrs. Smithson's tone seemed to imply a conviction that Mr. Valentine Vere's entrance to the best houses was made either burglariously or *viâ* the area.

"All the same, I would rather you did not encourage this person, my dears."

A piece of advice which her son and daughter were at the utmost pains to disregard. At dinner that night they made a point of plumping themselves down at the same table as Valentine, and directly dinner was over they dragged him off to the drawing-room, where they planted him in a corner and proceeded gently, but very firmly, to worship him. Valentine found the process as exhilarating as it was novel. He felt a longing to have some more of it. Before the evening came to an end he decided that, after all, he would not leave Seahaven by the first train in the morning, as had been his original intention. It would be more amusing, he thought, to spend another day or two in the society of the lovely Geraldine and be worshipped.

He found an opportunity to draw young Smithson aside before they parted for the night.

"I want you to do me a little favour, if you will," he began.

"My dear fellow—only too delighted!"

"Well—nobody here—except yourselves—knows who I am," said Valentine, confidentially, "and I don't want them to find out. See? I sha'n't have a minute's peace if they do. I hope I can rely on you to keep my little secret?"

"You trust us!" responded young Smithson. "I'll give Geraldine the tip."

Young Smithson was only too delighted, as he knew his sister would be, to think that they had made a corner in the society of one of our most-sought-after actors.

For two days Valentine enjoyed the joke immensely. Then, all at once, he found that it had lost every atom of its flavour.

At first Valentine could not understand it. He had to ask himself what it could mean? Why did it no longer amuse him to find Geraldine and her brother lying in wait for him wherever he went? Why did he no longer feel a powerful impulse to burst out laughing when he caught that rapt, almost reverent, look on Geraldine's face as she looked at him? Why had he ceased to see any humour in the fact that all the time she was with him she was manifestly racking her brains for things to say which would flatter him and make him understand how deeply she appreciated the honour of being permitted to share his august society? Yesterday all these things had caused him an intense inward mirth, which at times he found it quite painful to suppress. Why did they induce to-day a state of mind bordering on melancholia?

Valentine's sensations, when at last he discovered the correct answer to this conundrum, almost overwhelmed him.

He had fallen in love with Geraldine.

Twist and turn, quibble and deny, as he might, there was no getting out of it. The dismal fact had to be faced. He did not merely love Geraldine—he adored her. Life without Geraldine would be soda without whisky, welsh rarebit on a cold plate—everything that was dreary and undesirable. He could not possibly live without Geraldine.

In the circumstances, there was only one thing to be done. He must cut himself out. He must teach Geraldine to love him for

had been one of the lower orders of earthworm which she had been called upon to classify, and said nothing.

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As they stood talking a voluminous figure bore down upon them from the other end of the corridor.

"It's the mater!" announced young Smithson, with obviously assumed cheerful-

ness. As a matter of fact, young Smithson felt a little uneasy as to how his mother would comport herself towards their new-found acquaintance. Mrs. Smithson did not share her children's enthusiasm for the stage. She disapproved of actors. Indeed, Mrs. Smithson disapproved of everybody whose name she could not find in the Blue Book or the Red Book, or whatever the Roll of Respectability was called to which she always hastened to make reference whenever a stranger swept across her ken.

Her attitude towards Valentine was strictly non-committal. A stately inclination of the head—no more. The conversation languished.

"My dears—who is this Mr. Valentine Vere?" was her first question, directly Valentine had taken himself off to dress for dinner.

"Who is he? My dear mother, I thought you prided yourself upon knowing all about everybody who was anybody," replied her son, in a tone that showed he was somewhat nettled by her question. "That's Mr. Valentine Vere—the famous actor."

"Oh—an actor!" It is doubtful whether Mrs. Smithson's method of pronouncing the word "actor" would have secured for her any very wide popularity in theatrical circles. "I don't think it is at all wise for Geraldine to make these promiscuous acquaintances, Charles."

"But, my dear mother—Valentine Vere!" protested the boy, aghast at this lack of reverence. "You ought to be jolly pleased to be able to say you know him. He goes to the very best houses."

"Really?"

Mrs. Smithson's tone seemed to imply a conviction that Mr. Valentine Vere's entrance to the best houses was made either burglariously or *viâ* the area.

"All the same, I would rather you did not encourage this person, my dears."

A piece of advice which her son and daughter were at the utmost pains to disregard. At dinner that night they made a point of plumping themselves down at the same table as Valentine, and directly dinner was over they dragged him off to the drawing-room, where they planted him in a corner and proceeded gently, but very firmly, to worship him. Valentine found the process as exhilarating as it was novel. He felt a longing to have some more of it. Before the evening came to an end he decided that, after all, he would not leave Seahaven by the first train in the morning, as had been his original intention. It would be more amusing, he thought, to spend another day or two in the society of the lovely Geraldine and be worshipped.

He found an opportunity to draw young Smithson aside before they parted for the night.

"I want you to do me a little favour, if you will," he began.

"My dear fellow—only too delighted!"

"Well—nobody here—except yourselves—knows who I am," said Valentine, confidentially, "and I don't want them to find out. See? I sha'n't have a minute's peace if they do. I hope I can rely on you to keep my little secret?"

"You trust us!" responded young Smithson. "I'll give Geraldine the tip."

Young Smithson was only too delighted, as he knew his sister would be, to think that they had made a corner in the society of one of our most-sought-after actors.

For two days Valentine enjoyed the joke immensely. Then, all at once, he found that it had lost every atom of its flavour.

At first Valentine could not understand it. He had to ask himself what it could mean? Why did it no longer amuse him to find Geraldine and her brother lying in wait for him wherever he went? Why did he no longer feel a powerful impulse to burst out laughing when he caught that rapt, almost reverent, look on Geraldine's face as she looked at him? Why had he ceased to see any humour in the fact that all the time she was with him she was manifestly racking her brains for things to say which would flatter him and make him understand how deeply she appreciated the honour of being permitted to share his august society? Yesterday all these things had caused him an intense inward mirth, which at times he found it quite painful to suppress. Why did they induce to-day a state of mind bordering on melancholia?

Valentine's sensations, when at last he discovered the correct answer to this conundrum, almost overwhelmed him.

He had fallen in love with Geraldine.

Twist and turn, quibble and deny, as he might, there was no getting out of it. The dismal fact had to be faced. He did not merely love Geraldine—he adored her. Life without Geraldine would be soda without whisky, welsh rarebit on a cold plate—everything that was dreary and undesirable. He could not possibly live without Geraldine.

In the circumstances, there was only one thing to be done. He must cut himself out. He must teach Geraldine to love him for

himself—and not for the glamour of the footlights which he had so foolishly led her to imagine hung about him. Then (Valentine, an optimist if there ever was one, went so far even as to compose the speech in which it was to be done) he would confess all, and she would fall weeping into his arms and forgive him. If she had any acquaintance whatever with contemporary literature she could do nothing less.

It was a big programme which he had set himself to carry out, but Valentine tackled it with resolution. Whenever he found himself alone with Geraldine (and that, despite Mrs. Smithson's vigilance, was not seldom) he avoided sedulously all reference to the Profession of which he was supposed to be a shining light. This was rather disappointing to Geraldine, whose thirst for chit-chat from the theatrical world was well-nigh insatiable; but she did not neglect to make capital out of the fact, when her mother took her to task for having so much to say to that "actor-person."

"Very nice! Nonsense!" snorted the old lady. "No actors are nice. Dreadful creatures—who can talk of nothing but themselves."

"Well—if all actors are like Mr. Vere," retorted Geraldine, "all I can say is that they are the most retiring creatures in the world."

"H'm! *Some* of them don't seem to retire quite so soon as might be wished," observed Mrs. Smithson, tartly. "And I want you clearly to understand, Geraldine, that this Mr. Vere, or whatever his name is, is not at all the sort of person whom I should welcome as a son-in-law."

"What nonsense you do talk, mother!" cried Geraldine, angrily, while a vivid blush made its appearance on her cheeks. "If a man takes off his hat to me you seem to think that he is going to propose."

Her brother, when Geraldine complained to him that mother was really getting too silly for words, said he was not so sure that there were not some grounds for the mater's suspicions.

"Mark you—*I* don't object," he added, magnanimously. "I think Vere is a topping good sort. You might go farther and fare a deal worse. And we should certainly get to know some very cheery people if you were his missis."

Geraldine, affecting an annoyance which it must be confessed she did not altogether feel, drove her brother from the room.

The crisis came unexpectedly. This is a way crises have. Consequently, Valentine was not quite so prepared for it as he could have wished.

Geraldine and he were sitting one afternoon on a deserted part of the beach, talking about nothing in particular, when she suddenly said to him:—

"Mr. Vere, why do you always wear a moustache on the stage?"

Valentine resisted an overpowering impulse to reply that the Other Fellow always wore a moustache to conceal a weak and unattractive mouth, and said that he didn't know—the sort of parts he played demanded it, he supposed.

"Well, I hope you won't think me rude for saying it," Geraldine went on; "but I like you ever so much better without one."

Valentine's heart gave a leap. If this declaration was not a clear sign that she was beginning to love him for himself, what was?

"I'm glad to hear you like me, with or without a moustache," he ventured, in trembling tones.

Geraldine traced an intricate pattern on the sand with her parasol.

"You *do* like me, don't you?" persisted Valentine, gently, as she still kept silent.

A blush tinged Geraldine's cheeks. She averted her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I *like* you," she admitted.

Valentine clutched at her hand for support. She made a respectable but not too violent attempt to withdraw it. Valentine lost his head completely.

"I adore you!" he gasped.

After that conversational chaos.

During a lucid interval Geraldine found occasion to remark, in a somewhat pensive tone:—

"Sometimes I wish you were not an actor, Valentine dear."

Here was his chance if ever it was going to arrive; but before he had time to seize it Geraldine went on:—

"Yes, I know I shall feel horribly jealous when I see you making love to other girls—on the stage, I mean."

"That, darling, is a spectacle by which your heart shall never be wrung," declared Valentine, fervently. "You shall never see me making love to other girls on the stage."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Geraldine. "Of course I shall go to see you act. Think how delightful it will be for me to be able to say—when you come forward to bow acknowledgments of the frenzied applause—'Ah!

That's my husband!' I wouldn't miss it for worlds. Even if I have to endure little pangs of jealousy now and then, it will be ever so much nicer than being married to some humdrum old thing who has never been heard of."

Valentine heaved a deep sigh. The girl turned to him anxiously.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I'm afraid, Geraldine, that it's Valentine Vere the actor and not Valentine Vere the man that you love," declared Valentine with a melancholy shake of the head.

Geraldine denied the accusation with much vehemence.

"I confess that I was attracted to you at first by the fact that you were on the stage," she admitted; "but now——"

"Yes, now—what?" demanded Valentine, eagerly.

"Oh, well, if you're so ridiculously vain that you must hear it," said Geraldine, hiding her face in his shoulder, "I'm fond of you now because you're You—and rather a darling at that."

"My angel!"

Valentine folded her silently in his arms.

"I'm afraid there's going to be awful trouble with mother, though," said Geraldine, suddenly, becoming very serious. "We had a row about you last night."

"About me? Then you guessed——?"

Geraldine nodded.

"And mother said that nothing would ever induce her to allow me to marry an actor."

"Your mother," said Valentine, with great emphasis, "is one of the most sensible women I have ever met.

"Listen, darling," he went on, as Geraldine stared at him in surprise, "I have a confession to make to you. I ought to have made it days ago; but I was afraid to let you know until—until—you had got to care for me a little."

"Well, what is it?" asked Geraldine a little anxiously, as he paused.

"I have deceived you," said Valentine, hanging his head. "I'm not——"

What it was he was not, Geraldine was destined for the moment not to hear. A voice broke in upon the communion of the two souls—a strident, angry voice. And it said:—

"Vere! What the dickens does this mean?"

The lovers glanced up quickly. Standing above them, on the top of the ledge of rock against which they were leaning, was Charlie Smithson. It seemed to Valentine that there was something strangely sinister about Charlie's aspect. An ugly scowl disfigured the fair young brow. There was a nasty aggressive set about the broad young shoulders. Valentine began to be assailed by an uneasy feeling that Charlie Smithson had found out something.

Valentine was quite right. Charles Smithson emphatically had found out something. The evening paper which Charlie made a daily pilgrimage to the railway station to procure contained an item of news calculated to perturb a nature much less prone to sudden wrath than Charlie's. It was not merely that every single one of his selections for the day's racing had gone wallop; Charlie was too accustomed to that sort of thing to worry about it. No: what had made his eyes nearly start out of his head and his blood achieve a temperature of 100° centigrade was this little announcement:—

THEATRICAL ROMANCE.

SECRET MARRIAGE OF MR. VALENTINE VERE.

Our readers will learn with much interest that Mr. Valentine Vere, one of the handsomest and most-sought-after of our actors, was married nearly six months ago to Miss Vivienne Gramp, only daughter of the well-known rag-and-bone merchant of Bootle. The well-kept secret has only just leaked out.

We feel sure our readers will join us in hearty, if somewhat belated, good wishes to the happy pair.

Mrs. Vere is, we are informed, at present on a visit to her father, during the temporary absence from England of her gifted husband, who has been compelled to take a flying trip to Paris, to consult the authors of the French piece which is being adapted for the next production at the Orpheum Theatre.

Small wonder, then, that Charles Smithson's expression, when he beheld Valentine's arm girdling proprietorially the waist of his sister, was not exactly benign. The sight was not wholly unexpected—vague hints dropped overnight in confidence by Geraldine had led him to suppose that something of the kind was not unlikely to occur—but that did not lessen his just wrath.

"Go away, Charlie," requested Geraldine, with a frown at this inopportune intrusion. "Mr. Vere is just asking me to marry him."

"Oh—*is* he?" was the grimly sarcastic rejoinder. "This seems to be his busy season in that line."

The young man leapt down from the rock and stood before them.

For a moment or two he glared at Valentine

"'VERE! WHAT THE DICKENS DOES THIS MEAN?' THE LOVERS GLANCED UP QUICKLY. STANDING ABOVE THEM, ON THE TOP OF THE LEDGE OF ROCK AGAINST WHICH THEY WERE LEANING, WAS CHARLIE SMITHSON."

in savage silence; then he addressed a curt command to his sister:—

"Clear off to the hotel, Geraldine. I don't want you here."

"And pray, why not?"

Geraldine was not accustomed to take orders from her brother.

"Because I prefer not to have any witnesses present when I indulge in a little manslaughter," was the cheerful reply. Young Smithson shook his fist in Valentine's face. "I've found out all about you, you miserable rotter!" he announced, in a voice quivering with fury. "And now it's my firm intention to break your rotten neck!"

Valentine blinked nervously.

"I know my behaviour must seem very caddish," he stammered, "but I do wish you'd let me try to explain."

"I'll let you explain fast enough," replied the other, as he proceeded to button up his coat and turn back his sleeves, "when I've knocked your ugly head off!"

"Charlie! How dare you!" Geraldine's eyes flashed indignation.

"Dry up, and go away," commanded her brother, tersely. "Leave this bounder to me. You don't know how he has deceived you——"

"My dear fellow, I assure you I was on the point of telling her everything, just as you came up—really I was!" interrupted Valentine, feeling that it behoved him to speak, and to speak quickly. "Of course I know I ought to have told her long ago—and I meant to, indeed I did, but I really didn't think it mattered so very much!"

"Didn't matter so much!" roared Charlie, scarcely able to credit such audacity. "Do you dare to suggest that my sister would have tolerated your impudent attentions for one instant if she had known the truth about you?"

"Well, really," protested Valentine, mildly, "I don't see why she shouldn't."

Valentine was a modest man: but even though he might not be a celebrated actor he was scarcely prepared to admit that his place in the scheme of creation was so utterly abject as to make it an act of presumption on his part to aspire to Miss Smithson's hand.

His answer was a trifle too much for Charlie's outraged feelings. Geraldine only just caught her brother's arm in time.

"For goodness' sake, Charlie, tell us what it is all about instead of going on like a mad bull!" she pleaded. "I'm sure Valentine hasn't done anything he shouldn't."

"Well, no—I can't say that exactly," Valentine felt constrained to admit. "But really, it's not so very serious. I was just going to tell you about it when this id—I mean, when your brother appeared upon the scene. I'm sure you would have forgiven me when you heard my explanation."

"You bumptious blackguard!" Charlie burst forth. "Forgive you! Here——" He thrust the newspaper into his sister's hands. "Read that, Geraldine; just see for yourself what this swine has the insolence to say you would have forgiven!"

One glance at the headlines was enough for Geraldine. She gave a little shriek; then crushing the paper in her fingers she turned, with blazing eyes, upon Valentine.

"You unspeakable wretch!" she cried, in a voice trembling with grief and rage. "You've b—b—b—broken my heart!"

"Oh, dash it all—do draw it mild!" Valentine remonstrated. He was ready to admit that he had not quite played the game: but for a girl to talk about her heart being broken just because she had found out that a fellow was not the theatrical idol she had taken him for—that was carrying things a bit too far. "I'm sorry you've taken it like this. I oughtn't to have done it, I know. But really, I only meant it for a joke."

"A joke!"

Geraldine recoiled in horror from the callous monster. He who had made love to her while all the time he had a wife in Bootle could refer to his base deception as "a joke"!

She released her hold of her brother's arm; and Charlie lost no time in acting upon what he evidently interpreted as a hint. Valentine, in stepping out of the way of the ensuing rush, caught his toe on a rock, fell, and banged his left eye with vehemence upon another rock. The resultant damage was considerable Young Smithson, as he contemplated it, seemed to feel only one regret; and that was that his own agency in bringing it about had been only an indirect one. He looked at Valentine's surviving eye, and then at his own clenched fist, as if he longed to make them acquainted.

Of course, directly the man who had so cruelly deceived her was hurt, Geraldine, woman-like, began to feel sorry for him. Perhaps, she said to herself, they had been in too great a hurry to condemn him. He ought at least to be allowed to speak in his own defence.

"Valen—Mr. Vere," she said, in a voice which she tried hard to make cold and unconcerned, "can you look me straight in the face and tell me that what this paper says is untrue?"

The letter went on to say that when the General and the writer arrived at the place, they spent the night there.

The next day the General sent away all the negro servants. He then took up the bricks in the hearth. Under these bricks was concealed a quantity of silver plate and some coin in a tin box. This was the only place in the house from which the writer had seen the officer take up any hidden valuables, but from other places about the house, which he did not see, the General brought into the room a considerable quantity of coin.

He also brought in a pair of saddle-pockets that he had carried to the house with him.

These saddle-pockets contained a quantity of gold coin in cotton bags. The writer seemed to have no very accurate idea of the amount of this treasure, but he said that it all filled a good-sized wooden box, which, when it was nailed up, was about as much as the two of them could carry out of the house. He said that the two of them carried it some distance from the house and buried it in the open field.

There were a number of trees in the field, some oak trees and a poplar tree.

He said that he dug a hole about four feet deep, put the box in, and covered it up, and that while he was engaged with this labour General Z. stepped off the direction of the box toward several of these trees and made a diagram on a sheet of foolscap paper. He also made an inventory of what was in the box; this covered several sheets of foolscap paper. General Z. pinned these papers together, folded them up, and put them into his pocket.

The writer said that he observed this very carefully.

The papers were folded so that they made a sort of long packet like a land deed. He was perfectly certain about this, as Mrs. X. would presently see.

They took a good deal of care about burying the box. He fitted the turf back into place and carried away every particle of earth not put back into the hole. Extraordinary precautions were observed. They had put a bed-quilt down upon the ground before they began to dig the hole and had heaped the earth out of the hole on the quilt, after having first carefully cut the turf and removed it; they were thereby able to replace the turf and to carry away every particle of the new earth from the place.

The writer said that no one would have known, when they finished, that the ground had been disturbed at this place.

There was no mark about the place or within several hundred yards of it except these distant trees. It was with the line of these trees that General Z. laid out the distances and drew the diagram locating the point at which the box was buried. He had gone back that evening with the General to his regiment, and a few days later the officer was killed in circumstances well known to Mrs. X.

The writer went on to say that he was beside the General when he was shot, and that when he found that the man was dead, before any other person arrived, he took the folded sheets of foolscap out of the officer's pocket and put them into the bosom of his blouse. The convict said, in his letter, that at that moment he had not determined what he intended to do; his first impulse was to get possession of the paper before anyone else should see it.

The old convict wrote, in his cramped hand, several badly-spelled pages on this feature of the matter. The letter seemed to indicate a long period of moral indecision. The man went through the war. He kept the paper. When the war ended he seemed still undetermined; he neither went to the place to endeavour to secure what was buried, nor did he tell anyone of his possession of the paper. He said in his letter that the General had considered him trustworthy and that he had always been honest.

Afterwards, when he had killed a man and been sentenced to the Federal Prison for life, he had put this paper into a trunk that belonged to him. He said that it was an old horsehair trunk, lined with canvas; that he had taken up the lining and put the paper between the lining and the bottom of the trunk.

He had been permitted to take this trunk, with his personal effects, to the prison at Atlanta.

He said that the prison authorities had promised to keep the trunk for him, but that recently he had learned it had been sold to a junk-dealer. He gave the junk-dealer's name and the street in which he had a shop in Atlanta. He asked Mrs. X. to go at once to Atlanta and get the trunk. She would find the paper with the diagram and the inventory under the lining in the bottom of it.

The writer said that the only thing he asked in return was that Mrs. X. would say nothing about the matter. He seemed to think that his reputation for honesty would be injured if the fact came out that he had concealed this paper for so many years instead of turning it over to her. It was one of those strange notions sometimes held by the lowest order of criminals—the notion that the crime for which they were suffering punishment was not an infamy, but that some other form of crime would be. This man, sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, was concerned that the world should not believe him a thief.

It was natural for Mrs. X. to be excited over this letter. So far as she was able to determine it was perfectly authentic. The descriptions given of the place were correct, and all the details about her father's death were accurate. She did precisely what anybody else would have done. She got into the train and went to Atlanta; there she took a carriage and hunted up the address given in the convict's letter.

She found a queer person in a shanty in the negro quarters of the city.

He was a foreigner of some sort, very dirty and very shrewd, with a wagon-load of old junk about him. Among this junk she at once marked the horsehair trunk that the convict had mentioned in his letter.

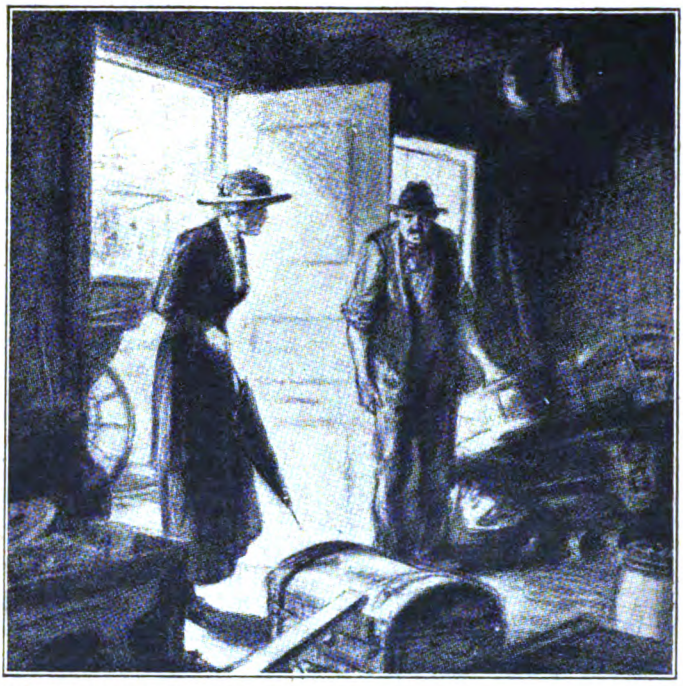
She asked the junk-dealer what he would take for the trunk.

He seemed amazed at seeing a woman of her evident station in life coming to inquire about such an article, and he asked her what she would give him. Mrs. X. very indiscreetly mentioned a sum several times in excess of what the trunk was evidently worth. The junk-dealer looked at her, seemed to reflect, and finally said he did not want to sell the trunk.

She offered him a larger sum, and he refused.

He said that as the trunk seemed to be worth so much to her it must be worth a good deal to him. Mrs. X. asked him to let her look at the trunk. He opened it and when his attention was directed to something else she felt over the bottom. It was lined, as the convict had said, and she could feel the packet of papers under the canvas. This convinced her, and she finally bought the trunk for three hundred dollars. She put it in the carriage and took it to the hotel; there she ripped up the lining.

Under the lining there was a folded newspaper!



"THE JUNK-DEALER LOOKED AT HER, SEEMED TO REFLECT, AND FINALLY SAID HE DID NOT WANT TO SELL THE TRUNK."

The whole elaborate business was merely a clever scheme of some crooks to get a few hundred dollars.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 45.

(The Third of the Series.)

Two cities built, so runs the ancient story,
By one, a mighty hunter 'fore the Lord.
Rivals in art, and learning, and the glory
That sooner fades, the harvest of the sword.

1. By boys in khaki used and understood,
At least in France and Flanders. It is good.

2. Two vowels name a town the Jews destroyed.
"Top-hole" they'd class it in the lists of Lloyd.

3. A famous sailor of the Arctic Sea.
One vowel changed, a Golden Dustman he.

4. Big valley in a land where things run tall.
And yet one half of it is wondrous small.

5. Famous for Gothic art, by Huns o'erthrown;
Take out of it what Scotsmen call their own.

6. Lydian enslaver she of Jove's strong son.
She wore his lion-skin. Her wool he spun.

7 'Tis "true and tender," runs the poet's song;
Stick to the needle and you can't go wrong.

FABIUS.

Answers to Acrostic No. 45 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on May 9th.*

Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 43.

1.	M	adeir	A
2.	A	s	P
3.	R	ubbe	R
4.	C	rost	I
5.	H	il	L

NOTES.—Light 2. Cleopatra. 4. A-crosti-c.

ANSWER TO No. 44.

1.	H	ebrai	C
2.	A	uge	R
3.	L	e	O
4.	F	e	W
5.	A	gai	N

NOTE.—Light 5. A gain, not a loss.

The result of the seventh series will be published in next month's number.

FALSE COLOURS.

By C. H. BOVILL.

Illustrated by Balliol Salmon.

WHEN a young woman affects to have discovered that your body is transparent, and stares through it, with studied insolence, every time she meets you, well—dash it all, it does get your back up a bit. Even the prettiest of girls has no right to put on all that side, just because you have ventured to cast one or two admiring, but perfectly respectful, glances in her direction. There is a medium, surely, between giving a fellow the absolute glad and looking at him as if he were a conscientious objector on his way to a Sinn Fein meeting?

That was Valentine's opinion, anyhow.

Not, mind you, that he deliberately set himself out to give the Pretty Girl the nasty knock which he felt she so richly deserved. Oh, no. Valentine's nature was not vindictive. He had no *arrière-pensée* in seeking the acquaintance of her brother. The thing was a pure accident.

It happened on one of those paralyzing afternoons possible only to an English summer. Wind and wet reigned outside to an extent that kept even the most demented golfer in the house.

Bored to tears, Valentine mooned into the billiard-room of the (alleged) Grand Hotel at Seahaven. Its sole occupant was the Pretty Girl's brother, who was getting rather sick of knocking the balls about by himself. With some hesitation—for he had a sort of idea that the Pretty Girl would construe this into a deliberate attempt to thrust his acquaintance upon her—Valentine accepted the young man's eager offer of a game

After he had enjoyed his fifth hundred in succession at Valentine's expense, the Pretty Girl's brother arrived at the conclusion that his opponent was the sort of man whom one might—nay, ought to—know. So he proceeded to break the ice of reserve.

"By the way," he remarked, essaying an impossible cannon to cover the confusion into which every decent-minded man is thrown when the necessity arises to pronounce his own name aloud, "my name is Smithson".

"How do you do?" inquired Valentine, politely, just as if he had never exchanged a word with the other before. "Mine is Vere."

"Vere?" The young man put down his cue and took a quick look at Valentine. He remembered having noticed the name in the Visitors' Book. Yes, and it had a "V" before it, too! He wondered.

"Not *Valentine* Vere, by any chance?" he hazarded.

"Yes, my name is Valentine Vere," admitted Valentine, coldly. He knew what was coming.

"By Jove!" ejaculated the other in an awestruck sort of way. "How jolly interesting! You must let me introduce you to my mother and sister, if I may. They're staying with me here. Geraldine—that's my sister, you know—is no end keen on the stage."

"Yes, but I'm not——" Valentine stopped suddenly. "Not on the stage" he was going to say; but, all at once, he remembered the way in which Geraldine had looked not at but through him when they had met that afternoon on the stairs. He felt a wonderful longing to see how Geraldine would look at him if he were introduced to her as one of the ornaments of that stage upon which she was alleged to be so keen.

"I shall be charmed to make your mother's acquaintance," he announced, after a brief pause; adding as an afterthought, "and your sister's, too."

Young Smithson seemed quite overcome by this signal mark of condescension.

"It's awfully nice of you," he said, gratefully. "Let's go and find them."

Now that he had taken the fatal step Valentine began to feel just a little apprehensive as to what he might be letting himself in for. But, of course, it was too late to draw back.

"'THIS IS MR. VERE,' ANNOUNCED HER BROTHER IN A TRIUMPHANT TONE. 'MR. VALENTINE VERE.'"

They met the Pretty Girl in one of the corridors.

Valentine noticed that she stiffened perceptibly when she saw who was with her brother.

"Gerry, old thing!" was the fraternal greeting; "come and guess who this is!"

Riddles, to judge from her expression, did not appear to be Miss Smithson's favourite pastime. She looked at Valentine as if he

had been one of the lower orders of earthworm which she had been called upon to classify, and said nothing.

"This is Mr. Vere," announced her brother in a triumphant tone. "Mr. *Valentine* Vere."

Repeated experience had so accustomed Valentine to that look that he was not at all put out when he saw it come into Miss Smithson's pretty face. Young women always got it when they heard his name for the first time. Later on—when they found out the truth—the look disappeared. So, at the earliest possible moment, did the young women; leaving Valentine to curse the day when John Joseph Cheesehouse was born.

Let me explain.

There are—strange as it may seem—two Valentine Veres in the world. One is Valentine Vere; the other is John Joseph Cheesehouse.

Valentine Vere's troubles dated from that unlucky day on which John Joseph Cheesehouse threw up a very promising career as an auctioneer and surveyor and went on the stage, where in course of time he became a footlight favourite of no small virulence.

But not as John Joseph Cheesehouse. Far from it. That name he abandoned at the very outset of his theatrical career. For an auctioneer, no doubt, it was great; a man with such an appellation could have surveyed anything. But for the stage—no.

So John Joseph Cheesehouse called himself Valentine Vere.

So long as he remained buried in the decent obscurity of a Number Four Touring Company that did not particularly matter; but when he got a London engagement and made a hit, and became, in consequence, one of the People who Count, it made a considerable difference to the original owner of the name.

Indeed, the real Valentine Vere eventually became so sick of being regarded as an impostor—principally by young women, who edged resentfully away when they discovered he was not the person who had assumed his name for trading purposes—that he gave up going out in London, and spent most of his time at the less-frequented watering-places, brooding over the hardness of his lot and longing for the death of J. J. Cheesehouse.

That was how he came to find himself at Seahaven.

"I should never have known you!" declared Miss Smithson, when she had recovered somewhat from the agitation into which she had been thrown by the discovery that she was actually talking (as she imagined) to a Real actor. "Without your moustache I mean," she added, hastily, anxious that her remark should not be misconstrued.

"You always seem to wear one when you're acting; don't you?"

(J. J. Cheesehouse specialized in what is known as the Romantic Drama. As a hairy hero of the Elizabethan or Stuart period J. J. was unapproachable.)

Miss Smithson pronounced the word "acting" with a sort of reverent droop in her voice. When she looked at Valentine her eyes seemed to be pleading mutely for forgiveness for her contumelious treatment of him in the past. "It wasn't our fault—we did not know!" they seemed to say.

"Yes, I always wear a moustache on the stage," replied Valentine, boldly. He excused himself to his conscience by drawing its attention to the fact that at his first (and only) appearance on the stage—in some despicable amateur theatricals—he certainly had worn a moustache, until it dropped off and ruined the most important scene in the play. "Rather an advantage, I find it," he went on unblushingly to say. "It prevents people from recognizing me when I'm off the stage."

"By Jove!" exclaimed young Smithson, admiringly. "It must be topping to be so famous that one has to think of dodges to prevent people from mobbing one!"

Valentine smiled indulgently at this ingenuous idea. He was beginning to enjoy himself immensely. It is difficult not to do so when an extremely attractive young woman is looking at you as if you were one of the few things that ever happened. Certainly, now that she had removed that mask of hauteur, Miss Smithson was very attractive indeed. It was a pity, thought Valentine, that actors appealed to her so strongly. Histrionic talents are all very well; but for solid usefulness they are not in it with rich relations. The possession of rich relations was Valentine's strong suit. The mortality amongst his moneyed aunts was amazing. But, of course, if Miss Smithson preferred an actor, he must do his best to oblige her. It would brighten up the very dull evening which otherwise lay before him, and give him something to laugh over on the long journey back to town, which he proposed to take by an early train on the morrow.

As they stood talking a voluminous figure bore down upon them from the other end of the corridor.

"It's the mater!" announced young Smithson, with obviously assumed cheerful-

ness. As a matter of fact, young Smithson felt a little uneasy as to how his mother would comport herself towards their new-found acquaintance. Mrs. Smithson did not share her children's enthusiasm for the stage. She disapproved of actors. Indeed, Mrs. Smithson disapproved of everybody whose name she could not find in the Blue Book or the Red Book, or whatever the Roll of Respectability was called to which she always hastened to make reference whenever a stranger swept across her ken.

Her attitude towards Valentine was strictly non-committal. A stately inclination of the head—no more. The conversation languished.

"My dears—who is this Mr. Valentine Vere?" was her first question, directly Valentine had taken himself off to dress for dinner.

"Who is he? My dear mother, I thought you prided yourself upon knowing all about everybody who was anybody," replied her son, in a tone that showed he was somewhat nettled by her question. "That's Mr. Valentine Vere—the famous actor."

"Oh—an actor!" It is doubtful whether Mrs. Smithson's method of pronouncing the word "actor" would have secured for her any very wide popularity in theatrical circles. "I don't think it is at all wise for Geraldine to make these promiscuous acquaintances, Charles."

"But, my dear mother—Valentine Vere!" protested the boy, aghast at this lack of reverence. "You ought to be jolly pleased to be able to say you know him. He goes to the very best houses."

"Really?"

Mrs. Smithson's tone seemed to imply a conviction that Mr. Valentine Vere's entrance to the best houses was made either burglariously or *viâ* the area.

"All the same, I would rather you did not encourage this person, my dears."

A piece of advice which her son and daughter were at the utmost pains to disregard. At dinner that night they made a point of plumping themselves down at the same table as Valentine, and directly dinner was over they dragged him off to the drawing-room, where they planted him in a corner and proceeded gently, but very firmly, to worship him. Valentine found the process as exhilarating as it was novel. He felt a longing to have some more of it. Before the evening came to an end he decided that, after all, he would not leave Seahaven by the first train in the morning, as had been his original intention. It would be more amusing, he thought, to spend another day or two in the society of the lovely Geraldine and be worshipped.

He found an opportunity to draw young Smithson aside before they parted for the night.

"I want you to do me a little favour, if you will," he began.

"My dear fellow—only too delighted!"

"Well—nobody here—except yourselves—knows who I am," said Valentine, confidentially, "and I don't want them to find out. See? I sha'n't have a minute's peace if they do. I hope I can rely on you to keep my little secret?"

"You trust us!" responded young Smithson. "I'll give Geraldine the tip."

Young Smithson was only too delighted, as he knew his sister would be, to think that they had made a corner in the society of one of our most-sought-after actors.

For two days Valentine enjoyed the joke immensely. Then, all at once, he found that it had lost every atom of its flavour.

At first Valentine could not understand it. He had to ask himself what it could mean? Why did it no longer amuse him to find Geraldine and her brother lying in wait for him wherever he went? Why did he no longer feel a powerful impulse to burst out laughing when he caught that rapt, almost reverent, look on Geraldine's face as she looked at him? Why had he ceased to see any humour in the fact that all the time she was with him she was manifestly racking her brains for things to say which would flatter him and make him understand how deeply she appreciated the honour of being permitted to share his august society? Yesterday all these things had caused him an intense inward mirth, which at times he found it quite painful to suppress. Why did they induce to-day a state of mind bordering on melancholia?

Valentine's sensations, when at last he discovered the correct answer to this conundrum, almost overwhelmed him.

He had fallen in love with Geraldine.

Twist and turn, quibble and deny, as he might, there was no getting out of it. The dismal fact had to be faced. He did not merely love Geraldine—he adored her. Life without Geraldine would be soda without whisky, welsh rarebit on a cold plate—everything that was dreary and undesirable. He could not possibly live without Geraldine.

In the circumstances, there was only one thing to be done. He must cut himself out. He must teach Geraldine to love him for

himself—and not for the glamour of the footlights which he had so foolishly led her to imagine hung about him. Then (Valentine, an optimist if there ever was one, went so far even as to compose the speech in which it was to be done) he would confess all, and she would fall weeping into his arms and forgive him. If she had any acquaintance whatever with contemporary literature she could do nothing less.

It was a big programme which he had set himself to carry out, but Valentine tackled it with resolution. Whenever he found himself alone with Geraldine (and that, despite Mrs. Smithson's vigilance, was not seldom) he avoided sedulously all reference to the Profession of which he was supposed to be a shining light. This was rather disappointing to Geraldine, whose thirst for chit-chat from the theatrical world was well-nigh insatiable; but she did not neglect to make capital out of the fact, when her mother took her to task for having so much to say to that "actor-person."

"Very nice! Nonsense!" snorted the old lady. "No actors are nice. Dreadful creatures—who can talk of nothing but themselves."

"Well—if all actors are like Mr. Vere," retorted Geraldine, "all I can say is that they are the most retiring creatures in the world."

"H'm! *Some* of them don't seem to retire quite so soon as might be wished," observed Mrs. Smithson, tartly. "And I want you clearly to understand, Geraldine, that this Mr. Vere, or whatever his name is, is not at all the sort of person whom I should welcome as a son-in-law."

"What nonsense you do talk, mother!" cried Geraldine, angrily, while a vivid blush made its appearance on her cheeks. "If a man takes off his hat to me you seem to think that he is going to propose."

Her brother, when Geraldine complained to him that mother was really getting too silly for words, said he was not so sure that there were not some grounds for the mater's suspicions.

"Mark you—*I* don't object," he added, magnanimously. "I think Vere is a topping good sort. You might go farther and fare a deal worse. And we should certainly get to know some very cheery people if you were his missis."

Geraldine, affecting an annoyance which it must be confessed she did not altogether feel, drove her brother from the room.

The crisis came unexpectedly. This is a way crises have. Consequently, Valentine was not quite so prepared for it as he could have wished.

Geraldine and he were sitting one afternoon on a deserted part of the beach, talking about nothing in particular, when she suddenly said to him:—

"Mr. Vere, why do you always wear a moustache on the stage?"

Valentine resisted an overpowering impulse to reply that the Other Fellow always wore a moustache to conceal a weak and unattractive mouth, and said that he didn't know—the sort of parts he played demanded it, he supposed.

"Well, I hope you won't think me rude for saying it," Geraldine went on; "but I like you ever so much better without one."

Valentine's heart gave a leap. If this declaration was not a clear sign that she was beginning to love him for himself, what was?

"I'm glad to hear you like me, with or without a moustache," he ventured, in trembling tones.

Geraldine traced an intricate pattern on the sand with her parasol.

"You *do* like me, don't you?" persisted Valentine, gently, as she still kept silent.

A blush tinged Geraldine's cheeks. She averted her eyes.

"Oh, yes, I *like* you," she admitted.

Valentine clutched at her hand for support. She made a respectable but not too violent attempt to withdraw it. Valentine lost his head completely.

"I adore you!" he gasped.

After that conversational chaos.

During a lucid interval Geraldine found occasion to remark, in a somewhat pensive tone:—

"Sometimes I wish you were not an actor, Valentine dear."

Here was his chance if ever it was going to arrive; but before he had time to seize it Geraldine went on:—

"Yes, I know I shall feel horribly jealous when I see you making love to other girls—on the stage, I mean."

"That, darling, is a spectacle by which your heart shall never be wrung," declared Valentine, fervently. "You shall never see me making love to other girls on the stage."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Geraldine. "Of course I shall go to see you act. Think how delightful it will be for me to be able to say—when you come forward to bow acknowledgments of the frenzied applause—'Ah!

That's my husband!' I wouldn't miss it for worlds. Even if I have to endure little pangs of jealousy now and then, it will be ever so much nicer than being married to some humdrum old thing who has never been heard of."

Valentine heaved a deep sigh. The girl turned to him anxiously.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"I'm afraid, Geraldine, that it's Valentine Vere the actor and not Valentine Vere the man that you love," declared Valentine with a melancholy shake of the head.

Geraldine denied the accusation with much vehemence.

"I confess that I was attracted to you at first by the fact that you were on the stage," she admitted; "but now——"

"Yes, now—what?" demanded Valentine, eagerly.

"Oh, well, if you're so ridiculously vain that you must hear it," said Geraldine, hiding her face in his shoulder, "I'm fond of you now because you're You—and rather a darling at that."

"My angel!"

Valentine folded her silently in his arms.

"I'm afraid there's going to be awful trouble with mother, though," said Geraldine, suddenly, becoming very serious. "We had a row about you last night."

"About me? Then you guessed——?"

Geraldine nodded.

"And mother said that nothing would ever induce her to allow me to marry an actor."

"Your mother," said Valentine, with great emphasis, "is one of the most sensible women I have ever met.

"Listen, darling," he went on, as Geraldine stared at him in surprise, "I have a confession to make to you. I ought to have made it days ago; but I was afraid to let you know until—until—you had got to care for me a little."

"Well, what is it?" asked Geraldine a little anxiously, as he paused.

"I have deceived you," said Valentine, hanging his head. "I'm not——"

What it was he was not, Geraldine was destined for the moment not to hear. A voice broke in upon the communion of the two souls—a strident, angry voice. And it said:—

"Vere! What the dickens does this mean?"

The lovers glanced up quickly. Standing above them, on the top of the ledge of rock against which they were leaning, was Charlie Smithson. It seemed to Valentine that there was something strangely sinister about Charlie's aspect. An ugly scowl disfigured the fair young brow. There was a nasty aggressive set about the broad young shoulders. Valentine began to be assailed by an uneasy feeling that Charlie Smithson had found out something.

Valentine was quite right. Charles Smithson emphatically had found out something. The evening paper which Charlie made a daily pilgrimage to the railway station to procure contained an item of news calculated to perturb a nature much less prone to sudden wrath than Charlie's. It was not merely that every single one of his selections for the day's racing had gone wallop; Charlie was too accustomed to that sort of thing to worry about it. No: what had made his eyes nearly start out of his head and his blood achieve a temperature of 100° centigrade was this little announcement:—

THEATRICAL ROMANCE.

SECRET MARRIAGE OF MR. VALENTINE VERE.

Our readers will learn with much interest that Mr. Valentine Vere, one of the handsomest and most-sought-after of our actors, was married nearly six months ago to Miss Vivienne Gramp, only daughter of the well-known rag-and-bone merchant of Bootle. The well-kept secret has only just leaked out.

We feel sure our readers will join us in hearty, if somewhat belated, good wishes to the happy pair.

Mrs. Vere is, we are informed, at present on a visit to her father, during the temporary absence from England of her gifted husband, who has been compelled to take a flying trip to Paris, to consult the authors of the French piece which is being adapted for the next production at the Orpheum Theatre.

Small wonder, then, that Charles Smithson's expression, when he beheld Valentine's arm girdling proprietorially the waist of his sister, was not exactly benign. The sight was not wholly unexpected—vague hints dropped overnight in confidence by Geraldine had led him to suppose that something of the kind was not unlikely to occur—but that did not lessen his just wrath.

"Go away, Charlie," requested Geraldine, with a frown at this inopportune intrusion. "Mr. Vere is just asking me to marry him."

"Oh—*is* he?" was the grimly sarcastic rejoinder. "This seems to be his busy season in that line."

The young man leapt down from the rock and stood before them.

For a moment or two he glared at Valentine

"'VERE! WHAT THE DICKENS DOES THIS MEAN?' THE LOVERS GLANCED UP QUICKLY. STANDING ABOVE THEM, ON THE TOP OF THE LEDGE OF ROCK AGAINST WHICH THEY WERE LEANING, WAS CHARLIE SMITHSON."

in savage silence; then he addressed a curt command to his sister:—

"Clear off to the hotel, Geraldine. I don't want you here."

"And pray, why not?"

Geraldine was not accustomed to take orders from her brother.

"Because I prefer not to have any witnesses present when I indulge in a little manslaughter," was the cheerful reply. Young Smithson shook his fist in Valentine's face. "I've found out all about you, you miserable rotter!" he announced, in a voice quivering with fury. "And now it's my firm intention to break your rotten neck!"

Valentine blinked nervously.

"I know my behaviour must seem very caddish," he stammered, "but I do wish you'd let me try to explain."

"I'll let you explain fast enough," replied the other, as he proceeded to button up his coat and turn back his sleeves, "when I've knocked your ugly head off!"

"Charlie! How dare you!" Geraldine's eyes flashed indignation.

"Dry up, and go away," commanded her brother, tersely. "Leave this bounder to me. You don't know how he has deceived you——"

"My dear fellow, I assure you I was on the point of telling her everything, just as you came up—really I was!" interrupted Valentine, feeling that it behoved him to speak, and to speak quickly. "Of course I know I ought to have told her long ago—and I meant to, indeed I did, but I really didn't think it mattered so very much!"

"Didn't matter so much!" roared Charlie, scarcely able to credit such audacity. "Do you dare to suggest that my sister would have tolerated your impudent attentions for one instant if she had known the truth about you?"

"Well, really," protested Valentine, mildly, "I don't see why she shouldn't."

Valentine was a modest man: but even though he might not be a celebrated actor he was scarcely prepared to admit that his place in the scheme of creation was so utterly abject as to make it an act of presumption on his part to aspire to Miss Smithson's hand.

His answer was a trifle too much for Charlie's outraged feelings. Geraldine only just caught her brother's arm in time.

"For goodness' sake, Charlie, tell us what it is all about instead of going on like a mad bull!" she pleaded. "I'm sure Valentine hasn't done anything he shouldn't."

"Well, no—I can't say that exactly," Valentine felt constrained to admit. "But really, it's not so very serious. I was just going to tell you about it when this id—I mean, when your brother appeared upon the scene. I'm sure you would have forgiven me when you heard my explanation."

"You bumptious blackguard!" Charlie burst forth. "Forgive you! Here——" He thrust the newspaper into his sister's hands. "Read that, Geraldine; just see for yourself what this swine has the insolence to say you would have forgiven!"

One glance at the headlines was enough for Geraldine. She gave a little shriek; then crushing the paper in her fingers she turned, with blazing eyes, upon Valentine.

"You unspeakable wretch!" she cried, in a voice trembling with grief and rage. "You've b—b—b—broken my heart!"

"Oh, dash it all—do draw it mild!" Valentine remonstrated. He was ready to admit that he had not quite played the game: but for a girl to talk about her heart being broken just because she had found out that a fellow was not the theatrical idol she had taken him for—that was carrying things a bit too far. "I'm sorry you've taken it like this. I oughtn't to have done it, I know. But really, I only meant it for a joke."

"A joke!"

Geraldine recoiled in horror from the callous monster. He who had made love to her while all the time he had a wife in Bootle could refer to his base deception as "a joke"!

She released her hold of her brother's arm; and Charlie lost no time in acting upon what he evidently interpreted as a hint. Valentine, in stepping out of the way of the ensuing rush, caught his toe on a rock, fell, and banged his left eye with vehemence upon another rock. The resultant damage was considerable Young Smithson, as he contemplated it, seemed to feel only one regret; and that was that his own agency in bringing it about had been only an indirect one. He looked at Valentine's surviving eye, and then at his own clenched fist, as if he longed to make them acquainted.

Of course, directly the man who had so cruelly deceived her was hurt, Geraldine, woman-like, began to feel sorry for him. Perhaps, she said to herself, they had been in too great a hurry to condemn him. He ought at least to be allowed to speak in his own defence.

"Valen—Mr. Vere," she said, in a voice which she tried hard to make cold and unconcerned, "can you look me straight in the face and tell me that what this paper says is untrue?"

Considering that Valentine's available optic machinery consisted just then of one sound eye and what looked like an ill-laid turkey's egg, it will be gathered that Geraldine had her share of the traditional unreasonableness of her sex.

Valentine struggled slowly to his feet. He did not know what the particular statement in the paper to which Geraldine was referring might be, and he did not feel, at the moment, in the mood for reading.

"I don't know what the rotten rag says, and I don't see that it matters," he murmured, wearily. "Haven't I admitted that I deceived you? Isn't that enough? As I told you, I only did it for a joke."

This insistence upon the purely humorous nature of his intentions was rather unfortunate. It did him no good with Geraldine, and had the effect of rousing her brother once more to fever-heat.

"You howling cad!" bellowed young Smithson, as he hurled himself afresh on Valentine. "I'll break every bone in your body."

This time Valentine had the sense to clinch. If this could not exactly be said to give him breathing-time, it at all events enabled him at intervals to gurgle out the scenario of a remark.

"I'm not Valentine Vere at all!" he managed to gasp as he and Charles Smithson swayed together in a dreamy waltz, with plenty of words, but without music. "At least, what I mean is—I *am* really Valentine Vere, but not the fellow who only calls himself Valentine Vere, but isn't really. Can't you understand, you young Juggins?"

Apparently the young Juggins's torpid brain could not quite grasp all the bearings of this perfectly lucid explanation; for he persisted in his earnest endeavours to break his antagonist in half. But Geraldine, with all a woman's quick perception to understand what she wants to understand, saw a faint glimmer of light through the inky chaos of Valentine's remarks.

"Stop playing the fool, Charlie!" she commanded sharply.

Very reluctantly her brother relaxed a little of the tensity of his grasp round Valentine's rapidly shrinking form.

"Now," said Geraldine, "let's have that again, please. Are you Valentine Vere, or are you not?"

"Yes—I mean, no——" was Valentine's confused answer. "What I mean is, my name is Valentine Vere—but I'm not the fellow who calls himself Valentine Vere."

"But you told us you were," objected Geraldine and her brother in chorus.

"Yes, I know I did," said Valentine, contritely. "But it was your fault. You were so stand-offish when you thought I was nobody in particular——"

"But if you're not Valentine Vere the actor—then what Valentine Vere are you?" demanded the remorseless Geraldine.

"I'm afraid I'm nobody in particular," Valentine was forced to confess. "I don't do anything. I've just got a lot of rich relations who enjoy very poor health, that's all."

Geraldine shook her head at him pityingly.

"What a muddle you have made of it!" she exclaimed. "Why, you stupid man, if you'd only told me all this at the first, I could have let you propose to me days ago! It was only the fuss mother made about your being on the stage that prevented me."

Something in her tone gave Valentine hope.

"Do you mean to say that there's a chance for me after all?" he gasped.

Geraldine smiled and slipped her arm into his.

"Of course there is," she cooed. "Come home and let me bathe that eye of yours. You'd better let me concoct the explanation of how it happened. You'll only bungle it if you try."

Charles Smithson was strangely thoughtful as they made their way home. Just before they got to the hotel he unloaded the weight that was on his mind.

"It's rather awkward," he explained, not without a certain amount of confusion in his manner; "but when I read that rotten paragraph I was in such a hair that I went straight to the post-office and sent a wire to Mrs. Vere at Bootle."

A wild gleam of joy lit up Valentine's undamaged eye.

"And what did you say, Charlie, old man?" he inquired, solicitously.

"I said," replied Charlie, "'Your husband not in Paris. Send detective to Grand Hotel, Seahaven, and you may find out something to your advantage.' That's all."

"Looks as if there was going to be a slight disturbance in the Cheesehouse *ménage*," chuckled Valentine, unfeelingly.

"Serves him jolly well right."

Poulbot and His War Children

The Most Popular Artist in France.

By E. S. VALENTINE.

FRANCISQUE POULBOT.
Photo. by Gatelet.

UP a steep winding little street in Montmartre there lives and works a tall, pale giant with the heart of a little child. His name is Francisque Poulbot. There never was anybody, not even Sir James Barrie, who loved children more than Poulbot, who understood them better. And the Paris child is so very much a child, so naive, so capricious, so fanciful! Even the poor little Montmartre waifs, the street-arabs, underneath all their grubbiness and sophistication, in spite of their amusing slang, are just the same children one finds romping about in Kensington Gardens.

This Poulbot has come to be one of the most famous and beloved artists in France. His pictures of children are met with everywhere, on the hoardings, in the newspapers, in the print-shops, and on the post-cards issued by the well-known publisher, M. Ternois, 56, Rue d'Aboukir, Paris.

I was much struck, the day I went to call upon Poulbot, by his modesty. He is nearly six feet high—a wondrous thing for a born Parisian. He is utterly without pretensions and sets no great value by his work; these hundreds and hundreds of sketches which have brought him wealth and fame he seems to do because he loves doing them. He has a quiet, gentle manner, and a tender look comes into his eyes as he talks of all his children, particularly of Zozo. Zozo, you must know, is baby-French for *oiseau*, and is the name of a little girl whom five years ago M. and Mme. Poulbot

"IT'S HER HAND."

"I DIDN'T DO IT. HE DID."

found on a doorstep in Montmartre, and who opened its poor little hungry mouth to be fed exactly as a fledgling who had fallen out of its nest. For five years Zozo has been the joy of the Poulbot household and the model for many sketches, for the couple have no other children.

The mother of Poulbot was a Montmartre school-teacher, and in the faubourg the artist was born thirty-eight years ago, the eldest of seven. In due time he became a soldier, and found that his fellow-soldiers in barracks were very much like the children he had left at school. He amused them by making drawings which led to his becoming known, and at length attracted the attention of the painter Steinlen. In course of time Poulbot became regularly attached to *Le Journal*. He served in this war, but after a time had to be invalided out. His younger brothers are soldiers.

Since 1914 the artist has been very prolific in child-pictures having a relation to the Great War. Some enjoy an extraordinary celebrity, as, for instance, that entitled "It's her hand," depicting a little girl of the invaded districts kneeling by a tiny cross. Her hand has been cut off by the brutal Boches and she has buried it in a little grave, and has come to pray beside it, as children often do when they have buried a doll or some slaughtered pet. The whole design affects one powerfully, by its simple pathos and also by the fierce resentment it arouses against an inhuman foe who makes war even on innocent little children.

Poulbot confesses that his chief school was the street, the Montmartre gutter even.

"FATHERS OF FIVE CHILDREN, FALL OUT!"

To-day, under an apparent nonchalance he hides an indefatigable curiosity for the ways and speech of the people, and he is most successful as an accurate portrayer of them. I am told he is accustomed to wander for hours in by-streets, noisy with tiny mites, and return home glowing with having discovered a new trait or a new expression which had escaped him hitherto. And sometimes, as Mme. Poulbot avers (but the artist does not hear this), he returns with his eyes bathed in tears. For Poulbot has a most sensitive soul, and any cruelty or injustice to children wounds him in a vital place.

"OLD TANK!"

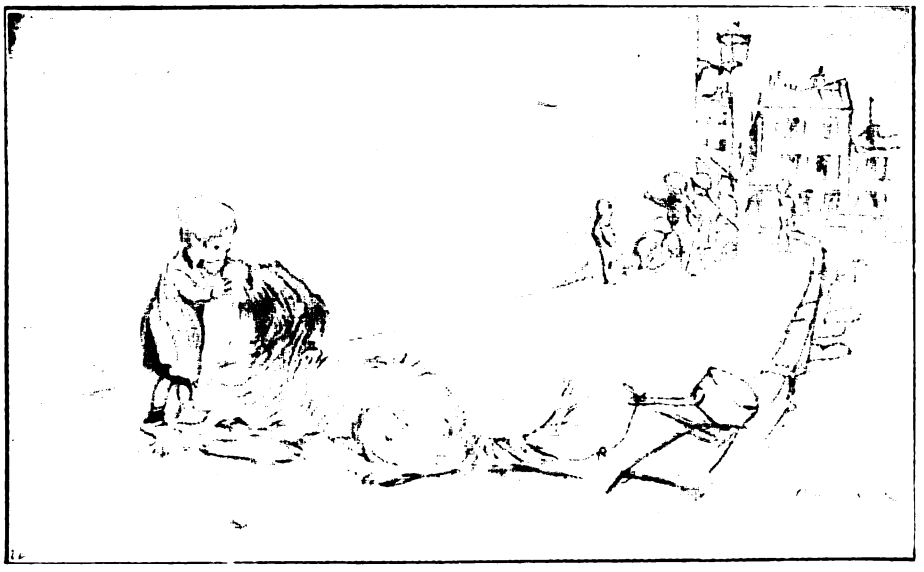
To return to his war children. There are hundreds of these drawings showing guttersnipes playing at war, training their guns, cleaning their rifles and bayonets, bringing in prisoners, digging trenches, and destroying property in guise of Boches. A well-known post-card depicts a long row of baby-recruits. "Fathers of five children," cries the sergeant, "fall out!" In France fathers of five are exempt.

A little girl has had her doll run over by a six-year-old *poilu*, trailing a shapeless weapon. The gamin turns on him indignantly, shouting after his retreating figure, "Old Tank!"

"GOOD BYE. I'LL BE WITH YOU AGAIN SOON."

There is a delicious skit on an aeronaut, a small boy equipped with wings mounted on a sign-post and about to "push off," as we say. "Good bye," he cries. "I'll be with you again soon." Which is very likely indeed!

A very beautiful and pathetic drawing is the last here reproduced, representing the poor little gutter-snipe kissing in sympathy the wretched hunted cur.



"SYMPATHY."

Cubist Camouflage.

By E. NESBIT.

Illustrated by J. E. Sutcliffe.

I.

"YES," said Lady Mills, "my poor sister Emma certainly married beneath her."

"She was only Sir James's stepsister," put in the friend, consolingly.

"Beneath her," Lady Mills went on; "but the ways of Providence are past finding out, and many a thing that you wouldn't think it of is sometimes a blessing in disguise."

"Whom did she marry?" asked the friend, who knew perfectly well, but knew, too, that Lady Mills was happiest when she was talking, and that when Lady Mills was not happy other people had but little chance of being happy either.

"A soap-boiler, my dear!" Lady Mills almost whispered the words, though she and the friend were alone in the pleasant morning-room—alone, unless you count the canary in his bright but battered cage, and the two spaniels on the worn fur hearth-rug. The room was furnished with solid magnificence, but the handsome carpet showed grey lines through its roses, and the brocade curtains were faded and threadbare. The damask of the rosewood chairs, worn to a papery thinness, had cracked here and there, and beads were missing from the round foot-stools and the tall banner screen. Everything spoke, discreetly but plainly, of a day—many, many days ago—when there had been more money to spend than there was now. "A soap-boiler," Lady Mills repeated, "in quite a small way, though I assure you the works couldn't have smelt more if he'd been a millionaire. They didn't when he was," she added, impressively.

"Were they happy?" the friend asked. She was still sentimental, and liked to wear pale blue in the evening, though it no longer mattered to anyone what she wore.

"I don't know how she could have been, but I believe she was—worshipped the ground he trod on. And he was the same. To the last he treated her more as if she was his sweetheart than his wife. I always think that's not quite nice between married people—don't you? When she came to be fifty and stout—she was always short—it was quite comical to see them together."

The friend corrected a sigh by a smile.

"The only rose-leaf in the ointment," said Lady Mills, "was there being no son to inherit. There's only the one girl."

"And she has everything?"

"Everything."

"And the estates adjoin?"

"Yes—the estates adjoin. The soap-boiler bought the place because it was near poor Emma's old home."

"So this girl is the one who inherits the estates that adjoin?"

"Of course she's the one who inherits the estates. My good Lucretia, who else could it be?"

"And she comes home to-morrow?" Lucretia asked, fingering her knitting.

"She comes home to-morrow," said Lady Mills.

"So if Henry——" said the friend. "Yes, of course."

"Henry," said Henry's mother, severely, "will never marry except for love. But if he should fall in love with his cousin——"

"Stepcousin," said the friend, incautiously.

"You have a mind," said Lady Mills, bitterly, "that delights in trifles."

"You were saying?"

"I was saying, if he should fall in love with dear Elizabeth——" She glanced round the room, and the friend fervently said:—

"Yes, indeed."

"My sister Emma's husband," Lady Mills went on, "had no sense of family honour. He left his daughter to the guardianship of a comparative stranger, one of his low City friends. *I* would have been a mother to her, which Sir Moses naturally could never be."

I am sorry to say that the friend said "Eh?"

"Sir Moses," said Lady Mills, impatiently. "Sir Moses Bulrushes—the great financier. He's her guardian. She was at the same school as Peggy—my other niece—and in the holidays she travelled about the Continent with Sir

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Moses and his sister, Miss Miriam Bulrushes. And we had to let this place, as you know. So I've seen very little of the girl. But now they've come home. And I've sent Henry to call—with a basket of orchids and a Pekingese puppy. And I shall call myself on Tuesday. But I dare say it won't be any good. He's the best of boys, but he doesn't really care for anything except Cubist drawing and the Epstein Venus."

"Is the girl anything like the Epstein Venus?" asked the friend, madly swimming far out of her depth.

"My good Lucretia, the Epstein Venus isn't like anything human. The girl is human—at least. Too human, if all I've heard is true. But Henry will master her. He's his own father's son."

Lucretia repressed an impulse to ask whether Henry's father had succeeded in mastering Henry's mother, and asked instead:—

"How too human? Can anyone be too human?"

"Much," said Lady Mills, "when it comes to beating blacksmiths with riding-whips."

"She never did!"

"You know best, Lucretia, of course," said Lady Mills, with heavy irony, "but I have it on good authority."

"But why?" Lucretia bleated.

"Oh, I dare say the blacksmith deserved it. Unladylike, of course. But Henry will keep her in her proper place. You don't know Henry."

"I know him well enough to know that he could never tolerate unladylike conduct," said her friend, plucking up a spirit.

"Things like that," Lady Mills laid down the law—"things like that you don't tolerate. You crush."

"Yes, indeed," said Lucretia.

II.

THE wheel of Time revolves. Nine months later. The scene the home of the child of Emma—of her who beats blacksmiths with riding-whips. Persons of the drama: Sir Moses Bulrushes, guardian of the girl who beats blacksmiths, and his sister, Miss Miriam Bulrushes.

Miss Bulrushes has been for these nine months the sole guardian of the soap-boiler's heiress. Sir Moses has been away. He had been in Cairo, in Bombay, in Shanghai, in San Francisco, doing wonderful things with stocks and shares and markets. Now he has come back, in an expensive motor and a very furry coat, to demand of his sister an account of her stewardship.

You see the two in a perfectly-appointed library, where all the books are bound in red roan and not a book is out of place. You note the timid, placatory attitude of Miss Bulrushes; the cold, overbearing pose of her brother. Miss Bulrushes has done her best. Sir Moses is prepared, if he should not be satisfied with her best, to do his worst.

The month was August, and the room was sweet with late roses and blatant with dahlias, the favourite flower of Sir Moses.

Miss Bulrushes rose to meet her brother, vacating the most comfortable chair; he slipped into it, with the ease of long habit.

"Well, Mirry," he said, "what's the news?"

She could find no news, and said so.

"I want an account of all that has occurred," said Sir Moses, carefully, "during the nine months of my absence. I have left you in charge of my ward. What has happened?"

"Nothing, dear Mo," said the lady, timid, shadowy, pale, and delicate; "nothing at all. Except——"

"Let us have the exceptions," said the financier, "and give me a light, will you?"

She brought him the embossed silver match-box from the mantelpiece, and he lighted a cigar of incredible length.

"The exception," she fluttered; "well, dear Mo, the worst exception is a long time ago, so perhaps——"

"Speak, woman," said the Cosmopolitan financier, and his tone drew from her a fluttered—

"Oh, don't! It's nothing."

"Nothing is easily said," he rejoined, patiently curbing an obviously excusable impatience.

"It was only," she told him, "only a rather dreadful thing, when we first came here. Betty is rather fond of horses."

"Betty?"

"Elizabeth. She likes to be called Betty. I didn't see any harm in that."

"Well?"

"Her horse—she calls him Saladin—I don't know why," she hastened to add, anticipating his opposing question, "her horse: it was taken to the blacksmith's to have shoes put on—and the man did it wrong."

"How did it wrong?"

"I don't know, dear Mo—I really don't. I think the man put on brown shoes and she wanted black—something went wrong. She said he'd ruined the horse's feet. And she hit the man, over the face, with her riding-whip. And she swore. At least, I believe she said a bad word. I don't know what it was. I don't know any bad words, brother. You know I don't."

"Well?" Sir Moses's patience was phenomenal.

"Well, it was a scandal. But it's died down. I do believe it's died right down. And that's all, brother. She's a nice affectionate child. Not like children were when we were young, but a dear good child."

"That's not so bad," said the financier, puffing at his big cigar and stretching his boots out comfortably. "We were well advised to bring her to the ancestral halls of her soap-boiling sire. No other house for miles, except Ferndean, and that's empty."

"Not now, brother," Miss Bulrushes hastened to correct him. "Lady Mills has been in residence for nine months."

"Only Lady Mills, I suppose? The foolish boy's not at home, I presume, to cultivate the natural foolishness of a foolish girl?"

"There *is* a boy," said Miss Bulrushes; "at least, he's a young man."

"Shades of my fathers!" exclaimed the financier. "And has he met Elizabeth?"

"Oh, yes, brother," Miss Bulrushes answered, brightly. "Of course, he has met her. He's her stepcousin—had you forgotten? And I must say that since he has known her she has been much easier to manage."

The financier sat up, rigid, and the cigar, unheeded between his fingers, paled and went out.

"Has she seen much of this boy—or rather, young man?"

"I think they've seen each other every day—several times a day," she answered, simply.

"But I told you she was to see *no* one."

"But this young man is her own cousin—stepcousin, I mean—and *such* a good match. The estates adjoin, and his mother has been so very polite."

"Her politeness perish with her! Every day! And what have you been about?"

"I though you would be so pleased. A ward is a burden—at least, you always said so. And to get her well married, that is the duty of a parent—or a guardian, and——"

"Heaven help you, woman! Be quiet a moment and let me think."

He thought. And the result of his thinking came in these words:—

"I thought you understood that a woman's first duty is obedience—to her father, or her husband. If her father is no more, and she has failed to get a husband"—he paused a moment to let the bitterness of this sink in—"then to her brother."

"I have done my best," said the sister.

"You have done your best! I told you that the girl was to see no one. And you allow her to see, every day, a young man. Now try to clear your brain and understand. By the last will and testament of this girl's father she may marry any man of good position. But the father feared that she might marry in haste and repent at leisure, as the saying is. Therefore, he ordains that if she marry she must first have seen the man of her choice for five days out of seven for one year before her marriage. Otherwise she cannot marry. If she does not marry before she is twenty-one I remain her guardian till she is twenty-five. That means that I control her money. Do you understand? Now, my speculations have not been successful lately. My Little Flower-Pot Syndicate—I explained that to you—well, it didn't answer. And the Big Flower-Pot Syndicate that I got up to cover the Little Flower-Pots, that went wrong, too. We're very near Queer Street, you and I, Miriam. In plain English, I've had to use some of the trust money to pay the dividends on my companies. Her money is indispensable to me. It is necessary that I continue to control it. Do you understand? I must continue to control her money. Therefore, she must not marry. Therefore, she must not see any young man every day. *Now* do you understand?"

"Yes. I understand," Miss Bulrushes admitted: "but it seems hard on the girl."

"Hard on the girl? What is it at her age to wait a few years? But for me—and for you, too, Miriam—it is life or death. Where is the girl now?"

"I believe," said Miss Bulrushes, "that she is rehearsing Juliet with him as Romeo, for the private theatricals Lady Mills is giving on the twenty-fourth."

"Theatricals? Romeo? Juliet?" Sir Moses flung the cold cigar from him with considerable violence. "Where is the girl?"

"In the breakfast-room, I believe, brother," twittered Miss Bulrushes.

"Who is with her?" thundered the guardian.

"Er—nobody, brother, except Henry—the young man. Who should there be?" faltered Miss Bulrushes.

"I suppose God *did* make women?" Sir Moses threw up his hands.

III.

In the breakfast-room, that home of luxury, a pretty enough scene was set. Through the open French window the velvet lawn, with shrubs and lime-trees beyond it, showed like some lovely painted backcloth. Against the window-frame leaned a girl in white, and a white-flannelled arm was round her waist.

"I have forgotten why I did call thee back," she said.

"Let me stay here till thou remember it," said the owner of the white-flannelled arm.

"But you ought to be under the balcony, not here," said Betty, who was Juliet.

"We can say the words just as well here," said Romeo, who was Henry. "And it's far more comfortable. Remember, we only got engaged yesterday. There ought to be some poetic licence on a day like this."

He took it. And she did not resist with any violence.

Later, she said, "Look here! How often do you think we've seen each other since I came home?"

"Every possible minute, as far as I am concerned."

"Yes—but—really. We've seen each other at least five days out of seven. And it's a very good thing we have," she said, impressively. "Do you know what I did on Wednesday, when you were at the Cubist Exhibition and Miss Bulrushes was at her dressmaker's?"

"Something wonderful, I've no doubt."

"I went to our solicitors, and I told him to send me a copy of dear daddy's will. And it came this morning." She proceeded to expound the provisions of the will. "So you see," she went on, "it's just as well that we *have* seen each other as often as we have, because otherwise we couldn't have got married."

"What a woman of business it is!" he said, admiringly. "But what do wills matter? I'd have carried you off against your will if you hadn't happened to love me. But you do, don't you?"

"Don't be silly," she said, after the appropriate interval. "You might have carried me off, but you couldn't carry off my money; that depends on my guardian and on my father's will. And

"'OH, BOTHER THE MONEY! IT'S YOU I WANT,' SAID HE."

my money will be useful. You know your place is all to pieces."

"Yes, it is," he admitted, ruefully.

"Well, then," said she.

"Oh, bother the money! It's you I want," said he.

"I know it is," said she. And his fair head bending over her dark one melted into a charming group against the background of green lawn and waving trees.

But Sir Moses Bulrushes, entering quietly, was insensible to the charm of the exquisite grouping.

"What's all this?" he asked, in tones to

shatter emotion and wither the most beautiful sentiments.

Henry, chivalrous and manly, told him what it was.

And Sir Moses behaved as though Henry had been one naughty child and Betty another. He waved it all aside. Refused to consider the arguments so ably assigned by Henry, the sentiments Betty so touchingly indicated. His mind appeared to be obsessed by the incident of the beaten blacksmith. Vainly Betty explained that the blacksmith had lamed her favourite horse by shoeing it when he was drunk and unable to gauge the relative depth of nail and hoof, and that whatever she had done had been done under the influence of a just resentment, and, anyway, had been done nearly a year ago, when she was quite young.

"You are quite young still," said Sir Moses, "and it is plain that your education is incomplete. A woman's education is designed to make her a lady. Ladies do not smite with riding-whips blacksmiths, however faulty. My duty to your good father's memory demands that I should insist on the completion of your education. You will go back to school for another year."

Romeo's arguments were vain as Juliet's protests.

"I shall return you to Miss Morbydde's to-morrow," said Sir Moses.

"You can't," said Betty-Juliet. "School doesn't begin till September 19th or thereabouts."

"Thereabouts will see your return to scholastic discipline—needed, too sorely needed," said Sir Moses. "Bid good morning to this young gentleman. You will not see him again for some time."

"You will," said Henry, impetuously.

"I think not," said Sir Moses, and selected a fresh cigar from his case.

Henry was silent.

Sir Moses looked round for a match. Henry appeared to awaken from a trance.

"Allow me," he said, producing the silver match-box which Betty had that very morning given him.

Sir Moses grunted, but took the match. Henry assumed—he had had considerable success in amateur theatricals—the air of a man of the world—an air which, while placating the guardian, overwhelmed the ward.

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"Oh!" said Betty.

"Bow to your decision," Henry repeated, firmly, "which is, of course, final. My respectful admiration for Miss Stott does not blind me to certain—shall I say *lacunæ*?—in her education."

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"*Oh!*" said Betty, passionately.

"For instance," Henry went on, with intense suavity, "Miss Stott's ignorance of the first principles of Cubist art has been, I may own, a real grief to me."

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"You mean," said Sir Moses, who had anticipated a much more difficult duel, "that if the girl learns this new silly art-stuff you won't try to stop my sending her back to school to learn not to beat blacksmiths?"

"That is exactly what I mean," said Henry.

"Very well, then," said Sir Moses, rubbing his hands, and proceeding to not unfriendly particulars.

But Betty was furious—furious and dumb.

IV.

MISS MORBYDDE was thoroughly up to date. Her school was a school for the daughters of the aristocracy, with wide margins for the offspring of princes of industry and kings of finance. Miss Morbydde was abreast of her times; she had heard of the Epstein Venus, all right, and knew that there was an eccentricity called Cubism. That a pupil should desire instruction in this eccentric art seemed to be only one more of the surprises which modern life inexhaustibly supplied to Miss Morbydde. By the greatest good fortune a Cubist Artist was found not too far from the school, an elderly foreigner of obscure nationality and doubtful cleanliness, warranted, to Miss Morbydde's experience, as wholly safe.

"Of course, I understand Cubic art," she assured Sir Moses. "Another pupil is to have lessons this term. It happens that a Cubic Artist is available. An elderly foreigner. He occupies a lodge on my estate. He cuts wood; he admires the shape of the logs. All angles, you know. No, he is not mad. But he is wholly unattractive."

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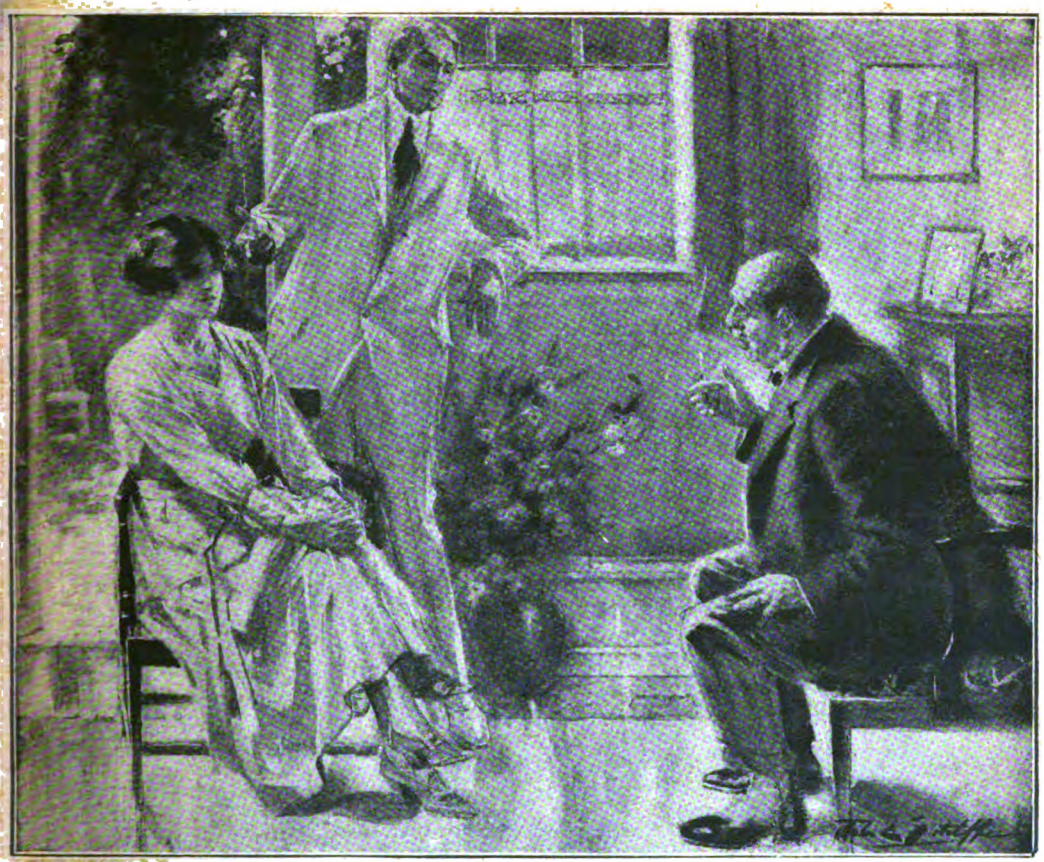

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"*Could* I see him?"

"Of course," said Miss Morbydde, and rang for her maid, instructing her to ask the mad gentleman to step this way for one moment.

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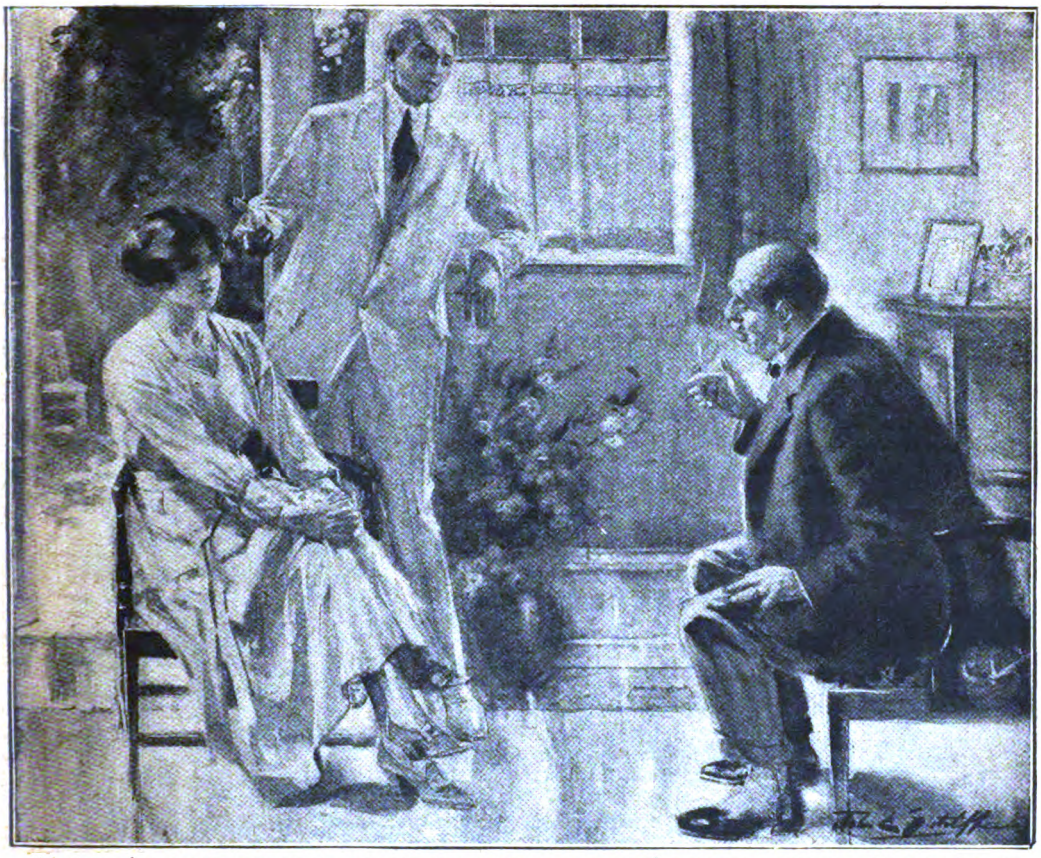

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"You won't blame him if——?"

"Good gracious, no," said Sir Moses; "and money is no object. Tell him that."

Miss Morbydde told him, slapping her new black skirt to eke out her meagre vocabulary.

The Central European melted—he bowed to Sir Moses, he kissed the hand of Miss Morbydde. He laid himself at her feet, at Sir Moses's feet, at everybody's feet.

"Then that's settled," said Sir Moses Bulrushes. "It's just a fad of the girl's. But if it keeps her quiet! You understand, Miss Morbydde, money is no object. If you and this—this natural curiosity—can keep her contented for a term or two—well! I don't mind telling you there's an entanglement with an undesirable young man, and it must be stopped. I shouldn't mind going to double the ordinary terms if she doesn't see any man at all while she's here; no other masters even—except this unique object."

"Generosity itself," said Miss Morbydde. "Shall we say three hundred? It's my usual fee in these exceptional cases."

"Certainly, certainly," said Sir Moses.

"*Gwate gemini volux imperium schenchilirzki volumi*," said the Central European. And the three parted with expressions of mutual esteem.

V.

"*Volhofsky unidem chlorodisi edax!*" said the teacher of Cubist art.

And Miss Elizabeth Stott said: "Don't be silly."

From which you will infer that the pupil must have made some progress in the matter of Cubist art.

Only two pupils were taking this course—Miss Betty Stott and Miss Peggy Mills. The instructor had greeted the idea of a chaperoning governess with such an artless flow of Central European eloquence that the suggestion had been hastily withdrawn. After all, there was safety in numbers—even if the numbers were only two. And Count Verzo Sczchensky really was—well, you had only to look at him!

"*Volhofsky semper eadem surpriseky*," said the drawing-master—and the two pupils giggled in unison.

"Show us those new steps again," said Miss Peggy Mills. And the Cubist drawing-master—who must have learned a little English—complied. Elizabeth imitated the steps gently, tentatively, almost furtively. He turned and caught her round the waist, and together they executed a sort of Cubist tango, very angular, but most magnetic.

"Bravo!" cried Peggy Mills. "Encore! Do it again."

The encore was warmly given. These Central European dances are most engrossing. The performers did not hear Miss Mills's hasty cry of "*Cave!*" and Miss Morbydde and Sir Moses had the unexpected pleasure of an unrehearsed performance of an extraordinarily intimate Central European dance.

"Betty!" cried Miss Morbydde.

"Oh, dear!" said Betty.

"I *did* cry '*Cave*,'" said little Miss Mills.

"*Oo goggery bag-wag—sonsk svor skerske supra lofty*," said the Cubist drawing-master, with, it must be owned, considerable presence of mind.

Miss Morbydde, in halting Central European phrases, asked an explanation. Count Verzo Sczchensky offered one. Cubes, squares, and angles, it seemed, could only vitally be expressed by the evolutions of the human body.

Miss Morbydde translated.

Sir Moses stood like a rock. "I know not these languages," he said, "but I know the language of the completely silly, not-by-any-means-to-be-made-sensible girl. The foreigner's fears are realized. My ward has fallen in love with him."

Miss Morbydde's whole person expressed the extreme of negation.

"Oh, but it's not impossible!" said Sir Moses. "She'd fall in love with anything."

Miss Morbydde went as near to a giggle as a well-trained schoolmistress can go.

"She *is* changeable," she owned; "but there's safety in numbers. Who knows? It might be *your* turn next, Sir Moses."

"Woman," said Sir Moses, shedding all at once the whole of his gentle Gentile veneer, "all women are fools! I take her home now—at once."

Miss Betty replied by linking her arm in that of the Central European artist and turning on her guardian a face full of the most four-square defiance.

"You will come home with me," repeated Sir Moses.

Pause.

Miss Morbydde, gently approaching the linked couple, proffered suggestion.

"Betty, dear, you cannot remain permanently attached to the arm of a Cubist wood-cutter."

"Can't I?" said Betty.

"Cannot I," murmured Miss Morbydde. "Come, go home with your guardian."

"I sha'n't!" said Betty.

"Shall not," said Miss Morbydde. "But I think you will, dear. Be reasonable."

"I won't!" said Betty.

"Will not," said Miss Morbydde. "But, after all——"

"I'm going to marry him," said Betty.

"What did I tell you?" said Sir Moses. "The girl is *non compos mentis*. A little while ago it was Sir Henry Mills. Now it is this object. She ought to be certified."

"*Brek kek kek kex koax koax*," said the Central European artist.

Sir Moses carefully regained his temper.

"My dear Betty," he said, "by the terms of your father's will you cannot marry any man unless you have seen him five days out of seven for a year."

"I have," said Betty.

Sir Moses's outspread hands appealed to the universe.

"More than five days out of seven," said Betty. And Peggy Mills sniggered in the background.

"I shall get a doctor—two doctors, three doctors, and have her certified," said Sir Moses.

"How's that, old sport?" said the Central

"MISS MORBYDDE AND SIR MOSES HAD THE UNEXPECTED PLEASURE OF AN UNREHEARSED PERFORMANCE OF AN EXTRAORDINARILY INTIMATE CENTRAL EUROPEAN DANCE."

European artist, tearing off his wig and beard and throwing them in the face of Sir Moses Bulrushes.

You, of course, knew what to expect. You knew that beneath that foreign exterior lurked the familiar English features of Henry Mills. But Sir Moses was less well-informed. To him it was, not to mince matters, a blow. And he received it like a blow. But for the presence of mind of Miss Morbydde, who threw herself between the financier and the wigless one, there is no knowing what violence Sir Moses might have perpetrated. As it was, he afforded himself a merely verbal relief, and just went away swearing.

Those who were left looked at each other and laughed.

"Thank you, Miss Morbydde," said the Central European artist. "You were splendid."

"Ask me to the wedding," said Miss Morbydde, pluming herself.

"You've got Sir Moses's cheque?" asked the Central European artist.

"Yes," said Miss Morbydde, with the eloquence of a whole encyclopædia in that one short word.

"Then here's my note of hand for the other five hundred," said he.

The lovers melted into each other's arms. Miss Peggy Mills applauded with loud-clapping little hands. Miss Morbydde wiped away a tear.

"It's not the money," she murmured, "but sentiment—heart to heart—true love! I was always sentimental, from a child."

"I'm sure you were," said Betty.

"Yes, indeed," said Harry.

"Oh, rather!" said Miss Peggy Mills.

And the whole tale would hardly have been worth the telling but for one simple outstanding fact. This story offers the sole example, in life or in fiction, so far as I am aware, of a venal governess.

The BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

THE FIRST CONNECTED AND DETAILED NARRATIVE *of the* GREATEST ONE-DAY BATTLE EVER KNOWN IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER I.

Line of Battle in the Somme Sector—A Dramatic Coup—Advance of Forty-sixth North Midland Division—Advance of Fifty-sixth Territorials (London)—Great Valour and Heavy Losses—Advance of Thirty-first Division—Advance of Fourth Division—Advance of Twenty-ninth Division—Complete Failure of the Assault.

LINE OF BATTLE IN THE SOMME SECTOR.

THE continued German pressure at Verdun, which had reached a high point in June, 1916, called insistently for an immediate allied attack at the western end of the line. With a fine spirit of comradeship General Haig had placed himself and his armies at the absolute disposal of General Joffre, and was prepared to march them to Verdun, or anywhere else where he could best render assistance. The solid Joffre, strong and deliberate, was not disposed to allow the western offensive to be either weakened or launched prematurely on account of German attacks at the eastern frontier. He believed that Verdun could for the time look after herself, and the result showed the clearness of his vision. Meanwhile, he amassed a considerable French army, containing many of his best active troops, on either side of the Somme. General Foch was in command. They formed the right wing of the great allied force about to make one final stupendous effort to break or shift the iron German line, which had been built up with two years of labour, until it represented a tangled vista of trenches, parapets, and redoubts mutually supporting and bristling with machine-guns and cannon, for many miles of depth. Never in the whole course of history have soldiers been confronted with such an obstacle. Yet from general to private, both in the French and in the British armies, there was universal joy that the long stagnant trench life should be at an end, and that the days of action, even if they should prove to be days of death, should at last have come.

A DRAMATIC COUP.

The fact that the attack was imminent was everywhere known, for it was absolutely impossible to make such preparations and concentrations in a secret fashion. "Come on, we are ready for you," was hoisted upon placards on several of the German trenches. The result was to show that they spoke no more than the truth.

It is, as already stated, impossible to effect a surprise upon the large scale in modern warfare. There are still, however certain departments in which with energy and ingenuity effects may be produced as unforeseen as they are disconcerting. The Air Service of the Allies, about which a book that would be one long epic of heroism

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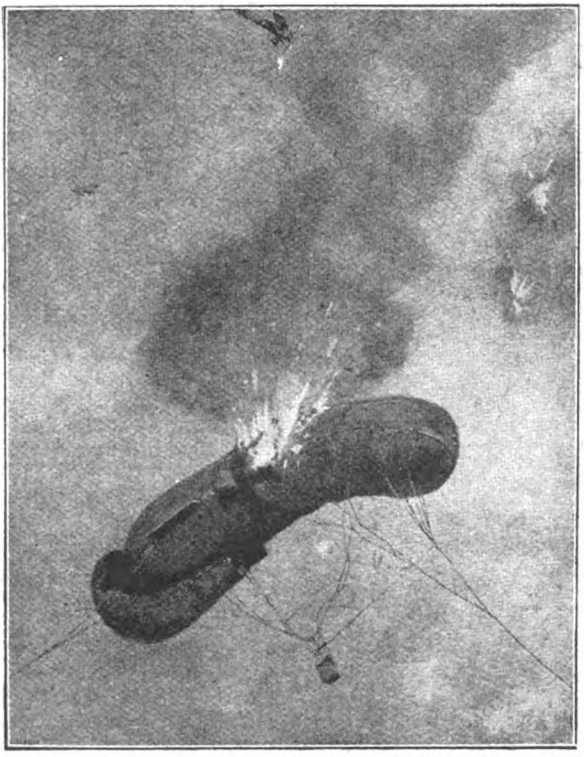
could be written, had been growing stronger, and had dominated the situation during the last few weeks, but it had not shown its full strength nor its intentions until the evening before the bombardment. Then it disclosed both in most dramatic fashion. Either side had lines of stationary airships from which shell-fire is observed. To the stranger approaching the lines they are the first intimation that he is in the danger area, and he sees them in a double row, extending in a gradually dwindling vista, to either horizon. Now by a single raid and in a single night every observation airship of the Germans was brought in flames to the earth. It was a splendid *coup*, splendidly carried out. Where the setting sun had shone on a long German array the dawn showed an empty eastern sky. From that day for many a month the Allies had complete command of the air with all that it means to modern artillery. It was a good omen for the coming fight, and a sign of the great efficiency to which the British Air Service under General Trenchard had attained. The various types for scouting, for artillery work, for raiding, and for fighting were all very highly developed and splendidly handled by as gallant and chivalrous a band of heroic youths as Britain has ever enrolled among her guardians. The new F.E. machine and the De Haviland Biplane fighting machine were at this time equal to anything the Germans had in the air.



DROPPING BOMBS FROM AN AEROPLANE ON AN ENEMY "SPOTTER."

"BY A SINGLE RAID AND IN A SINGLE NIGHT EVERY OBSERVATION AIRSHIP OF THE GERMANS WAS BROUGHT IN FLAMES TO THE EARTH."

The attack had been planned for June 28th, but the weather was so tempestuous that it was put off until it should moderate, a change which was a great strain upon everyone concerned. July 1st broke calm and warm with a gentle south-western breeze. The day had come. At seven-thirty the guns lifted, the whistles blew, and the eager infantry were over the parapets. The great Battle of the Somme, the fierce crisis of Armageddon, had come. In following the fate of the various British forces during this eventful and most bloody day we will begin at the northern end of the line, where the Seventh Corps (Snow) faced the salient of Gommecourt.

ADVANCE OF FORTY-SIXTH NORTH MIDLAND DIVISION.

This corps consisted of the Thirty-seventh, Forty-sixth, and Fifty-sixth Divisions. The former was not engaged and lay to the north. The others were told off to attack the bulge on the German line, the Forty-sixth upon the north and the Fifty-sixth upon the south, with the village of Gommecourt as their immediate objective. Both were well-tried and famous Territorial units, the Forty-sixth North Midland being the division which carried the Hohenzollern Redoubt upon October 13th, 1915, while the Fifty-sixth was made up of the old London Territorial battalions, which had seen so much fighting in earlier days while scattered among the regular brigades. Taking our description of the battle always from the north end of the line we shall begin with the attack of the Forty-sixth Division.

The assault was carried out by two brigades, each upon a two-battalion front. Of these the 137th Brigade of Stafford men were upon the right, while the 139th Brigade of Sherwood Foresters were on the left, each accompanied by a unit of sappers.

Both the attacking brigades got away with splendid steadiness upon the tick of time. In the case of the 137th Brigade the 6th South Staffords and 6th North Staffords were in the van, the former being on the right flank where it joined up with the left of the Fifty-sixth Division. The South Staffords came into a fatal blast of machine-gun fire as they dashed forward, and their track was marked by a thick litter of dead and wounded. None the less, they poured into the trenches opposite to them, but found them strongly held by infantry of the Fifty-second German Division. There was some fierce bludgeon work in the trenches, but the losses in crossing had been too heavy and the survivors were unable to make

good. The trench was held by the Germans and the assault repulsed. The North Staffords had also won their way into the front trenches, but in their case also they had lost so heavily that they were unable to clear the trench, which was well and stoutly defended. At the instant of attack, here as elsewhere, the Germans had put so terrific a barrage between the lines that it was impossible for the supports to get up and no fresh momentum could be added to the failing attack.

The fate of the right attack had been bad, but that of the left was even worse, for at this point we had experience of a German procedure which was tried at several places along the line with most deadly effect, and accounted for our very high losses. This device was to stuff their front-line dug-outs with machine-guns and men, who would emerge when the wave of stormers had passed, attacking them from the rear and confident that their own rear was safe on account of the terrific barrage between the lines. In this case, the stormers were completely trapped. The 5th and 7th Sherwood Foresters dashed through the open ground, carried the trenches, and pushed forward on their fiery career. Instantly the barrage fell, the concealed infantry rose behind them, and their fate was sealed. With grand valour the leading four waves stormed their way up the communication trenches and beat down all opposition until their own dwindling numbers and the failure of their bombs left them helpless among their enemies. Thus perished the first companies of two fine battalions, and few survivors of them ever won their way back to the British lines. Brave attempts were made during the day to get across to their aid, but all were beaten down by the terrible barrage. In the evening the 5th Lincolns made a most gallant final effort to reach their lost comrades, and got across to the German front line, which they found to be strongly held. So ended a tragedy.

ADVANCE OF FIFTY-SIXTH TERRITORIALS (LONDON).

The attack upon the southern side of the Gommecourt peninsula, though urged with the utmost devotion and corresponding losses, had no more success than that in the north. There is no doubt that the unfortunate repulse of the 137th Brigade upon their left, occurring as it did while the Fifty-sixth Division was still advancing, enabled the Germans to concentrate their guns and reserves upon the Londoners, but knowing what we know, it can hardly be imagined that in any circumstances, with failure upon either side of them, the division could have held the captured ground. The advance was upon a two-brigade front, the 168th being on the right and the 169th upon the left. The London Scottish and the 12th London Rangers were the leading battalions of the 168th, while the Westminsters and Victorias led the 169th, with the 4th London, 13th Kensingtons, 2nd London, and London Rifle Brigade in support. The advance was made with all the fiery dash with which the Cockney soldiers have been associated. The first, second, and third German lines of trench were successively carried, and it was not until they, or those of them who were left, had reached the fourth line that they were held. It was powerfully manned, bravely defended, and well provided with bombs—a terrible obstacle for a scattered line of weary and often wounded men. The struggle was an heroic one. Even now had their rear been clear, or had there been a shadow of support, these determined men would have burst the only barrier which held them from Gommecourt. But the steel curtain of the barrage had closed down behind them, and every overrun trench was sending out its lurking occupants to fire into their defenceless backs. Bombs, too, are essential in such a combat, and bombs must ever be renewed, since few can be carried at a time.

GREAT VALOUR AND HEAVY LOSSES.

For long hours the struggle went on, but it was the pitiful attempt of heroic men to postpone that retreat which was inevitable. Few of the advanced line ever got back. The 3rd London, particularly, sent forward several hundred men with bombs, but hardly one got across. Sixty London Scots started on the same terrible errand. Six reached the opposite trench and only three survived. In the late afternoon the shattered remains of the two brigades were back in the British front line, having done all, and more than all, that brave soldiers could be expected to do. The losses were very heavy. Never has the manhood of London in one single day sustained so grievous a loss. It is such hours which test the very soul of the soldier. War is not all careless slang and jokes and cigarettes, though such superficial sides of it may amuse the public and catch the eye of the descriptive reporter. It is the most desperately earnest thing to which man ever sets his hand or his mind. Many a hot oath and many a frenzied prayer go up from the battle line. Strong men are shaken to the soul with the hysteria of weaklings, and balanced brains are dulled into vacancy or worse by the dreadful sustained shock of it. The more honour, then, to those who, broken and wearied, still hold fast in the face of all that human flesh abhors, bracing their spirits by a sense of soldierly duty and personal honour which is strong enough to prevail over death itself.

So much for the gallant and tragic attack of the Seventh Corps. General Snow, addressing his men after the battle, pointed out that their losses and their efforts had not been all in vain. "I can assure you," he said, "that by your determined attack you managed to keep large forces of the enemy at your front, thereby materially assisting in the operations which were proceeding farther south with such marked success." No doubt the claim is a just one, and even while we mourn over the fate of four grand Army Corps upon the left wing of the Allied Army, we may feel that they sacrificed themselves in order to assure the advance of those six corps of their comrades to the south who had profited by the accumulation of guns

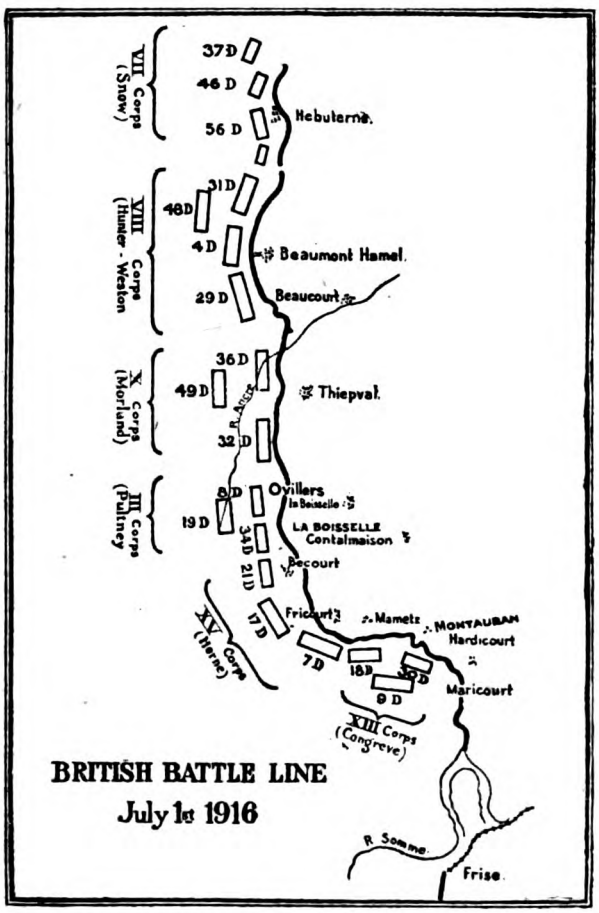
and men to the north of them in order to burst their way through the German line.

The Eighth Corps, a magnificent body of troops, was under the command of General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston. Their front extended from Hébuterne in the north, where they joined on to the Fifty-sixth Division, down to a point just north of the Ancre. The latter was an exceptionally difficult place, for it contained enormous quarries and excavations in which masses of Germans could remain concealed, almost immune to shell-fire and ready to sally out when needed. In spite of the terrific bombardment the actual damage done to the enemy was not excessive, and neither his numbers, his *moral*, nor his guns had been seriously diminished.

The order of battle was as follows: the Forty-eighth Division was in reserve, save for the 143rd Warwick Brigade.

Immediately south of the defensive line held by two Warwick battalions was the Thirty-first Division, having Serre for its objective. South of this, and opposite to Beaumont Hamel, was the Fourth, and south of this again was the Twenty-ninth Division, whichhadreturned from the magnificent failure of the Dardanelles, bearing with it a high reputation for efficiency and valour. Incorporated with it was a regiment of Newfoundlanders, men recruited from among the fishers and farmers of that northern land, the oldest colony of Britain. Such was the force, comprising nearly fifty thousand excellent infantry, who set forth upon the formidable adventure of forcing the lines of Beaumont Hamel. They were destined to show the absolute impossibility of such a task in the face of a steadfast, unshaken enemy, supported by a tremendous artillery; but their story is a most glorious one, and many a great British victory contains no such record of tenacity and military virtue.

At quarter past five the assaulting lines were in the assembly trenches, and shortly afterwards the smoke and artillery barrages were released. At seven-twenty an enormous mine, which had been run under Hawthorn Redoubt in front of the Fourth Division, was exploded, and a monstrous column of *débris*, with the accompanying shock of an earthquake, warned friend and foe that the hour of doom, the crisis of such mighty preparations, was at hand. At seven-thirty the whistles blew, and the men, springing with eager alacrity over the parapet, advanced in successive lines of assault against the German trenches.



Before giving in detail the circumstances which determined the result in each division, it may be well to avoid wearisome iteration by giving certain facts which are common to each. In every case the troops advanced in an extended formation of companies in successive waves. In nearly every case the German front line was seized and penetrated, in no case was there any hesitation or disorder among the advancing troops, but the highest possible degree of discipline and courage was shown by Regulars, Territorials, and men of the New Army, nor could it be said that there was any difference between them. In each case also the Germans met the assault with determined valour; in each case the successive lines of trenches were more strongly held, and the assailants were attacked from the rear by those who emerged from the dug-outs behind them, and above all in each case a most murderous artillery fire was opened from a semicircle all round the German position, but especially from one huge accumulation of heavy guns, said to number a hundred batteries, stationed on the high ground near Bucquoy and commanding the British position.

None the less, it is the opinion of skilled observers that the shell-fire alone, however heavy, could not have taken the edge from the

ADVANCING OVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES AT

WITH THE FIRST "WAVE": ATTACKING THE GERMAN SECOND LINE AFTER HAVING

inexorable insistence of the British attack. It is to the skill and to the personal gallantry of the German machine-gunners that the result is to be traced. The bombardment of the German line had been so severe that it was hoped that most of the machine-guns had been rooted out. So indeed they had, but they had been withdrawn to the safety of excavations in the immediate rear. Suspecting this, the British artillery sprayed the ground behind the trenches with showers of shrapnel to prevent their being brought forward again. This barrage was not sufficient to subdue the gunners, who dashed forward and established their pieces at the moment of the assault upon the various parapets and points of vantage, from which, regardless of their own losses, they poured a withering fire upon the infantry in the open. These brave Würtembergers were seen, with riflemen at their side, exposed waist-deep and dropping fast, but mowing the open slope as with a scythe of steel. "I cannot," said a general officer, who surveyed the whole scene, "adequately express my admiration for the British who advanced, or for the Germans who stood up under such a heavy barrage to oppose them." It was indeed that contest between the chosen children of Odin in which Professor Cramb has declared that the high gods of virility might well rejoice.

ADVANCE OF THIRTY-FIRST DIVISION.

We will now turn to the left of the line and carry on the detailed description of the general assault from that of the 56th Territorials in the north, who were linked up by the defensive line of the Warwicks. The Thirty-first Division was on the left of the Eighth Corps. Of this division, two brigades, the 93rd and the 94th, were in the line, with the 92nd in reserve. The 93rd, which consisted of the 15th, 16th, 18th West Yorks and the 18th Durhams, was on the right, the 94th, including the 11th East Lancashires and the 12th, 13th, and 14th York and Lancasters, was on the left. On the left the leading battalions were the 11th East Lancashires and 12th York and Lancasters, the latter on the extreme left flank of the whole division. That this position with its exposed flank was the place of honour and of danger may be best indicated by the fact that the colonel and six orderlies were the only men who could be collected of this heroic Sheffield battalion upon

THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME.
SWEPT OVER THE FIRST-LINE TRENCH; AND CONSOLIDATING THE CAPTURED POSITION.

the next morning. On the right, the leading troops were the 15th and 16th West Yorks. These grand North-countrymen swept across No Man's Land, dressed as if on parade, followed in succession by the remaining battalions, two of which, the 13th and 14th York and Lancasters, were the special town units of Barnsley and Leeds. "I have never seen and could not have imagined such a magnificent display of gallantry, discipline, and determination," said the observer who has been already quoted. The men fell in lines, but the survivors with backs bent, heads bowed, and rifles at the port, neither quickened nor slackened their advance, but went forward as though it was rain and not lead which lashed them. Here and elsewhere the German machine-gunners not only lined the parapet, but actually rushed forward into the open, partly to get a flank-fire, and partly to come in front of the British barrage. Before the blasts of bullets the lines melted away, and the ever-decreasing waves only reached the parapet here and there, lapping over the spot where the German front lines had been, and sinking for ever upon the farther side. About a hundred gallant men of the East Lancashires, favoured perhaps by some curve in the ground, got past more than one line of trenches, and a few desperate individuals even burst their way as far as Serre, giving a false impression that the village was in our hands. But the losses had been so dreadful that the weight and momentum had gone out of the attack, while the density of the resistance thickened with every yard of advance. By the middle of the afternoon the survivors of the two attacking brigades were back in their own front-line trenches, having lost the greater part of their effectives. The 15th West Yorks had lost twenty-five officers, or practically their whole complement, and the 16th and 18th were little better off. The 18th Durhams suffered less, being partly in reserve. Of the 94th Brigade the two splendid leading battalions, the 11th East Lancashires and 12th York and Lancasters, had whole companies exterminated within the enemy line. The strength of the 93rd and 94th Brigades was approximately a thousand eight hundred and thirty-six of all ranks on the evening of the action. The heaviest loss in any single unit was in the 11th East Lancashires. The strength of the position is indicated by the fact that when attacked by two Regular divisions in November, with a very

powerful backing of artillery, it was still able to hold its own.

ADVANCE OF FOURTH DIVISION.

The experiences of all the troops engaged upon the left of the British attack were so similar and their gallantry was so uniform, that any variety in description depends rather upon the units engaged than upon what befell them. Thus in passing from the Thirty-first Division to the Fourth upon their right, the general sequence of cause and effect is still the same. In this instance the infantry who rushed, or rather strode, to the assault were, counting from the right, the 1st East Lancs, the 1st Rifle Brigade, and the 8th Warwicks, who were immediately followed by the 1st Hants, the 1st Somersets, and the 6th Warwicks, advancing with three companies in front and one in support. The troops enumerated belonged to the 11th Brigade, led by the gallant Prowse, who fell hit by a shell early in the assault, calling after his troops that they should remember that they were the Stonewall Brigade. The attack was pressed with incredible resolution, and met with dreadful losses. Again the front line was carried and again the thin fringe of survivors had no weight to drive the assault forward, whilst they had no cover to shelter them in the ruined lines which they had taken. The Somerset men had the honour of reaching the farthest point attained by the division. But both their flanks were in the air, and their position was an impossible one, while the right of the attack north of Beaumont Hamel had been entirely held up. Two units of the 10th Brigade advanced about nine o'clock on the right, and two of the 12th on the left. These were in their order, the 2nd Dublins, 2nd Seaforths, 2nd Essex, and 1st King's Own Lancasters. All went forward with a will, but some could not get beyond their own front trenches, and few got over the German line. All the weight of their blood so lavishly and cheerfully given could not tilt the scale towards victory. Slowly the survivors of the Somersets and Rifle Brigade were beaten back with clouds of bombers at their heels. The 8th Warwicks, who, with some of the 6th Warwicks, had got as far forward as any of the supporting line, could not turn the tide. Late in the afternoon the assault had definitely failed, and the remainder were back, weary to death and sick at heart, in their own front trenches, which had now to be organized against the very possible counter-attack. Only two battalions of the divison remained intact, and the total losses may be put at nearly five thousand men, including General Prowse, Colonel the Hon. C. W. Palk of the Hampshires, Colonel Thicknesse of the Somersets, Colonel Wood of the Rifle Brigade, and Colonel Franklin of the 6th Warwicks, all killed; while Colonels Innes of the 8th Warwicks, Hopkinson of the Seaforths, and Green of the East Lancashires were wounded.

ADVANCE OF TWENTY-NINTH DIVISION.

Immediately to the right of the Fourth Division was the Twenty-ninth Division from Gallipoli, which rivalled in its constancy and exceeded in its losses its comrades upon the left. The 86th Brigade and the 87th formed the first line, with the 88th in support.

The van of the attack upon the right of the division was formed by the 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Welsh Borderers, while the van upon the left was formed by the 2nd Royal Fusiliers and the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. The other battalions of the brigades formed the supporting line, and two battalions of the 88th Brigade, the Essex and the Newfoundlanders, were also drawn into the fight, so that, as in the Fourth Division, only two battalions remained intact at the close, the nucleus upon which in each case a new division had to be formed.

Upon the explosion of the great mine two platoons of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers with machine-guns and Stokes mortars rushed forward to seize the crater. They got the near lip, but the enemy were already in possession of the far side, and no further advance could be made. At this point, and indeed at nearly all points down the line, the wire was found to have been very thoroughly cut by the artillery fire, but by some strange oversight our own wire had not been cut to the same extent, and was a serious obstacle to our own advance.

Parties of the leading regiments were speedily up to the German front-line trench, but their advance beyond it was delayed by the fact that the dug-outs were found to be full of lurking soldiers, who had intended no doubt to rush out and attack the stormers in the rear, as in the case of the Forty-sixth and Fifty-sixth Divisions in the north, but who were discovered in time and had to fight for their lives. These men were cleared out upon the right, and the advance then made some progress, but on the left by nine o'clock the 86th Brigade had been completely held up by a murderous machine-gun fire in front of Beaumont Hamel, a position which, as already explained, presented peculiar difficulties. The Essex and Newfoundland men of the 88th Brigade were ordered forward, and charged with such splendid resolution that the advance was carried forward again, and the whole situation changed for the better. By ten-fifteen the casualties had become so great, however, through the fire of flanking machine-guns, that it was clear that the attack could not possibly reach its objective. There was an attempt to renew it, but when it was found that the 86th Brigade and the 87th were equally reduced in numbers, it was recognized that only a defensive line could be held. It is true that the Divisional General had the 4th Worcesters and the 2nd Hants still in hand, and was prepared to attack with them, but a further loss might have imperilled the line, so no advance was allowed.

All the troops of the Twenty-ninth Division had lived up to their fame, but a special word should be said of the Newfoundlanders, who, in their first action, kept pace with the veterans beside them. This battalion of fishermen, lumbermen, and farmers proved once more the grand stuff which is bred over the sea—the stuff which Bernhardi dismissed in a contemptuous paragraph. "They attacked regardless of loss,

moving forward in extended order, wave behind wave. It was a magnificent exhibition of disciplined courage." Well might General Hunter-Weston say next day, after visiting the survivors: "To hear men cheering as they did, after undergoing such an experience, and in the midst of such mud and rain, made one proud to have the command of such a battalion." The losses of the Newfoundlanders were severe, but the survivors were entirely undaunted in their spirit. Losses are always the index of the sorrow elsewhere, but when they fall so heavily upon a small community, where every man plays a vital part and knows his neighbour, they are particularly distressing. From Cape Race to the coast of Labrador there was pride and mourning over that day. The total losses of the division were heavy, and included Colonels Pierce and Ellis of the Inniskillings and Borderers.

COMPLETE FAILURE OF THE ASSAULT.

It must have been with a heavy heart that General Hunter-Weston realized, with the approach of night, that each of his divisions had met with such losses that the renewal of the attack was impossible. He, his divisonal commanders, his officers, and his men had done, both in their dispositions and in their subsequent actions, everything which wise leaders and brave soldiers could possibly accomplish. If a criticism could be advanced, it would be that the attack was urged with such determined valour that it would not take. No until long after No was the inevitable answer. But grim persistence has won many a fight, and no leader who is worthy to lead can ever have an excess of it. They were up against the impossible, as were their companions to right and left. It is easy to recognize it now, but it could not be proved until it had been tested to the uttermost. Could other tactics, other equipment, other methods of guarding the soldiers, have brought them across the fatal open levels? It may be so, and can again only be tried by testing. But this at least was proved for all time—that, given clear ground, unshaken troops, prepared positions, and ample artillery, no human fire and no human hardihood can ever hope to break such a defensive line.

CHAPTER II.

Magnificent Conduct of the Ulster Division—Local Success, but General Failure — Advance of Thirty-second Division — Advance of Eighth Division — Advance of Thirty-fourth Division — The Turning-Point of the Line.

MAGNIFICENT CONDUCT OF THE ULSTER DIVISION.

THE division to the north of the Tenth Corps was the Thirty-sixth Ulster Division (Morland). This division was composed of magnificent material, for the blend of Scot and Celt to be found in the north of Ireland produces a soldier who combines the fire of the one with the solidity of the other. These qualities have been brought to a finer temper by the atmosphere of opposition in which they have lived, and the difficult economical circumstances which they have overcome in so remarkable a way. Long ago in unhappy civil strife they had shown their martial qualities, and now upon a nobler and wider stage they were destined to confirm them. It might well seem invidious to give the palm to any one of the bands of heroes who shed their blood like water on the slopes of Picardy, but at least all soldiers would agree that among them all there was not one which could at its highest claim more than equality of achievement that day with the men of Ulster.

The objective of this division was the German position from Beaucourt-sur-Ancre on the north to the northern edge of Thiepval. When the signal was given the two leading brigades, the 108th and the 107th, came away at a deliberate pace which quickened into the rush of a released torrent, and went roaring over the German trenches. "They were like bloodhounds off the leash." Like everyone else, they were horribly scourged by shrapnel and machine-fire as they rushed across, but whether it was that some curve in the ground favoured part of their line, or whatever the cause, they suffered less than the other divisions, and struck on to the German front line with their full shattering momentum, going through it as though it were paper. The 108th Brigade, consisting of the 9th Irish Fusiliers and the 11th, 12th, and 13th Irish Rifles, was on the left. Two of these, the Fusiliers and one of the Irish Rifle battalions, were on the north side of the Ancre, and were acting rather with the Twenty-ninth Division upon their left than with their own comrades on the right. This detachment fought all day side by side with the Regulars, made their way at one time right up to Beaucourt Station, and had finally to retire to their own trenches together with the rest of the line north of the Ancre. Next morning the survivors crossed the Ancre, and from then onwards the Eighth Corps extended so as to take over this ground.

South of the Ancre the two remaining battalions of the 108th Brigade, and the whole of the 107th

Brigade, consisting of the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 15th Irish Rifles, advanced upon a front of three thousand yards. The men had lost very heavily in the assembly trenches, and two companies of the 10th Irish Rifles had dwindled to two platoons before ever they got clear of the shattered wood in which they gathered. None the less, the fire and fury of their onset were terrific and sustained. "The place was covered with smoke and the explosion of heavy shells," says one who saw the scene from a front observation post. "I felt that no attack was possible, when suddenly out of the clouds I saw men advancing as if on parade, quite slowly. It seemed impossible, and yet they went on, stormed at on the left by high explosive and shrapnel, and on the right by enfilade machine-gun fire. Suddenly they charged, and when I could next see through the clouds at the slope (less than a mile away) I saw that they had taken the front trench, and in another minute the trench behind was taken, as our fellows, shouting 'No surrender!' got through—God knows how! As they advanced the fire of the guns became more and more enfilade, but nothing could stop their steady progress."

LOCAL SUCCESS, BUT GENERAL FAILURE.

The long line of Irish Riflemen had rolled over every obstacle, and, although their dead and wounded lay thick behind them, they still stormed forward with the same fury with which they started. Bunching up into platoons in artillery formation, they pushed on and carried the third line. Ahead of them, across a considerable interval, was a fourth line, with a large redoubt upon the flank. They steadied themselves for a few minutes, and then dashing onwards once again they captured both the fourth line and the redoubt. So far forward were they now that they had reached regions north of Thiepval, which were never trodden by a British foot again until three months of constant fighting had cleared a way to them. It was the great Schwaben Redoubt which was now before them. The reserve brigade, the 109th, consisting of the 9th, 10th, and 11th Inniskilling Fusiliers, with the 14th Irish Rifles, had dashed forward at ten-forty, leaving only the pioneer battalion, the 16th Irish Rifles, to guard the trenches. With the additional weight of the survivors of this reinforcing line, the fringe of stormers, for they were now a fringe and nothing more, again rushed forward and threw themselves into the Schwaben trenches. This was their limit, and for most of them their grave. They had no further supports, no ammunition could reach them, and they were embedded in the depths of the German line at a point far deeper than any unit upon the left of the line had attained. The village of Thiepval commanded them from their right rear. Some remained in little groups, huddling in some coign of vantage, and fighting to the last cartridge, absolutely refusing to take one step to the rear. To the Germans they were as dangerous as so many cornered wolves. Others fell back in orderly fashion, but not an inch farther than was needful, for they held on all day to the frontage taken by them. The first two lines were kept in their fierce grip till nightfall of the next day, when they handed it over to the relieving division.

In this splendid deed of arms the Thirty-sixth Division left half its number upon the battlefield. The instances of gallantry were innumerable, and so equally distributed that their general, when asked to name a special battalion, could only answer that the whole twelve had done equally well.

A very detailed account would be necessary to bring home to the reader the full gallantry of this deed of arms. Experienced soldiers who saw it were moved to the limit of human speech. "I wish I had been born an Ulsterman," cried one of them. "But I am proud to have been associated with these wonderful men." To have penetrated all alone for two miles into the German line, and to withdraw from such a salient in military order, holding fast to all that could be retained, was indeed a great feat for any troops to have performed. The *requiem* for their fallen was best expressed by one of the survivors, who wrote that "they died for the cause of Liberty, Honour, and Freedom for the Old Flag, the emblem of Britain, died for Ireland, died for Ulster!"

ADVANCE OF THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION.

The Thirty-second Division was on the immediate right of the men of Ulster. The storming lines went forward in each case with two battalions abreast in front and two in succession in support. The front line of attack taken from the north, or left, consisted of the 15th Lancashire Fusiliers, 16th Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 16th and 17th Highland Light Infantry. Of these four battalions the 16th Northumberland Fusiliers came under very heavy fire, and were unable to press their attack home. On the right the Highlanders had crawled up to within a hundred yards of the Leipzig salient, and were into it with a rush the moment that the barrage lifted. The 15th Lancashire Fusiliers upon the left made a particularly brilliant advance; the right company was held up in front of Thiepval village, but the left company swept on with the Thirty-sixth Division, keeping pace with their magnificent advance. It appears to have reached the east-end of Thiepval, but there it was buried deeply in the enemy's position, and was never heard of again. The supporting battalions of the 96th Brigade, the 16th Lancashire Fusiliers, and the 2nd Inniskilling Fusiliers, tried hard to regain touch with their lost comrades, but in vain. These various gallant bodies who, at different points of our line, pushed forward into impossible positions, were no doubt for the greater part killed or wounded, but from among them came the eight hundred and fifty prisoners whom the Germans claimed to have taken on the northern part of the line on that day. The left of the divisional line was so weakened by these losses that they were compelled to withdraw to their own front trenches.

THE HUNT FOR HIDDEN ENEMIES.

GERMAN SOLDIERS, CUT OFF BY THE BRITISH CURTAIN OF FIRE, COMING UP FROM CELLARS TO SURRENDER.

On the right, however, the Highlanders were able to hold on to a part of the Leipzig salient. The losses, however, upon this flank had been very heavy, not only in the front wave, but among the 1st Dorsets and the 11th Borderers as they came out from a wood in support. Coming under a concentrated fire of machine-guns, these two battalions were decimated.

There had been no flinching anywhere, and the military virtue shown had been of the highest possible quality; but the losses from the machine-guns and from the barrage were so heavy that they deprived the attack of the weight and momentum necessary to win their way through the enemy's position. In the desperate circumstances, it might well be considered a remarkable result that a stretch of the Leipzig Redoubt should be won and permanently held by the Highlanders, especially by the 17th Highland Light Infantry.

The Third Corps, under General Pulteney, occupied the front immediately to the east of Albert. Ovillers to the north, within the German lines, and Bécourt to the south, in the British, marked roughly the two ends of the sector. It was a comparatively narrow stretch, so that only two divisions were in the firing line and one in reserve. These were respectively the Eighth Regular Division to the north, the Thirty-fourth of the New Army to the south,

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and the Nineteenth, also of the New Army, in support.

ADVANCE OF EIGHTH DIVISION.

Had the Thirty-second Division succeeded in holding its grip upon Thiepval upon the north, there might have been some chance of success, but as it was, the machine-guns from that quarter shaved the whole of No Man's Land as a mower may shave a lawn, and after the first rush, which carried the brave fellows of the Eighth Division over the trenches, it proved to be absolutely impossible to send them either supports or supplies. The main body of this magnificent division disappeared into the smoke and haze of the battle, and their comrades in the trenches waited with aching hearts, their eyes fixed upon their front where the roar of battle rose from the other side of the pelting sleet of bullets. All day they waited, dashing out occasionally and being beaten back with ever-dwindling numbers. After dusk, they searched the shell-holes and brought in some four hundred wounded. A few bewildered men came staggering in during the night, half-delirious with fatigue and strain and unable themselves to say how they had got back across the enemy's front line from the depths to which they had penetrated,

This tragic but heroic attack in which the whole force who went forward fought literally to the death, was carried out in the following order :—

On the right was the 23rd Brigade; in the centre the 25th; and on the left the 70th. The 23rd and 25th were the old hard-working units of Neuve Chapelle and many another fray. The 70th was a particularly fine brigade of the New Army.

Following the plan of describing operations always from the north, we will first picture from such reliable material as is available the attack of the 70th Brigade, which contained some of the finest North Country stuff that ever fought the battles of the country. The 8th York and Lancaster was the flank battalion, with the 8th Yorkshire Light Infantry upon its right. The 9th York and Lancaster were behind their comrades, and the 11th Sherwood Foresters behind the Light Infantry.

As it is impossible to give with any fullness the story of any one regiment, and as each may be taken as typical of the others, we may follow the front flank battalion on its advance. This, the 8th York and Lancaster, consisted almost entirely of miners, a class of men who have furnished grand military material to the New Armies. This unit came chiefly from the Rotherham district. The frontage of the battalion was seven hundred and fifty yards.

As the hour of attack approached, the enemy's counter-bombardment became so violent that there was the utmost difficulty in getting the men into the front-line trenches. Many were killed and even buried before the advance had begun. When the whistles blew the stormers went forward in four waves with fifty yards between, the supporting battalions foll instantly. The machine-guns were sw the ground, and about three hundred an yards had to be covered between the Officers and men went down in heaps und enfilade fire from four lines of guns, one the other, in the Thiepval district. The ap was over a billiard-table glacis with no co any kind. The ranks kept formatio trudged steadily forward, throwing them headlong into the front German trenches. they steadied themselves for a few minut then, advancing once more, sprang dow the second German line, which was st held. Colonel Maddison had been shot early in the attack. Captain Dawso adjutant, had been wounded, but stagge with the men until he was killed at the line of trenches. "Come on, boys! Le at 'em and clear 'em out!" were his last On this second line the battalion, togethe its support, beat itself to pieces. Twenty officers were on the ground, and less than s men could ever be collected. A few sur unable to get back, were taken prisoners, German report has stated that they were proud and defiant when marched away night a number of wounded were carri along the whole divisional front from No Land, but many lives were lost in the g work, and many of the wounded also lost lives in trying to crawl back, for the Ge turned their machine-guns during the da upon everything that moved in front of lines.

To show how uniform was the expe one may quote the doings of a battalion 23rd Brigade. This brigade was on the ri the Eighth Division line, and the 2nd Midd the battalion in question, formed the battalion joining on with the Tyneside Sc of the Thirty-fourth Division to the Upon its left was the 2nd Devons. The su ing troops, two companies of the 2nd Yorkshires and the 2nd Scottish Rifles, se have held back when it was seen how fat the advance, and so in part escaped fro catastrophe. The Middlesex advanced opposite to La Boisselle. There was a dip in the ground to the immediate front formed a partial protection from the ma guns, so that, although the losses were heavy, about three hundred men with six guns made good their footing in the G front-line trench. Their gallant comm was wounded twice, but still kept at thei while they swept onwards to the second It was stuffed with Germans, but the h of British stormers flung themselves in them and cleared a standing place in the t The German guns, however, had the exact and four out of the six Lewis guns were into the air. Finally, only five men and a se were left unwounded in this trench. This h made its way back. One hundred and thi the Middlesex men seem to have got thro round on to the Pozières Road, but thei was never cleared up. Finally, only thirt

of this grand battalion answered the roll-call that night.

The space between the two attacks described from the point of view of the two wing battalions of the division was occupied by the 25th Brigade, whose advance and losses were exactly similar to those which have been narrated. The 2nd Lincolns and 2nd Berkshires were the leading battalions, and their devotion in attempting the impossible was as great as that of their comrades to right and left.

Up to this point the writer has been faced by the painful and monotonous task of one long record of murderous failure from Gommecourt in the north to La Boisselle in the south. It cannot be doubted that we had over-estimated the effects of our bombardment, and that the German guns were intact to a degree which was unexpected. Our one poor consolation must be that the German reserves were held in their position, and that the improved prospects were assured for the remainder of the British line and for the whole of the French line. Had the front of the battle covered only the region which has been treated up to now, the episode would have been a tragic one in British military history. Thousands of men had fallen, nor could it be truthfully said that anything of permanence had been achieved.

BRITISH TROOPS IN A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

THE ENEMY, SURPRISED BY OUR TROOPS IN THEIR UNDERGROUND SHELTERS, SURRENDERING AND OFFERING COFFEE TO THE VICTORS.

ADVANCE OF THIRTY-FOURTH DIVISION.

On the right of the Eighth Division was the Thirty-fourth. The 101st Brigade, consisting of the 15th and 16th Royal Scots, the 10th

good. The trench was held by the Germans and the assault repulsed. The North Staffords had also won their way into the front trenches, but in their case also they had lost so heavily that they were unable to clear the trench, which was well and stoutly defended. At the instant of attack, here as elsewhere, the Germans had put so terrific a barrage between the lines that it was impossible for the supports to get up and no fresh momentum could be added to the failing attack.

The fate of the right attack had been bad, but that of the left was even worse, for at this point we had experience of a German procedure which was tried at several places along the line with most deadly effect, and accounted for our very high losses. This device was to stuff their front-line dug-outs with machine-guns and men, who would emerge when the wave of stormers had passed, attacking them from the rear and confident that their own rear was safe on account of the terrific barrage between the lines. In this case, the stormers were completely trapped. The 5th and 7th Sherwood Foresters dashed through the open ground, carried the trenches, and pushed forward on their fiery career. Instantly the barrage fell, the concealed infantry rose behind them, and their fate was sealed. With grand valour the leading four waves stormed their way up the communication trenches and beat down all opposition until their own dwindling numbers and the failure of their bombs left them helpless among their enemies. Thus perished the first companies of two fine battalions, and few survivors of them ever won their way back to the British lines. Brave attempts were made during the day to get across to their aid, but all were beaten down by the terrible barrage. In the evening the 5th Lincolns made a most gallant final effort to reach their lost comrades, and got across to the German front line, which they found to be strongly held. So ended a tragedy.

ADVANCE OF FIFTY-SIXTH TERRITORIALS (LONDON).

The attack upon the southern side of the Gommecourt peninsula, though urged with the utmost devotion and corresponding losses, had no more success than that in the north. There is no doubt that the unfortunate repulse of the 137th Brigade upon their left, occurring as it did while the Fifty-sixth Division was still advancing, enabled the Germans to concentrate their guns and reserves upon the Londoners, but knowing what we know, it can hardly be imagined that in any circumstances, with failure upon either side of them, the division could have held the captured ground. The advance was upon a two-brigade front, the 168th being on the right and the 169th upon the left. The London Scottish and the 12th London Rangers were the leading battalions of the 168th, while the Westminsters and Victorias led the 169th, with the 4th London, 13th Kensingtons, 2nd London, and London Rifle Brigade in support. The advance was made with all the fiery dash with which the Cockney soldiers have been associated. The first, second, and third German lines of tr were successively carried, and it was not they, or those of them who were left, had rea the fourth line that they were held. It powerfully manned, bravely defended, and provided with bombs—a terrible obstacle f scattered line of weary and often wounded The struggle was an heroic one. Even now their rear been clear, or had there been a sha of support, these determined men would burst the only barrier which held them Gommecourt. But the steel curtain of barrage had closed down behind them, and e overrun trench was sending out its lu occupants to fire into their defenceless b Bombs, too, are essential in such a combat, bombs must ever be renewed, since few ca carried at a time.

GREAT VALOUR AND HEAVY LOSS

For long hours the struggle went on, it was the pitiful attempt of heroic me postpone that retreat which was inevit Few of the advanced line ever got back. 3rd London, particularly, sent forward se hundred men with bombs, but hardly got across. Sixty London Scots starte the same terrible errand. Six reached opposite trench and only three survived. the late afternoon the shattered remains o two brigades were back in the British front having done all, and more than all, that soldiers could be expected to do. The losses very heavy. Never has the manhood of Lo in one single day sustained so grievous a It is such hours which test the very soul soldier. War is not all careless slang and and cigarettes, though such superficial sid it may amuse the public and catch the eye descriptive reporter. It is the most despe earnest thing to which man ever sets his ha his mind. Many a hot oath and many a fr prayer go up from the battle line. Strong are shaken to the soul with the hyste weaklings, and balanced brains are dulle vacancy or worse by the dreadful sus shock of it. The more honour, then, to who, broken and wearied, still hold fast face of all that human flesh abhors, bracing spirits by a sense of soldierly duty and pe honour which is strong enough to prevai death itself.

So much for the gallant and tragic att the Seventh Corps. General Snow, addr his men after the battle, pointed out that losses and their efforts had not been all i "I can assure you," he said, "that by determined attack you managed to keep forces of the enemy at your front, t materially assisting in the operations whic proceeding farther south with such n success." No doubt the claim is a jus and even while we mourn over the fate grand Army Corps upon the left wing Allied Army, we may feel that they sa themselves in order to assure the adva those six corps of their comrades to the who had profited by the accumulation o

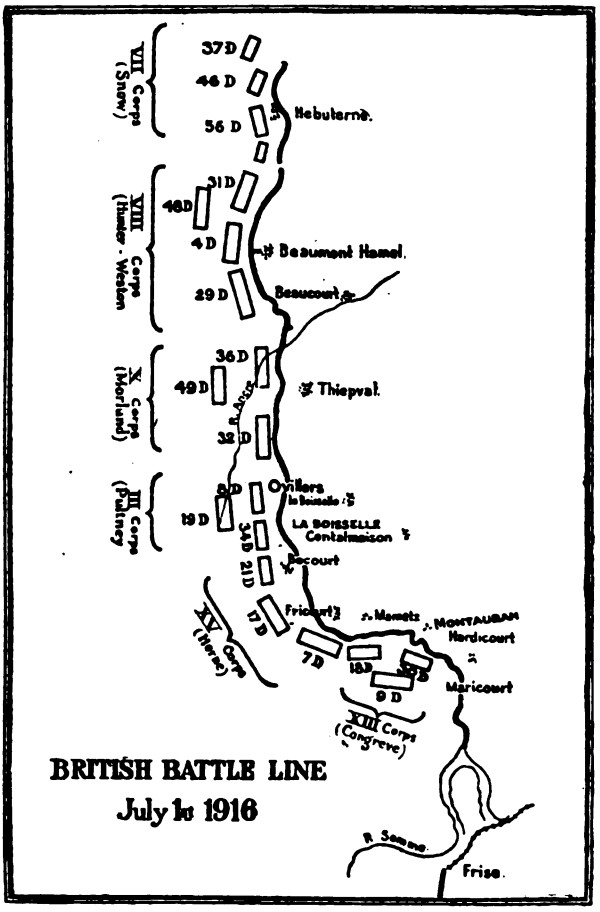
and men to the north of them in order to burst their way through the German line.

The Eighth Corps, a magnificent body of troops, was under the command of General Sir Aylmer Hunter-Weston. Their front extended from Hébuterne in the north, where they joined on to the Fifty-sixth Division, down to a point just north of the Ancre. The latter was an exceptionally difficult place, for it contained enormous quarries and excavations in which masses of Germans could remain concealed, almost immune to shell-fire and ready to sally out when needed. In spite of the terrific bombardment the actual damage done to the enemy was not excessive, and neither his numbers, his *moral*, nor his guns had been seriously diminished.

The order of battle was as follows: the Forty-eighth Division was in reserve, save for the 143rd Warwick Brigade.

Immediately south of the defensive line held by two Warwick battalions was the Thirty-first Division, having Serre for its objective. South of this, and opposite to Beaumont Hamel, was the Fourth, and south of this again was the Twenty-ninth Division, whichhadreturned from the magnificent failure of the Dardanelles, bearing with it a high reputation for efficiency and valour. Incorporated with it was a regiment of Newfoundlanders, men recruited from among the fishers and farmers of that northern land, the oldest colony of Britain. Such was the force, comprising nearly fifty thousand excellent infantry, who set forth upon the formidable adventure of forcing the lines of Beaumont Hamel. They were destined to show the absolute impossibility of such a task in the face of a steadfast, unshaken enemy, supported by a tremendous artillery; but their story is a most glorious one, and many a great British victory contains no such record of tenacity and military virtue.

At quarter past five the assaulting lines were in the assembly trenches, and shortly afterwards the smoke and artillery barrages were released. At seven-twenty an enormous mine, which had been run under Hawthorn Redoubt in front of the Fourth Division, was exploded, and a monstrous column of *débris*, with the accompanying shock of an earthquake, warned friend and foe that the hour of doom, the crisis of such mighty preparations, was at hand. At seven-thirty the whistles blew, and the men, springing with eager alacrity over the parapet, advanced in successive lines of as ault against the German trenches.



Before giving in detail the circumstances which determined the result in each division, it may be well to avoid wearisome iteration by giving certain facts which are common to each. In every case the troops advanced in an extended formation of companies in successive waves. In nearly every case the German front line was seized and penetrated, in no case was there any hesitation or disorder among the advancing troops, but the highest possible degree of discipline and courage was shown by Regulars, Territorials, and men of the New Army, nor could it be said that there was any difference between them. In each case also the Germans met the assault with determined valour; in each case the successive lines of trenches were more strongly held, and the assailants were attacked from the rear by those who emerged from the dug-outs behind them, and above all in each case a most murderous artillery fire was opened from a semicircle all round the German position, but especially from one huge accumulation of heavy guns, said to number a hundred batteries, stationed on the high ground near Bucquoy and commanding the British position.

None the less, it is the opinion of skilled observers that the shell-fire alone, however heavy, could not have taken the edge from the

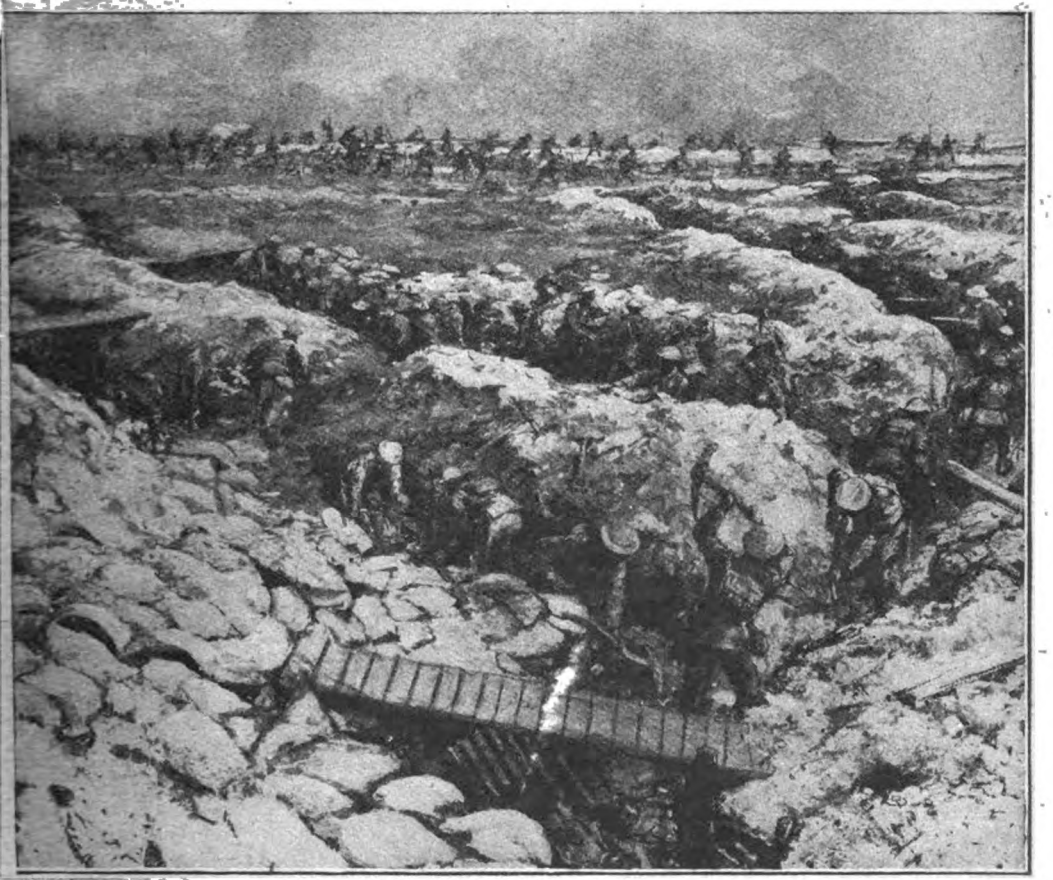
ADVANCING OVER THE GERMAN TRENCHES AT

WITH THE FIRST "WAVE": ATTACKING THE GERMAN SECOND LINE AFTER HAVING

inexorable insistence of the British attack. It is to the skill and to the personal gallantry of the German machine-gunners that the result is to be traced. The bombardment of the German line had been so severe that it was hoped that most of the machine-guns had been rooted out. So indeed they had, but they had been withdrawn to the safety of excavations in the immediate rear. Suspecting this, the British artillery sprayed the ground behind the trenches with showers of shrapnel to prevent their being brought forward again. This barrage was not sufficient to subdue the gunners, who dashed forward and established their pieces at the moment of the assault upon the various parapets and points of vantage, from which, regardless of their own losses, they poured a withering fire upon the infantry in the open. These brave Würtembergers were seen, with riflemen at their side, exposed waist-deep and dropping fast, but mowing the open slope as with a scythe of steel. "I cannot," said a general officer, who surveyed the whole scene, "adequately express my admiration for the British who advanced, or for the Germans who stood up under such a heavy barrage to oppose them." It was indeed that contest between the chosen children of Odin in which Professor Cramb has declared that the high gods of virility might well rejoice.

ADVANCE OF THIRTY-FIRST DIVISION.

We will now turn to the left of the line and carry on the detailed description of the general assault from that of the 56th Territorials in the north, who were linked up by the defensive line of the Warwicks. The Thirty-first Division was on the left of the Eighth Corps. Of this division, two brigades, the 93rd and the 94th, were in the line, with the 92nd in reserve. The 93rd, which consisted of the 15th, 16th, 18th West Yorks and the 18th Durhams, was on the right, the 94th, including the 11th East Lancashires and the 12th, 13th, and 14th York and Lancasters, was on the left. On the left the leading battalions were the 11th East Lancashires and 12th York and Lancasters, the latter on the extreme left flank of the whole division. That this position with its exposed flank was the place of honour and of danger may be best indicated by the fact that the colonel and six orderlies were the only men who could be collected of this heroic Sheffield battalion upon



THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLE OF THE SOMME.
SWEPT OVER THE FIRST-LINE TRENCH; AND CONSOLIDATING THE CAPTURED POSITION.

the next morning. On the right, the leading troops were the 15th and 16th West Yorks. These grand North-countrymen swept across No Man's Land, dressed as if on parade, followed in succession by the remaining battalions, two of which, the 13th and 14th York and Lancasters, were the special town units of Barnsley and Leeds. "I have never seen and could not have imagined such a magnificent display of gallantry, discipline, and determination," said the observer who has been already quoted. The men fell in lines, but the survivors with backs bent, heads bowed, and rifles at the port, neither quickened nor slackened their advance, but went forward as though it was rain and not lead which lashed them. Here and elsewhere the German machine-gunners not only lined the parapet, but actually rushed forward into the open, partly to get a flank-fire, and partly to come in front of the British barrage. Before the blasts of bullets the lines melted away, and the ever-decreasing waves only reached the parapet here and there, lapping over the spot where the German front lines had been, and sinking for ever upon the farther side. About a hundred gallant men of the East Lancashires, favoured perhaps by some curve in the ground, got past more than one line of trenches, and a few desperate individuals even burst their way as far as Serre, giving a false impression that the village was in our hands. But the losses had been so dreadful that the weight and momentum had gone out of the attack, while the density of the resistance thickened with every yard of advance. By the middle of the afternoon the survivors of the two attacking brigades were back in their own front-line trenches, having lost the greater part of their effectives. The 15th West Yorks had lost twenty-five officers, or practically their whole complement, and the 16th and 18th were little better off. The 18th Durhams suffered less, being partly in reserve. Of the 94th Brigade the two splendid leading battalions, the 11th East Lancashires and 12th York and Lancasters, had whole companies exterminated within the enemy line. The strength of the 93rd and 94th Brigades was approximately a thousand eight hundred and thirty-six of all ranks on the evening of the action. The heaviest loss in any single unit was in the 11th East Lancashires. The strength of the position is indicated by the fact that when attacked by two Regular divisions in November, with a very

powerful backing of artillery, it was still able to hold its own.

ADVANCE OF FOURTH DIVISION.

The experiences of all the troops engaged upon the left of the British attack were so similar and their gallantry was so uniform, that any variety in description depends rather upon the units engaged than upon what befell them. Thus in passing from the Thirty-first Division to the Fourth upon their right, the general sequence of cause and effect is still the same. In this instance the infantry who rushed, or rather strode, to the assault were, counting from the right, the 1st East Lancs, the 1st Rifle Brigade, and the 8th Warwicks, who were immediately followed by the 1st Hants, the 1st Somersets, and the 6th Warwicks, advancing with three companies in front and one in support. The troops enumerated belonged to the 11th Brigade, led by the gallant Prowse, who fell hit by a shell early in the assault, calling after his troops that they should remember that they were the Stonewall Brigade. The attack was pressed with incredible resolution, and met with dreadful losses. Again the front line was carried and again the thin fringe of survivors had no weight to drive the assault forward, whilst they had no cover to shelter them in the ruined lines which they had taken. The Somerset men had the honour of reaching the farthest point attained by the division. But both their flanks were in the air, and their position was an impossible one, while the right of the attack north of Beaumont Hamel had been entirely held up. Two units of the 10th Brigade advanced about nine o'clock on the right, and two of the 12th on the left. These were in their order, the 2nd Dublins, 2nd Seaforths, 2nd Essex, and 1st King's Own Lancasters. All went forward with a will, but some could not get beyond their own front trenches, and few got over the German line. All the weight of their blood so lavishly and cheerfully given could not tilt the scale towards victory. Slowly the survivors of the Somersets and Rifle Brigade were beaten back with clouds of bombers at their heels. The 8th Warwicks, who, with some of the 6th Warwicks, had got as far forward as any of the supporting line, could not turn the tide. Late in the afternoon the assault had definitely failed, and the remainder were back, weary to death and sick at heart, in their own front trenches, which had now to be organized against the very possible counter-attack. Only two battalions of the divison remained intact, and the total losses may be put at nearly five thousand men, including General Prowse, Colonel the Hon. C. W. Palk of the Hampshires, Colonel Thicknesse of the Somersets, Colonel Wood of the Rifle Brigade, and Colonel Franklin of the 6th Warwicks, all killed; while Colonels Innes of the 8th Warwicks, Hopkinson of the Seaforths, and Green of the East Lancashires were wounded.

ADVANCE OF TWENTY-NINTH DIVISION.

Immediately to the right of the Fourth Division was the Twenty-ninth Division from Gallipoli, which rivalled in its constancy and exceeded in its losses its comrades upon the left. The 86th Brigade and the 87th formed the first line, with the 88th in support.

The van of the attack upon the right of the division was formed by the 1st Inniskilling Fusiliers and the Welsh Borderers, while the van upon the left was formed by the 2nd Royal Fusiliers and the 1st Lancashire Fusiliers. The other battalions of the brigades formed the supporting line, and two battalions of the 88th Brigade, the Essex and the Newfoundlanders, were also drawn into the fight, so that, as in the Fourth Division, only two battalions remained intact at the close, the nucleus upon which in each case a new division had to be formed.

Upon the explosion of the great mine two platoons of the 2nd Royal Fusiliers with machine-guns and Stokes mortars rushed forward to seize the crater. They got the near lip, but the enemy were already in possession of the far side, and no further advance could be made. At this point, and indeed at nearly all points down the line, the wire was found to have been very thoroughly cut by the artillery fire, but by some strange oversight our own wire had not been cut to the same extent, and was a serious obstacle to our own advance.

Parties of the leading regiments were speedily up to the German front-line trench, but their advance beyond it was delayed by the fact that the dug-outs were found to be full of lurking soldiers, who had intended no doubt to rush out and attack the stormers in the rear, as in the case of the Forty-sixth and Fifty-sixth Divisions in the north, but who were discovered in time and had to fight for their lives. These men were cleared out upon the right, and the advance there made some progress, but on the left by nine o'clock the 86th Brigade had been completely held up by a murderous machine-gun fire in front of Beaumont Hamel, a position which, as already explained, presented peculiar difficulties. The Essex and Newfoundland men of the 88th Brigade were ordered forward, and charged with such splendid resolution that the advance was carried forward again, and the whole situation changed for the better. By ten-fifteen the casualties had become so great, however, through the fire of flanking machine-guns, that it was clear that the attack could not possibly reach its objective. There was an attempt to renew it, but when it was found that the 86th Brigade and the 87th were equally reduced in numbers, it was recognized that only a defensive line could be held. It is true that the Divisional General had the 4th Worcesters and the 2nd Hants still in hand, and was prepared to attack with them, but a further loss might have imperilled the line, so no advance was allowed.

All the troops of the Twenty-ninth Division had lived up to their fame, but a special word should be said of the Newfoundlanders, who, in their first action, kept pace with the veterans beside them. This battalion of fishermen, lumbermen, and farmers proved once more the grand stuff which is bred over the sea—the stuff which Bernhardi dismissed in a contemptuous paragraph. "They attacked regardless of loss,

noving forward in extended order, wave behind wave. It was a magnificent exhibition of disciplined courage." Well might General Hunter-Weston say next day, after visiting the survivors: "To hear men cheering as they did, after undergoing such an experience, and in the midst of such mud and rain, made one proud to have the command of such a battalion." The losses of the Newfoundlanders were severe, but the survivors were entirely undaunted in their spirit. Losses are always the index of the sorrow elsewhere, but when they fall so heavily upon a small community, where every man plays a vital part and knows his neighbour, they are particularly distressing. From Cape Race to the coast of Labrador there was pride and mourning over that day. The total losses of the division were heavy, and included Colonels Pierce and Ellis of the Inniskillings and Borderers.

COMPLETE FAILURE OF THE ASSAULT.

It must have been with a heavy heart that General Hunter-Weston realized, with the approach of night, that each of his divisions had met with such losses that the renewal of the attack was impossible. He, his divisonal commanders, his officers, and his men had done, both in their dispositions and in their subsequent actions, everything which wise leaders and brave soldiers could possibly accomplish. If a criticism could be advanced, it would be that the attack was urged with such determined valour that it would not take No until long after No was the inevitable answer. But grim persistence has won many a fight, and no leader who is worthy to lead can ever have an excess of it. They were up against the impossible, as were their companions to right and left. It is easy to recognize it now, but it could not be proved until it had been tested to the uttermost. Could other tactics, other equipment, other methods of guarding the soldiers, have brought them across the fatal open levels? It may be so, and can again only be tried by testing. But this at least was proved for all time—that, given clear ground, unshaken troops, prepared positions, and ample artillery, no human fire and no human hardihood can ever hope to break such a defensive line.

CHAPTER II.

Magnificent Conduct of the Ulster Division—Local Success, but General Failure — Advance of Thirty-second Division — Advance of Eighth Division — Advance of Thirty-fourth Division — The Turning-Point of the Line.

MAGNIFICENT CONDUCT OF THE ULSTER DIVISION.

THE division to the north of the Tenth Corps was the Thirty-sixth Ulster Division (Morland). This division was composed of magnificent material, for the blend of Scot and Celt to be found in the north of Ireland produces a soldier who combines the fire of the one with the solidity of the other. These qualities have been brought to a finer temper by the atmosphere of opposition in which they have lived, and the difficult economical circumstances which they have overcome in so remarkable a way. Long ago in unhappy civil strife they had shown their martial qualities, and now upon a nobler and wider stage they were destined to confirm them. It might well seem invidious to give the palm to any one of the bands of heroes who shed their blood like water on the slopes of Picardy, but at least all soldiers would agree that among them all there was not one which could at its highest claim more than equality of achievement that day with the men of Ulster.

The objective of this division was the German position from Beaucourt-sur-Ancre on the north to the northern edge of Thiepval. When the signal was given the two leading brigades, the 108th and the 107th, came away at a deliberate pace which quickened into the rush of a released torrent, and went roaring over the German trenches. "They were like bloodhounds off the leash." Like everyone else, they were horribly scourged by shrapnel and machine-fire as they rushed across, but whether it was that some curve in the ground favoured part of their line, or whatever the cause, they suffered less than the other divisions, and struck on to the German front line with their full shattering momentum, going through it as though it were paper. The 108th Brigade, consisting of the 9th Irish Fusiliers and the 11th, 12th, and 13th Irish Rifles, was on the left. Two of these, the Fusiliers and one of the Irish Rifle battalions, were on the north side of the Ancre, and were acting rather with the Twenty-ninth Division upon their left than with their own comrades on the right. This detachment fought all day side by side with the Regulars, made their way at one time right up to Beaucourt Station, and had finally to retire to their own trenches together with the rest of the line north of the Ancre. Next morning the survivors crossed the Ancre, and from then onwards the Eighth Corps extended so as to take over this ground.

South of the Ancre the two remaining battalions of the 108th Brigade, and the whole of the 107th

Brigade, consisting of the 8th, 9th, 10th, and 15th Irish Rifles, advanced upon a front of three thousand yards. The men had lost very heavily in the assembly trenches, and two companies of the 10th Irish Rifles had dwindled to two platoons before ever they got clear of the shattered wood in which they gathered. None the less, the fire and fury of their onset were terrific and sustained. "The place was covered with smoke and the explosion of heavy shells," says one who saw the scene from a front observation post. "I felt that no attack was possible, when suddenly out of the clouds I saw men advancing as if on parade, quite slowly. It seemed impossible, and yet they went on, stormed at on the left by high explosive and shrapnel, and on the right by enfilade machine-gun fire. Suddenly they charged, and when I could next see through the clouds at the slope (less than a mile away) I saw that they had taken the front trench, and in another minute the trench behind was taken, as our fellows, shouting 'No surrender!' got through—God knows how! As they advanced the fire of the guns became more and more enfilade, but nothing could stop their steady progress."

LOCAL SUCCESS, BUT GENERAL FAILURE.

The long line of Irish Riflemen had rolled over every obstacle, and, although their dead and wounded lay thick behind them, they still stormed forward with the same fury with which they started. Bunching up into platoons in artillery formation, they pushed on and carried the third line. Ahead of them, across a considerable interval, was a fourth line, with a large redoubt upon the flank. They steadied themselves for a few minutes, and then dashing onwards once again they captured both the fourth line and the redoubt. So far forward were they now that they had reached regions north of Thiepval, which were never trodden by a British foot again until three months of constant fighting had cleared a way to them. It was the great Schwaben Redoubt which was now before them. The reserve brigade, the 109th, consisting of the 9th, 10th, and 11th Inniskilling Fusiliers, with the 14th Irish Rifles, had dashed forward at ten-forty, leaving only the pioneer battalion, the 16th Irish Rifles, to guard the trenches. With the additional weight of the survivors of this reinforcing line, the fringe of stormers, for they were now a fringe and nothing more, again rushed forward and threw themselves into the Schwaben trenches. This was their limit, and for most of them their grave. They had no further supports, no ammunition could reach them, and they were embedded in the depths of the German line at a point far deeper than any unit upon the left of the line had attained. The village of Thiepval commanded them from their right rear. Some remained in little groups, huddling in some coign of vantage, and fighting to the last cartridge, absolutely refusing to take one step to the rear. To the Germans they were as dangerous as so many cornered wolves. Others fell back in orderly fashion, but not an inch farther than was needful, for they held all day to the frontage taken by them. first two lines were kept in their fierce gr nightfall of the next day, when they hand over to the relieving division.

In this splendid deed of arms the Thirty-si Division left half its number upon the bat field. The instances of gallantry were innume able, and so equally distributed that their general, when asked to name a special battali could only answer that the whole twelve had done equally well.

A very detailed account would be necessary to bring home to the reader the full gallantry of this deed of arms. Experienced soldiers who saw it were moved to the limit of human speech. "I wish I had been born an Ulsterman," cried one of them. "But I am proud to have been associated with these wonderful men." To have penetrated all alone for two miles into the German line, and to withdraw from such a salient in military order, holding fast to all that could be retained, was indeed a great feat for any troops to have performed. The *requiem* for their fallen was best expressed by one of the survivors, who wrote that "they died for the cause of Liberty, Honour, and Freedom for the Old Flag, the emblem of Britain, died for Ireland, died for Ulster!"

ADVANCE OF THIRTY-SECOND DIVISION.

The Thirty-second Division was on the immediate right of the men of Ulster. The storming lines went forward in each case with two battalions abreast in front and two in succession in support. The front line of attack taken from the north, or left, consisted of the 15th Lancashire Fusiliers, 16th Northumberland Fusiliers, and the 16th and 17th Highland Light Infantry. Of these four battalions the 16th Northumberland Fusiliers came under very heavy fire, and were unable to press their attack home. On the right the Highlanders had crawled up to within a hundred yards of the Leipzig salient, and were into it with a rush the moment that the barrage lifted. The 15th Lancashire Fusiliers upon the left made a particularly brilliant advance; the right company was held up in front of Thiepval village, but the left company swept on with the Thirty-sixth Division, keeping pace with their magnificent advance. It appears to have reached the east-end of Thiepval, but there it was buried deeply in the enemy's position, and was never heard of again. The supporting battalions of the 96th Brigade, the 16th Lancashire Fusiliers, and the 2nd Inniskilling Fusiliers, tried hard to regain touch with their lost comrades, but in vain. These various gallant bodies who, at different points of our line, pushed forward into impossible positions, were no doubt for the greater part killed or wounded, but from among them came the eight hundred and fifty prisoners whom the Germans claimed to have taken on the northern part of the line on that day. The left of the divisional line was so weakened by these losses that they were compelled to withdraw to their own front trenches.

THE HUNT FOR HIDDEN ENEMIES.

GERMAN SOLDIERS, CUT OFF BY THE BRITISH CURTAIN OF FIRE, COMING UP FROM CELLARS TO SURRENDER.

On the right, however, the Highlanders were able to hold on to a part of the Leipzig salient. The losses, however, upon this flank had been very heavy, not only in the front wave, but among the 1st Dorsets and the 11th Borderers as they came out from a wood in support. Coming under a concentrated fire of machine-guns, these two battalions were decimated.

There had been no flinching anywhere, and the military virtue shown had been of the highest possible quality ; but the losses from the machine-guns and from the barrage were so heavy that they deprived the attack of the weight and momentum necessary to win their way through the enemy's position. In the desperate circumstances, it might well be considered a remarkable result that a stretch of the Leipzig Redoubt should be won and permanently held by the Highlanders, especially by the 17th Highland Light Infantry.

The Third Corps, under General Pulteney, occupied the front immediately to the east of Albert. Ovillers to the north, within the German lines, and Bécourt to the south, in the British, marked roughly the two ends of the sector. It was a comparatively narrow stretch, so that only two divisions were in the firing line and one in reserve. These were respectively the Eighth Regular Division to the north, the Thirty-fourth of the New Army to the south.

and the Nineteenth, also of the New Army, in support.

ADVANCE OF EIGHTH DIVISION.

Had the Thirty-second Division succeeded in holding its grip upon Thiepval upon the north, there might have been some chance of success, but as it was, the machine-guns from that quarter shaved the whole of No Man's Land as a mower may shave a lawn, and after the first rush, which carried the brave fellows of the Eighth Division over the trenches, it proved to be absolutely impossible to send them either supports or supplies. The main body of this magnificent division disappeared into the smoke and haze of the battle, and their comrades in the trenches waited with aching hearts, their eyes fixed upon their front where the roar of battle rose from the other side of the pelting sleet of bullets. All day they waited, dashing out occasionally and being beaten back with ever-dwindling numbers. After dusk, they searched the shell-holes and brought in some four hundred wounded. A few bewildered men came staggering in during the night, half-delirious with fatigue and strain and unable themselves to say how they had got back across the enemy's front line from the depths to which they had penetrated.

This tragic but heroic attack in which the whole force who went forward fought literally to the death, was carried out in the following order:—

On the right was the 23rd Brigade; in the centre the 25th; and on the left the 70th. The 23rd and 25th were the old hard-working units of Neuve Chapelle and many another fray. The 70th was a particularly fine brigade of the New Army.

Following the plan of describing operations always from the north, we will first picture from such reliable material as is available the attack of the 70th Brigade, which contained some of the finest North Country stuff that ever fought the battles of the country. The 8th York and Lancaster was the flank battalion, with the 8th Yorkshire Light Infantry upon its right. The 9th York and Lancaster were behind their comrades, and the 11th Sherwood Foresters behind the Light Infantry.

As it is impossible to give with any fullness the story of any one regiment, and as each may be taken as typical of the others, we may follow the front flank battalion on its advance. This, the 8th York and Lancaster, consisted almost entirely of miners, a class of men who have furnished grand military material to the New Armies. This unit came chiefly from the Rotherham district. The frontage of the battalion was seven hundred and fifty yards.

As the hour of attack approached, the enemy's counter-bombardment became so violent that there was the utmost difficulty in getting the men into the front-line trenches. Many were killed and even buried before the advance had begun. When the whistles blew the stormers went forward in four waves with fifty yards between, the supporting battalions following instantly. The machine-guns were sweeping the ground, and about three hundred and fifty yards had to be covered between the lines. Officers and men went down in heaps under the enfilade fire from four lines of guns, one behind the other, in the Thiepval district. The approach was over a billiard-table glacis with no cover of any kind. The ranks kept formation and trudged steadily forward, throwing themselves headlong into the front German trenches. There they steadied themselves for a few minutes, and then, advancing once more, sprang down into the second German line, which was strongly held. Colonel Maddison had been shot down early in the attack. Captain Dawson, the adjutant, had been wounded, but staggered on with the men until he was killed at the second line of trenches. "Come on, boys! Let's get at 'em and clear 'em out!" were his last words. On this second line the battalion, together with its support, beat itself to pieces. Twenty-three officers were on the ground, and less than seventy men could ever be collected. A few survivors, unable to get back, were taken prisoners, and a German report has stated that they were very proud and defiant when marched away. At night a number of wounded were carried in along the whole divisional front from No Man's Land, but many lives were lost in the gallant work, and many of the wounded also lost their lives in trying to crawl back, for the Germans turned their machine-guns during the daytime upon everything that moved in front of their lines.

To show how uniform was the experience, one may quote the doings of a battalion of the 23rd Brigade. This brigade was on the right of the Eighth Division line, and the 2nd Middlesex, the battalion in question, formed the right battalion joining on with the Tyneside Scottish of the Thirty-fourth Division to the south. Upon its left was the 2nd Devons. The supporting troops, two companies of the 2nd West Yorkshires and the 2nd Scottish Rifles, seem to have held back when it was seen how fatal was the advance, and so in part escaped from the catastrophe. The Middlesex advanced almost opposite to La Boisselle. There was a slight dip in the ground to the immediate front which formed a partial protection from the machine-guns, so that, although the losses were very heavy, about three hundred men with six Lewis guns made good their footing in the German front-line trench. Their gallant commander was wounded twice, but still kept at their head while they swept onwards to the second line. It was stuffed with Germans, but the handful of British stormers flung themselves in among them and cleared a standing place in the trench. The German guns, however, had the exact range, and four out of the six Lewis guns were blown into the air. Finally, only five men and a sergeant were left unwounded in this trench. This handful made its way back. One hundred and thirty of the Middlesex men seem to have got through or round on to the Pozières Road, but their fate was never cleared up. Finally, only thirty men

of this grand battalion answered the roll-call that night.

The space between the two attacks described from the point of view of the two wing battalions of the division was occupied by the 25th Brigade, whose advance and losses were exactly similar to those which have been narrated. The 2nd Lincolns and 2nd Berkshires were the leading battalions, and their devotion in attempting the impossible was as great as that of their comrades to right and left.

Up to this point the writer has been faced by the painful and monotonous task of one long record of murderous failure from Gommecourt in the north to La Boisselle in the south. It cannot be doubted that we had over-estimated the effects of our bombardment, and that the German guns were intact to a degree which was unexpected. Our one poor consolation must be that the German reserves were held in their position, and that the improved prospects were assured for the remainder of the British line and for the whole of the French line. Had the front of the battle covered only the region which has been treated up to now, the episode would have been a tragic one in British military history. Thousands of men had fallen, nor could it be truthfully said that anything of permanence had been achieved.

BRITISH TROOPS IN A GERMAN DUG-OUT.

THE ENEMY, SURPRISED BY OUR TROOPS IN THEIR UNDERGROUND SHELTERS, SURRENDERING AND OFFERING COFFEE TO THE VICTORS.

ADVANCE OF THIRTY-FOURTH DIVISION.

On the right of the Eighth Division was the Thirty-fourth. The 101st Brigade, consisting of the 15th and 16th Royal Scots, the 10th

Lincolns and 11th Suffolks, were on the right, the Tyneside Scots upon the left, and the Tyneside Irish in support behind the right brigade. In the immediate rear lay the Nineteenth Division, with instructions to hold and consolidate the ground gained.

THE TURNING-POINT OF THE LINE.

In no part of the line was the advance more gallant, and it marks the point at which unalloyed failure began first to change to partial success, ripening into complete victory in the southern section. Some slight cover seems to have helped the troops for the first few hundred yards, and it would appear also that, though the small-arm fire was very severe, the actual shell-fire was not so heavy as that which devastated the divisions in the north. None the less, the obstacles were sufficient to test to the highest any troops in the world, and they were gloriously surmounted by men, none of whom had been in action before. "I, their commander," wrote the Divisional General, "will never forget their advance through the German curtain of fire. It was simply wonderful, and they behaved like veterans." The scream of the war-pipes, playing "The Campbells are Coming," warmed the blood of the soldiers. Upon the left, the Tyneside Scots penetrated two lines of trenches and found themselves to the north of the village of La Boisselle, where further progress was made impossible by a murderous fire from front and flank. Of the four battalions of the 101st Brigade, the two English units were nearly opposite the village, and though they advanced with great resolution, they were unable to get a permanent lodgment. The two Royal Scots battalions upon the flank got splendidly forward, and some of them made their way deeper into the German line than any organized body of troops, save only the Ulster men, had succeeded in doing, getting even as far as the outskirts of Contalmaison. The valiant leader of their advanced party was wounded, but continued to encourage his men and to try to consolidate his desperate position, which was nearly a mile within the German lines. He was again severely wounded, and Lieutenant Hole was killed, upon which the only remaining officer retired to a point some hundreds of yards back, called Round Wood or Round Alley. Here the Scots stuck fast, and nothing could budge them. Germans were in front of them, were in La Boisselle upon their left rear, and were behind them in the trenches, which led from the village. By all the laws of war, the detachment was destroyed; but in practice the Germans found that they could not achieve it. A small reinforcement of 27th Northumberland Fusiliers (from the 103rd Brigade), under an experienced soldier, had joined them, and their situation was less forlorn, because they were in slight touch with the skirts of the 64th Brigade of the 21st Division, who had also, as will presently be shown, won a very forward position. By means of this division communication was restored with the isolated detachment, and the Colonel of the 16th Royal Scots, a very well-known volunteer officer of Edinburgh, succeeded in reaching his men. His advent gave them fresh spirit, and under his leadership they proceeded next morning not only to hold the position, but to enlarge it considerably, sending bombers down every sap and endeavouring to give the impression of great numbers. Two companies of the East Lancashire Regiment from the Nineteenth Division made their way forward, and joined with effect in these attacks. This small body of men held their own until the afternoon of July 3rd, when the advance of the Nineteenth Division upon La Boisselle enabled them to be relieved. It was time, for the water was exhausted and munitions were running low. It was a glad moment when, with their numerous German captives, they joined up with their cheering comrades. It should be said that in this fine feat of arms a small party of the 11th Suffolks played a valiant part. General Pulteney issued a special order thanking these troops for their stout defence, and the matter was in truth of wider importance than any local issue, for it had the effect of screening the left flank of the Twenty-first Division, enabling them to make good their hold upon Crucifix Trench and the Sunken Road, as will later be told.

We have now completed our survey of that long stretch of line in which our gallant advance was broken against an equally gallant resistance. The account has necessarily had to concern itself with incessant details of units and orders of battle, since these are the very essence of such an account, and without them it might read, as contemporary descriptions did read, like some vague combat in the moon. But, casting such details aside, the reader can now glance up that long line and see the wreckage of that heroic disaster—the greatest and also the most glorious that ever befell our arms.

Sir A. Conan Doyle's description of the Battle of the Somme will be concluded in our next number, and it will be seen that the question whether our gains were worth our losses receives as a reply an emphatic "Yes."

THE PROBLEM · CLUB.

By

BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated

by

A. Garrett.

No. 6.—THE IDENTITY PROBLEM.

THE REV. SEPTIMUS CUNLIFFE took the chair at the forty-eighth meeting of the Problem Club. The problem which Leonard, the astute head-waiter, had set the members to solve during the preceding month was simply the discovery of his own identity; and competitors were debarred from communicating with Leonard himself or from employing detectives in its solution.

Mr. Cunliffe, with a pardonable enjoyment of his own excellent elocution, read out the terms of the problem in tones that almost made it a drama. And the few introductory remarks that usually fell from the chairman became in his case almost an address. True, the occasion furnished him with some excuse.

"Gentlemen," he said, "with this meeting the Problem Club brings to a close the fourth year of its existence. The idea of the club, as I daresay most of you are aware, originated in the imaginative brain of Lord Herngill, and of the original members there are still three left us—Sir Charles Bunford, Major Byles, and Mr. Matthews. The eccentric nobleman who was our founder did not himself long remain a member. Broken in health and, as I understand, suffering from private disappointments, he relinquished his clubs and retired altogether from society. He spent the remainder of his days on his Yorkshire estate, shut out from the world and even denying himself the companionship of old friends. It was only a few months ago that his death was announced in the newspapers. A somewhat gloomy subject, gentlemen, but it seemed to me fitting that on this occasion we should recall with gratitude the name of our founder.

"Now for the first two years of the club's existence the monthly problem was always provided by the member whose duty it would be to adjudicate on it. But during the second year it was found that this did not work well. Some of the members had not sufficient readiness of invention. Others did not show sufficient discretion. Our minutes of that period show some problems, I grieve to say, that can only be described as scandalous. Under these circumstances a member, Mr. Barstairs, since dead, was deputed to find for us some able and trustworthy person who for a small honorarium would act as our setter of problems. At the next meeting he announced that he had selected Leonard, who had then just become head-waiter here.

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"The selection of a head-waiter for the purpose seemed to some of us—certainly to myself—fantastic, more especially as Barstairs offered no explanation at all. But, we must admit, fantasy plays some part in the spirit of the club, and no formal objection was raised. Time has shown that Barstairs had reason in his fantasy. Leonard has given us every satisfaction. Whoever he may be, I think that we are agreed on one point—that he possesses qualities unusual in a head-waiter.

"In fact, gentlemen, the news that I am about to give you will, I am sure, be received with regret. I have a letter from Leonard in which he tells me that after eleven to-night he will cease to be in the service of the hotel, and will no longer be available as our problem-setter. He offers, if it would be any convenience to us, to name a successor whose ability and discretion he can guarantee absolutely. I may add that it is a very properly-expressed and respectful letter.

"The appointment of a successor may, I think, be considered later. Let us now proceed to the adjudication of the current competition. I confess that if I personally had to find out who Leonard is I should not, under the conditions imposed, know how to begin. However, I have great confidence in the ingenuity of the ten members before me—there would have been eleven but for Harding Pope's resignation."

The chairman's confidence was misplaced. Every member had made an attempt to solve the problem, but everyone had failed. Several of them had hit on the expedient of following Leonard when he left the hotel. The Hon. James Feldane, for example, had hit on it, and recounted his failure.

"I lay up in a taxi a few yards from the door of this place, where I could get a good view. Presently out came Leonard, and I might very easily have missed him, for I was expecting him to bob up from the basement, and he came out of the main entrance. He was well turned out, and looked rather less like a head-waiter than I do myself. He called up a taxi and got in. Off he went, and off I went after him, my driver having been instructed. We drove, as near as I can guess, for about umpty-ump hours. I know I began to wonder if my cigarettes would last out the trip. Then my cab slowed down to a crawl, and I looked cautiously from the window. Leonard's cab had stopped in front of a mouldy-looking place with big gilt letters on it. He overpaid his cabman —I heard the words 'Thank you' distinctly —ran up the steps, rang a bell, and entered I got out.

"'Cabby,' I said, 'where are we? Is this the hereafter?'

"'No, sir,' he said. 'Looks like it, but it's really Brixton.'

"The big gilt letters informed me that Leonard had entered the Beaulieu Temperance Hotel. I pushed the push, and the door was half opened to me by an Italian waiter with the darkest eyes and hands I ever saw. I could catch a glimpse of a small hall furnished with a good deal of dust and a stand for hats and coats. I spotted Leonard's excellent hat and overcoat thereon. The waiter looked at me suspiciously. I got right on to the point at once.

"'I want,' I said, 'the name and address of the gentleman who came in here just now, and I'll pay a sovereign for it.'

"He seemed to understand the argument. In a minute he was back with the name and address and the information that the gentleman was stopping there for only one night. He got his sovereign. The name he gave was Leonard, and the address was the address of this hotel. I may have been more annoyed in the course of my life, but I doubt it. So I made the weary journey back again, had a light supper of one whisky and soda, and went to bed."

Mr. Matthews had followed Leonard on foot to the Ritz. Mr. Quillian had tracked him to a desperate hostelry in the far north of London. Major Byles had pursued him to an hotel in Wimbledon. They ascertained that he spent a night at each one of these three places, but they added nothing else to their knowledge of him.

Sir Charles Bunford had been no more successful, but he had a curious story to tell. He had met Leonard by chance in St. James's Street one night at half-past eleven. There was nothing in Leonard's dress or bearing that suggested anything less than complete independence. Sir Charles felt certain that he himself had not been recognized, turned, and followed him.

"He led me," Sir Charles recounted, "up through the squares to Oxford Street, where he turned west. Just then there came shuffling along in the gutter towards us a street-vender with a tray of little toys slung from his shoulders. He gave me the impression of an old man. Leonard and he both stopped. I also stopped, making a pretence of lighting a cigarette. They were both in the full light of a street lamp, and I had a close view of them. Leonard picked

up from the tray a little monkey of blue plush mounted on a pin. Deliberately and without a smile he stuck the monkey in the gutter-merchant's battered bowler. Then he took out his note-case, produced a fiver, and spread it on the tray, and walked on. During this curious incident neither of the men spoke. As you may imagine, I tackled the street-vender at once.

"'You're in luck,' I said. 'Did you know that customer?'

"He folded his fiver and slipped it into an inner pocket. He looked at me shrewdly, and I noticed that his eyes were young. His voice when he spoke was quite young. And it was the voice of an educated man, too.

"'Which of us,' he said, 'can say that he knows the other—or even that he knows himself?'

"'Come,' I said. 'I think you can tell me what I want to know. And two fivers are better than one.'

"HE TOOK OUT HIS NOTE-CASE, PRODUCED A FIVER, AND SPREAD IT ON THE TRAY."

"'That is so—to some people at some times—but not to Mr. William Bunting, the editor of *The Pig-keepers' Friend*, at this time. I will wish you good-night, Sir Charles.'

"And he walked off briskly without a trace of the old slouch. How he knew my name I can't tell you, for certainly Leonard, even if he knew I was following, never said a word to him. The man left me staggered. I rushed off again after Leonard, but I had lost him. That is all I have to tell, and I have given you the facts accurately as they happened. I was both sane and sober at the time—but if you doubt that, upon my word I can't be surprised."

The failure was general. Dr. Alden had interviewed the proprietor of the hotel, who was most courteous, but, in the doctor's opinion, lied in his profession of ignorance. Mr. Pusely-Smythe got hold of one of the other waiters who appeared perfectly willing to betray anybody on the most moderate terms, but, unfortunately, had no information to impart.

"Well," said the chairman, "I must decide that the problem has not been solved. The prize for it not being awarded, that for the next competition is doubled. We have now to obtain the solution of the problem from the wily Leonard himself, and at the same time he is required to show us that the problem was possible of solution by us. It is now twenty to eleven and presumably Leonard leaves this hotel at eleven; so we have not much time to spare. If you, Mr. Quillian, will unlock the doors and ring the bell, I will tell the waiter that we should be glad to see Leonard for a few minutes."

But it was Leonard himself who answered the bell. He was a tall young man of good figure. He had not the stereotyped version of good looks, but his face was pleasing and full of humour and intelligence. He carried himself well. His dress was unsuited to the occasion, for he wore a well-cut lounge-suit of dark-blue cloth, and his brown, laced boots suggested a product of Bond Street intended for use in the country. There was no trace of a waiter about him. His manner was easy, confident without being assuming, and marked just by that touch of restraint that a man might show on first introduction to a number of his equals.

"Well, Leonard," said the chairman, "we were on the point of sending for you. Your problem has beaten us. Can you show us how we might have solved it, and provide us with the solution?"

"Certainly," said Leonard. "I'd rather expected that I should be wanted."

"Good. Now sit down, won't you? We're all quite informal here."

"Thanks," said Leonard. It seemed to

be tacitly and generally accepted that he had become a guest of the club. Dr. Alden proffered his cigar-case; Jimmy brought him a whisky-and-soda.

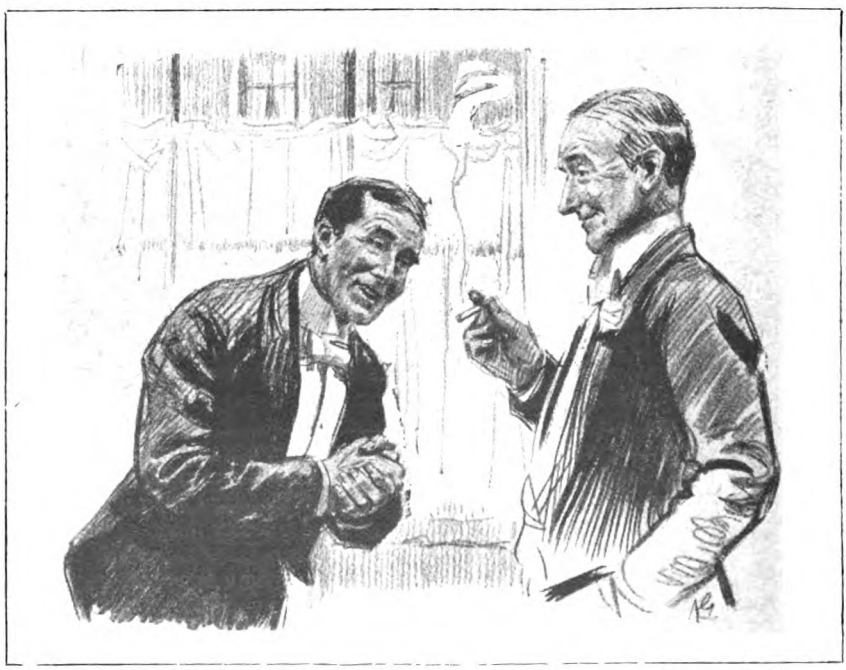
"I think I ought to begin," said Leonard, "by apologizing to you for having given you all such a lot of trouble—more especially as it was quite intentional on my part."

"Part of the game," said Major Byles. "That's all right. No apologies needed."

"Thanks very much. At any rate I can apologize for these clothes. The fact is that I'm going North by the midnight train from Euston, and so I changed. And now let me show one or two ways in which the problem could have been solved. Some of you followed me when I took a taxi to an outlying hotel, and subsequently made applications at the hotel. If instead of doing this you had hailed the taxi that I had just left, you would in each case have found inside it an addressed envelope giving you the information you required. When Mr. Feldane went for that very long drive to Brixton I intentionally left my hat and coat in the hall of the alleged hotel for a few minutes. He examined the waiter; if he had examined the inside of my hat he would have found a certain clue. Sir Charles very nearly caught me. That night I left the hotel much earlier than usual, and had satisfied myself that nobody was waiting for me outside. I was on my way to a house in Audley Street where I was not known as the head-waiter at this hotel, and my identity would probably have been discovered; and it was necessary I should go to that house. At the top of St. James's Street I found that Sir Charles was after me. But I had taken a precaution. A friend of mine was stationed in Oxford Street, masquerading as a vender of penny plush monkeys; I found him and we went through a little eccentric pantomime together that had been prearranged. As had been expected, Sir Charles stopped to make inquiries from him. And while that was happening I made my escape."

"One moment," said Sir Charles. "How on earth did he know who I was? You never spoke to him?"

"No, I never spoke. And he did not know who you were. He did not know that you were Sir Charles Bunford, and does not know it now. He knew that he could address you as Sir Charles, and he knew that from the fact that I stuck the monkey in his hat. It was a prearranged code. If Major Byles



"MR. PUSELY-SMYTHE GOT HOLD OF ONE OF THE OTHER WAITERS WHO APPEARED TO BE PERFECTLY WILLING TO BETRAY ANYBODY ON THE MOST MODERATE TERMS, BUT, UNFORTUNATELY, HAD NO INFORMATION TO IMPART."

had been following me I should have stuck the monkey in my friend's right sleeve. He would then have addressed him as Major, though he would not have known his name. If Mr. Wildersley had been after me the monkey would have gone into the left sleeve; my friend would have known by that sign that he was an artist, but would have known no more than that. Similarly, in other cases, he would always have appeared to have known, but would not have known really."

"Leonard," said the chairman, "in my opinion you have shown both skill and discretion, and a good sporting spirit besides. I decide that your problem was fair. And now will you solve it for us?"

"Very good. I must give you some abbreviated family history. My grandfather had two sons, both of whom disappointed him, though in different ways. My uncle was a man of extreme avarice; my father, the younger of the two, was a gambler. Both my parents died before I was five years old, and I—the only child—passed into the charge of my grandfather.

"My grandfather placed me with the family of an intimate friend of his, who was also the senior partner in the firm of solicitors who acted for him, a Mr. Barstairs. Barstairs had married a Frenchwoman. French was the language generally spoken in their house, and most of my early years were spent abroad. I went through a public-school and Cambridge without any particular disgrace or distinction. So far my grandfather had kept me well supplied with money; in fact, at Cambridge I had not spent my allowance. But I had never seen my grandfather. I wrote to him four times a year, and his replies were always witty and entertaining. I took everything for granted in the way that boys do.

"On my twenty-first birthday I had a letter from my grandfather to the effect that as an experiment he wished me to make my own living in any way I liked for a period of some years. When that period was over, or sooner if he died before then, I was to be no longer under that necessity. Mr. Barstairs, who had not been consulted, was indignant about that letter, but I did not resent it myself.

"What assets had I to offer an employer? My classical degree would have entitled me to teach in a school—a truly awful profession, to my mind. I spoke two Continental languages well and a third passably. I had an unusual knowledge of wines and cuisine for a man of my age. (Mr. Matthews will remember that Barstairs was an epicure.) I had seen a good deal of hotel life at home and abroad. I took counsel with Mr. Hance, the proprietor of this hotel, who was known to me. After some training at an hotel in Paris I became the night head-waiter here, using my first name, Leonard, as my surname. My grandfather and Mr. Barstairs alone were taken into my secret. It is to the latter that I owe the pleasure of having served a club of which I should be proud one day to become a member, if that were possible. I saw life from a novel and interesting angle. I had my mornings free for poetry, to which I am devoted. I was quite satisfied.

"There is little more to add. In the year that I came here my uncle died unmarried. Three months ago my grandfather also died, and I——"

"Pardon me," said Sir Charles, "but I have been watching your face carefully, and I think I see a family likeness or the trace of one. All that you have said would confirm it. I think you are the grandson of the founder of this club, and in that case you are the sixth Baron Herngill."

"That is correct. I remained here for these months while some legal matters were completed, and to oblige Hance, for I consider that he did me a good turn. I leave for Enthwaite to-night. And now, gentlemen, since time presses, may I mention that I have a successor to myself to propose to you, if you have made no other arrangements? He would act on the same terms as I have done. I will answer for his ability and discretion. He is, like myself, a poet. He is also the editor of an obscure weekly publication called *The Pig-keepers' Friend*. If you choose him, I have here his first problem to deliver to the chairman. His name is William Bunting. With your permission I will retire for a few minutes while you consider this."

When he had gone out it was found that every member of the Problem Club had formed the same idea. On his return to the room Lord Herngill was informed that Mr. Bunting had been appointed, and also that Lord Herngill had been proposed by the chairman, seconded by Sir Charles Bunford, and unanimously elected a member of the Problem Club.

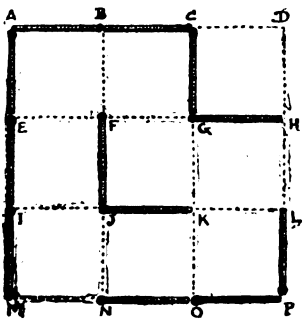
[*We hope to resume in an early number the Chronicles of the Problem Club, whose doings have afforded our readers so much entertainment.*]

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

405.—THE NINE SQUARES GAME.

MAKE the simple square diagram shown and provide a box of matches. These latter may sometimes be obtained by patience or cupidity, but if too costly mere pieces of stick will do equally well. The side of the large square is three matches in length. The game is, playing one match at a time alternately, to enclose more of those small squares than your opponent. For every small square that you enclose you not only score one point, but you play again. The illustration shows an illustrative game in progress. Twelve matches are placed, my opponent and myself having made six plays each, and, as I had first play, it is now my turn to place a match. What is my best line of play in order to win most squares? If I play F G my opponent will play B F and score one point. Then, as he has the right to play again, he will score another with E F and again with I J, and still again with G K. If he now plays C D, I have nothing better than D H (scoring one), but, as I have to play again, I am compelled, whatever I do, to give him all the rest. So he will win by 8 to 1—a bad defeat for me. Now, what should I have played instead of that disastrous F G? There is room for a lot of skilful play in the game and it can never end in a draw.



406.—A CARD TRICK.

A YOUNG officer at the Front asked me to explain an old card trick and so "clear the minds of a captain and four subalterns who are at present in a perfect fog." This is the trick. Take an ordinary pack of playing cards and regard all the court cards as tens. Now, look at the top card—say it is a seven—place it on the table face downwards and play more cards on top of it, counting up to twelve. Thus, the bottom card being seven, the next will be eight, the next nine, and so on, making six cards in that pile. Then look again at the top card of pack—say it is a queen—then count 10, 11, 12 (three cards in all) and complete the second pile. Continue this, always counting up to twelve, and if at last you have not sufficient cards to complete a pile, put these apart. Now, if I am told how many piles have been made and how many unused cards remain over, I can at once tell you the sum of all the bottom cards in the piles. I simply multiply by 13 the number of piles less 4, and add the number of cards left over. Thus, if there were 6 piles and 5 cards over, then 13 times 2 (*i.e.*, 6 less 4) added to 5 equals 31, the sum of the bottom cards. Why is this? That is the question.

407.—MORE BICYCLING.

CORRESPONDENTS who were interested in No. 386 ("Sharing a Bicycle") have suggested the possibility of a third rider having to use the same bicycle. As a matter of fact, I understand that Anderson and Brown have taken a man named Carter into partnership and the position to-day is this: Anderson, Brown, and Carter walk respectively 4, 5, and 3 miles per hour and ride respectively 10, 8, and 12 miles per hour How are they to use that single bicycle so that all shall complete the twenty miles journey at the same time?

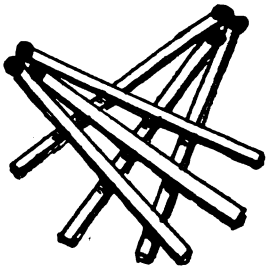
408.—DECAPITATIONS.

THE lilies on the bank are . . . . .
While in our little bark we're . . . . .
Our course to favouring breezes . . . . .
Like birds upon the . . . . .
With lilies now the oars are . . . . .
And eager hands the blossoms . . . . .
Each shouts, "Dull care away . . . . ."
And echo answers, " . . . . ."
It seems to me a strange . . . . .
That we should pay so great . . . . .
For trifles like a little . . . . .
Or such a common thing as . . . . .

In each verse the first missing word is successively decapitated (has its initial letter removed) to form the remaining missing words. In one case two initial letters are taken away.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

400.—THE SIX SUBMARINES.



IT will be seen from the illustration that this puzzle is absurdly easy—when you know how to do it! And yet I have not the slightest doubt that many readers found it a hard nut to crack. It will be seen that every match undoubtedly touches every other match.

401.—DIGGING A DITCH.

A SHOULD receive one-third of two pounds (13s. 4d.) and B two-thirds (£1 6s. 8d.). Say B can dig all in 2 hours and shovel all in 4 hours; then A can dig all in 4 hours and shovel all in 8 hours. That is, their ratio of digging is as 2 to 4 and their ratio of shovelling as 4 to 8 (the same ratio), and A can dig in the same time that B can shovel (4 hours), while B can dig in a quarter of the time that A can shovel. Any other figures will do that fill these conditions and give two similar ratios for their working ability. Therefore, A takes one-third and B twice as much—two-thirds.

402.—AN ALPHABET PUZZLE.

HERE are the two best sentences, containing the complete alphabet and only two repeated letters, that I know:—

BLOWZY FRIGHTS VEX AND JUMP QUICK.

"ZIMB, VEX JACKDAW," QUOTH SPRING FLY.

Readers may be interested to know that there is one verse in the Bible that contains every letter of the English alphabet, if we regard i and j as the same. It is Ezra VII., 21.

403.—A CHARADE.

SCAR-BO-ROUGH.

404.—A PRETTY FINISH.

WHITE played Q to B 5, check, Black was compelled to play P takes Q, and then White's move, Kt to B 7, checkmated.

THE ENGLISHMAN

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Nora Schlegel.

I.

P.S.—We shall reach Pont Avèn about seven. Ruby says that she can hardly believe it: she has heard so much about it and has so greatly wanted to visit it, ever since she was a girl. I am so pleased she is coming with me. She really *knows* something about pictures, and will be able to criticize and tell me if you have been working hard!

The strong, full sunshine of a Breton October noonday poured down upon the awning above Mme. Maréchale's famous *café*; it penetrated the canvas, warmed the red covers of the wicker chairs beside the tables, sparkled upon the dust of the roadway, and set the reflected shapes of the fishing and pleasure boats dancing in the basin of the Avèn. It was the hour of *déjeuner*. The Quai side was deserted. The only visible human being was a man who sat reading a letter and sipping coffee feverishly in one of the wicker chairs.

He was about seven-and-twenty, but looked much younger; he was well set-up and good-looking, but his intelligent face and generally pleasing appearance were marred by a somewhat weak mouth. The chin was strong enough. It was the lips which were disappointing: they were apart, almost always, and a physiognomist would have said that character was latent, but that only suffering would develop it and see the offending features strengthened and kept resolutely closed. So far, Roderick Fulton—as his friends said of him in Paris—was "all over the show."

He finished his coffee, glanced round at the open window behind him, heard the voices of Mme. Maréchale and her adopted daughter in conversation, realized that they were at *déjeuner*, was reluctant to disturb them, turned back again, and sat for several minutes, hunched and thoughtful, in his chair. Then he started—as if he had come to a sudden resolution—jumped up, and began to stride eagerly in the direction of the new Concarneau road. In less than five minutes he was running up some steps at the end of a narrow passage and was knocking at a green-painted door. A man opened it—and greeted him with surprise.

"Why, Fulton," he said, "I thought you were in Paris. Er—won't you come in? Excuse me a minute. I'm cooking—and the stuff has got to be stirred!"

The young man nodded and walked forward into the studio; the other disappeared behind an arrangement of screens. Fulton glanced round at the walls—which were covered with sketches—then sat down before a couple of easels and began to contemplate two pictures—medium-sized panels of unusual distinction, remarkable for colour and for draughtsmanship as well.

At the end of five minutes there was a loud sigh—as of a Primus stove expiring—and the older man emerged from the screens. He was possibly thirty-six. His face formed a contrast with Fulton's. It was lean, ascetic, and resolute. He walked with a limp which was just perceptible, and his left boot had a treble thickness of sole.

"Well," he began, in a voice of unusual gentleness, "what's the trouble? Anything to do with your work?"

"Yes. *No*, I mean. Something to do with yours!"

"Mine!"

"Yes. I—I—ever since you showed it me I've been thinking about it. I want to have some panels—if you've got one or two to spare!"

The other started. His face showed sudden pleasure; indeed, a quite fierce eagerness. But he made a calm reply.

"That's very nice of you. Shall I put one or two up?"

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"Yes, please, Gardner—do!"

The owner of the studio removed the two panels at which Fulton had been looking, took a number of others from the walls against which they were stacked, face inwards, and put them in succession on the easels for the would-be purchaser to see. The choice, indeed, was difficult. All of them were remarkable. But to appreciate their great distinction it needed the artist's eye.

The young man picked out three—each of them a Pont Avèn subject — one, a scene on market-day; another, the interior of the ruined twelfth-century chapel of Trémalo; the third, a bright, warm, luminous study of the Quai. He glanced at their right-hand corners saw "Harry Gardner" signed there in firm characters—and began to speak, with a jerk.

"I *like* these. What do you want for them?"

"I LIKE THESE. WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THEM?"

"A hundred and twenty-five—each!"

Three Bank of France notes—each the equivalent of four pounds English—three napoleons, and fifteen francs in silver changed hands immediately. The purchaser took the panels carefully under his arms. He hurried out. As the door closed on him the painter's face relaxed completely. He picked up his hat and stood hesitating, as about to leave the studio, possibly in search of the little restaurant which stands at the entrance to the *place*. Then he sighed, threw the hat back into a corner, and, two minutes later, sat down before the window to eat the porridge he had cooked.

II.

THE tram-like train from Quimperlé drew to a standstill in the little dim-lit station; Roderick Fulton, who had been nervously pacing the platform, hurried to the first-class compartment, from which two ladies emerged. One of them—a middle-aged woman with white hair and an appearance of amiability rather than of intelligence—kissed him affectionately; the other—twenty-eight, possibly, dressed charmingly, and, in that semi-darkness at any rate, looking very beautiful—shook him warmly by the hand. He hastened to find their luggage, and saw it taken over by the careful porter from the Julia—the world-famed Pont Avèn hotel.

Then he came back to the pair.

"I didn't have a *voiture*, Auntie Alice. It

isn't very far, you know. And I thought you'd prefer to walk!"

"Yes, ever so much, Roddy, thank you. It has been such a long day in the train. But we had a lovely crossing. And now, my dear, how are you? Very well?"

"Oh, awfully fit, auntie, thanks!"

"And your work? Have you been doing a great deal?"

"Oh, yes, auntie—lots!"

"That's a good boy. We shall see it to-morrow. Isn't it a good thing you came with me, Ruby? You'll be able to tell me how much Roddy has improved!"

The young man winced in the darkness; his cousin—Ruby Shortridge—gave an absent-minded reply. She was looking eagerly about her. The night was profoundly peaceful; there was no wind; overhead the stars were out; and already from the mist of the horizon there emerged an amber moon. They had entered the main street now. A scent of burning pine-logs rose fragrant and delicious. The voice of running water whispered close at hand.

"How beautiful it all is! And how peaceful! Roderick, where is the Bois d'Amour?"

"Over there. Above the river. Beyond those houses."

"And the Julia?"

"In the *place*. It isn't three minutes' walk."

Roderick's cousin nodded, but remained silent. His aunt gave a kind—if slightly foolish—laugh.

"Ruby's an enthusiast. She's been as eager as a schoolgirl. It seems that Pont Avèn is an old day-dream. She was told about it when she was a child!"

They reached the *place* and turned into it, going across to the famous old hotel. Julia herself was not in the *bureau*. But her niece, Mme. Simon, was there.

"*Ma tante, Madame Johnstone!*" said Roderick. "*Et ma cousine, Madame Shortridge. Elles sont bien heureuses de se trouver à Pont Avèn!*"

Mme. Simon bowed and said something suitable, then took the ladies to their rooms in the huge modern annexe across the way. Roderick waited nervously in the *salon;* when his aunt and cousin came downstairs again he led them back to the old hotel. The season was over. Julia was using the original—and smaller—dining-room. There were perhaps twenty people there, belated birds of passage; some English and American residents; certain excellent bourgeois, natives of Pont Avèn. The walls were completely hidden by paintings; presents to Julia from grateful—and in some cases famous—artists who had lived formerly in the Breton village for years.

Roderick's aunt took her place at the farther end of the long table. An "Oh, how quaint!" sufficiently expressed her admiration, and she settled down to the excellent dinner, but Ruby Shortridge's eyes were full of admiration; her beautiful face displayed both intelligence and interest, and she plied Roderick with questions, to the extent of neglecting her meal. Her quality attracted the attention of some Frenchmen, who exchanged appreciative comment. In a somewhat different way it attracted the attention of a man—probably British—who had arrived the same morning, who had started as the three had entered the dining-room, and whose surprise had passed unnoticed by them, since their attention had been given to the walls. He was sitting on the same side as the trio, but now and then he leaned well forward, with his eyes on Ruby's face. He himself was striking to look at: tall, broad, massive of head, possibly fifty, with very youthful eyes.

The meal passed through its several courses; the big man rose and left the table; Roderick Fulton and his companions lingered to look at Mr. Horace Vachell's photograph and to read the original of the letter to Julia which accompanied his dedication of the novel called "The Face of Clay." Presently they strolled across to the annexe and entered the big *salon*, and, going towards the fireplace, took chairs. They had hardly seated themselves when the door opened and closed again, and the big man from the dining-room approached.

"How do you do, Mrs. Johnstone!" he said, smiling. "Mrs. Shortridge, I'm not going to let you cut me as you did an hour ago! I'm delighted to see you. What brings you to Pont Avèn?"

"Sir Charles West! Why, I thought you were still in Cornwall. Fancy meeting you here!"

Mrs. Johnstone rose, all animation. A buyer of pictures, but no great judge of their merits, she shook hands warmly with the A.R.A., several of whose seascapes she had purchased, and who had received his knighthood recently on becoming president of the Society of Painters in Oils. Ruby Shortridge greeted him less effusively, but it was plain that she was pleased to see him; he was introduced to Roderick, who gave up his chair. They

talked on general subjects for an hour or more. Then Mrs. Johnstone rose.

"Well, Ruby," she said, "I'm tired, and I think you are; we have to do some unpacking, and it's time we went upstairs. Sir Charles, it has been a great pleasure to see you. We are staying a whole fortnight. You won't be going yet?"

"Not for a week. I am having a real holiday. Then I am going to Douarnenez, to work!"

Mrs. Johnstone nodded, and turned away with Ruby Shortridge; Roderick Fulton preceding them, to open the *salon* door. Suddenly his aunt turned back.

"Sir Charles!" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Johnstone!"

"Will you do me a great favour?"

"If it is possible—with all the pleasure in the world!"

"Well, as you are staying here, I want you to look at my nephew's pictures. I am sure he is clever. I believe he has a future. I want to know what you really think!"

Sir Charles smiled—not without relief, perhaps; it is never possible to predict what favour a rich—and foolish—woman will ask. He looked kindly at Roderick, and replied:—

"I shall be delighted. As I am going to Concarneau about eleven, let us fix my visit for then!"

He himself opened the door this time.. It was only after Mrs. Johnstone had gone out, followed into the hall by Roderick, that he realized that his promise seemed to have given the reverse of pleasure to the young man.

He divined the reason immediately. He guessed that Fulton was dependent upon his aunt for a living, and that she made him a handsome allowance and expected great things of him as a painter—and he himself had been nervous under criticism when younger, and was sometimes nervous still. He would be frank, but he would be friendly—for to discourage is generally a crime.

III.

It was about nine-thirty: Sir Charles sat making a belated *petit déjeuner*, sipping his coffee slowly, considering—and for the most part appreciating—the panels on the dining-room walls. Suddenly he heard a footstep. A big woman—tall as himself almost—stood behind his chair.

"*Bonjour, monsieur!*" she said. "Is not monsieur Sir Charles West?"

"Yes—and you are Mlle. Julia. George Quinton said he would write to you. I see he *did!*"

"Yes, monsieur. His letter has just come!"

They began to talk frankly—heart to heart almost—finding themselves without barriers, these two people—both of them children of peasants—each of them having worked most strenuously and having made good most thoroughly in their respective ways. Even now Julia was busy and could only spare a few minutes. But she hoped, at another moment, to take him round the property of which she was so proud.

"And monsieur goes to Concarneau?" she ended—about to seek her kitchen. "He takes the morning train?"

"Yes—at eleven. But the two ladies who came last night are old friends of mine, and I have promised to look at M. Fulton's work before I start. Shall I find it very good?"

Julia was silent a moment. Then—these forty years the friend and honoured confidant of painters—she spoke from throne to throne.

"M. Fulton has talent. But he has not industry; his lips—monsieur has noticed that they do not close. He wastes his time. All the summer there was a lady—an Américaine—to whom he made the court. She went back to Paris. He pursued her. She is gone back to America—I do not think she will return. She made him foolish. As I say, he has talent. But, as yet, he has not force!"

"I'm sorry. But you don't altogether surprise me, Mlle. Julia. Are there any other of my countrymen here?"

"No, monsieur. They have all returned to Paris or London for the winter. But stay; there is one who has the studio on the new Concarneau road. His name is Gardner. His face is known to me. He stayed at my hotel with his parents three summers, when he was a little boy. But his work I know not. He is never come to see me. He is a veritable hermit, and I think that he is very poor!"

She turned away. Sir Charles West sat down again, to finish his coffee. He drank it slowly—and thought hard. It was a pity about young Fulton. But youth was youth—and beauty was in the very atmosphere, and it would indeed be difficult for a young man of temperament to avoid a love affair at a place like Pont Avèn. No doubt his work *had* suffered. But, happily for the boy's material comforts, his aunt, that excellent Mrs. Johnstone, did not know good work from bad.

Yes, beauty was indeed in the atmosphere; and although he was a painter of storms, the quiet charm of this inland village had got hold of him completely. It must, he reflected, have seen innumerable dramas; even last

night, when he had gone out after talking in the *salon*, he had been close to tragedy, he felt sure.

He had been leaning upon the parapet of the bridge across the Avên at its narrowest, hard by the old house known as "le petit Chenonçeaux," and a man had passed him in the bright white moonlight: a tall, thin man with a slight limp, and with the lips of a lover and the forehead of an intellectual, and wide-set suffering eyes. They had looked at each other—much as he had, just now, looked at Julia—from a certain pinnacle of achievement—as it were from throne to throne. Only, in the eyes of himself and Julia success had set its signature—which was wanting in the eyes of the unknown.

And then, turning presently, coming up the slight slope in his thin shoes, which were almost soundless, he had seen a woman from an upstairs window looking out into the *place*. It was Ruby Shortridge. He knew her to be lonely and unhappy. She had married hastily—and enthusiastically—a man who had taught her painting in Cornwall, and who, having already a certain reputation, was held sure of a fine career. But he drank heavily. She had been left a widow some two years ago. Sir Charles felt very sorry for her. The marriage had spoiled her life.

The clock struck ten: almost on the stroke the subject of his thoughts entered, looking very fresh and beautiful with her dark hair, her dusky rose complexion, her slender neck, her shapely, well-set head. There was about her a kind of compelling gentleness—that, however, quite escaped weakness—and behind which, Sir Charles suspected, lay splendid capacity for affection and slumbering secret fire. For a moment—himself a widower—he had a swift and delicious vision of a second marriage with a woman of heart and sympathy who would wholly "understand."

"You see, I'm punctual," she said, smiling. "It is a wonder—seeing that I have been for a walk. I have discovered the Bois d'Amour already. Pont Avên surpasses every dream I ever had of it. There is an 'atmosphere' which enwraps one at once."

"Yes, I, too, have succumbed to it. It is certainly very wonderful; one feels that things have 'happened' here for many hundreds of years. I must explore it thoroughly. I wonder if you would care to take some walks?"

"I should love to!"

"Then we must arrange it. In the meantime I suppose we ought to go and look at that young man's work!"

"Yes; if we dawdle any longer, you will miss your train!"

They crossed to the annexe together and climbed to the first floor, where Ruby Shortridge fetched Mrs. Johnstone from her bedroom; then all three climbed higher still. Mrs. Johnstone, with a quite maternal eagerness, knocked at the door of one of the studios which Julia had built on the top floor.

They passed in. For a studio the place was abnormally tidy. Evidently Roderick had been dusting it; the solitary hint of disorder lay in the sight of many books—almost all with yellow covers—heaped away in evident hurry on top of a Breton *armoire*. He closed the door, and, French fashion, shook hands with everybody. Sir Charles West—eyeing him curiously by reason of that recent talk with Julia—noticed that he seemed abnormally nervous, and, amazed at the boy's white face and apprehensive manner, wondered if he were taking drugs. But the great sea-painter heard a cry of wonder, and turned to see what it meant.

He very soon understood.

Mrs. Johnstone and Ruby were standing before an easel; the former a little dubious and bewildered; the latter with admiration in her face. They were looking at a panel, remarkable alike for colour and for draughtsmanship, appealing less to the layman than to the artist, perfect in its catching of the Pont Avên atmosphere: a bright, warm study of the Quai.

"Roderick!" The speaker was Ruby Shortridge. "But it's perfectly splendid. *How* you have improved!"

"Do you think so, Ruby? I'm so glad, my dear; I like it immensely. Sir Charles, what do you say?"

There was a silence. Sir Charles West looked swiftly at Ruby, stood for some time contemplating the picture, walked closer to it, glanced at the bottom right-hand corner, then turned to the eager aunt.

"Yes," he said, slowly. "It is, indeed, admirable. I should like to see some more!"

Roderick walked to the walls, against which canvases were stacked, tidily, face inwards, and then, with burning face and trembling fingers, put up a panel of the Bois d'Amour. Ruby praised it enthusiastically. Sir Charles said little, and demanded another. Roderick put up a panel of the interior of the ruined chapel of Trémalo. Ruby's astonishment increased. Mrs. Johnstone expressed an admiration which was generous, if uncomprehending. Sir Charles considered the painting with long and infinite care.

"And another!" he said at last.

"Oh, I—I've plenty of sketches, but I've nothing else finished. You see, I've concentrated on these all the summer, so as not to waste force!"

"Oh, yes." His aunt's voice was eager and insistent. "But you *must* show your sketches to Sir Charles!"

Roderick produced a portfolio with nervous obedience, and put up also some canvases of a different kind.

Mrs. Johnstone thought them charming. Ruby was without enthusiasm. Sir Charles said nothing. The elder woman addressed him with a proud and happy smile.

"I'm so glad you and Ruby like Roderick's pictures. It shows he has really been working. Roddy, dear, I should like to kiss you. You make an old woman feel proud!"

She did kiss him. Then she sailed doorwards. She had a huge correspondence—mostly about nothing in particular; and an avalanche of letters, forwarded from various addresses at which she had been staying, had converged on her at Pont Avên.

"I must go and write some notes," she said. "Ruby, I've lost my address book. Be a dear and help me hunt. Sir Charles, you're going to Concarneau, but we shall meet at dinner, I trust!"

She hastened out. Ruby followed her. Sir Charles remained behind. He glanced at his watch, shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that it was no good thinking of Concarneau, and then addressed Roderick Fulton, who was putting some canvases away.

"Put up those panels again. I want to have another look."

The young man obeyed. Sir Charles made him put one panel on each of the two easels and prop the third on a shelf. There was a long silence. The big man stood considering the panels. Roderick Fulton, like a criminal when first arrested, stood licking lips which refused to be moistened, looking miserably at the great man.

"When do you propose to have a one-man show in London?" asked Sir Charles, suddenly. "You know what quality these possess. How long will it take you to do thirty more?"

"I don't know. I—I don't want to have a show for years, Sir Charles. I'm not good enough for London—yet!"

"The man who did these is good enough for anywhere. Now, *who* did them, eh?"

"I—I did!"

"You didn't. You are lying to me. You bought them from someone—and you painted out his signature and put your own name to them, and——"

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. You didn't do it to pretend to be a big man—that would have been unforgivable—but what you *did* was pretty bad. You wanted to make your aunt and cousin believe that you had made big progress—so that your aunt would think you had been working and not idling, and so continue your allowance on its present generous scale. Now, how much did these panels cost you apiece?"

"A hundred and twenty-five!"

"Pounds?"

"No—francs."

"*What!* Where did you buy them?"

"From the man who did them. I met him down at Port Manech, one day when I was sketching, and I asked him to let me have a look at his stuff. He wasn't very keen. But I persisted—I was so struck with it. He lives in a studio on the new Concarneau road. His name is Gardner, and——"

"Roderick!"

There was a cry behind them. Sir Charles turned sharply. Ruby Shortridge was standing at the other end of the room. Her face was anguished and contorted. Yet something like the shadow of happiness showed in her beautiful eyes.

"I heard," she said. "I found the book for Mrs. Johnstone, and I came back to look at those pictures—they were so good, so remarkable—I couldn't understand what seemed the most amazing of improvements in my cousin Roderick's work. And I heard you talking—and I listened—and I heard everything that was said!"

Sir Charles nodded. He stood silently looking at her, very greatly sympathetic, exceedingly attracted, having more than ever the feeling that she would be, *par excellence*, the woman for a second marriage—that dream of all creative artists, the wife who would really "understand." Then a feeling of delicacy bade him avoid intrusion upon an intimate family scene.

He glanced back at Roderick. The young man was livid, and was clearly enduring the genuine agonies of shame. Sir Charles, having in his time both known and suffered much, knew also how to forgive much. There was indulgence in his voice and smile.

"Since you heard," he said, "I think, Mrs. Shortridge, you had better give your cousin a good scolding and promise me not to worry Mrs. Johnstone with details which can do no one any good. To tell her *now* would

"THE YOUNG MAN WAS LIVID, AND WAS CLEARLY ENDURING THE GENUINE AGONIES OF SHAME."

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only be to make her unhappy, and I feel perfectly certain that if Mr. Fulton needs punishment it will come—and come best—from himself. I will return to the subject after *déjeuner*. I am not going to Concarneau. It is too late to catch the train!"

IV.

THE man who lived in his studio—whom the Pont Avênnais called "The Englishman"—stood before his easel, not working upon such a panel as had aroused the admiration of England's greatest sea-painter, but engaged upon one of those large canvases which alone can bring a landscape painter great reputation, and to which he gave every moment that could be spared from time consumed in sleep and exercise and doing work for rent and food. For years past he had been sending work to a certain dealer in Birmingham—little paintings of ships and fisher-folk which would be sold to suburbans at Edgbaston, and for which he received regularly a couple of guineas by return. The panels were a new departure, and the dealer had recently expressed his readiness to take any number more at five guineas apiece. But there was the cost of carriage on them, and payment was often long in coming, and there were debts which had been incurred through an illness, and "The Englishman" had been glad to get money quickly by selling to Roderick for less.

He was working with immense concentration; his brush and palette gripped firmly, his lips pressed together, his eyes as ardent as a flame. A knock echoed through the studio. He did not hear it. It was repeated. This time he turned. He hesitated a moment, as if disinclined to admit anyone—then crossed the floor and opened the door. A man entered: tall, broad, massive of head, and possibly fifty, with very youthful eyes.

"Mr. Gardner, I presume?" he said.

"Yes, that is my name."

"And mine is West. Let me give you my card!"

Gardner took the card and read it. He also took the great sea-painter's hand.

"It is very good of you to come and see me, sir," he said. "But I am afraid I have little to show you, as regards work!"

"Haven't you? Well, I rather thought otherwise. I've just seen three panels of yours at the Julia—in young Fulton's studio. Have you got any more?"

"Oh, yes. I have several that I was just sending to England—and a good many more that I've set aside for a final touch. Would you like me to put them up?"

"Rather. That's why I'm here."

Gardner obeyed. Three parts of an hour passed, occupied with observation—oral and ocular; occupied, also, with valuable, helpful criticism and highly generous praise. At last Gardner finished. Sir Charles regarded him measuringly. He was really a big man, and, as such, was always ready to recognize quality in other men.

"You're English?" he began, abruptly, after a considerable silence.

"Of course!"

"I'm glad of it. I thought when I saw those panels in London that an American was doing them."

"Saw them in London!"

"Yes—in Miller and Fortnum's, in Bond Street!"

"Miller and Fortnum's! But I never had any dealings with them!"

"Possibly not—direct. They doubtless bought them—as a quite legitimate speculation—from someone else. Who has the handling of your stuff?"

"Oh, a man in Birmingham!"

"What does he give you?"

"Two guineas for a sketch. Five guineas for a panel."

"And Miller and Fortnum are asking fifty!"

"Fifty! But it's incredible. I don't understand!"

Gardner took a step backwards and caught at a chair-back. Sir Charles looked at him, half-wondering, half-amused.

"Man," he said, "are you a lunatic? Don't you know how good your stuff is? I can't fathom it. You don't look like a fool!"

Gardner's lips worked. He was unable to speak for a minute. Then he recovered himself, faced the A.R.A. frankly, and gave a curious smile.

"Sir Charles," he answered, "when a man is alone and is poor and struggling, he often does the best work he is ever going to do. But he may get so bewildered by his poverty and his loneliness that his work seems worthless to him, so that he loses almost all faith in himself and is thankful for the immediate pittance which enables him to live at all. Probably you don't understand!"

"I ought to. I've been through it. But *you*—you're as safe as houses. You have a reputation waiting for you in London. And I'm very glad you're an Englishman, after all!"

The great sea-painter extended his hand for the second time that morning. The other took it—with tears of happiness running down his face.

"Thank you, Sir Charles," he said. "You don't *know* what it means to me. I am more grateful than I can ever say!"

"Grateful! My dear fellow, don't talk nonsense. The only person you've got to thank is yourself. Halloa, what was that?"

It had been a knock. Gardner wiped his cheeks hastily and walked across the studio, glad perhaps at an interruption—as was possibly Sir Charles. He opened the door, stood dumb a moment, and then gave a cry.

him. He remembered a story which had been rife in Cornwall at the time of her impulsive marriage: how she had thrown over someone to whom she had been engaged.

Then—the initial shock over—he accepted Fate bravely; it was not very difficult; his dream had been half-formed only; for a man of fifty, with success in his profession, love of woman is no more the greatest thing. And, born of the reaction brought by his discovery, a new and sudden passion for his

"YES, IT'S I, HARRY. PLEASE MAY I COME IN?"

"Ruby!" he said, faintly; "Ruby, it's you!"

"Yes, it's I, Harry. Please, may I come in?"

Gardner answered nothing. Ruby Shortridge crossed the threshold. Sir Charles, standing back in the shadow, saw their hands meet and watched their faces. The Englishman seemed to have suddenly seen Paradise. Never, also, had the A.R.A. seen Ruby look so beautiful; never had she seemed to him so completely the ideal wife for an artist: the woman who would understand.

And in a flash he, too, had understanding; in a second of illumination he realized that his dream of marrying her was ended, that—perfect mate though she might be for a man of sensibility—she was nevertheless not for art seized him, sending him back to his brush.

He advanced from the shadow where he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Shortridge," he said, lightly, "I'm glad you've found your way here; you'll see some very good stuff. It has made me jealous, and cured me of my staleness. I am off to do some work. *Au revoir*, Gardner. I shall expect you to dine with me at the Julia. We must have a chat about your plans!"

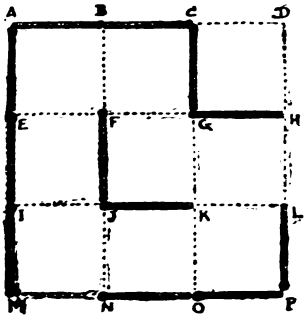
He went out quickly. The door shut on him. "The Englishman" and Ruby were alone. They found themselves sitting: she on an ancient sofa, he in a tumble-down chair. Their eyes were fixed upon each other's faces. It was he who spoke first.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

405.—THE NINE SQUARES GAME.

MAKE the simple square diagram shown and provide a box of matches. These latter may sometimes be obtained by patience or cupidity, but if too costly mere pieces of stick will do equally well. The side of the large square is three matches in length. The game is, playing one match at a time alternately, to enclose more of those small squares than your opponent. For every small square that you enclose you not only score one point, but you play again. The illustration shows an illustrative game in progress. Twelve matches are placed, my opponent and myself having made six plays each, and, as I had first play, it is now my turn to place a match. What is my best line of play in order to win most squares? If I play F G my opponent will play B F and score one point. Then, as he has the right to play again, he will score another with E F and again with I J, and still again with G K. If he now plays C D, I have nothing better than D H (scoring one), but, as I have to play again, I am compelled, whatever I do, to give him all the rest. So he will win by 8 to 1—a bad defeat for me. Now, what should I have played instead of that disastrous F G? There is room for a lot of skilful play in the game and it can never end in a draw.



406.—A CARD TRICK.

A YOUNG officer at the Front asked me to explain an old card trick and so "clear the minds of a captain and four subalterns who are at present in a perfect fog." This is the trick. Take an ordinary pack of playing cards and regard all the court cards as tens. Now, look at the top card—say it is a seven—place it on the table face downwards and play more cards on top of it, counting up to twelve. Thus, the bottom card being seven, the next will be eight, the next nine, and so on, making six cards in that pile. Then look again at the top card of pack—say it is a queen—then count 10, 11, 12 (three cards in all) and complete the second pile. Continue this, always counting up to twelve, and if at last you have not sufficient cards to complete a pile, put these apart. Now, if I am told how many piles have been made and how many unused cards remain over, I can at once tell you the sum of all the bottom cards in the piles. I simply multiply by 13 the number of piles less 4, and add the number of cards left over. Thus, if there were 6 piles and 5 cards over, then 13 times 2 (*i.e.*, 6 less 4) added to 5 equals 31, the sum of the bottom cards. Why is this? That is the question.

407.—MORE BICYCLING.

CORRESPONDENTS who were interested in No. 386 ("Sharing a Bicycle") have suggested the possibility of a third rider having to use the same bicycle. As a matter of fact, I understand that Anderson and Brown have taken a man named Carter into partnership and the position to-day is this: Anderson, Brown, and Carter walk respectively 4, 5, and 3 miles per hour and ride respectively 10, 8, and 12 miles per hour. How are they to use that single bicycle so that all shall complete the twenty miles journey at the same time?

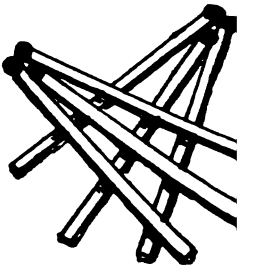
408.—DECAPITATIONS.

THE lilies on the bank are . . . . .
While in our little bark we're . . . . .
Our course to favouring breezes . . . . .
Like birds upon the . . . . .
With lilies now the oars are . . . . .
And eager hands the blossoms . . . . .
Each shouts, "Dull care away . . . . ."
And echo answers, ". . . . ."
It seems to me a strange . . . . .
That we should pay so great . . . . .
For trifles like a little . . . . .
Or such a common thing as . . . . .

In each verse the first missing word is successively decapitated (has its initial letter removed) to form the remaining missing words. In one case two initial letters are taken away.

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

400.—THE SIX SUBMARINES.



IT will be seen from the illustration that this puzzle is absurdly easy—when you know how to do it! And yet I have not the slightest doubt that many readers found it a hard nut to crack. It will be seen that every match undoubtedly touches every other match.

401.—DIGGING A DITCH.

A SHOULD receive one-third of two pounds (13s. 4d.) and B two-thirds (£1 6s. 8d.). Say B can dig a ditch 2 hours and shovel all in 4 hours; then A can dig it in 4 hours and shovel all in 8 hours. That is, the ratio of digging is as 2 to 4 and their ratio of shovelling as 4 to 8 (the same ratio), and A can dig in the same time that B can shovel (4 hours), while B can shovel in a quarter of the time that A can shovel. Any figures will do that fill these conditions and give similar ratios for their working ability. Then A takes one-third and B twice as much—two-thirds.

402.—AN ALPHABET PUZZLE.

HERE are the two best sentences, containing a complete alphabet and only two repeated letters that I know:—

BLOWZY FRIGHTS VEX AND JUMP QUICK.
"ZIMB, VEX JACKDAW," QUOTH SHE FLY.

Readers may be interested to know that the only one verse in the Bible that contains every letter of the English alphabet, if we regard i and j as the same. It is Ezra VII., 21.

403.—A CHARADE.

SCAR-BO-ROUGH.

404.—A PRETTY FINISH.

WHITE played Q to B 5, check, Black was compelled to play P takes Q, and then White's move. K checkmated.

THE ENGLISHMAN

By AUSTIN PHILIPS.

Illustrated by Nora Schlegel.

I.

P.S.—We shall reach Pont Avèn about seven. Ruby says that she can hardly believe it: she has heard so much about it and has so greatly wanted to visit it, ever since she was a girl. I am so pleased she is coming with me. She really *knows* something about pictures, and will be able to criticize and tell me if you have been working hard!

The strong, full sunshine of a Breton October noonday poured down upon the awning above Mme. Maréchale's famous *café*; it penetrated the canvas, warmed the red covers of the wicker chairs beside the tables, sparkled upon the dust of the roadway, and set the reflected shapes of the fishing and pleasure boats dancing in the basin of the Avèn. It was the hour of *déjeuner*. The Quai side was deserted. The only visible human being was a man who sat reading a letter and sipping coffee feverishly in one of the wicker chairs.

He was about seven-and-twenty, but looked much younger; he was well set-up and good-looking, but his intelligent face and generally pleasing appearance were marred by a somewhat weak mouth. The chin was strong enough. It was the lips which were disappointing: they were apart, almost always, and a physiognomist would have said that character was latent, but that only suffering would develop it and see the offending features strengthened and kept resolutely closed. So far, Roderick Fulton—as his friends said of him in Paris—was "all over the show."

He finished his coffee, glanced round at the open window behind him, heard the voices of Mme. Maréchale and her adopted daughter in conversation, realized that they were at *déjeuner*, was reluctant to disturb them, turned back again, and sat for several minutes, hunched and thoughtful, in his chair. Then he started—as if he had come to a sudden resolution—jumped up, and began to stride eagerly in the direction of the new Concarneau road. In less than five minutes he was running up some steps at the end of a narrow passage and was knocking at a green-painted door. A man opened it—and greeted him with surprise.

"Why, Fulton," he said, "I thought you were in Paris. Er—won't you come in? Excuse me a minute. I'm cooking—and the stuff has got to be stirred!"

The young man nodded and walked forward into the studio; the other disappeared behind an arrangement of screens. Fulton glanced round at the walls—which were covered with sketches—then sat down before a couple of easels and began to contemplate two pictures—medium-sized panels of unusual distinction, remarkable for colour and for draughtsmanship as well.

At the end of five minutes there was a loud sigh—as of a Primus stove expiring—and the older man emerged from the screens. He was possibly thirty-six. His face formed a contrast with Fulton's. It was lean, ascetic, and resolute. He walked with a limp which was just perceptible, and his left boot had a treble thickness of sole.

"Well," he began, in a voice of unusual gentleness, "what's the trouble? Anything to do with your work?"

"Yes. *No*, I mean. Something to do with yours!"

"Mine!"

"Yes. I—I—ever since you showed it me I've been thinking about it. I want to have some panels—if you've got one or two to spare!"

The other started. His face showed sudden pleasure; indeed, a quite fierce eagerness. But he made a calm reply.

"That's very nice of you. Shall I put one or two up?"

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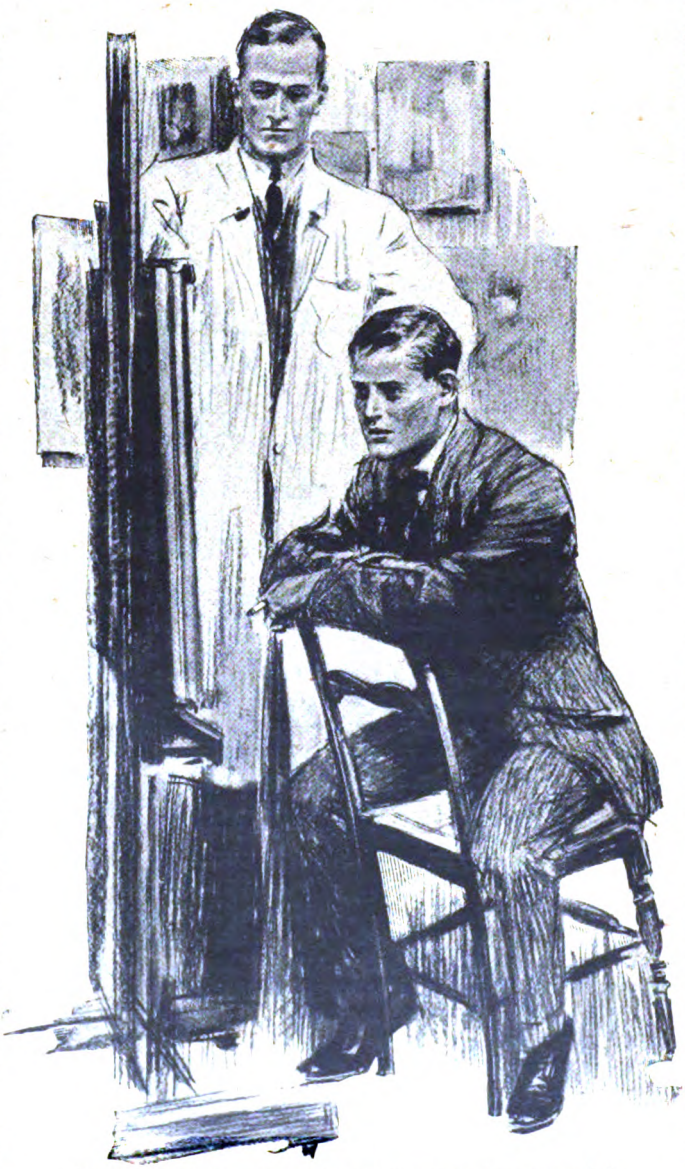
"Yes, please, Gardner—do!"

The owner of the studio removed the two panels at which Fulton had been looking, took a number of others from the walls against which they were stacked, face inwards, and put them in succession on the easels for the would-be purchaser to see. The choice, indeed, was difficult. All of them were remarkable. But to appreciate their great distinction it needed the artist's eye.

The young man picked out three—each of them a Pont Avèn subject — one, a scene on market-day; another, the interior of the ruined twelfth-century chapel of Trémalo; the third, a bright, warm, luminous study of the Quai. He glanced at their right-hand corners saw "Harry Gardner" signed there in firm characters—and began to speak, with a jerk.

"I *like* these. What do you want for them?"



"I LIKE THESE. WHAT DO YOU WANT FOR THEM?"

"A hundred and twenty-five—each!"

Three Bank of France notes—each the equivalent of four pounds English—three napoleons, and fifteen francs in silver changed hands immediately. The purchaser took the panels carefully under his arms. He hurried out. As the door closed on him the painter's face relaxed completely. He picked up his hat and stood hesitating, as about to leave the studio, possibly in search of the little restaurant which stands at the entrance to the *place*. Then he sighed, threw the hat back into a corner, and, two minutes later, sat down before the window to eat the porridge he had cooked.

II.

THE tram-like train from Quimperlé drew to a standstill in the little dim-lit station; Roderick Fulton, who had been nervously pacing the platform, hurried to the first-class compartment, from which two ladies emerged. One of them—a middle-aged woman with white hair and an appearance of amiability rather than of intelligence—kissed him affectionately; the other—twenty-eight, possibly, dressed charmingly, and, in that semi-darkness at any rate, looking very beautiful—shook him warmly by the hand. He hastened to find their luggage, and saw it taken over by the careful porter from the Julia—the world-famed Pont Avèn hotel.

Then he came back to the pair.

"I didn't have a *voiture*, Auntie Alice. It

isn't very far, you know. And I thought you'd prefer to walk!"

"Yes, ever so much, Roddy, thank you. It has been such a long day in the train. But we had a lovely crossing. And now, my dear, how are you? Very well?"

"Oh, awfully fit, auntie, thanks!"

"And your work? Have you been doing a great deal?"

"Oh, yes, auntie—lots!"

"That's a good boy. We shall see it to-morrow. Isn't it a good thing you came with me, Ruby? You'll be able to tell me how much Roddy has improved!"

The young man winced in the darkness; his cousin—Ruby Shortridge—gave an absent-minded reply. She was looking eagerly about her. The night was profoundly peaceful; there was no wind; overhead the stars were out; and already from the mist of the horizon there emerged an amber moon. They had entered the main street now. A scent of burning pine-logs rose fragrant and delicious. The voice of running water whispered close at hand.

"How beautiful it all is! And how peaceful! Roderick, where is the Bois d'Amour?"

"Over there. Above the river. Beyond those houses."

"And the Julia?"

"In the *place*. It isn't three minutes' walk."

Roderick's cousin nodded, but remained silent. His aunt gave a kind—if slightly foolish—laugh.

"Ruby's an enthusiast. She's been as eager as a schoolgirl. It seems that Pont Avèn is an old day-dream. She was told about it when she was a child!"

They reached the *place* and turned into it, going across to the famous old hotel. Julia herself was not in the *bureau*. But her niece, Mme. Simon, was there.

"*Ma tante, Madame Johnstone!*" said Roderick. "*Et ma cousine, Madame Shortridge. Elles sont bien heureuses de se trouver à Pont Avèn!*"

Mme. Simon bowed and said something suitable, then took the ladies to their rooms in the huge modern annexe across the way. Roderick waited nervously in the *salon;* when his aunt and cousin came downstairs again he led them back to the old hotel. The season was over. Julia was using the original —and smaller—dining-room. There were perhaps twenty people there, belated birds of passage; some English and American residents; certain excellent bourgeois, natives of Pont Avèn. The walls were completely hidden by paintings; presents to Julia from grateful—and in some cases famous—artists who had lived formerly in the Breton village for years.

Roderick's aunt took her place at the farther end of the long table. An "Oh, how quaint!" sufficiently expressed her admiration, and she settled down to the excellent dinner, but Ruby Shortridge's eyes were full of admiration; her beautiful face displayed both intelligence and interest, and she plied Roderick with questions, to the extent of neglecting her meal. Her quality attracted the attention of some Frenchmen, who exchanged appreciative comment. In a somewhat different way it attracted the attention of a man—probably British—who had arrived the same morning, who had started as the three had entered the dining-room, and whose surprise had passed unnoticed by them, since their attention had been given to the walls. He was sitting on the same side as the trio, but now and then he leaned well forward, with his eyes on Ruby's face. He himself was striking to look at: tall, broad, massive of head, possibly fifty, with very youthful eyes.

The meal passed through its several courses; the big man rose and left the table; Roderick Fulton and his companions lingered to look at Mr. Horace Vachell's photograph and to read the original of the letter to Julia which accompanied his dedication of the novel called "The Face of Clay." Presently they strolled across to the annexe and entered the big *salon*, and, going towards the fireplace, took chairs. They had hardly seated themselves when the door opened and closed again, and the big man from the dining-room approached.

"How do you do, Mrs. Johnstone!" he said, smiling. "Mrs. Shortridge, I'm not going to let you cut me as you did an hour ago! I'm delighted to see you. What brings you to Pont Avèn?"

"Sir Charles West! Why, I thought you were still in Cornwall. Fancy meeting you here!"

Mrs. Johnstone rose, all animation. A buyer of pictures, but no great judge of their merits, she shook hands warmly with the A.R.A., several of whose seascapes she had purchased, and who had received his knighthood recently on becoming president of the Society of Painters in Oils. Ruby Shortridge greeted him less effusively, but it was plain that she was pleased to see him; he was introduced to Roderick, who gave up his chair. They

talked on general subjects for an hour or more. Then Mrs. Johnstone rose.

"Well, Ruby," she said, "I'm tired, and I think you are; we have to do some unpacking, and it's time we went upstairs. Sir Charles, it has been a great pleasure to see you. We are staying a whole fortnight. You won't be going yet?"

"Not for a week. I am having a real holiday. Then I am going to Douarnenez, to work!"

Mrs. Johnstone nodded, and turned away with Ruby Shortridge; Roderick Fulton preceding them, to open the *salon* door. Suddenly his aunt turned back.

"Sir Charles!" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Johnstone!"

"Will you do me a great favour?"

"If it is possible—with all the pleasure in the world!"

"Well, as you are staying here, I want you to look at my nephew's pictures. I am sure he is clever. I believe he has a future. I want to know what you really think!"

Sir Charles smiled—not without relief, perhaps; it is never possible to predict what favour a rich—and foolish—woman will ask. He looked kindly at Roderick, and replied:—

"I shall be delighted. As I am going to Concarneau about eleven, let us fix my visit for then!"

He himself opened the door this time. It was only after Mrs. Johnstone had gone out, followed into the hall by Roderick, that he realized that his promise seemed to have given the reverse of pleasure to the young man.

He divined the reason immediately. He guessed that Fulton was dependent upon his aunt for a living, and that she made him a handsome allowance and expected great things of him as a painter—and he himself had been nervous under criticism when younger, and was sometimes nervous still. He would be frank, but he would be friendly—for to discourage is generally a crime.

III.

It was about nine-thirty: Sir Charles sat making a belated *petit déjeuner*, sipping his coffee slowly, considering—and for the most part appreciating—the panels on the dining-room walls. Suddenly he heard a footstep. A big woman—tall as himself almost—stood behind his chair.

"*Bonjour, monsieur!*" she said. "Is not monsieur Sir Charles West?"

"Yes—and you are Mlle. Julia. George Quinton said he would write to you. I see he *did!*"

"Yes, monsieur. His letter has just come!"

They began to talk frankly—heart to heart almost—finding themselves without barriers, these two people—both of them children of peasants—each of them having worked most strenuously and having made good most thoroughly in their respective ways. Even now Julia was busy and could only spare a few minutes. But she hoped, at another moment, to take him round the property of which she was so proud.

"And monsieur goes to Concarneau?" she ended—about to seek her kitchen. "He takes the morning train?"

"Yes—at eleven. But the two ladies who came last night are old friends of mine, and I have promised to look at M. Fulton's work before I start. Shall I find it very good?"

Julia was silent a moment. Then—these forty years the friend and honoured confidant of painters—she spoke from throne to throne.

"M. Fulton has talent. But he has not industry; his lips—monsieur has noticed that they do not close. He wastes his time. All the summer there was a lady—an Américaine—to whom he made the court. She went back to Paris. He pursued her. She is gone back to America—I do not think she will return. She made him foolish. As I say, he has talent. But, as yet, he has not force!"

"I'm sorry. But you don't altogether surprise me, Mlle. Julia. Are there any other of my countrymen here?"

"No, monsieur. They have all returned to Paris or London for the winter. But stay; there is one who has the studio on the new Concarneau road. His name is Gardner. His face is known to me. He stayed at my hotel with his parents three summers, when he was a little boy. But his work I know not. He is never come to see me. He is a veritable hermit, and I think that he is very poor!"

She turned away. Sir Charles West sat down again, to finish his coffee. He drank it slowly—and thought hard. It was a pity about young Fulton. But youth was youth—and beauty was in the very atmosphere, and it would indeed be difficult for a young man of temperament to avoid a love affair at a place like Pont Avên. No doubt his work *had* suffered. But, happily for the boy's material comforts, his aunt, that excellent Mrs. Johnstone, did not know good work from bad.

Yes, beauty was indeed in the atmosphere; and although he was a painter of storms, the quiet charm of this inland village had got hold of him completely. It must, he reflected, have seen innumerable dramas; even last

night, when he had gone out after talking in the *salon*, he had been close to tragedy, he felt sure.

He had been leaning upon the parapet of the bridge across the Avên at its narrowest, hard by the old house known as "le petit Chenonçeaux," and a man had passed him in the bright white moonlight: a tall, thin man with a slight limp, and with the lips of a lover and the forehead of an intellectual, and wide-set suffering eyes. They had looked at each other—much as he had, just now, looked at Julia—from a certain pinnacle of achievement—as it were from throne to throne. Only, in the eyes of himself and Julia success had set its signature—which was wanting in the eyes of the unknown.

And then, turning presently, coming up the slight slope in his thin shoes, which were almost soundless, he had seen a woman from an upstairs window looking out into the *place*. It was Ruby Shortridge. He knew her to be lonely and unhappy. She had married hastily—and enthusiastically—a man who had taught her painting in Cornwall, and who, having already a certain reputation, was held sure of a fine career. But he drank heavily. She had been left a widow some two years ago. Sir Charles felt very sorry for her. The marriage had spoiled her life.

The clock struck ten: almost on the stroke the subject of his thoughts entered, looking very fresh and beautiful with her dark hair, her dusky rose complexion, her slender neck, her shapely, well-set head. There was about her a kind of compelling gentleness—that, however, quite escaped weakness—and behind which, Sir Charles suspected, lay splendid capacity for affection and slumbering secret fire. For a moment—himself a widower—he had a swift and delicious vision of a second marriage with a woman of heart and sympathy who would wholly "understand."

"You see, I'm punctual," she said, smiling. "It is a wonder—seeing that I have been for a walk. I have discovered the Bois d'Amour already. Pont Avên surpasses every dream I ever had of it. There is an 'atmosphere' which enwraps one at once."

"Yes, I, too, have succumbed to it. It is certainly very wonderful; one feels that things have 'happened' here for many hundreds of years. I must explore it thoroughly. I wonder if you would care to take some walks?"

"I should love to!"

"Then we must arrange it. In the meantime I suppose we ought to go and look at that young man's work!"

"Yes; if we dawdle any longer, you will miss your train!"

They crossed to the annexe together and climbed to the first floor, where Ruby Shortridge fetched Mrs. Johnstone from her bedroom; then all three climbed higher still. Mrs. Johnstone, with a quite maternal eagerness, knocked at the door of one of the studios which Julia had built on the top floor.

They passed in. For a studio the place was abnormally tidy. Evidently Roderick had been dusting it; the solitary hint of disorder lay in the sight of many books—almost all with yellow covers—heaped away in evident hurry on top of a Breton *armoire*. He closed the door, and, French fashion, shook hands with everybody. Sir Charles West—eyeing him curiously by reason of that recent talk with Julia—noticed that he seemed abnormally nervous, and, amazed at the boy's white face and apprehensive manner, wondered if he were taking drugs. But the great sea-painter heard a cry of wonder, and turned to see what it meant.

He very soon understood.

Mrs. Johnstone and Ruby were standing before an easel; the former a little dubious and bewildered; the latter with admiration in her face. They were looking at a panel, remarkable alike for colour and for draughtsmanship, appealing less to the layman than to the artist, perfect in its catching of the Pont Avên atmosphere: a bright, warm study of the Quai.

"Roderick!" The speaker was Ruby Shortridge. "But it's perfectly splendid. *How* you have improved!"

"Do you think so, Ruby? I'm so glad, my dear; I like it immensely. Sir Charles, what do you say?"

There was a silence. Sir Charles West looked swiftly at Ruby, stood for some time contemplating the picture, walked closer to it, glanced at the bottom right-hand corner, then turned to the eager aunt.

"Yes," he said, slowly. "It is, indeed, admirable. I should like to see some more!"

Roderick walked to the walls, against which canvases were stacked, tidily, face inwards, and then, with burning face and trembling fingers, put up a panel of the Bois d'Amour. Ruby praised it enthusiastically. Sir Charles said little, and demanded another. Roderick put up a panel of the interior of the ruined chapel of Trémalo. Ruby's astonishment increased. Mrs. Johnstone expressed an admiration which was generous, if uncomprehending. Sir Charles considered the painting with long and infinite care.

"And another!" he said at last.

"Oh, I—I've plenty of sketches, but I've nothing else finished. You see, I've concentrated on these all the summer, so as not to waste force!"

"Oh, yes." His aunt's voice was eager and insistent. "But you *must* show your sketches to Sir Charles!"

Roderick produced a portfolio with nervous obedience, and put up also some canvases of a different kind.

Mrs. Johnstone thought them charming. Ruby was without enthusiasm. Sir Charles said nothing. The elder woman addressed him with a proud and happy smile.

"I'm so glad you and Ruby like Roderick's pictures. It shows he has really been working. Roddy, dear, I should like to kiss you. You make an old woman feel proud!"

She did kiss him. Then she sailed doorwards. She had a huge correspondence—mostly about nothing in particular; and an avalanche of letters, forwarded from various addresses at which she had been staying, had converged on her at Pont Avên.

"I must go and write some notes," she said. "Ruby, I've lost my address book. Be a dear and help me hunt. Sir Charles, you're going to Concarneau, but we shall meet at dinner, I trust!"

She hastened out. Ruby followed her. Sir Charles remained behind. He glanced at his watch, shrugged his shoulders as much as to say that it was no good thinking of Concarneau, and then addressed Roderick Fulton, who was putting some canvases away.

"Put up those panels again. I want to have another look."

The young man obeyed. Sir Charles made him put one panel on each of the two easels and prop the third on a shelf. There was a long silence. The big man stood considering the panels. Roderick Fulton, like a criminal when first arrested, stood licking lips which refused to be moistened, looking miserably at the great man.

"When do you propose to have a one-man show in London?" asked Sir Charles, suddenly. "You know what quality these possess. How long will it take you to do thirty more?"

"I don't know. I—I don't want to have a show for years, Sir Charles. I'm not good enough for London—yet!"

"The man who did these is good enough for anywhere. Now, *who* did them, eh?"

"I—I did!"

"You didn't. You are lying to me. You bought them from someone—and you painted out his signature and put your own name to them, and——"

"I didn't."

"Yes, you did. You didn't do it to pretend to be a big man—that would have been unforgivable—but what you *did* was pretty bad. You wanted to make your aunt and cousin believe that you had made big progress—so that your aunt would think you had been working and not idling, and so continue your allowance on its present generous scale. Now, how much did these panels cost you apiece?"

"A hundred and twenty-five!"

"Pounds?"

"No—francs."

"*What!* Where did you buy them?"

"From the man who did them. I met him down at Port Manech, one day when I was sketching, and I asked him to let me have a look at his stuff. He wasn't very keen. But I persisted—I was so struck with it. He lives in a studio on the new Concarneau road. His name is Gardner, and——"

"Roderick!"

There was a cry behind them. Sir Charles turned sharply. Ruby Shortridge was standing at the other end of the room. Her face was anguished and contorted. Yet something like the shadow of happiness showed in her beautiful eyes.

"I heard," she said. "I found the book for Mrs. Johnstone, and I came back to look at those pictures—they were so good, so remarkable—I couldn't understand what seemed the most amazing of improvements in my cousin Roderick's work. And I heard you talking—and I listened—and I heard everything that was said!"

Sir Charles nodded. He stood silently looking at her, very greatly sympathetic, exceedingly attracted, having more than ever the feeling that she would be, *par excellence*, the woman for a second marriage—that dream of all creative artists, the wife who would really "understand." Then a feeling of delicacy bade him avoid intrusion upon an intimate family scene.

He glanced back at Roderick. The young man was livid, and was clearly enduring the genuine agonies of shame. Sir Charles, having in his time both known and suffered much, knew also how to forgive much. There was indulgence in his voice and smile.

"Since you heard," he said, "I think, Mrs. Shortridge, you had better give your cousin a good scolding and promise me not to worry Mrs. Johnstone with details which can do no one any good. To tell her *now* would

"THE YOUNG MAN WAS LIVID, AND WAS CLEARLY ENDURING THE GENUINE AGONIES OF SHAME."

only be to make her unhappy, and I feel perfectly certain that if Mr. Fulton needs punishment it will come—and come best—from himself. I will return to the subject after *déjeuner*. I am not going to Concarneau. It is too late to catch the train!"

IV.

THE man who lived in his studio—whom the Pont Avênnais called "The Englishman"—stood before his easel, not working upon such a panel as had aroused the admiration of England's greatest sea-painter, but engaged upon one of those large canvases which alone can bring a landscape painter great reputation, and to which he gave every moment that could be spared from time consumed in sleep and exercise and doing work for rent and food. For years past he had been sending work to a certain dealer in Birmingham—little paintings of ships and fisher-folk which would be sold to suburbans at Edgbaston, and for which he received regularly a couple of guineas by return. The panels were a new departure, and the dealer had recently expressed his readiness to take any number more at five guineas apiece. But there was the cost of carriage on them, and payment was often long in coming, and there were debts which had been incurred through an illness, and "The Englishman" had been glad to get money quickly by selling to Roderick for less.

He was working with immense concentration; his brush and palette gripped firmly, his lips pressed together, his eyes as ardent as a flame. A knock echoed through the studio. He did not hear it. It was repeated. This time he turned. He hesitated a moment, as if disinclined to admit anyone—then crossed the floor and opened the door. A man entered: tall, broad, massive of head, and possibly fifty, with very youthful eyes.

"Mr. Gardner, I presume?" he said.

"Yes, that is my name."

"And mine is West. Let me give you my card!"

Gardner took the card and read it. He also took the great sea-painter's hand.

"It is very good of you to come and see me, sir," he said. "But I am afraid I have little to show you, as regards work!"

"Haven't you? Well, I rather thought otherwise. I've just seen three panels of yours at the Julia—in young Fulton's studio. Have you got any more?"

"Oh, yes. I have several that I was just sending to England—and a good many more that I've set aside for a final touch. Would you like me to put them up?"

"Rather. That's why I'm here."

Gardner obeyed. Three parts of an hour passed, occupied with observation—oral and ocular; occupied, also, with valuable, helpful criticism and highly generous praise. At last Gardner finished. Sir Charles regarded him measuringly. He was really a big man, and as such, was always ready to recognize quality in other men.

"You're English?" he began, abruptly, after a considerable silence.

"Of course!"

"I'm glad of it. I thought when I saw those panels in London that an American was doing them."

"Saw them in London!"

"Yes—in Miller and Fortnum's, in Bond Street!"

"Miller and Fortnum's! But I never had any dealings with them!"

"Possibly not—direct. They doubtless bought them—as a quite legitimate speculation—from someone else. Who has the handling of your stuff?"

"Oh, a man in Birmingham!"

"What does he give you?"

"Two guineas for a sketch. Five guineas for a panel."

"And Miller and Fortnum are asking fifty!"

"Fifty! But it's incredible. I don't understand!"

Gardner took a step backwards and caught at a chair-back. Sir Charles looked at him, half-wondering, half-amused.

"Man," he said, "are you a lunatic? Don't you know how good your stuff is? I can't fathom it. You don't look like a fool!"

Gardner's lips worked. He was unable to speak for a minute. Then he recovered himself, faced the A.R.A. frankly, and gave a curious smile.

"Sir Charles," he answered, "when a man is alone and is poor and struggling, he often does the best work he is ever going to do. But he may get so bewildered by his poverty and his loneliness that his work seems worthless to him, so that he loses almost all faith in himself and is thankful for the immediate pittance which enables him to live at all. Probably you don't understand!"

"I ought to. I've been through it. But *you*—you're as safe as houses. You have a reputation waiting for you in London. And I'm very glad you're an Englishman, after all!"

The great sea-painter extended his hand for the second time that morning. The other took it—with tears of happiness running down his face.

Thank you, Sir Charles," he said. "You don't *know* what it means to me. I am more grateful than I can ever say!"

"Grateful! My dear fellow, don't talk nonsense. The only person you've got to thank is yourself. Halloa, what was that?"

It had been a knock. Gardner wiped his cheeks hastily and walked across the studio, glad perhaps at an interruption—as was possibly Sir Charles. He opened the door, stood dumb a moment, and then gave a cry.

"YES, IT'S I, HARRY. PLEASE MAY I COME IN?"

"Ruby!" he said, faintly; "Ruby, it's you!"

"Yes, it's I, Harry. Please, may I come in?"

Gardner answered nothing. Ruby Shortridge crossed the threshold. Sir Charles, standing back in the shadow, saw their hands meet and watched their faces. The Englishman seemed to have suddenly seen Paradise. Never, also, had the A.R.A. seen Ruby look so beautiful; never had she seemed to him so completely the ideal wife for an artist: the woman who would understand.

And in a flash he, too, had understanding; in a second of illumination he realized that his dream of marrying her was ended, that—perfect mate though she might be for a man of sensibility—she was nevertheless not for him. He remembered a story which had been rife in Cornwall at the time of her impulsive marriage: how she had thrown over someone to whom she had been engaged.

Then—the initial shock over—he accepted Fate bravely; it was not very difficult; his dream had been half-formed only; for a man of fifty, with success in his profession, love of woman is no more the greatest thing. And, born of the reaction brought by his discovery, a new and sudden passion for his art seized him, sending him back to his brush.

He advanced from the shadow where he stood.

"Well, Mrs. Shortridge," he said, lightly, "I'm glad you've found your way here; you'll see some very good stuff. It has made me jealous, and cured me of my staleness. I am off to do some work. *Au revoir*, Gardner. I shall expect you to dine with me at the Julia. We must have a chat about your plans!"

He went out quickly. The door shut on him. "The Englishman" and Ruby were alone. They found themselves sitting: she on an ancient sofa, he in a tumble-down chair. Their eyes were fixed upon each other's faces. It was he who spoke first.

"It is very strange to see you," he said, breathlessly. "How did you—is your husband painting here?"

"My husband! He died—two years ago!"

"Died!"

"Yes, Harry. And you were right in what you used to tell me. He—he ended in a Home!"

There was a long—a cruel—silence. Then the woman resumed.

"Harry, what—how long have you been here? I saw some work of yours—such splendid work—and I asked Roderick about you—and where you lived. How long have you been in Pont Avèn?"

"Six months. I was at a village in the Morbihan before that."

"And—since I married—all this long, long time?"

"Oh, in many places. I had a couple of very bad years. I had a fall from a hill near Huelgoat which has left me lame, a little. But I pulled round, and now—from what Sir Charles tells me—I shall have to struggle no more!"

"I know—I know. It is splendid, Harry. You are going to London, to reap your just reward!"

She sat looking at him—looking at him lovingly, admiringly, pityingly, passionately, and protectingly—with all the manifold and complete emotions which go to make up true love. And she spoke with a break in her voice.

"You're changed!" she said. "Oh, how you've changed!"

"Have I? In what way?"

"You look older—and so much bigger—spiritually bigger. There is *power* in your face, Harry. It was there always. But not like now!"

"Yes, I've changed. I'm less impatient. We shouldn't have quarrelled—now. And you—you aren't altered."

"Aren't I?"

"No; you're just as beautiful as ever, and I think just as young!"

She shook her head sadly. In her eyes there were almost tears.

"Ah, you're wrong," she answered. "I *have* changed. I *have!*"

"How?"

"I'm older—though I mayn't look it. I've learned wisdom!"

"Wisdom!"

"Yes, wisdom, Harry. Wasn't I foolish once?"

"Ruby!"

He rose and stood, looking at her eagerly. And she, rising likewise, went on.

"Harry, I wronged you. It was very cruel. But I was young, and I was carried away by his reputation—and flattered by his caring for me—and you went away."

"Yes. I thought you wanted to be free. And, after a little while, I heard that you were engaged. I came to France; I had a very hard time, to begin with. But now—oh, Ruby, Ruby, it's good to see you once more!"

"And you, Harry. Oh, Harry——"

She stopped—as if she feared to be thought too humble. But she had said enough already to seal the happiness of both. He came to her with eyes that were ecstatic, and crushed her to him. She gave her lips with gladness. Time passed uncounted; they were re-living golden hours.

And when, at last, she remembered her aunt and *déjeuner*, and was about to leave him for an hour or two, she drew away, yet let him take her a final time in his arms.

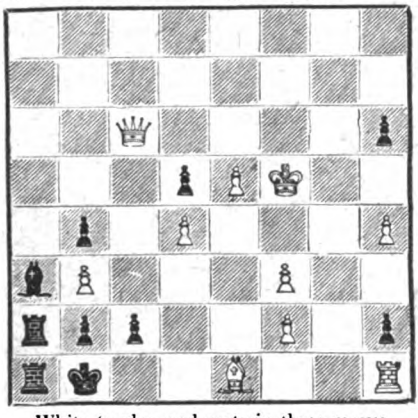
"Oh, Harry, Harry!" she whispered. "It's as well that we didn't marry five years ago—you were too impatient, and I was so very young. But now—now that we've been proved by suffering—surely we shall know great happiness and always 'understand'!"

How to Solve a Chess Problem.

By F. C. Constable.

[The following little dialogue is intended to give young chess problem-solvers a few hints as to the best method of going to work.]

From *The Times* Literary Supplement, June 21st, 1917.



White to play and mate in three moves.

Brown: Reasonable.
Jones: Hot-headed.
Robinson: Dogmatic.

Jones: I know, queen takes pawn at B 7, and then the bishop moves.

Robinson: Impossible. You may not check first move in a three-mover. It is very simple. The queen must move to K Kt 6 to mate. So that is the first move. We have—

1. Q—K Kt 6. P—B 8 (Q).
   K—B 6.
   Mate follows.

Brown: But if I move the Black pawn to B 8 and make it a knight, you cannot mate.

Robinson: Eh? Something wrong. Oh, I see. The composer made a mistake, he thought the Black pawn was going the other way. So it's still mate.

Brown: I think there is no mistake. Work out the problem as it stands. The queen must stay, at first, where it is, for it must prevent the Black king from getting to B 7. For if the Black king gets to B 7 you cannot mate. But, too, the queen must be able to check from K Kt 6. How can you provide for this? Only by moving the king. But where can you move the king? You cannot move it to B 6 or Kt 6 or you stop the queen from getting to K Kt 6. You cannot move it to Kt 4 because Black would reply by P—R 4 (check). You *must* move it to B 4. This you will find is the correct move.

1. K—B 4. P—B 8 (Q), check.
   B—Q 2. P takes R, or—
   Q—K Kt 6, mate.
2. K—B 4. P—R 4.
   Q—K Kt 6. K—B 8.
   B—B 6, mate.

Solutions to "Fifty-Seven Chess Problems!" in Last Month's Issue.

THE numbers of the problems are placed after their respective key moves:—

1. K Kt to Q 4—Nos. 1, 3 to 8, 12, 17, 18, 19, 24, 31, 32, 40, and 41.
1. Q Kt to Q 4—Nos. 15, 16, 20, 28, 29, 30, 37, 42, and 44 to 56—excepting 51, which is solved by 1. Q to Kt 1, ch.
1. Q to Q B 4—Nos. 13, 21, 22, and 23.
1. Q to Q 4—Nos. 25, 26, and 27. Same key from any other side of the board.
1. Q to R 4—No. 33. Same from any other side of the board.
1. Kt to B 3, ch—Nos. 2, 9, 10, 11, and 14.
1. Kt to K 3, ch—Nos. 34, 35, 36, and 43.
1. Q to B 1, ch—Nos. 38 and 39.
1. Q to Q R 1, ch—No. 57.

THE BOARD TURNED A QUARTER TO THE RIGHT.

1. Kt (5) to K 4—Nos. 1 to 10, 19, 20, 21, 22, 24, 29, 31, 32, and 44 to 57—50 excepted.
1. Q to K 7—No. 18.
1. Kt (3) to K 4—No. 28.

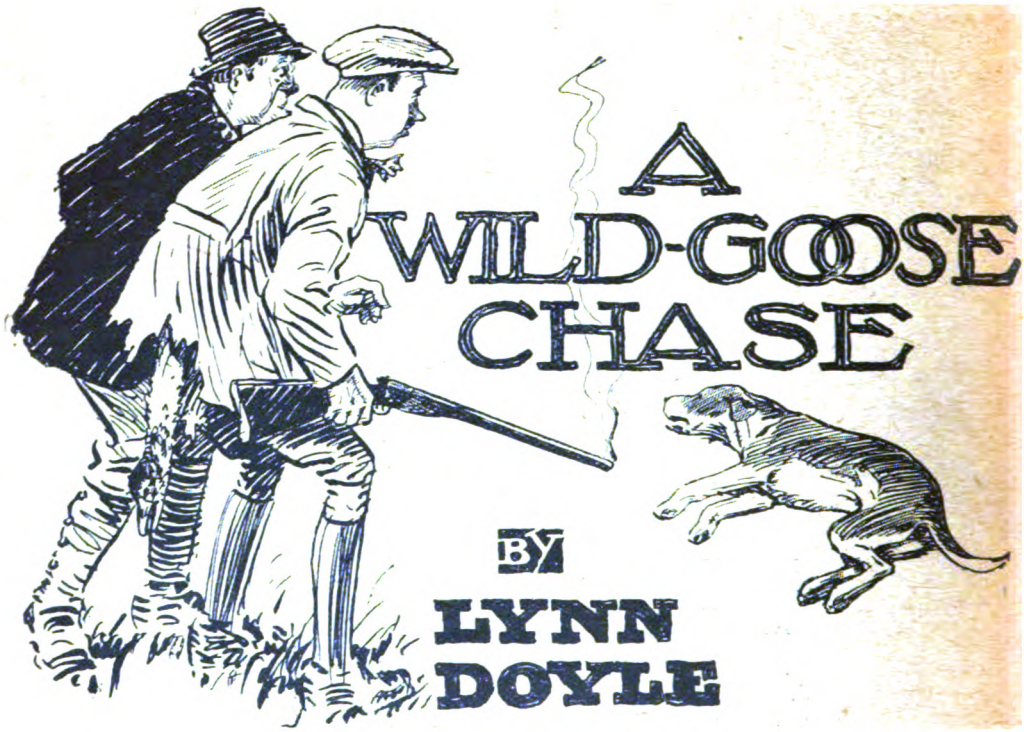
THE BOARD TURNED HALF-WAY ROUND.

1. Kt (B 7) to K 5—Nos. 1, 3, 9, 43, 45 to 49, and 51.
1. Kt (Q 7) to K 5—Nos. 2, 4 to 8, 10, 20, 21, 22, 24, 32, and 54 to 57.
1. Q to Q Kt 5—Nos. 18 and 19.
1. Q to B 2—No. 31.

THE BOARD TURNED THREE-QUARTERS WAY ROUND RIGHTWARDS.

1. Kt (6) to Q 5—Nos. 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 12 to 16, 18, 20, 21, 22, 24, 31, 32, 34, 35, and 42 to 57.
1. Kt (4) to Q 5—Nos. 5 and 17.
1. Q to Q 8—Nos. 29 and 33.

The solutions of those with the numbers not given are obvious, as they commence with a check.



A WILD-GOOSE CHASE

BY

LYNN DOYLE

Illustrated by Alfred Leete.

HAVIN' a taste for a thing, an' bein' able to do it, isn't altogether the same, said Mr. Patrick Murphy, though there's some people thinks it is.

An' wee Mr. Anthony, the solicitor, was one av them. He had the terriblest notion av all kinds av sport av any man I ever knowed, an' in particular av shootin'; an' he was a bigger dundherhead at shootin' than he was at anythin' else, an' that, mind ye, is saying a good deal.

If it hadn't been that he was always at the safe end av the gun there'd ha' been a crowner's jury sittin' on himself before he ever seen twenty-five; an' if there hasn't been one sittin' on some av his friends up till now, it's only puttin' it off.

Everything else, fish, flesh, and fowl, he'd shot some time or another, down to the tin weathercock on Tammas Dorrian's barn, that he took for a wood-pigeon, an' never knowed to the differs till he heard the jingle av it on the slates.

In the first place, he was a wee, nervous, twittery kind av a man, with his hands always ready to shoot a couple of seconds or so before his head was; an' in the next, he was as short-sighted as a ten-days-old pup.

Not that that would ha' mattered if he'd put on glasses like another body—my ould grandfather wore specs an' could ha' shot snipe till he was seventy; but Mr. Anthony was a natty, dressy wee body, an' would wear divil a thing but an eye-glass; an' half his time he was either unwindin' the string av it from round the barrels av the gun, or pickin' bits av the glass out av the breech.

Eye-glasses must ha' come heavy on him. He always carried a stock av them with him. I remember him using up three in one while av an afthernoon, an' divil a' all he shot in the end but a setter pup that the mercy av Providence sent between my legs an' him when the gun went off.

So though he was mortial fine pay, an' the best av good company, he was no great shootin' companion for a man with a young family; an' when he come into my yard with the gun in his hand a couple av days afther he shot the pup, I'd very near as soon ha' seen the Ould Fellow himself.

But there wasn't a bit av use av me tryin' to put him off.

"Now, Pat," sez he, "ye'll have to come, that's all about it. Wee Sonny Burke came into Ballygullion this afthernoon, one errand, to tell me there's a flock av wild geese in Miss Armitage's bog; an' I might never have a chance like it in my life again. I never shot a wild goose yet," sez he, all fidgetin'.

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"EVERY HEN AN' DUCK IN THE YARD HAD ITS NAME ON A WEE BRASS RING ROUND ITS LEG, AN' KNOWED ITS NAME TOO, AN' WOULD COME WHEN IT WAS CALLED BY IT."

"No," sez I, "an' ye never shot a tenant-farmer yet; but you're goin' to do it now if ye don't stop footherin' with that gun. For mercy sake put it down on the ditch there till I talk to ye. Don't ye know there hasn't been a shot fired in Miss Armitage's demesne these two years an' more?"

An' that was true enough.

Ould Miss Armitage was one av them ould ladies that never havin' got a man or a child av her own to turn their kindliness an' good-heartedness on, was always squandherin' them on somethin' else that hadn't the same need av them.

Many's the thing she took up wi' from the time she lost all hope: dogs an' cats, an' pigs, an' the heathen—at home an' at Ballygullion; but at the time I spake av she was all for kindness to animals in general.

Not a finger dare ye lay on a livin' thing about the place. The pheasants an' partridges was as thick as sparrows, an' the country for a mile round the demesne fair polluted wi' rabbits; but the divil a trigger would she let be drawn where she had any say.

And about the Big House itself it was worse than all. Every hen an' duck in the yard had its name on a wee brass ring round its leg, an' knowed its name too, an' would come when it was called by it; but if the whole household was starvin' ye daren't put a knife on one av their throats. The best cook ever she had she sacked at a minit's notice for killin' an' servin' up a young pullet called Emily Ann one day the District Inspector turned up unexpected for lunch; forbye that she held a burial service over the bird, an' put up a headstone to it in the back garden.

The yardman had an extra five shillin's for everybody he caught killin' flesh or fowl about the house an' grounds, an' each av the gamekeepers the same for every poacher he caught; so that between one thing an' another, to walk across an acre av Miss Armitage's land was as good as layin' down forty shillin's an' costs; keepin' off the disgrace av bein' up before the Bench.

I put all this before Mr. Anthony, an' more to the back av it; but I might as well ha' saved my breath; for he was as obstinate as a he-ass when he had his mind made up about a thing. He was out to shoot a wild goose, an' a wild goose he would shoot, an' all the good I did by talkin' was to make him that nervous av bein' caught that he fetched me over four barbed-wire fences an' a marsh-drain instead of goin' into the demesne by the road. An' if it did lift my heart a bit to see him leave the seat av his new shootin' breeches on the first wire-fence, I fell into the drain myself an' got a cold that nearly brought me to my grave.

We were pushin' along the edge av the wee wood that lay between us an' the marsh, Mr. Anthony leadin' the way, wi' both barrels cocked, though the wather was a quarther av a mile off yet, when all at once he jukes down behind the stump av a tree.

"Wheesht, Pat," sez he, "I see a rabbit on the path in front av us—not eighty yards away. I'll have a shot at it. It'll get my eye in."

"Will ye be wise?" sez I. "Isn't it bad enough runnin' the risk av a shot in the marsh without firin' one here, where we're as near again to the Big House."

"HE LEFT THE SEAT AV HIS NEW SHOOTIN' BREECHES ON THE FIRST WIRE-FENCE."

"Hang the Big House," sez he, all in a flurry; "we're not within half a mile av it. An' I never seen a rabbit sittin' betther for a shot. I couldn't miss it if I tried. It's away," sez he, all disappointed, peepin' over the stump. "Wait, it's not, I see it. But it's farther off than I thought. Stay you here, an' I'll double in among the trees."

An' away he goes, stalkin' in an' out, an' crouchin' an' crawlin', till he'd taken the price av half-a-dozen rabbits out av the remains av the shootin'-suit. The divil a rabbit could I see; an' presently Mr. Anthony straightens himself an' steps out into the path again. When I got up to him he was rubbin' the eyeglass on a piece av shammy leather, an' swearing most lamentable.

"What was it, Mr. Anthony?" sez I. "Is it gone?"

"A most extraordinary thing, Pat," sez he, lookin' a bit foolish, an' rubbin' away like fury wi' the shammy. "I'll be blest," sez he, "if it wasn't a bit av hayseed on my eyeglass all the time. I'd have taken my oath it was a rabbit. I saw the scut an' the two ears as plain as I see you. If ye laugh, ye ould scoundrel," sez he, "I'll put the two barrels in ye."

"Is it laugh at ye, Mr. Anthony?" sez I. "I wouldn't think av such a thing." An' the next minit I was holdin' on to a tree an' laughin' till I lost my breath.

I'd ha' been laughin' yet, I believe, between the fun av the thing an' the look av Mr. Anthony, but just as I was in the middle av a kink there comes a whistle from up the path in front av us.

"By the Lord Harry, it's a gamekeeper," sez Mr. Anthony. "Quick, Pat!" He grabbed the gun by the muzzle, an' stuck her well into a bunch av briers, an' the two av us down behind the briers on our hands an' knees.

Sure enough, it was Long James, the headgamekeeper. He passed us that close he could ha' touched us. I suppose, to a man like a solicitor, brought up in the middle of them, an oath or two isn't the same as to another body; but there's no doubt that when Mr. Anthony was in a tight place he swore like a bailiff's officer.

"In the name av goodness, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "will ye stop swearin'? Sure, the man's clean gone, an' no harm done."

"Bad luck to him again for a long string av misery," sez Mr. Anthony, still muttherin' as he riz from his knees; "what brought him round this way? He has me all in a twitter. Come here, you," sez he, very vicious—takin' a pluck at the gun by the muzzle.

An' wi' that bang goes the right barrel. When the smoke riz, an' I looked for the bits av Mr. Anthony, he was standin' there thrimmlin', as white as a ghost, an' lookin' a kind av a stupid way at the tails av his coat, that was all chattered wi' the shot.

"Did ye see that, Pat?" was all he could get out. "Did ye see that? I ruined my breeches on that infernal wire fence, an' now there's the coat gone too."

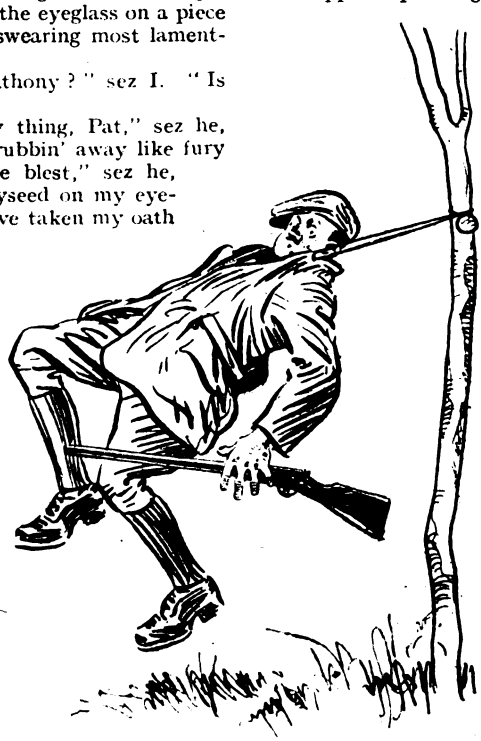
"Never mind your coat, Mr. Anthony," sez I, snappin' up the gun. "Long James'll be back on the top av us." We could hear the shouts av him comin'.

"Make for the crown av the wood," sez I, as we ran. "We can hide in the bracken."

I never seen Mr. Anthony run like it. If the eyeglass hadn't lapped round an ash saplin' an' fetched him up with a jerk that near sthrangled him, I'd ha' never caught up with him till he was in the middle av the marsh.

"Are we safe, Pat?" sez he, gaspin', on his face in the bracken. "Are we clean away from the rascal? I wouldn't for ten pound he'd get a catch at me. I beat him in a poachin' case at the last sessions, an' he's had it in for me ever since.

"This is all Brown the gunsmith's fault," sez he, gettin' savager as he found his breath, "the clumsy, brainless ould fool. First he had the gun pullin' off that stiff that I shot Joe Nevin's ferret, an' me aimin' at a rabbit ten yards to the left av it; an' now he has her that light that she'd go off if ye blew your breath on her. If I'd been pullin' her wi' the muzzle towards me just now I'd have had an action again him."



"THE EYEGLASS LAPPED ROUND AN ASH SAPLIN' AN' FETCHED HIM UP WITH A JERK."

"If ye'd been pullin' her wi' the muzzle towards ye, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "ye'd never ha' throubled the law courts again, barrin' the takin' out av probate on your will. It's on your knees ye should be, givin' thanks that you're alive, instead av lyin' there cursin' an' innocent man that had no more to do with it than I have. Long James must ha' missed us," sez I. "Gather up that gun, an' come on home out av this."

"Gimme her," sez he, sittin' up an' screwin' in the eyeglass very determined. "Ye can

please yourself, Pat; but out av this demesne I don't go till I get a shot at them wild geese."

"Ye'll be here then till the last trumpet frightens them away," sez I, "for ye wouldn't hit a wild goose till the Day av Judgment wi' the state av nerves you're in now."

But no, he wouldn't give in. His blood was up all the more wi' the vexation, an' the fright he'd got. I kept him arguin' there till I thought the gamekeeper would be gone home, an' then, for peace sake, I settled with him that he'd have one shot an' no more. Afther that we were to go home, goose or no goose. For, thinks I, he's sure to let her off at the first tuft av rushes he sees, an' then we'll be away out av this as hard as we can.

But luck wouldn't have it that way. We weren't right at the edge of the marsh till, sure enough, half-a-dozen geese dashes out av the rushes. Bang goes Mr. Anthony; there was a terrible splashin' in the wather; an' when the smoke riz there was a goose scuttherin' here an' there on the surface av the bog-hole with a broken wing.

Mr. Anthony gives one wild yell av delight, an' into the marsh. It never come into his head to fire the other barrel an' shoot the goose outright; but he grabs the gun near the muzzle wi' both hands, an' runs round the edge av the bog-hole thryin' to brain the bird with the butt.

Och, ye should ha' seen the spangs av him round that bog-hole, trippin' over tussocks av rushes an' stumblin' in an' out av wee side drains, cursin' and thrashin' away at the goose, an' all the time callin' on me to help him. If I hadn't run up, as quick as I could wi' the laughin', an' whisked the goose over towards him, the second barrel would ha' been out through his backbone, sure. He aimed a most lamentable blow at the goose as it come within range, an' more by good luck than good guidin' put it out av its pain with a dunt on the head would ha' felled an ox. The next minit he had it by the neck, an' was dancin' on the edge like a madman shoutin' an' wavin' it round his head.

"For the love av goodness, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "keep quiet, and make for the wood, or every gamekeeper in the demesne'll be down on us. There's Long James!" sez I. "Run!"

I was only makin' that up; but it sobered him; an' he made for the wood like a lamplighter, the gun in one hand an' the goose in the other.

When I caught up with him he was lyin' in the bracken admiring it.

"Did ye ever see a finer goose in your life, Pat?" sez he, all excited. "Isn't it a beauty? an' as fat as mud. Feel the breast av it."

I took the bird in my hand. "It looks very big for a wild goose," sez I.

"What do you mean?" sez Mr. Anthony.

He took a hard look at the goose. His jaw fell. I could see the red risin' in his face. "Ye don't mean to say——" sez he, stammerin'. He looked at the bird again.

"Pat," sez he, in a kind av a whisper, "Pat. There's somethin' on its leg."

I looked. Round the right leg av the goose was a wee brass ring.

"There's writing on it, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "What does it say?"

"It looks like a name," sez he, puttin' the glass in his eye. "Hang me, but it looks like a name. It *is* a name," sez he—"'Algernon Charles.'"

"Oh, Mr. Anthony, dear," sez I, "ye'll be the death av me. Ye've shot Miss Armitage's prize gander that she named afther her uncle—the ould Major."

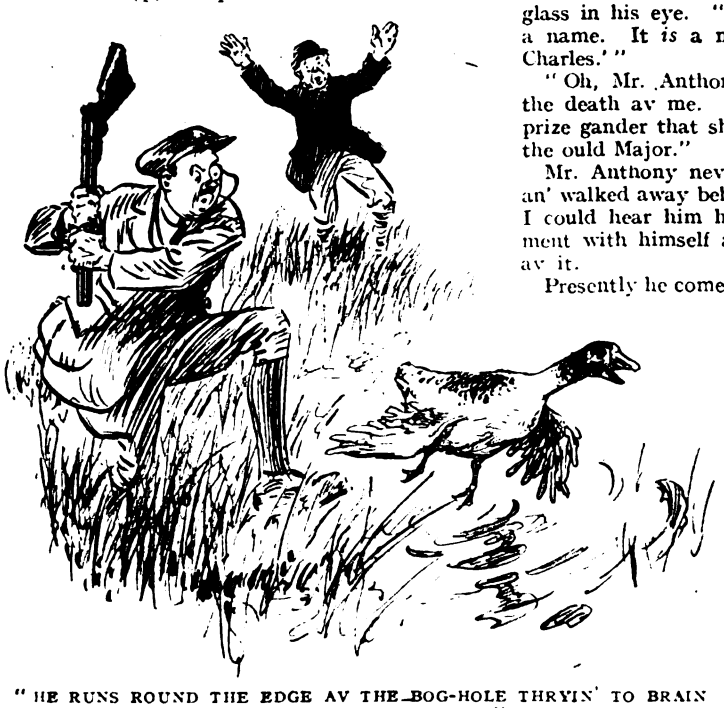
Mr. Anthony never said a word, but riz up an' walked away behind a wee clump av bushes. I could hear him holdin' a very bitther argument with himself an' gettin' a deal the worst av it.

Presently he come back, a bit quietened down, but still very vicious-lookin'.

"Curse the bird," sez he, lookin' at it. "It serves it right. Sure it flew. You saw it, Pat. What the divil made a tame gander fly, anyway?"

"The same thing as brought us here, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "want av sense. Hide it in the bracken, an' come on home. Nobody'll be a bit the wiser."

"I'll hide none av it in the bracken," sez he, settin' his teeth. "I



"HE RUNS ROUND THE EDGE AV THE BOG-HOLE THRYIN' TO BRAIN THE BIRD WITH THE BUTT."

killed it," sez he, "an' I'll eat it, if it was only for spite."

"Have a bit av wisdom, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Sure, ye can't walk home in broad daylight carryin' one av Miss Armitage's tame geese. If it came out on ye, she'd have ye struck off the rolls."

"Tie the legs round me neck," sez he, "an' let it hang down undher my coat. Nobody'll notice it from a distance, an' if I was the length av your house, I'll wait there till dark."

"Ye couldn't do it," sez I. "Sure the neck would be hanging below your knees."

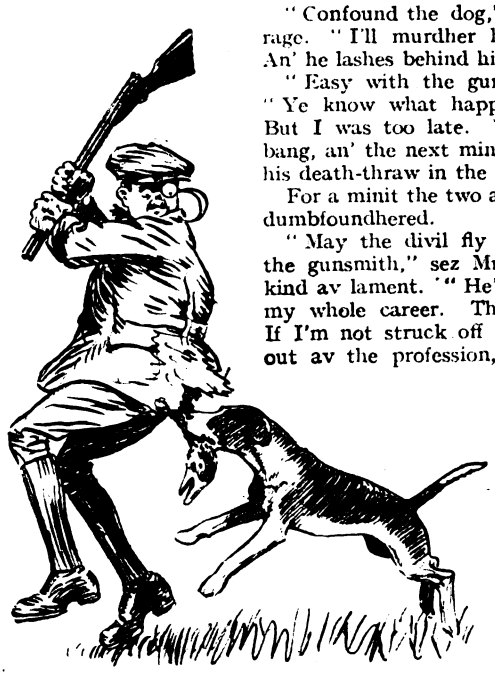
"Well, you take it, Pat," sez he. "You're taller than I am."

"Divil a fear av me," sez I. "If I'm taller I've more wit. An' if anybody's goin' to jail over this job it'll be the man that fired the shot. But if ye're wise, ye'll leave it here. Ye'll have no luck over it. Wait till ye see."

An' it turned out the way I said. Just as we were well into the back road, out av the demesne, round the corner come Ruddell, the huntsman, an' the whole pack av staghounds.

The two av us were over the ditch in a crack.

"Lie down, Mr. Anthony," sez I, crouchin' behind a bush. "Lie down, or he'll see ye."



"BUT THE DOG DIDN'T LET GO."

"Divil a bit av me'll lie down,' sez Mr. Anthony. "We're out av the demesne land. I'll keep my face to him, an' he'll see nothin' but the gun."

"He'll see the feet av the gander undher your chin," sez I.

"It makes no odds," sez Mr. Anthony. "He'll think it's a breastpin. I near blew the intestines out av myself for a gamekeeper the day already, an' I'll not risk my life for a huntsman."

"A fine day, huntsman," he shouts, as the pack went past.

The huntsman touched his hat an' rode on, never noticin' anythin'.

"Now, ye ould fool," sez Mr. Anthony, as we walked along the road. "Didn't I tell ye it would be all right? An' that's an *alibi* established. The huntsman seen me at four o'clock, an' I had no goose in my possession. For an ould sportsman, Pat, ye have little gumption. Now we're well out av it all, whatever happens. What's that behind us, Pat?" sez he, suddenly. "Oh, it's only a stragglin' hound. Go home, ye brute," sez he; "ye frightened me."

But the dog had no notion av goin' home. We weren't ten yards farther till he was sniffin' at Mr. Anthony's heels again.

"What the deuce does the animal want?" sez Mr. Anthony. "Go home, sir."

"He must smell the gander," sez I. An' with that the dog bones the bird by the neck.

"Ah, ye brute!" sez Mr. Anthony; "let go, let go this minit!"

But the dog didn't let go. Instead av that he took a fresh hold, an' near bit Mr. Anthony on his back.

"Confound the dog," sez Mr. Anthony, in a rage. "I'll murdher him. Chew, sir, chew!" An' he lashes behind him wi' the gun.

"Easy with the gun, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Ye know what happened the day already." But I was too late. There was a flash an' a bang, an' the next minit the dog was kickin' in his death-thraw in the middle av the road.

For a minit the two av us stood lookin' at him dumbfoundhered.

"May the divil fly away with ould Brown, the gunsmith," sez Mr. Anthony at last, in a kind av lament. "He's goin' to be the ruin av my whole career. This is dreadful—dreadful. If I'm not struck off the rolls, I'll be laughed out av the profession, anyway. What'll I do now, at all, at all?"

"If ye could get the divil to fly away wi' the gander an' the dog, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "it would be more to the purpose. Ruddell'll be back any minit, lookin' for his hound, an' he'll see the two av them, an' then you an' I may lave the counthry. What are we goin' to do with them?"

"To the divil with both av them," sez Mr. Anthony, in a dancin' rage all at once. "I'll show ye what I'll do. Here," sez he—he cut the gander free av his neck, an' took the bird by the legs—"away you to blazes," an' he pitched it as far as he could over the hedge. "Fly now, blast ye," sez he; "ye could fly when ye weren't wanted to. An' go you afther it," sez he, staggerin' over to the ditch with the body av the dog. "Worry the goose now, if ye can," sez he, "an' the divil choke ye on it. An' to pot wi' you as well," sez he, "it was you got me into all the bother, you an' the ould fool of a gunsmith that begot ye." An' before I could say a word the gun went spinnin' over the ditch too, an' away goes Mr. Anthony down the road, fair foamin'.

"Mr. Anthony," sez I, runnin' afther him, "Mr. Anthony, show some kind av sense. Ye might as well give yourself up at once. Sure, your name's on the breech av the gun."

He stopped dead, an' looked at me with his mouth open.

"Away for the gun, Pat," sez he, at the last, "an' blow out my brains with it. No," sez he,

"no; I have no brains. I'm not fit to be trusted out by myself. Take me home, an' put me to bed."

"We'll have to hide the dog, Mr. Anthony," sez I. "Sure, Ruddell seen ye with the gun, an' he'll put two an' two together. Wait, an' I'll hide him in the sally-bushes over yonder, an' then we'll go the length of my house for a spade an' bury him. We'll ha' time enough. Ruddell'll never miss him till he gets to the kennel. Will I bring ye the gander?"

"No," sez Mr. Anthony, breakin' out again, "bring me no gander. Bury it," sez he, "an' bury the gun—an' bury me too, if ye like, for there's neither luck nor grace about me. Come on, Pat. I'm away for the spade. There's no time to be lost."

It was wearin' on to dusk when we got back.

"Now, Mr. Anthony," sez I, "you keep watch on the road here, an' I'll go an' bury the dog on this side av the sally-bushes. The gander is well enough hid in the rushes, where he is."

"Is it me keep watch?" sez he. "The whole hunt might be on top av us before I'd see them. Gimme the spade," sez he, "an' you look out. I can handle a spade as well as a gun, I'd have ye know," sez he, seein' me lookin' at him.

"An' troth," sez I to meself, "if ye can handle it no betther the huntsman'll catch us yet." But it was true what he said about the watchin', so I let him go.

All the same, it was in my mind about the huntsman; an' afther a bit I slipped along by the sallies to see how Mr. Anthony was gettin' on.

I could hear the spade goin' as if it was half-a-dozen men diggin'; an' troth, afther a minit, I couldn't persuade myself that there wasn't more than one at it.

"Lord," sez I, afther listenin' again, "am I bewitched? For, sure enough, there was another spade goin' on the far side av the sallies from Mr. Anthony.

I keeked through the bushes, an' who was diggin' away for dear life but Ruddell the huntsman himself!

I looked at him, an' looked at him, an' then I rubbed my eyes an' looked at him again; and it was still Ruddell. The first thought in my mind was to warn Mr. Anthony, an' I into the wee thicket an' makes for him. But I was too dumbfoundhered to mind my feet, an', before I was well started, I tripped over a rush-bush an' down like a bullock.

"I've done it," sez I; an' I had.

The huntsman quit diggin' at once, looked round him, and slipped quietly over to the bushes, spade in hand; an' the same minit I hears Mr. Anthony stop dead.

"Begad," sez I to myself, "it's all up wi' Mr. Anthony now." An' the next minit he riz up face to face with the huntsman across a sally-bush.

Ye never seen two men so much taken aback in your life. They just stood there with their mouths openin' and shuttin' like goldfish in a bowl.

But Mr. Anthony was the worst stuck av the two; for the spade fell from his hand, an' it was the huntsman spoke first.

"Mr. Anthony, sir," sez he, touchin' his hat, "ye'll not say anythin'."

It wasn't just what I was expectin', I may tell ye, or Mr. Anthony either. But he hadn't served his time in the law courts for nothin'.

"Certainly not, huntsman," sez he. "I'll not breathe a word av it." Ye'd ha' thought by the tone av him he was doin' the man a favour, an' all the time his knees knockin' together, as I knowed right well.

"The fact is, Mr. Anthony, sir," sez the huntsman, "one of my hounds strayed to-day, an' I doubt," sez he, lowerin' his voice till I could hardly hear him, "I doubt he has been huntin' game, an' one av Miss Armitage's keepers has come on him, for I found him here by the bushes with a charge in him. I'm just goin' to bury him quietly here, an' say nothin' about it. You'll say nothin' either, sir, if ye please."

"Well," sez I to meself, "if Mr. Anthony ever tells me he's unlucky afther this!"

But it wouldn't be him if he'd let his luck alone.

"You can depend on me, huntsman," sez he, an' ye could hear the delight av him in his voice—"ye can depend on me. We'll shake hands on it, huntsman," sez he, "we'll shake hands on it!"

The huntsman looked at him in a wondherin' kind av a way.

"Certainly, Mr. Anthony, sir," sez he. An' he reached out his hand.

An' as he leaned across the bush his eye fell first on the grave an' then on the spade at Mr. Anthony's feet.

The whole thing flashed on him in a twinklin'.

"I might ha' knowed who it was shot my dog, Mr. Anthony," sez he, very low an' bitther, "when I seen you with a gun in your hand this afthernoon. I might ha' knowed that the pack wasn't safe in the same county with ye, let alone the same town-land. Ye're a danger to every man that walks the road, an' to every man's baste. But this'll be an end to your shootin'—an' to your huntin' too. I've put up with a good deal from ye, Mr. Anthony, an' said nothin'. Ye thramped two good pups lame on me the first time ye were on a horse this season; the off fore-leg av my best mount'll never grow hair again where that ould grey screw av yours kicked him last November; an' the same dirty brute beat in two panels av the stag-cart on St. Stephen's Day, an' all the time I never raised my voice.

"But this is too much. To go an' shoot the best hound in the pack, an' then bury him an' never say ye did it or were sorry for it. It's more than any man could thole. Forbye that ye stood there an' listened to me makin' a fool av meself an' blamin' the poor innocent brute wi' chasin' game. I take that worst av all. A gentleman wouldn't do it, an' I'll have the opinion av the Hunt on that. I will. I'll——"

An' on he went like a mill-race. I didn't think the huntsman had it in him.

All the time Mr. Anthony just stood there.

"DO YE SEE THAT, HUNTSMAN? DO YE KNOW WHAT THAT IS? IT'S ONE AV MISS ARMITAGE'S PRIZE GEESE."

"Why the divil," sez I to meself, "does he not offer the man a five-pound note to keep it dark? Sure, it's worth ten times that to him to save the exposin' he'll get." I could hardly sit quiet for wantin' to get at his ear.

An' wi' that Mr. Anthony turns round to the road an' lets a shout: "Pat, Pat Murphy!"

Ye could ha' knocked me down with a feather.

"Oh, the weary take ye for a blundherin' wee dundherhead," sez I; "are ye not content wi' makin' a byword av yourself, but ye must bring me into it? An' me a tenant av Miss Armitage's, too. I'm ruined, ruined an' desthroyed. She may put you off the shootin', but she'll drive me out av the counthry."

For a minit I swithered would I show myself. But, thinks I, he has sold me now, an' I may as well face the music.

So I doubles back along the sallies, an' then comes runnin' up, by the way I was just straight from the road. An' all the prayers Mr. Anthony had prayed on himself that day, an' that wasn't a few, was nothin' to what I called down on his head in the time it took me to cover twenty-five yards av ground.

"Have ye done now, huntsman?" sez Mr. Anthony, as I come up.

"No, nor half done," sez the huntsman, still ragin' away. An' troth, by the sound av him, he could ha' kept on for a fortnight, an' never repeated himself.

"Well, give me my turn," sez Mr. Anthony. "Pick up that spade, Pat." An' away he walks to where the gander was lyin', an' picks it up.

"Well, by all the saints," sez I to meself, "are ye not even goin' to make a fight for it?"

"Do ye see that, huntsman?" sez Mr. Anthony, comin' back. "Wait a minit, now," sez he, holdin' up his hand, "an' then ye can talk for a week. Do ye know what that is? It's one av Miss Armitage's prize geese. There's the ring about its leg. When I looked back as I was walkin' along the road wi' Pat Murphy, an hour ago, I saw your dog wi' that goose by the neck; an' the goose was dead. Isn't that so, Pat?"

"It's the gospel truth, huntsman," sez I.

Ye could see the huntsman's jaw droppin'.

"Now, Ruddell," sez Mr. Anthony, "ye were a man I had some respect for—till ten minutes ago. An' once or twice when my horse has been a bit restive"—I turned away me head—"ye have been civiller than many another man in your position would have been. An' I know what happens to a pack av hounds that would kill anybody's geese, let alone Miss Armitage's, an' I shot your dog an' was goin' to bury him here, an' the goose too, an' say nothin' about it. I'll say nothin' about it yet," sez Mr. Anthony, "an' neither will Pat, here. But if your pack of mangy mongrels was to eat every bird an' beast in Miss Armitage's demesne, an' finish

up wi' the two stuffed peacocks in the entrance hall, they may do it for me from this day on. Bury your confounded dog," sez Mr. Anthony, by

the way av bein' in a rage—an' troth, by this time I think he was beginnin' to believe in himself—" an' go into mournin' for him if ye like; it's nothin' to me——"

" Mr. Anthony, sir," sez the huntsman, breakin' in—an' ye never seen a man as much come down in your life—" I haven't a word to say."

" It's a change," sez Mr. Anthony.

" Well, I was vexed, sir," sez the huntsman. " But I should have knowed betther. Will ye look over what I said? I'm a bit hasty, I know, an' ye'll admit the thing looked queer. But it was kindly done av ye, Mr. Anthony, an' it's not every man would ha' had the wit to think av it.

" Ye've saved the credit av the pack, an' me, too, an' I'll not forget it to ye. An' if ye'll excuse me for the impidence I give ye, an'll come out again to the hunt, then," sez the huntsman, throwin' his hat on the ground, " ye may thramp every hound in the pack, an' kick the stag-box into pipe-lights before I'll say black is the colour av your eye.

" Ye offered to shake hands wi' me a minit ago. Will ye shake hands now, sir, an' let bygones be bygones? "

" Not a word now, huntsman," sez Mr. Anthony, grippin' him by the hand. " An' there's somethin' to make up the loss of the dog. Now say no more. There, Pat, bury that gander. An' do you cover up the dog, huntsman. The sooner we're out of this the better. Good-bye, huntsman. You can depend on me—and Pat too."

" Good-bye, sir, "sez the huntsman. " Ye're a gentleman, Mr. Anthony, every inch av ye."

When I caught up wi' Mr. Anthony he was in great feather.

" I bamboozled him, Pat, eh? " sez he, chucklin' to himself. " I bamboozled him, what? The great thing in a case av this sort is to take the right line av defence an' I saw it in a minit. Dang me," sez Mr. Anthony, " but I'm thrown away as a solicitor. I should have been at the bar."

" Ye should be in the dock," sez I, " an' will be yet if ye don't throw that gun behind the fire."

" Get away, ye ould croaker," sez Mr. Anthony. " Could ye have bowled over that gander any better than I did? I'll be blest," sez he, " if I don't get ould Brown to fix the lock, an' come back an' have a slap at the wild geese the first clear night. There would nobody see us, Pat."

" There'll nobody see me," sez I; " for I won't be there."

" Now, ye'll come with me, Pat," sez Mr. Anthony, stoppin' at the foot av the loanin'. " We can't get into a worse hole than we did to-day; an' ye saw the way I got us out av it."

" Well, get the lock fixed first av all, Mr. Anthony," sez I, " an' then we can talk it over. There'll be a full moon in a week or so."

" You're right, Pat," sez he, " you're right. I'll go up to ould Brown in the mornin'. The full moon, then, Pat. It's a bargain. Good night. I'll be up with Brown before my breakfast to-morrow."

An' away he goes, hot-foot, as if he thought the moon might come to the full before he got home.

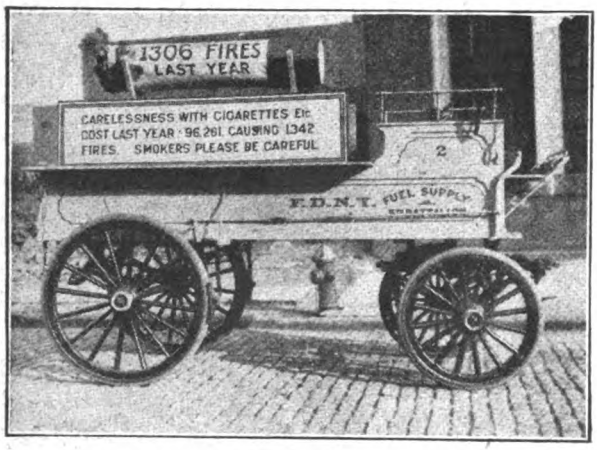
" Don't forget—the full moon," he calls out as he turned the corner.

" All right, Mr. Anthony," I shouted back—" the full moon."

But the next time Mr. Anthony an' me goes out shootin' wild geese together there'll be two moons in the sky—an' one in the garden.

CURIOSITIES.

[*We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.*]



A WARNING TO CIGARETTE-SMOKERS.

IN the large fire-prevention parade held in New York recently, an enormous cigarette mounted on one of the fire department trucks brought home to the people that carelessness in throwing away cigarette ends was the cause of a large number of fires last year. The cigarette was made realistic by a tip of red paper to represent the burning tobacco. The length was about four feet. A placard urged all smokers to be careful. The fire-prevention day was inaugurated by the Fire Commissioner, who believed that it was only necessary to bring home to the minds of the citizens that care should be taken with matches, cigarettes, etc., in order materially to lessen the number of fires. This is the fifth parade, and the department claims that it has brought down the number of fires in New York City very greatly during that time.—Mr. L. M. Edholm, 68, West Ninety-seventh Street, New York City, U.S.A.

TWO HUNDRED EGGS IN ONE NEST.

ALONG the southern coast of Florida one may occasionally detect little mounds of sand on the beach, almost a sure indication of the nest of the prolific green turtle. This creature first digs a pit in the soft sand by means of its flippers from fifteen to twenty inches deep, and a few feet above high-water mark. In this hole the mother turtle buries herself for two days. When she emerges she has invariably left behind a nest of eggs, which vary in number from eighty to as many as two hundred. She then fills in the hole, and leaves the hatching to the heat of the sun. An interesting fact about these eggs is that the shells are quite soft. The period of incubation is about sixty days. As soon as they break out of their prison the young turtles immediately make for the water. Unfortunately, they have many enemies—rats, birds, and crabs steal the eggs; while as soon as the baby turtle reaches the water he is liable to be devoured by the larger fish. If all the eggs laid by these creatures were hatched, and the turtles attained to an average size, they would be as plentiful as cod.—Mr. H. J. Shepstone, 139, Broomwood Road, Clapham Common, S.W.

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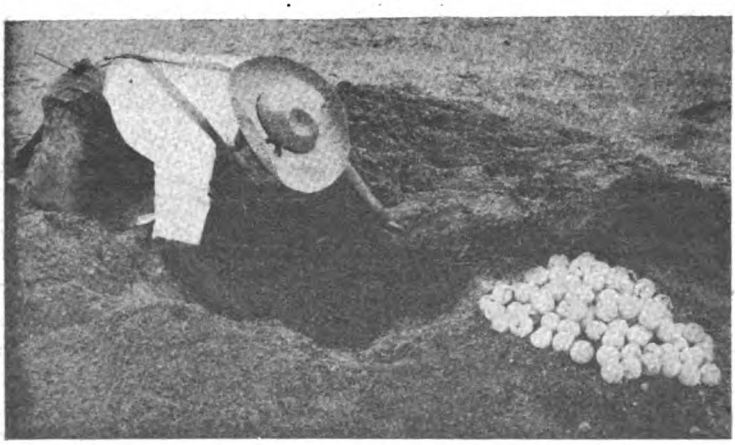

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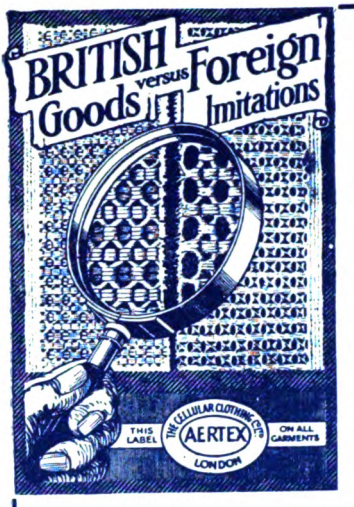

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"THE ENTIRE FAMILY STOOD AT HIS ELBOW AS HE COOKED THE DINNER, AND WATCHED, WITH BATED BREATH, HIS FRANTIC EFFORTS TO RECOVER A SAUSAGE WHICH HAD FALLEN OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE."

(*See page* 429.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. JUNE, 1918. No. 330.

STRIKING HARD

BY

W. W. JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

"YOU'VE what?" demanded Mrs. Porter, placing the hot iron carefully on its stand and turning a heated face on the head of the family.

"Struck," repeated Mr. Porter; "and the only wonder to me is we've stood it so long as we have. If I was to tell you all we've 'ad to put up with I don't suppose you'd believe me."

"Very likely," was the reply. "You can keep your fairy-tales for them that like 'em. They're no good to me."

"We stood it till flesh and blood could stand it no longer," declared her husband, "and at last we came out, shoulder to shoulder, singing. The people cheered us, and one of our leaders made 'em a speech."

"I should have liked to 'ave heard the singing," remarked his wife. "If they all sang like you it must ha' been as good as a pantermime! Do you remember the last time you went on strike?"

"This is different," said Mr. Porter, with dignity.

"All our things went, bit by bit," pursued his wife, "all the money we had put by for a rainy day, and we 'ad to begin all over again. What are we going to live on? O' course, you might earn something by singing in the street; people who like funny faces might give you something! Why not go upstairs and put your 'ead under the bedclothes and practise a bit?"

Mr. Porter coughed. "It'll be all right," he said, confidently. "Our committee knows what it's about; Bert Robinson is one of the best speakers I've ever 'eard. If we don't all get five bob a week more I'll eat my 'ead."

"It's the best thing you could do with it," snapped his wife. She took up her iron again,

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and turning an obstinate back to his remarks resumed her work.

Mr. Porter lay long next morning, and, dressing with comfortable slowness, noticed with pleasure that the sun was shining. Visions of a good breakfast and a digestive pipe, followed by a walk in the fresh air, passed before his eyes as he laced his boots. Whistling cheerfully he went briskly downstairs.

It was an October morning, but despite the invigorating chill in the air the kitchen-grate was cold and dull. Herring-bones and a disorderly collection of dirty cups and platters graced the table. Perplexed and angry, he looked around for his wife, and then, opening the back-door, stood gaping with astonishment. The wife of his bosom, who should have had a bright fire and a good breakfast waiting for him, was sitting on a box in the sunshine, elbows on knees and puffing laboriously at a cigarette.

"*Susan!*" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Porter turned, and, puffing out her lips, blew an immense volume of smoke. "Halloa!" she said, carelessly.

"Wot—wot does this mean?" demanded her husband.

Mrs. Porter smiled with conscious pride. "I made it come out of my nose just now," she replied. "At least, some of it did, and I swallowed the rest. Will it hurt me?"

"Where's my breakfast?" inquired the other, hotly. "Why ain't the kitchen-fire alight? Wot do you think you're doing of?"

"I'm not doing anything," said his wife, with an aggrieved air. "I'm on strike."

"MRS. PORTER SMILED WITH CONSCIOUS PRIDE. 'I MADE THE SMOKE COME OUT OF MY NOSE JUST NOW,' SHE REPLIED."

Mr. Porter reeled against the door-post. "*Wot!*" he stammered. "On strike? Nonsense! You can't be."

"Oh, yes, I can," retorted Mrs. Porter, closing one eye and ministering to it hastily with the corner of her apron. "Not 'aving no Bert Robinson to do it for me, I made a little speech all to myself, and here I am."

She dropped her apron, replaced the cigarette, and, with her hands on her plump knees, eyed him steadily.

"But—but this ain't a factory," objected the dismayed man; "and, besides—*I won't 'ave it!*"

Mrs. Porter laughed—a fat, comfortable laugh, but with a touch of hardness in it.

"All right, mate," she said, comfortably. "What are you out on strike for?"

"Shorter hours and more money," said Mr. Porter, glaring at her.

His wife nodded. "So am I," she said. "I wonder who gets it first?"

She smiled agreeably at the bewildered Mr. Porter, and, extracting a paper packet of cigarettes from her pocket, lit a fresh one at the stub of the first.

"That's the worst of a woman," said her husband, avoiding her eye and addressing a sanitary dustbin of severe aspect; "they do things without thinking first. That's why men are superior; before *they* do a thing they look at it all round, and upside down, and—and—make sure it can be done. Now, you get up in a temper this morning, and the first thing you do—not even waiting to get my breakfast ready first—**is to go on strike.**

If you'd thought for two minutes you'd see as 'ow it's impossible for you to go on strike for more than a couple of hours or so."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Porter.

"Kids," replied her husband, triumphantly. "They'll be coming 'ome from school soon, won't they? And they'll be wanting their dinner, won't they?"

"That's all right," murmured the other, vaguely.

"After which, when night comes," pursued Mr. Porter, "they'll 'ave to be put to bed. In the morning they'll 'ave to be got up and washed and dressed and given their breakfast and sent off to school. Then there's shopping wot must be done, and beds wot must be made."

"I'll make ours," said his wife, decidedly. "For my own sake."

"And wot about the others?" inquired Mr. Porter.

"The others'll be made by the same party as washes the children, and cooks their dinner for 'em, and puts 'em to bed, and cleans the 'ouse," was the reply.

"I'm not going to have your mother 'ere," exclaimed Mr. Porter, with sudden heat. "Mind that!"

"I don't want her," said Mrs. Porter. "It's a job for a strong, healthy man, not a pore old thing with swelled legs and short in the breath."

"Strong—'ealthy—man!" repeated her husband, in a dazed voice. "Strong—'eal—Wot are you talking about?"

Mrs. Porter beamed on him. "You," she said, sweetly.

There was a long silence, broken at last by a firework display of expletives. Mrs. Porter, still smiling, sat unmoved.

"You may smile!" raved the indignant Mr. Porter. "You may sit there smiling and smoking like a—like a man, but if you think that I'm going to get the meals ready, and soil my 'ands with making beds and washing-up, you're mistook. There's some 'usbands I know as would set about you!"

Mrs. Porter rose. "Well, I can't sit here gossiping with you all day," she said, entering the house.

"Wot are you going to do?" demanded her husband, following her.

"Going to see Aunt Jane and 'ave a bit o' dinner with her," was the reply. "And after that I think I shall go to the 'pictures.' If you 'ave bloaters for dinner be very careful with little Jemmy and the bones."

"I forbid you to leave this 'ouse!" said Mr. Porter, in a thrilling voice. "If you do you won't find nothing done when you come home, and all the kids dirty and starving."

"Cheerio!" said Mrs. Porter.

Arrayed in her Sunday best she left the house half an hour later. A glance over her shoulder revealed her husband huddled up in a chair in the dirty kitchen, gazing straight before him at the empty grate.

He made a hearty breakfast at a neighbouring coffee-shop, and, returning home, lit the fire and sat before it, smoking. The return of the four children from school, soon after midday, found him still wrestling with the difficulties of the situation. His announcement that their mother was out and that there would be no dinner was received at first in stupefied silence. Then Jemmy, opening his mouth to its widest extent, acted as conductor to an all-too-willing chorus.

The noise was unbearable, and Mr. Porter said so. Pleased with the tribute, the choir redoubled its efforts, and Mr. Porter, vociferating orders for silence, saw only too clearly the base advantage his wife had taken of his affection for his children. He took some money from his pocket and sent the leading treble out marketing, after which, with the assistance of a soprano aged eight, he washed up the breakfast things and placed one of them in the dustbin.

The entire family stood at his elbow as he cooked the dinner, and watched, with bated breath, his frantic efforts to recover a sausage which had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. A fourfold sigh of relief heralded its return to the pan.

"Mother always——" began the eldest boy.

Mr. Porter took his scorched fingers out of his mouth and smacked the critic's head.

The dinner was not a success. Portions of half-cooked sausages returned to the pan, and coming back in the guise of cinders failed to find their rightful owners.

"Last time we had sausages," said the eight-year-old Muriel, "they melted in your mouth."

Mr. Porter glowered at her.

"Instead of in the fire," said the eldest boy, with a mournful snigger.

"If I get up to you, my lad," said the harassed Mr. Porter, "you'll know it! Pity you don't keep your sharpness for your lessons! Wot country is Africa in?"

"Why, Africa's a continent!" said the startled youth.

"Jess so," said his father; "but wot I'm asking you is: wot country is it in?"

"Asia," said the reckless one, with a side-glance at Muriel.

"And why couldn't you say so before?" demanded Mr. Porter, sternly. "Now, you go to the sink and give yourself a thorough good wash. And mind you come straight home from school. There's work to be done."

He did some of it himself after the children had gone, and finished up the afternoon with a little shopping, in the course of which he twice changed his grocer and was threatened with an action for slander by his fishmonger. He returned home with his clothes bulging, although a couple of eggs in the left-hand coat-pocket had done their best to accommodate themselves to his figure.

He went to bed at eleven o'clock, and at a quarter past, clad all too lightly for the job, sped rapidly downstairs to admit his wife.

"Some 'usbands would 'ave let you sleep on the doorstep all night," he said, crisply.

"I know they would," returned his wife, cheerfully. "That's why I married *you*. I remember the first time I let you come 'ome with me mother ses: 'There ain't much of 'im, Susan,' she ses; 'still, arf a loaf is better than——'"

The bedroom-door slammed behind the indignant Mr. Porter, and the three lumps and a depression which had once been a bed received his quivering frame again. With the sheet obstinately drawn over his head he turned a deaf ear to his wife's panegyrics on striking and her heartfelt tribute to the end of a perfect day. Even when standing on the cold floor while she remade the bed he maintained an attitude of unbending dignity, only relaxing when she smote him light-heartedly with the bolster. In a few ill-chosen words he expressed his opinion of her mother and her deplorable methods of bringing up her daughters.

He rose early next morning, and, after getting his own breakfast, put on his cap and went out, closing the street-door with a bang that awoke the entire family and caused the somnolent Mrs. Porter to open one eye for the purpose of winking with it. Slowly, as became a man of leisure, he strolled down to the works and, moving from knot to knot of his colleagues, discussed the prospects of victory. Later on, with a little natural diffidence, he drew Mr. Bert Robinson apart and asked his advice upon a situation which was growing more and more difficult.

"I've got my hands pretty full as it is, you know," said Mr. Robinson, hastily.

"I know you 'ave, Bert," murmured the other. "But, you see, she told me last night she's going to try and get some of the other chaps' wives to join 'er, so I thought I ought to tell you."

Mr. Robinson started. "Have you tried giving her a hiding?" he inquired.

Mr. Porter shook his head. "I daren't trust myself," he replied. "I might go too far, once I started."

"What about appealing to her better nature?" inquired the other.

"She ain't got one," said the unfortunate.

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said Mr. Robinson, "but I'm busy. I've got to see a Labour-leader this afternoon, and two reporters, and this evening there's the meeting. Try kindness first, and if that don't do, lock her up in her bedroom and keep her on bread and water."

He moved off to confer with his supporters, and Mr. Porter, after wandering aimlessly about for an hour or two, returned home at midday with a faint hope that his wife might have seen the error of her ways and provided dinner for him. He found the house empty and the beds unmade. The remains of breakfast stood on the kitchen-table, and a puddle of cold tea decorated the floor. The arrival of the children from school, hungry and eager, completed his discomfiture.

For several days he wrestled grimly with the situation, while Mrs. Porter, who had planned out her week into four days of charing, two of amusement, and Sunday in bed, looked on with smiling approval. She even offered to give him a little instruction—verbal—in scrubbing the kitchen-floor.

Mr. Porter, who was on his knees at the time, rose slowly to his full height, and, with a superb gesture, emptied the bucket, which also contained a scrubbing-brush and lump of soap, into the back-yard. Then he set off down the street in quest of a staff.

He found it in the person of Maudie Stevens, aged fourteen, who lived a few doors lower down. Fresh from school the week before, she cheerfully undertook to do the housework and cooking, and to act as nursemaid in her spare time. Her father, on his part, cheerfully undertook to take care of her wages for her, the first week's, payable in advance being banked the same evening at the Lord Nelson.

It was another mouth to feed, but the strike-pay was coming in very well, and Mr. Porter, relieved from his unmanly tasks, walked the streets a free man. Beds were made without his interference, meals were ready (roughly) at the appointed hour, and for the first time since the strike he experienced satisfaction in finding fault with the cook.

The children's content was not so great, Maudie possessing a faith in the virtues of soap and water that they made no attempt to share. They were greatly relieved when their mother returned home after spending a couple of days with Aunt Jane.

"What's all this?" she demanded, as she entered the kitchen, followed by a lady-friend.

"What's all what?" inquired Mr. Porter, who was sitting at dinner with the family.

"That," said his wife, pointing at the cook-general.

Mr. Porter put down his knife and fork. "I got 'er in to help," he replied, uneasily.

"Do you hear that?" demanded his wife, turning to her friend, Mrs. Gorman. "Oh, these masters!"

"Ah!" said her friend, vaguely.

"A strike-breaker!" said Mrs. Porter, rolling her eyes.

"Shame!" said Mrs. Gorman, beginning to understand.

"Coming after my job, and taking the bread out of my mouth," continued Mrs. Porter, fluently. "Underselling me too, I'll be bound. That's what comes of not having pickets."

"Unskilled labour," said Mrs. Gorman, tightening her lips and shaking her head.

"A scab!" cried Mrs. Porter, wildly. "A scab!"

"Put her out," counselled her friend.

"Put her out!" repeated Mrs. Porter, in a terrible voice. "Put her out! I'll tear her limb from limb! I'll put her in the copper and boil her!"

Her voice was so loud and her appearance so alarming that the unfortunate Maudie, emitting three piercing shrieks, rose hastily from the table and looked around for a way of escape. The road to the front-door was barred, and with a final yelp that set her employer's teeth on edge she dashed into the yard and went home *viâ* the back-fences. Housewives busy in their kitchens looked up in amazement at the spectacle of a pair of thin black legs descending one fence, scudding across the yard to the accompaniment of a terrified moaning, and scrambling madly over the other. At her own back-door Maudie collapsed on the step, and, to the intense discomfort and annoyance of her father, had her first fit of hysterics.

"And the next scab that comes into my house won't get off so easy," said Mrs. Porter to her husband. "D'you understand?"

"If you 'ad some husbands——" began Mr. Porter, trembling with rage.

"Yes, I know," said his wife, nodding. "Don't cry, Jemmy," she added, taking the youngest on her knee. "Mother's only having a little game. She and dad are both on strike for more pay and less work."

Mr. Porter got up, and without going through the formality of saying good-bye to the hard-featured Mrs. Gorman put on his cap and went out. Over a couple of half-pints, taken as a sedative, he realized the growing seriousness of his position.

In a dull resigned fashion he took up his household duties again, made harder now than before by the scandalous gossip of the aggrieved Mr. Stevens. The anonymous present of a much-worn apron put the finishing touch to his discomfiture; and the well-meant offer of a fair neighbour to teach him how to shake a mat without choking himself met with a reception that took her breath away.

It was a surprise to him one afternoon to find that his wife had so far unbent as to tidy up the parlour. Ornaments had been dusted and polished and the carpet swept. She had even altered the position of the furniture. The table had been pushed against the wall, and the easy-chair, with its back to the window, stood stiffly confronting six or seven assorted chairs, two of which at least had been promoted from a lower sphere.

"It's for the meeting," said Muriel, peeping in.

"Meeting?" repeated her father, in a dazed voice.

"Strike-meeting," was the reply. "Mrs. Gorman and some other ladies are coming at four o'clock. Didn't mother tell you?"

Mr. Porter, staring helplessly at the row of chairs, shook his head.

"Mrs. Evans is coming," continued Muriel, in a hushed voice—"the lady what punched Mr. Brown because he kept Bobbie Evans in one day. He ain't been kept in since. I wish you——"

She stopped suddenly, and, held by her father's gaze, backed slowly out of the room. Mr. Porter, left with the chairs, stood regarding them thoughtfully. Their emptiness made an appeal that no right-minded man could ignore. He put his hand over his mouth and his eyes watered.

He spent the next half-hour in issuing invitations, and at half-past three every chair was filled by fellow-strikers. Three cans of beer, clay pipes, and a paper of shag stood on the table. Mr. Benjamin Todd, an obese, fresh-coloured gentleman of middle age, took the easy-chair. Glasses and teacups were filled.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Todd, lighting his pipe, "afore we get on to the business of this meeting I want to remind you that there is another meeting, of ladies, at four o'clock; so we've got to hurry up. O' course, if it should happen that we ain't finished——"

"Go on, Bennie!" said a delighted admirer.

"I see a female 'ead peeping in at the winder already," said a voice.

"Let 'em peep," said Mr. Todd, benignly.

"Is," continued Mr. Todd, "that we have got to keep this—this—er——"

"Strike," prompted the same voice.

Mr. Todd paused, and wiping his mouth with a red pocket-handkerchief sat staring straight before him.

"I move," said Mrs. Evans, her sharp features twitching with excitement, "that Mrs. Gorman takes the chair."

"'Ow can I take it when he's sitting in it?" demanded that lady.

"She's a lady that knows what she wants and how to get it," pursued Mrs. Evans, unheeding. "She understands men——"

"I've buried two 'usbands," murmured Mrs. Gorman, nodding.

"MRS. GORMAN TURNED AND, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING, SAT DOWN SUDDENLY AND HEAVILY IN HIS LAP."

"Then p'r'aps they'll be able to see how to run a meeting."

"There's two more 'eads," said the other. "Oh, Lord, I know I sha'n't be able to keep a straight face!"

"*H'sh!*" commanded Mr. Todd, sternly, as the street-door was heard to open. "Be'ave yourself. As I was saying, the thing we've got to consider about this strike——"

The door opened, and six ladies, headed by Mrs. Porter, entered the room in single file and ranged themselves silently along the wall.

"Strike," proceeded Mr. Todd, who found himself gazing uneasily into the eyes of Mrs. Gorman—"strike—er—strike——"

"He said that before," said a stout lady, in a loud whisper; "I'm sure he did."

"And how to manage them," continued Mrs. Evans. "I move that Mrs. Gorman takes the chair. Those in favour——"

Mr. Todd, leaning back in his chair and gripping the arms, gazed defiantly at a row of palms.

"Carried unanimously!" snapped Mrs. Evans.

Mrs. Gorman, tall and bony, advanced and stood over Mr. Todd. Strong men held their breath.

"It's my chair," she said, gruffly. "I've been moved into it."

"Possession," said Mr. Todd, in as firm a voice as he could manage, "is nine points of the law. I'm here and——"

Mrs. Gorman turned and, without the slightest warning, sat down suddenly and

heavily in his lap. A hum of admiration greeted the achievement.

"Get up!" shouted the horrified Mr. Todd. "Get up!"

Mrs. Gorman settled herself more firmly.

"Let *me* get up," said Mr. Todd, panting.

Mrs. Gorman rose, but remained in a hovering position, between which and the chair Mr. Todd, flushed and dishevelled, extricated himself in all haste. A shrill titter of laughter and a clapping of hands greeted his appearance. He turned furiously on the pallid Mr. Porter.

"What d'you mean by it?" he demanded. "Are you the master, or ain't you? A man what can't keep order in his own house ain't fit to be called a man. If my wife was carrying on like this——"

"I wish I was your wife," said Mrs. Gorman, moistening her lips.

Mr. Todd turned slowly and surveyed her.

"I don't," he said, simply, and, being by this time near the door, faded gently from the room.

"Order!" cried Mrs. Gorman, thumping the arm of her chair with a large, hard-working fist. "Take your seats, ladies."

A strange thrill passed through the bodies of her companions and communicated itself to the men in the chairs. There was a moment's tense pause, and then the end man, muttering something about "going to see what had happened to poor old Ben Todd," rose slowly and went out. His companions, with heads erect and a look of cold disdain upon their faces, followed him.

It was Mr. Porter's last meeting, but his wife had several more. They lasted, in fact, until the day, a fortnight later, when he came in with flushed face and sparkling eyes to announce that the strike was over and the men victorious.

"Six bob a week more!" he said, with enthusiasm. "You see, I was right to strike, after all."

Mrs. Porter eyed him. "I am out for *four* bob a week more," she said, calmly.

Her husband swallowed. "You—you don't understand 'ow these things are done," he said, at last. "It takes time. We ought to ne-ne-gotiate."

"All right," said Mrs. Porter, readily. "Seven shillings a week, then."

"Let's say four and have done with it," exclaimed the other, hastily.

And Mrs. Porter said it.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 46.
(*The Fourth of the Series.*)

THE habitation may be cold.
But will a famous tale unfold.

1. Popular is the place marine
   Where nobody is ever seen.
2. Fast time, at first; we notice, though,
   'Tis gradually getting slow.
3. Here only half a word is meant;
   A ring would make it permanent.
4. A Roman of imperial fame
   From whom a month derives its name.
5. Deceitful, showing, in the pack,
   A suit of either red or black.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 47.

A kingly coin do we to notice bring?
Nay, it from Nature's Mint, not ours, must spring.

1. To raise a ghost was once his famous wheeze,
   But now it is enough to raise a sneeze.
2. To enter on a state of married bliss,
   'Tis needful to secure the use of this.
3. Here's one of little wit, and one to whom
   Erected was, where lovers met, a tomb.
4. The candle once blown out, we must suppose
   It has attained this end of all its woes.
5. However dangerous may be its coast,
   It screams a warning, one would think, to most.

QUÆSTOR.

Answers to Acrostics 46 and 47 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on June 7th.*

The answer to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; at the foot of each answer every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 45.

1.	B	o	N
2.	A		I
3.	B	a f f i	N
4.	Y	o s e m i t	E
5.	L	o u	V
6.	O	m p h a l	E
7.	N	o r t	H

NOTES.—Light 3. Boffin, *Our Mutual Friend*. 4. Mite. 5. Louvain; ain, own. 7. Tennyson, *The Princess*.

For the first light of No. 42, "Syringa," "Scilla," and other flowers that fit the uprights are accepted; for the fourth light "Church End" seems as apposite as "Crouch End": from each of these "the last and last of first," *i.e.*, "the *end* and the end of the first word," must go.

RESULT OF THE SEVENTH SERIES.

Five solvers sent in answers to all the acrostics, correct in every particular: one of these, H. H., a winner in our last series, is not eligible for further laurels, and the other four will share the prizes, each one receiving a cheque for three guineas. These four solvers, Beggar, Corisande, Phanta, and Roc, will be ineligible for prizes in the eighth and ninth series, the former of which is now running.

The names and addresses of the successful solvers are: Beggar, Mr. B. G. Pearce, 5, Ethelbert Road, Bromley, Kent; Corisande, Mrs. Bridges, 7, Alexandra Road, Clifton, Bristol; Phanta, Mrs. Handcock, 85, Chester Square, S.W.; Roc, Mr. R. C. Oakley, Dunchurch Hall, Rugby.

The Acrostic Editor must again remind a few solvers of the necessity of conforming to the very simple rules. Unsigned answers disqualify themselves; a pseudonym is essential; the real name and address should be given with the last solution of the series, when they are always requested; and the answers to different acrostics should be on different pieces of paper.

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BRISTOL—ARTHUR QUANT & CO., 9 & 10, Clare Street
EDINBURGH—JENNER'S, Princes Street
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LEEDS—HYAM & CO., Ltd., 43, Briggate
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(*See page* 429.)

THE STRAND MAGAZINE

Vol. 55. JUNE, 1918. No. 330.

STRIKING HARD

BY

W. W. JACOBS

Illustrated by Will Owen.

"YOU'VE what?" demanded Mrs. Porter, placing the hot iron carefully on its stand and turning a heated face on the head of the family.

"Struck," repeated Mr. Porter; "and the only wonder to me is we've stood it so long as we have. If I was to tell you all we've 'ad to put up with I don't suppose you'd believe me."

"Very likely," was the reply. "You can keep your fairy-tales for them that like 'em. They're no good to me."

"We stood it till flesh and blood could stand it no longer," declared her husband, "and at last we came out, shoulder to shoulder, singing. The people cheered us, and one of our leaders made 'em a speech."

"I should have liked to 'ave heard the singing," remarked his wife. "If they all sang like you it must ha' been as good as a pantermime! Do you remember the last time you went on strike?"

"This is different," said Mr. Porter, with dignity.

"All our things went, bit by bit," pursued his wife, "all the money we had put by for a rainy day, and we 'ad to begin all over again. What are we going to live on? O' course, you might earn something by singing in the street; people who like funny faces might give you something! Why not go upstairs and put your 'ead under the bedclothes and practise a bit?"

Mr. Porter coughed. "It'll be all right," he said, confidently. "Our committee knows what it's about; Bert Robinson is one of the best speakers I've ever 'eard. If we don't all get five bob a week more I'll eat my 'ead."

"It's the best thing you could do with it," snapped his wife. She took up her iron again,

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and turning an obstinate back to his remarks resumed her work.

Mr. Porter lay long next morning, and, dressing with comfortable slowness, noticed with pleasure that the sun was shining. Visions of a good breakfast and a digestive pipe, followed by a walk in the fresh air, passed before his eyes as he laced his boots. Whistling cheerfully he went briskly downstairs.

It was an October morning, but despite the invigorating chill in the air the kitchen-grate was cold and dull. Herring-bones and a disorderly collection of dirty cups and platters graced the table. Perplexed and angry, he looked around for his wife, and then, opening the back-door, stood gaping with astonishment. The wife of his bosom, who should have had a bright fire and a good breakfast waiting for him, was sitting on a box in the sunshine, elbows on knees and puffing laboriously at a cigarette.

"*Susan!*" he exclaimed.

Mrs. Porter turned, and, puffing out her lips, blew an immense volume of smoke. "Halloa!" she said, carelessly.

"Wot—wot does this mean?" demanded her husband.

Mrs. Porter smiled with conscious pride. "I made it come out of my nose just now," she replied. "At least, some of it did, and I swallowed the rest. Will it hurt me?"

"Where's my breakfast?" inquired the other, hotly. "Why ain't the kitchen-fire alight? Wot do you think you're doing of?"

"I'm not doing anything," said his wife, with an aggrieved air. "I'm on strike."

"MRS. PORTER SMILED WITH CONSCIOUS PRIDE. 'I MADE THE SMOKE COME OUT OF MY NOSE JUST NOW,' SHE REPLIED."

Mr. Porter reeled against the door-post. "*Wot!*" he stammered. "On strike? Nonsense! You can't be."

"Oh, yes, I can," retorted Mrs. Porter, closing one eye and ministering to it hastily with the corner of her apron. "Not 'aving no Bert Robinson to do it for me, I made a little speech all to myself, and here I am."

She dropped her apron, replaced the cigarette, and, with her hands on her plump knees, eyed him steadily.

"But—but this ain't a factory," objected the dismayed man; "and, besides—*I won't 'ave it!*"

Mrs. Porter laughed—a fat, comfortable laugh, but with a touch of hardness in it.

"All right, mate," she said, comfortably. "What are you out on strike for?"

"Shorter hours and more money," said Mr. Porter, glaring at her.

His wife nodded. "So am I," she said. "I wonder who gets it first?"

She smiled agreeably at the bewildered Mr. Porter, and, extracting a paper packet of cigarettes from her pocket, lit a fresh one at the stub of the first.

"That's the worst of a woman," said her husband, avoiding her eye and addressing a sanitary dustbin of severe aspect; "they do things without thinking first. That's why men are superior; before *they* do a thing they look at it all round, and upside down, and-and—make sure it can be done. Now, you get up in a temper this morning, and the first thing you do—not even waiting to get my breakfast ready first—is to go on strike

If you'd thought for two minutes you'd see as 'ow it's impossible for you to go on strike for more than a couple of hours or so."

"Why?" inquired Mrs. Porter.

"Kids," replied her husband, triumphantly. "They'll be coming 'ome from school soon, won't they? And they'll be wanting their dinner, won't they?"

"That's all right," murmured the other, vaguely.

"After which, when night comes," pursued Mr. Porter, "they'll 'ave to be put to bed. In the morning they'll 'ave to be got up and washed and dressed and given their breakfast and sent off to school. Then there's shopping wot must be done, and beds wot must be made."

"I'll make ours," said his wife, decidedly. "For my own sake."

"And wot about the others?" inquired Mr. Porter.

"The others'll be made by the same party as washes the children, and cooks their dinner for 'em, and puts 'em to bed, and cleans the 'ouse," was the reply.

"I'm not going to have your mother 'ere," exclaimed Mr. Porter, with sudden heat. "Mind that!"

"I don't want her," said Mrs. Porter. "It's a job for a strong, healthy man, not a pore old thing with swelled legs and short in the breath."

"Strong—'ealthy—man!" repeated her husband, in a dazed voice. "Strong—'eal—Wot are you talking about?"

Mrs. Porter beamed on him. "You," she said, sweetly.

There was a long silence, broken at last by a firework display of expletives. Mrs. Porter, still smiling, sat unmoved.

"You may smile!" raved the indignant Mr. Porter. "You may sit there smiling and smoking like a—like a man, but if you think that I'm going to get the meals ready, and soil my 'ands with making beds and washing-up, you're mistook. There's some 'usbands I know as would set about you!"

Mrs. Porter rose. "Well, I can't sit here gossiping with you all day," she said, entering the house.

"Wot are you going to do?" demanded her husband, following her.

"Going to see Aunt Jane and 'ave a bit o' dinner with her," was the reply. "And after that I think I shall go to the 'pictures.' If you 'ave bloaters for dinner be very careful with little Jemmy and the bones."

"I forbid you to leave this 'ouse!" said Mr. Porter, in a thrilling voice. "If you do you won't find nothing done when you come home, and all the kids dirty and starving."

"Cheerio!" said Mrs. Porter.

Arrayed in her Sunday best she left the house half an hour later. A glance over her shoulder revealed her husband huddled up in a chair in the dirty kitchen, gazing straight before him at the empty grate.

He made a hearty breakfast at a neighbouring coffee-shop, and, returning home, lit the fire and sat before it, smoking. The return of the four children from school, soon after midday, found him still wrestling with the difficulties of the situation. His announcement that their mother was out and that there would be no dinner was received at first in stupefied silence. Then Jemmy, opening his mouth to its widest extent, acted as conductor to an all-too-willing chorus.

The noise was unbearable, and Mr. Porter said so. Pleased with the tribute, the choir redoubled its efforts, and Mr. Porter, vociferating orders for silence, saw only too clearly the base advantage his wife had taken of his affection for his children. He took some money from his pocket and sent the leading treble out marketing, after which, with the assistance of a soprano aged eight, he washed up the breakfast things and placed one of them in the dustbin.

The entire family stood at his elbow as he cooked the dinner, and watched, with bated breath, his frantic efforts to recover a sausage which had fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire. A fourfold sigh of relief heralded its return to the pan.

"Mother always——" began the eldest boy.

Mr. Porter took his scorched fingers out of his mouth and smacked the critic's head.

The dinner was not a success. Portions of half-cooked sausages returned to the pan, and coming back in the guise of cinders failed to find their rightful owners.

"Last time we had sausages," said the eight-year-old Muriel, "they melted in your mouth."

Mr. Porter glowered at her.

"Instead of in the fire," said the eldest boy, with a mournful snigger.

"If I get up to you, my lad," said the harassed Mr. Porter, "you'll know it! Pity you don't keep your sharpness for your lessons! Wot country is Africa in?"

"Why, Africa's a continent!" said the startled youth.

"Jess so," said his father; "but wot I'm asking you is: wot country is it in?"

"Asia," said the reckless one, with a side-glance at Muriel.

"And why couldn't you say so before?" demanded Mr. Porter, sternly. "Now, you go to the sink and give yourself a thorough good wash. And mind you come straight home from school. There's work to be done."

He did some of it himself after the children had gone, and finished up the afternoon with a little shopping, in the course of which he twice changed his grocer and was threatened with an action for slander by his fishmonger. He returned home with his clothes bulging, although a couple of eggs in the left-hand coat-pocket had done their best to accommodate themselves to his figure.

He went to bed at eleven o'clock, and at a quarter past, clad all too lightly for the job, sped rapidly downstairs to admit his wife.

"Some 'usbands would 'ave let you sleep on the doorstep all night," he said, crisply.

"I know they would," returned his wife, cheerfully. "That's why I married *you*. I remember the first time I let you come 'ome with me mother ses: 'There ain't much of 'im, Susan,' she ses; 'still, arf a loaf is better than——'"

The bedroom-door slammed behind the indignant Mr. Porter, and the three lumps and a depression which had once been a bed received his quivering frame again. With the sheet obstinately drawn over his head he turned a deaf ear to his wife's panegyrics on striking and her heartfelt tribute to the end of a perfect day. Even when standing on the cold floor while she remade the bed he maintained an attitude of unbending dignity, only relaxing when she smote him light-heartedly with the bolster. In a few ill-chosen words he expressed his opinion of her mother and her deplorable methods of bringing up her daughters.

He rose early next morning, and, after getting his own breakfast, put on his cap and went out, closing the street-door with a bang that awoke the entire family and caused the somnolent Mrs. Porter to open one eye for the purpose of winking with it. Slowly, as became a man of leisure, he strolled down to the works and, moving from knot to knot of his colleagues, discussed the prospects of victory. Later on, with a little natural diffidence, he drew Mr. Bert Robinson apart and asked his advice upon a situation which was growing more and more difficult.

"I've got my hands pretty full as it is, you know," said Mr. Robinson, hastily.

"I know you 'ave, Bert," murmured the other. "But, you see, she told me last night she's going to try and get some of the other chaps' wives to join 'er, so I thought I ought to tell you."

Mr. Robinson started. "Have you tried giving her a hiding?" he inquired.

Mr. Porter shook his head. "I daren't trust myself," he replied. "I might go too far, once I started."

"What about appealing to her better nature?" inquired the other.

"She ain't got one," said the unfortunate.

"Well, I'm sorry for you," said Mr. Robinson, "but I'm busy. I've got to see the Labour-leader this afternoon, and two reporters, and this evening there's the meeting. Try kindness first, and if that don't do, lock her up in her bedroom and keep her on bread and water."

He moved off to confer with his supporters, and Mr. Porter, after wandering aimlessly about for an hour or two, returned home at midday with a faint hope that his wife might have seen the error of her ways and provided dinner for him. He found the house empty and the beds unmade. The remains of breakfast stood on the kitchen-table, and a puddle of cold tea decorated the floor. The arrival of the children from school, hungry and eager, completed his discomfiture.

For several days he wrestled grimly with the situation, while Mrs. Porter, who had planned out her week into four days of charing, two of amusement, and Sunday in bed, looked on with smiling approval. She even offered to give him a little instruction—verbal—in scrubbing the kitchen-floor.

Mr. Porter, who was on his knees at the time, rose slowly to his full height, and, with a superb gesture, emptied the bucket, which also contained a scrubbing-brush and lump of soap, into the back-yard. Then he set out down the street in quest of a staff.

He found it in the person of Maudie Stevens, aged fourteen, who lived a few doors lower down. Fresh from school the week before she cheerfully undertook to do the housework and cooking, and to act as nursemaid in her spare time. Her father, on his part, cheerfully undertook to take care of her wages for her, the first week's, payable in advance, being banked the same evening at the Lord Nelson.

It was another mouth to feed, but the strike-pay was coming in very well, and Mr. Porter, relieved from his unmanly task, walked the streets a free man. Beds were made without his interference, meals were ready (roughly) at the appointed hour, and for the first time since the strike he experienced satisfaction in finding fault with the cook

The children's content was not so great, Maudie possessing a faith in the virtues of soap and water that they made no attempt to share. They were greatly relieved when their mother returned home after spending a couple of days with Aunt Jane.

"What's all this?" she demanded, as she entered the kitchen, followed by a lady-friend.

"What's all what?" inquired Mr. Porter, who was sitting at dinner with the family.

"That," said his wife, pointing at the cook-general.

Mr. Porter put down his knife and fork. "I got 'er in to help," he replied, uneasily.

"Do you hear that?" demanded his wife, turning to her friend, Mrs. Gorman. "Oh, these masters!"

"Ah!" said her friend, vaguely.

"A strike-breaker!" said Mrs. Porter, rolling her eyes.

"Shame!" said Mrs. Gorman, beginning to understand.

"Coming after my job, and taking the bread out of my mouth," continued Mrs. Porter, fluently. "Underselling me too, I'll be bound. That's what comes of not having pickets."

"Unskilled labour," said Mrs. Gorman, tightening her lips and shaking her head.

"A scab!" cried Mrs. Porter, wildly. "A scab!"

"Put her out," counselled her friend.

"Put her out!" repeated Mrs. Porter, in a terrible voice. "Put her out! I'll tear her limb from limb! I'll put her in the copper and boil her!"

Her voice was so loud and her appearance so alarming that the unfortunate Maudie, emitting three piercing shrieks, rose hastily from the table and looked around for a way of escape. The road to the front-door was barred, and with a final yelp that set her employer's teeth on edge she dashed into the yard and went home *viâ* the back-fences. Housewives busy in their kitchens looked up in amazement at the spectacle of a pair of thin black legs descending one fence, scudding across the yard to the accompaniment of a terrified moaning, and scrambling madly over the other. At her own back-door Maudie collapsed on the step, and, to the intense discomfort and annoyance of her father, had her first fit of hysterics.

"And the next scab that comes into my house won t get off so easy," said Mrs. Porter to her husband. "D'you understand?"

"If you 'ad some husbands——" began Mr. Porter, trembling with rage.

"Yes, I know," said his wife, nodding. "Don't cry, Jemmy," she added, taking the youngest on her kneee. "Mother's only having a little game. She and dad are both on strike for more pay and less work."

Mr. Porter got up, and without going through the formality of saying good-bye to the hard-featured Mrs. Gorman put on his cap and went out. Over a couple of half-pints, taken as a sedative, he realized the growing seriousness of his position.

In a dull resigned fashion he took up his household duties again, made harder now than before by the scandalous gossip of the aggrieved Mr. Stevens. The anonymous present of a much-worn apron put the finishing touch to his discomfiture; and the well-meant offer of a fair neighbour to teach him how to shake a mat without choking himself met with a reception that took her breath away.

It was a surprise to him one afternoon to find that his wife had so far unbent as to tidy up the parlour. Ornaments had been dusted and polished and the carpet swept. She had even altered the position of the furniture. The table had been pushed against the wall, and the easy-chair, with its back to the window, stood stiffly confronting six or seven assorted chairs, two of which at least had been promoted from a lower sphere.

"It's for the meeting," said Muriel, peeping in.

"Meeting?" repeated her father, in a dazed voice.

"Strike-meeting," was the reply. "Mrs. Gorman and some other ladies are coming at four o'clock. Didn't mother tell you?"

Mr. Porter, staring helplessly at the row of chairs, shook his head.

"Mrs. Evans is coming," continued Muriel, in a hushed voice—"the lady what punched Mr. Brown because he kept Bobbie Evans in one day. He ain't been kept in since. I wish you——"

She stopped suddenly, and, held by her father's gaze, backed slowly out of the room. Mr. Porter, left with the chairs, stood regarding them thoughtfully. Their emptiness made an appeal that no right-minded man could ignore. He put his hand over his mouth and his eyes watered.

He spent the next half-hour in issuing invitations, and at half-past three every chair was filled by fellow-strikers. Three cans of beer, clay pipes, and a paper of shag stood on the table. Mr. Benjamin Todd, an obese, fresh-coloured gentleman of middle age, took the easy-chair. Glasses and teacups were filled.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Todd, lighting his pipe, "afore we get on to the business of this meeting I want to remind you that there is another meeting, of ladies, at four o'clock; so we've got to hurry up. O' course, if it should happen that we ain't finished——"

"Go on, Bennie!" said a delighted admirer.

"I see a female 'ead peeping in at the winder already," said a voice.

"Let 'em peep," said Mr. Todd, benignly.

"Is," continued Mr. Todd, "that we have got to keep this—this—er——"

"Strike," prompted the same voice.

Mr. Todd paused, and wiping his mouth with a red pocket-handkerchief sat staring straight before him.

"I move," said Mrs. Evans, her sharp features twitching with excitement, "that Mrs. Gorman takes the chair."

"'Ow can I take it when he's sitting in it?" demanded that lady.

"She's a lady that knows what she wants and how to get it," pursued Mrs. Evans, unheeding. "She understands men——"

"I've buried two 'usbands," murmured Mrs. Gorman, nodding.

"MRS. GORMAN TURNED AND, WITHOUT THE SLIGHTEST WARNING, SAT DOWN SUDDENLY AND HEAVILY IN HIS LAP."

"Then p'r'aps they'll be able to see how to run a meeting."

"There's two more 'eads," said the other. "Oh, Lord, I know I sha'n't be able to keep a straight face!"

"*H'sh!*" commanded Mr. Todd, sternly, as the street-door was heard to open. "Be'ave yourself. As I was saying, the thing we've got to consider about this strike——"

The door opened, and six ladies, headed by Mrs. Porter, entered the room in single file and ranged themselves silently along the wall.

"Strike," proceeded Mr. Todd, who found himself gazing uneasily into the eyes of Mrs. Gorman—"strike—er—strike——"

"He said that before," said a stout lady, in a loud whisper; "I'm sure he did."

"And how to manage them," continued Mrs. Evans. "I move that Mrs. Gorman takes the chair. Those in favour——"

Mr. Todd, leaning back in his chair and gripping the arms, gazed defiantly at a row of palms.

"Carried unanimously!" snapped Mrs. Evans.

Mrs. Gorman, tall and bony, advanced and stood over Mr. Todd. Strong men held their breath.

"It's my chair," she said, gruffly. "I've been moved into it."

"Possession," said Mr. Todd, in as firm a voice as he could manage, "is nine points of the law. I'm here and——"

Mrs. Gorman turned and, without the slightest warning, sat down suddenly and

heavily in his lap. A hum of admiration greeted the achievement.

"Get up!" shouted the horrified Mr. Todd. "Get up!"

Mrs. Gorman settled herself more firmly.

"Let *me* get up," said Mr. Todd, panting.

Mrs. Gorman rose, but remained in a hovering position, between which and the chair Mr. Todd, flushed and dishevelled, extricated himself in all haste. A shrill titter of laughter and a clapping of hands greeted his appearance. He turned furiously on the pallid Mr. Porter.

"What d'you mean by it?" he demanded. "Are you the master, or ain't you? A man what can't keep order in his own house ain't fit to be called a man. If my wife was carrying on like this——"

"I wish I was your wife," said Mrs. Gorman, moistening her lips.

Mr. Todd turned slowly and surveyed her.

"I don't," he said, simply, and, being by this time near the door, faded gently from the room.

"Order!" cried Mrs. Gorman, thumping the arm of her chair with a large, hard-working fist. "Take your seats, ladies."

A strange thrill passed through the bodies of her companions and communicated itself to the men in the chairs. There was a moment's tense pause, and then the end man, muttering something about "going to see what had happened to poor old Ben Todd," rose slowly and went out. His companions, with heads erect and a look of cold disdain upon their faces, followed him.

It was Mr. Porter's last meeting, but his wife had several more. They lasted, in fact, until the day, a fortnight later, when he came in with flushed face and sparkling eyes to announce that the strike was over and the men victorious.

"Six bob a week more!" he said, with enthusiasm. "You see, I was right to strike, after all."

Mrs. Porter eyed him. "I am out for *four* bob a week more," she said, calmly.

Her husband swallowed. "You—you don't understand 'ow these things are done," he said, at last. "It takes time. We ought to ne-ne-gotiate."

"All right," said Mrs. Porter, readily. "Seven shillings a week, then."

"Let's say four and have done with it," exclaimed the other, hastily.

And Mrs. Porter said it.

ACROSTICS.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 46.
(*The Fourth of the Series.*)

THE habitation may be cold.
But will a famous tale unfold.

1. Popular is the place marine
Where nobody is ever seen.
2. Fast time, at first; we notice, though,
'Tis gradually getting slow.
3. Here only half a word is meant:
A ring would make it permanent.
4. A Roman of imperial fame
From whom a month derives its name.
5. Deceitful, showing, in the pack,
A suit of either red or black.

PAX.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 47.

A kingly coin do we to notice bring?
Nay, it's from Nature's Mint, not ours, must spring.

1. To raise a ghost was once his famous wheeze,
But now it is enough to raise a sneeze.
2. To enter on a state of married bliss,
'Tis needful to secure the use of this.
3. Here's one of little wit, and one to whom
Erected was, where lovers met, a tomb.
4. The candle once blown out, we must suppose
It has attained this end of all its woes.
5. However dangerous may be its coast,
It screams a warning, one would think, to most.

QUÆSTOR.

Answers to Acrostics 46 *and* 47 *should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor,* THE STRAND MAGAZINE, *Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than by the first post on June 7th.*

The answer to each acrostic must be on a separate piece of paper; at the foot of each answer every solver should write his pseudonym and nothing else. This pseudonym should be limited to one word.

Two answers may be sent to any or every light.

ANSWER TO No. 45.

1.	B o	N
2.	A	I
3.	B affi	N
4.	Y osemit	E
5.	L ou	V
6.	O mphal	E
7.	N ort	H

NOTES.—Light 3. Boffin. *Our Mutual Friend.* 4. Mite. 5. Louvain: ain, own. 7. Tennyson, *The Princess.*

For the first light of No. 42, "Syringa," "Scilla," and other flowers that fit the uprights are accepted; for the fourth light "Church End" seems as apposite as "Crouch End": from each of these "the last and last of first," *i.e.*, "the *end* and the end of the first word," must go.

RESULT OF THE SEVENTH SERIES.

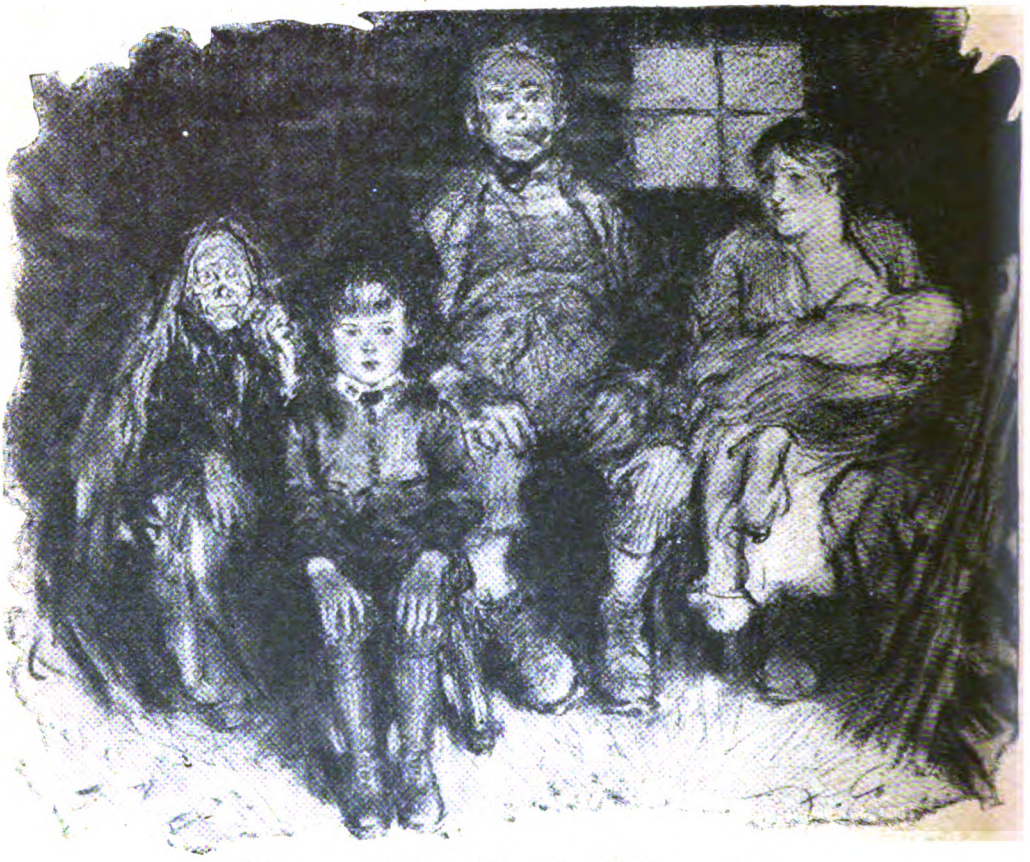
Five solvers sent in answers to all the acrostics, correct in every particular: one of these, H. H., a winner in our last series, is not eligible for further laurels, and the other four will share the prizes, each one receiving a cheque for three guineas. These four solvers, Beggar, Corisande, Phanta, and Roc, will be ineligible for prizes in the eighth and ninth series, the former of which is now running.

The names and addresses of the successful solvers are: Beggar, Mr. B. C. Pearce, 5, Ethelbert Road, Bromley, Kent; Corisande, Mrs. Bridges, 7, Alexandra Road, Clifton, Bristol; Phanta, Mrs. Handcock, 85, Chester Square, S.W.; Roc, Mr. R. C. Oakley, Dunchurch Hall, Rugby.

The Acrostic Editor must again remind a few solvers of the necessity of conforming to the very simple rules. Unsigned answers disqualify themselves; a pseudonym is essential; the real name and address should be given with the last solution of the series, when they are always requested; and the answers to different acrostics should be on different pieces of paper.

FIRES.

By LYNN DOYLE.



Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

I WAS fond of low company as a child. I loved the society of ploughmen and cattle-dealers and "tradesmen," as we call carpenters and masons and such-like in the North of Ireland, and on occasion was even not above consorting with tinkers. But greatest of all pleasures was to slip out of a winter's night to some labourer's or small farmer's cottage and take part in a kailyie. We are more learned now, and know the word for Irish, and spell it c.e.l.e.i.d; but it meant just the same then—a gathering of neighbours in friendly chat round a hearthside.

Our servant-maids were scandalized by my want of proper pride. Many a time they threatened to "tell on me," and now and then carried out their threat. But my aunt, although she had plenty of pride, had a good deal of common sense as well, and winked at my unconventionality. It would do the child no harm, I have overheard her say, to see a little of all sorts.

I think she was right, too, and that it did not do me any harm. If I saw and heard much that was coarse and unseemly, I saw and heard much too that was simple and pure and uplifting. If I learned a little evil, I learned a great deal more good. The evil fell away from me as I grew in knowledge; but the good remains with me till this day. There was many a worse school for a little boy than an Ulster hearthside thirty years ago. And I do not count it nothing that I can still sit down in a cottier dwelling and talk to a labourer and his family in their own homely speech and enter into their humble joys and sorrows with sympathy and understanding. In those days it did not enter my head that I belonged to a different race of beings. I am not sure that I have learned the lesson yet.

The humbler folk among whom I visited were much more ready to recognize a difference

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between them and me. Although I was received among them on familiar terms, some little acknowledgment of my social superiority was always insisted on. If among the family circle and its intimates I was always addressed by my Christian name, should a stranger be present it was scrupulously prefixed by the respectful "Masther." One of "the room" chairs was always set out for me to take my place by the hearth. It was a poor household indeed that could not afford me the luxury of at least deal. At first I preferred to sit on one of the common chairs, the seats of which were composed of straw ropes wound on a wooden framework. But I found that the newest was always offered me, and the asperities of such a seat with its projecting ends of corn-stalks require a certain amount of discipline by corduroy before they cease to trouble the wearer of cloth.

Perched on my seat of honour I have in my time mottled my boyish shins at many kinds of flame. The dullest to me was a coal fire such as a middling farmer's house would offer. We had coal fires at home. Then to enjoy a coal fire to the full one should be alone. In its early stages, with a good gassy coal, it is true that as many can be happy round it as can provide themselves with pokers. I have even known an expert, skilled in the due moment to puncture the swelling coal bubble, monopolize a solitary poker to the common satisfaction, and have had ambitions in that direction myself. But when smoke has dwindled, and the coals are glowing and falling lower in the grate, more than one fire-gazer is a crowd. The castle that I see so plainly is perhaps a craggy summit to another pair of eyes, or the lion's head a horse. Two souls must surely be in perfect harmony to read the fiery architecture alike. When I hear of such a thing I am tempted to suspect that there is more than fire-gazing between them.

I know it was so with myself as a boy of eleven and little Lucy D——, the only daughter in one of my coal-fire houses. She was a timid little creature with pretty pinched features and flaxen hair that would not curl for all her mother could do, born to worship aggressive small boys and to bend the neck gladly before a tyrannical husband, and fade beneath the strain of bringing up his rowdy family. I do not think I was an aggressive small boy, but I was her social superior by some fifty acres, and she looked up to me and gave me her love. Side by side we pored over the grate, and I drank in the sweetness of her submissiveness to my interpretation of the fiery oracles. When I remember Lucy's elf-like little face it is always framed in an aureole of flame-lit hair. But presently a serpent entered into my Eden, a sturdy youth some twelve months my senior, and I knew the first pangs of jealousy when Lucy began to reject my romantic visions for his prosaic imaginings. I contended with him for some time in a losing struggle, till at last one evening he invited me out to fight, over a unicorn that he maintained was a donkey. I still think it was a unicorn, and with Lucy's support would have had faith even to single combat: but she sided with my rival, and I quitted the field with an obvious retort, the recollection of which comforted me a little in my humiliation. I had to fight him next day, after all, for calling him a donkey, and in the stress of battle it came into my mind that I might just as well have been fighting for my unicorn and Lucy's love. But he worsted me rather badly, and I see now that it didn't matter.

In my humbler visiting circle there were few coal fires. A man with a wage amounting at the best to twelve shillings a week can do little to swell the royalties of Coal Kings. But there are many other means of raising a blaze, and any of them is more alluring than coal. I have often listened to the crackling of thorns under a pot, and relish the phrase more than one who has heard it only with his mind's ear. Nevertheless, thorns are a disappointing fuel, showy but of little efficacy, and associated in the farmer's mind, not without reason, with open gaps and straying cattle.

The steady radiance of well-lighted turf places it high in the ranks of poor man's fuel. For myself I never took to it. Like the tang of goat's milk, the smell of turf has always remained an exotic flavour to my senses. My aunt disliked it for a different reason. She esteemed it a Celtic fuel, and not quite fit burning for the dominant race. Then, too, a masterful uncle need be no Sherlock Holmes to divine from the aroma of a small boy's clothes that he has not been visiting in the highest circles the night before; and my aunt's broad-mindedness as to companionship was not shared by her husband except about his own associates. For these causes, unless the company promised something above the ordinary, I generally avoided turf-burning cottages.

Wood was my favourite kailyie fire. Even green branches have their merits, of bubbling sap and hissing moisture, soft under-song to the dancing kettle-lid. And what can make a cleaner or more cheerful fire than a pile of split logs, ash for choice?

There was a pleasant flavour of the illicit in a log fire also. Trees were the property of the landlord, and might not be felled without his consent. But here conscience slumbered. I was a farmer's nephew and my withers were unwrung. Few country consciences were more tender in such a matter. The common bond of advantage stilled both labourer's and farmer's tongue; and many a tall tree fell unmarked of its lawful lord.

With a fire of "shoughs" one came in contact with poverty. Shoughs are the fragments of stalk beaten from flax fibre in the process of scutching. Small ends and wisps of the fibre are mingled with the shoughs. The whole furnishes the most evanescent of fires, with much blaze but little heat. A torrent of sparks pours up the chimney as they consume, and this firework display can be augmented by tapping the mass with a poker, as I have been thoughtless enough to do many a time, and waste more rapidly my hostess's scanty store. I say my hostess's, for I visited in only one

shough-burning cottage. Poor old Mary Kinner, I can see her now, squatted on the earthen floor of her one-roomed dwelling, knees close to chin, mumbling with toothless gums on the short-stemmed clay pipe, her only luxury, too often empty. She dwelt alone, the solitary survivor of her generation, so far sunk in years that, without dying, she might be said to have outlived life.

Mary was come of decent people, as the saying goes in the North, and folk remembered this. Her pittance of outdoor relief was eked out by unasked charity. Without abounding she lived a little on this side of want. Old as she was, the instinct of hospitality still remained with her. Her pocket was a widow's cruse, never empty of some fragment of "sweetie" to please a little boy.

She liked to have me come to her cottage. I had little to say, for I was overawed by her antiquity; but the desire of speech had departed from her. Human companionship was all she needed; and there is something soothing to old age in the presence of a child.

I was always glad to visit her cottage. Not even Mary herself was more pleased when the tin "tea-drawer" hissed into steam, or rejoiced more when the twisted paper screw of mingled tea and sugar she drew from her bosom was fat and promised rich liquor. When, as not seldom, it was meagre, and old Mary's face and her anxious stirring and reluctant pouring out presaged mere "water bewitched," my little heart ached as hers had long lost power to do, and I knew that our hapless servant-girl would shortly be in for a wigging over a tea-caddy uncannily depleted. Even now I cannot regret those charitable thefts. If they seared my conscience a little they kept my heart tender. And with it all I am quite sure our maids drank too much tea.

"THERE WAS A PLEASANT FLAVOUR OF THE ILLICIT BY A LOG FIRE ALSO."

When Mary lighted her after-tea pipe I laid down the poker. She was the first woman I had ever seen smoke a pipe, and the performance had a strange fascination for me. Quiet fell on my restless limbs and spirit as I watched. I have sat for half a winter's evening gazing across the hearth at the old, age-weary face as it brightened with each "draw" and darkened with each puff of smoke, the silence never broken except by Mary's muttered self-communings. We must have made a strange picture sitting by the dim hearth, without speech or movement, in some mysterious accord of childhood and old age.

Those quiet hours made a deeper impression on me than any other experience of my childhood. Pity and sorrow awoke in me then. It was then that the first questionings on life and death stirred my soul. But my sorrow was for others, in whose sad lot I had no portion. I saw that

"HUMAN COMPANIONSHIP WAS ALL SHE NEEDED; THERE IS SOMETHING SOOTHING TO OLD AGE IN THE PRESENCE OF A CHILD."

old Mary must die, but was not conscious of my own mortality. It is otherwise with me now. Not long ago, rambling about my early haunts, I entered the roofless cottage that had been Mary's, and sat by the cold hearth. When I last sat there my life stretched long before me. Infinite space divided me from the calamity of old age. Surely it was only yesterday; but now her remembered face brings with it the poignant knowledge that I too am growing old, and must go hence, and that the longest life is, after all, but a fire of shoughs.

THE QUEST OF GLORIA HARNEY.

By ALEXANDER HULL.

Illustrated by W. M. Berger.

"CAPTAIN WENDLING?" she asked.

I nodded as I studied her face quickly. She was, unquestionably, a very beautiful girl, with abundant, glistening coppery hair, eyes that verged upon a singularly lovely green, and yet somehow were blue after all. She had not been long enough in the tropics for her high colour to bleach out.

"You are bound for Samarai, I understand?"

I nodded again. "Within an hour."

"I want to go with you," she said.

I had, occasionally, given passage to men before this. But a woman—yes, two women, for I knew she had a maiden aunt as a sort of chaperon with her—that was a different matter. I said so. It did not dash her in the least. She smiled with charming insistence. "I'm willing to pay you, in reason, of course; but I'm quite determined you sha'n't go without me."

There was nothing annoying in the tone of her rather peremptory demand, only a note of calm, determined capability that pleased me. I suppose the appraising way in which she had looked at me and promptly shown herself satisfied flattered me. I smiled.

"Very well, Miss ——?"

"Gloria Harney," she supplied, putting out her hand. "Thank you, Captain."

"Get your things together as soon as possible. I can give you—oh, two or three hours, if necessary."

"It won't be."

"Shall I send a couple of boys up after your things?"

She nodded. "In half an hour."

I'd no idea she meant half an hour, but I took her at her word. I'd seen tourists before, and even to the Edge of the Unknown they carry plunder sufficient to tempt an army. Civilization weds a man, and especially a woman, to his goods. Strip him of them and he is helpless and inconsiderable; even a Prime Minister, capable at home of leading the destinies of a hundred million people, is a jelly-like creature, incapable of asserting himself against Nature or his less important fellow-beings. With a couple of years of experience however, he'll start anywhere, cheerfully, upon an hour's notice, a half pound of quinine, and a change of shirts and socks.

Imagine my surprise, then, when exactly forty-five minutes after she left me she came aboard, with the boys carrying two small rattan boxes, a leather bag, and the convenient canvas swag of the experienced man of the islands.

"Miss Helen Leveton," she announced.

Her chaperon advanced and offered her hand in the same convincing way that had been the girl's. True, she was angular, old-maidish, and, at first sight, she did appear to wear an attitude of constant disapproval. But her eyes! Filled with black and brilliant fire! They were young—young as youth itself!

My misgivings were instantly at an end. These women could have gone alone and triumphantly, I thought, to the very remotest corners of the earth. I showed them to my cabin; I'd slept on deck too often, in preference to its stuffiness, to mind being dispossessed, and we got under way at once.

It was at dinner that night that I learned their quest. When it developed that I was bound for the Woodlarks, they exchanged glances significantly.

Suddenly the girl said; "Captain Wendling, I should like to tell you, I think, what we're here for."

"Very well," I said, cordially. As a matter of fact, I was tremendously interested in them. They were distinctly unusual types—and they were women. How many of the sex had I seen and talked to in the previous ten years? I was filled all at once with a sense of the barrenness of my life.

"Helen," said Miss Harney, "will you get the picture?"

The older woman rose, and returned after a moment with a photograph of a young man of good features and rather fine eyes. Not an unusual young man, I thought, but—— Of course, the connection between him and the women caught at my mind at once. A hasty glance convinced me that he was not a relative of either of them, not a near one, at any rate. There was but one other solution. I glanced at Miss Harney as I returned the picture to her companion.

"You've never seen him?"

"Not to my knowledge. You're looking for this man?"

"I've every reason to believe," she said, "that he's somewhere south of the Woodlarks on a small island of the Lord Alcester group. I want to find him. I am—I presume I am engaged to him. He has been gone three years. You are going to Richards Bay with mining machinery, you say. Would it be too much out of your course to call at this island, Santol, I believe they call it? We were going to try to get passage of some sort from Samarai, on a sailing-boat, probably. It may prove hard to do and very unpleasant; it may necessitate long waiting. I should be glad to pay you liberally, if you would stop for us—oh!—only an hour, perhaps."

"Santol?" I repeated, questioningly. "I don't know the island. It's very small, I presume. Shall we consult my charts?"

It was not there by name, as I had known it wasn't. Still, I had small doubt of my ability to find it. The commissioner at Samarai would certainly have information. I told her that.

"You mean you'll do it, then?" she demanded, quickly.

"Yes."

She turned happily to the other woman. "Everything seems *with* us!" she exclaimed.

"And everyone!" said Miss Leveton, her black eyes meeting mine. "You *are* good, Captain!"

I presume that I blushed. I have the habit at compliments.

"I shall tell you all about it," said Miss Harney, suddenly.

The Coral Sea was slipping past the *Garnet's* side with a swish of molten silver. The *Garnet* rose and fell languidly with the long, lazy swells, rising slowly to the luminous sky and dipping to the luminous sea. The warm trade wind swept our faces softly, and hung a long, streaming, twisted plume of black smoke from the ship's funnel. No woman had passed a night aboard the *Garnet* since the day I bought her in Surabaya. And now one, young, beautiful, pulsing with youth and mystery, walked beside me, stopping presently beside the low bulwark to tell me her story. It was not a night one forgets.

"To begin with," Miss Harney commenced, "there was a big development scheme, in which a great deal of money had been invested. Robert—Mr. Glannay—was young; but he was well known, and people took his word for its soundness. He was president of the company, although most of the promoting was done by certain London and New York men. There was locally invested perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I had a few thousand in the scheme, and it was through that that I met him.

"I think, now, that it must have been crooked from the very inception. Indeed, I know it. But it flowered out beautifully: prospectuses, newspaper publicity, and all that sort of thing. The people who invested were mostly small tradesmen and teachers. I was one of the few investors who had money. And they all took Robert's word for it.

"It went on swimmingly for a year, and then, like a pricked balloon, it burst all at once. In an hour we found every cent of the investment swept away. Warrants were issued immediately, and several officials were arrested, tried, and acquitted. The trial was very painful. The money was gone. Robert was gone. And the evidence, too, was all but conclusive. The papers and the public were bitterly incensed. Well—you can imagine all that.

"As for myself—I had received a letter from Robert which had been written upon the eve of his sailing for some unknown port. He denied his guilt passionately. The letter, in fact, was my first warning of the affair, antedating public knowledge by a day.

"The story he told me was that he had discovered suddenly that he had been used as a cat's-paw by a certain Mr. Powers throughout the whole affair, and that in all probability my money, and all the rest, was gone. He had taken the train at once, and confronted the man, and had learned that not only was it true, but that every step had been taken from the outset to incriminate him, the president of the company, as the guilty man.

"And he had had no suspicion! Certain irregularities he had protested against half-heartedly, because they didn't seem really to matter—papers he had signed; ambiguous phrases he had inadvertently used, capable of being damagingly distorted. It had been a Machiavellian plot from the beginning.

"Altogether, three hundred thousand or more was gone—and *he* stood to take the consequences. And he hadn't, he wrote me, the courage to face a trap from which there was literally no escape. He drew by cheque his entire balance, wrote me this letter—and disappeared. The hue and cry was raised, but they didn't find him. I believe that *I* have found him.

"And I believe that he is innocent, as he said. I believe that from the bottom of my heart. I have had a man searching for him ever since the trial. He is at Samarai now, and he tells me he is almost certain Churchill, the planter of Santol, is Robert."

"What are you going to do with him, when you've found him?"

She turned and shot me a challenging look. "There had never passed between us a definite word, and yet I told you I was engaged to him. I was, in my own heart. And that will for ever be final for me. I am certain that he would have spoken except, at first, for my money and his own lack of it. Later, except that he had to fly or face a life in prison. How do I know? I can't tell you really. I believe he loves me. Let me look at him once, and I shall know. And if I know, then I shall know, too, what to do. And I sha'n't hesitate at doing it."

Sublime faith, I thought. What could life do against such high and unassailable courage?

When we reached Samarai her detective, Gates, was down with the fever, and we did not wait for him. However, he gave us directions.

We lay overnight at Samarai, and the next

morning set off up the gleaming China Straits. If ever there was a propitious day, it was that, the skies fleecy with the faint skim of the trade wind and the sea blue with a blue that I've seen now and then, but have never been able to name.

Santol rose up at last, a little green bouquet in a white coral dish set upon the blue table of the sea. While we were yet a long way off I caught a dazzling glint of sunlight from a bright iron roof. There was a wide passage in the barrier reef and I steamed into the lagoon presently, more excited, if possible, than the women. And a bit perplexed as well.

There had been as yet no sign of life. Only if you realize the perfect isolation of the island planter's lot do you catch the sinister note in the foregoing sentence. The call of a schooner with supplies is an occasion of tremendous import and rejoicing, and the advent of a steamer, even such a small one as mine——! It must be imagined!

Yet the coral strip of beach that crunched beneath our feet as we landed was deserted.

I was filled with a sense of impending disaster. Presently we found a path through the bush bordering the beach, and followed it up a slope to the island's level surface. But recently there had been clearing done. The cut bush lay crackling in the sun. Beyond an older space, set out with coco-nuts, oranges, granadillas, and a few alligator pears and bananas, was a lawn, tiny, dazzling, emerald-green, fringed with scarlet and orange crotons. In the midst of the lawn, the bungalow.

A glance told me that it was empty. We hurried across the clearing, entered the open doorway, and saw that the house had been stripped. Very recently, for on the rude table there was half an orange that was not yet hard and dry. Someone had been there, then, say, three days ago, at most.

I turned to meet Miss Harney's terrible look of blank consternation. She swayed a little.

"He has gone," she said, after a moment.

I nodded. "I am afraid so."

Miss Leveton put a comforting arm upon the girl's shoulder. "We can search the island?" she suggested.

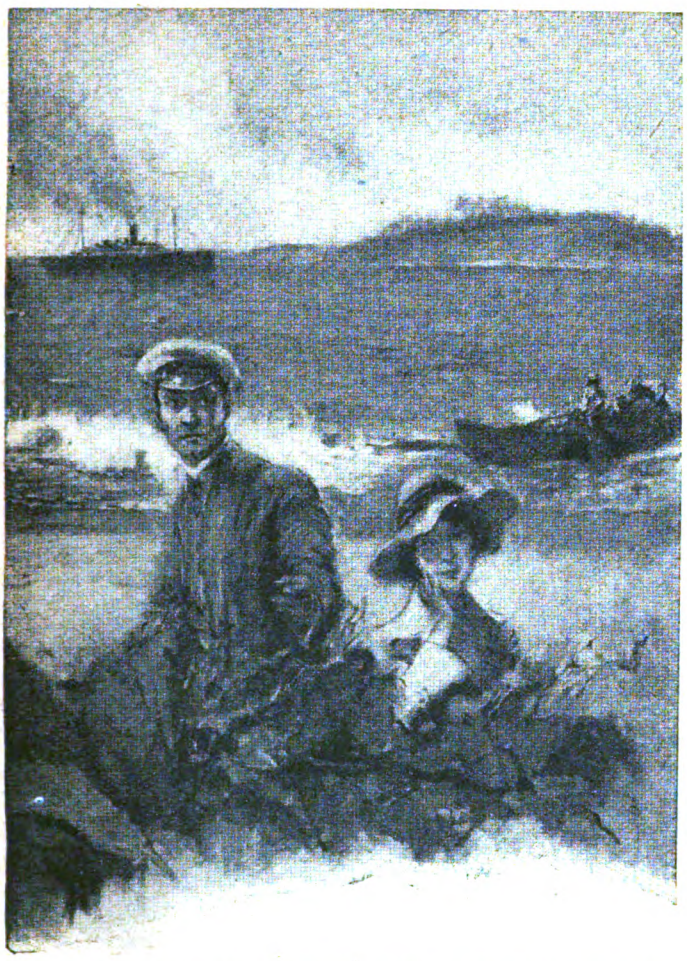
That would take scarcely an hour. It was very small. I agreed, although I knew it was useless. With three boys from the *Garnet* we beat over it thoroughly.

Behind the bungalow were the charred fragments of a few American and English magazines, and an agricultural pamphlet on vanilla beans.

Slowly we made our way back to the beach and aboard the *Garnet*. Soon Santol was but a speck, then only a bitter memory.

I said nothing. Perhaps I was a coward. But what could a man say? I did not know. Comfort? What could have comforted her, save the knowledge, which I hadn't, of Glannay's whereabouts?

She said at parting, "I couldn't expect, I suppose, to be successful the first attempt." There was a catch in her voice and a misty dimness in her lovely eyes. "I shall stay about here for a few weeks, and then go on to Port Moresby and Thursday Island. After that, I don't know. Perhaps I may get another clue. And will you watch for me, Captain? If any-



"'WE CAN SEARCH THE ISLAND?' SHE SUGGESTED. I AGREED, ALTHOUGH I KNEW IT WAS USELESS."

thing should turn up—I will give you my permanent address."

I promised at once.

"Do you think," she asked, "that Mr. Gates, my detective, could have alarmed him?"

I did think so. At any rate, that was the most probable solution. I did not believe he had fallen a victim to violence. If so, the island would have been looted. But everything had been left in perfect order, even to the tools in the storehouse, with the unplanted saplings. Nor could it have been failure. The plantation was young and healthy. No; fright and desertion seemed most plausible.

She nodded to that. "We shall have to be very careful, I see," she said, at last. She gave me her hand. "We may never meet again, Captain Wendling, but I wish for you your heart's desire. You have been very good to me. I can't thank you. I sha'n't even try. Good-bye."

As I steamed away from Samarai, looking back I saw her and the mystifying Miss Leveton waving me a last farewell. I watched the white specks of their clothing until they were diminished to invisibility, and turned finally with a sigh and went to the cabin, that seemed still to exhale a faint fragrance of feminine personality and charm.

For a year I heard of them indirectly, first at Thursday Island, then at Port Darwin. Then they had left Cooktown for Sydney a scant week before I arrived. And that was the end. Their quest had failed, and my own inquiries brought no results.

Glannay had been swallowed up by the tropical world.

I've been knocking about the barrier reefs, the coral islands, and the big volcanic half-continents of the Pacific since the days when, literally, there "war'n't no Ten Commandments," and a man stood a fair show of serving centrally in a cannibal feast upon any shore upon which he was unfortunate enough to be wrecked.

And the trader I know. He is what he is: uncouth, dirty, not especially scrupulous, but brave for the most part. And he knows his business and his natives and his company as a devout Mohammedan knows his Koran. His life has been one ceaseless battle against the climate and the jungle and the fever, and, not least of all, against himself, and he has developed an insatiable thirst for any sort of stimulant, and he has come to regard his fellow-men with a depraved cynicism that would make the devil himself shudder.

Intelligence—of that one does not expect much. A certain cunning and trickiness, yes. He must have that to cope with the naïve but by no means innocent native. But intelligence, no. If he had that he would not be at the trading-post.

That is why one man puzzled me. He was at a new post, ten miles up a goodish stream on the north-west coast of New Guinea, the Dutch portion, and I'd never been up before. There was a fair-sized cargo of copra, sago, and hemp, the latter from a coastal plantation in a bad place for calling, the whole consigned to a Dutch agent in Makassar.

I picked him up just inside the bar from a native canoe, and he gave me the name of Collier, and suggested that he would show me

the channel. We finally dropped anchor a hundred feet off-shore in the river.

A warehouse stood on tall pilings, rising high out of the water, and ashore, in a clearing fenced with bamboo, there was a new house with the usual corrugated iron roofing. Then he invited me ashore. Seeing that we could make only a beginning of loading that night, I accepted his invitation to dinner.

And all the while he puzzled me. When I went aboard later that night I did not sleep at first. I lay on my mattress on deck, the boys of my Javan crew stretched about me in attitudes grotesquely, horribly suggestive of corpses on a battlefield—impossible postures some of those boys slept in!—and, with a faint, hot breath of air stirring over me, wondered about the man asleep ashore.

If he was asleep. He had been very wide-awake when I left him. And presently, rising and going aft where I could see through a break in the shore foliage, I saw his light still burning. Something, I felt, was wrong. He was not a trader. Oh, he might have been trading for a good many years, evidently he knew his business; but he was nevertheless out of character, and I couldn't quite make him out.

The wise man in the tropics doesn't ask questions, not even of himself. The man who asks them of other men—well, the savage and the trader alike resent questions, often for the best of reasons, each in his own peculiar manner, fiercely, sometimes dangerously.

This man, now—he was young, palpably energetic, well educated, and out of place. Last of all, there was about him that indefinable something, which you learn to recognize after a while, that told me he was not there so much for trading as for something else—for a shrewd guess, safety, perhaps.

He couldn't have been more than thirty-one or two; and he was heavily bearded. I caught myself, as I listened that night to the stream slipping past the *Garnet's* side, wondering what he would look like shaven. A soft splash in the silvered water aroused me as I was drifting off to sleep. Presently I saw a black streak ahead. A crocodile. Some night bird that I seemed never to have heard before called faintly from the impenetrable bush on the far side of the river. Then silence. I wondered somnolently whether I had seen this Collier before. And then oblivion.

The Javan boys woke me, stirring early. And somewhere during the night I had dreamed of Collier's face and his brown and level eyes. I believed that I had seen his picture in the cabin of the *Garnet* three years before. The man was not Collier, but James Robert Glannay; or else he bore an odd and penetrating resemblance to him. I don't know why it hadn't struck me the evening before. Perhaps because I had given up the idea of ever finding him.

Before I had done considering this, he came out of a line of coco-nut palms, passed on to the warehouse, and hailed me across the strip of water.

"Come ashore to breakfast, Captain."

I went ashore already half convinced that it was he. And half-a-dozen times at breakfast I caught him in the same odd, characteristic attitude of the photograph Gloria Harney had shown me. Nevertheless, you don't ask questions, as I've said. I asked Collier none.

I drifted down on the tide that afternoon, out over the bar, which was smooth, and, after picking up a second station's shipment in the Moluccas, steamed on to Makassar.

At Makassar I posted a letter to Gloria Harney. Be sure that my inquiries of the Dutch agent there were guarded. I had seen the man frightened into oblivion once before by a mere suspicion. So convinced was I finally that it was Glannay that, as I have said, I wrote to Miss Harney at New York. But her reply came from Manila. I think she had been quite around the world in that three years, and I picked up a cargo for Batavia so that—frankly, so that I could meet her there.

We passed the bar safely and steamed slowly up the coffee-brown river, which was flooded, between walls of dense and riotously green forest. There is no green to rival that of the tropical bush in the rainy season; it flares venomously before your eyes in the sunlight between the showers—cloudbursts, rather—which conceal it in dense mists. It was hot and steaming that day.

As we approached the station I could see no sign of life. Miss Harney looked at me with agonized questioning in her eyes. Was it to be another version of the Santol fiasco?

"God knows!" I said, fatuously. For I was anxious. This part of New Guinea was not Santol. Here things might have happened easily.

The anchor-chain slipped out with a clatter and we swung to a dead stop presently, so high was the water, against the little pier by the warehouse.

And still no sign of life. Only the deep, vast silence and the sticky, malignant mystery of New Guinea in her ugly moods. Up the river dark thunderheads were gathering. I don't know why I was a little frightened, I'd been in narrow squeaks before. Besides, this was nothing, as yet, but foreboding. If I played the old wife's part, however, it was for the sake of the women.

For a moment I wondered if I should not have done better to have stopped in mid-stream and risked the *Garnet's* dragging her anchor a little. The present position would be decidedly convenient for a rush, in case there were natives about who felt so inclined. Or, I thought, strangely enough, almost with hope, is it only desertion, as before?

Experience in and about New Guinea might easily prove a dear teacher. I asked Miss Harney and Miss Leveton to remain on board, gave explicit orders to my crew, and saw to it that my revolver was in order and accessible. Then I vaulted the low bulwarks to the pier and, passing around the end of the warehouse, entered the low enclosure of bamboo and proceeded toward the bungalow, which was out of sight of the *Garnet*.

Half-way up the pathway I stopped. In the far distance I could hear now the dull "boom-boom" of a native drum, of half-a-dozen of them. And then, near at hand, a faint rustling in the bush. A wonderful thing instinct is, when it is untrammelled. Instinct told me to duck. I fell suddenly flat on my face.

And over me sailed a long, bone-pointed spear, landing in the soft black earth beyond the pathway with a soft chug!

I rose cautiously and looked ahead. On the far side of the bungalow, at a gap in the bamboo palisade, a tattooed and paint-streaked face, surmounted by a tremendous shoe-brush mop of hair, peered through for an instant and then was gone before I could draw my revolver. I heard a low call, a sound of scuffling feet retreating into the bush, and I rose, knowing myself safe for a little while.

"INSTINCT TOLD ME TO DUCK. I FELL SUDDENLY FLAT ON MY FACE. AND OVER ME SAILED A LONG, BONE-POINTED SPEAR."

I pushed on to the bungalow, thoroughly convinced that Collier was dead.

The door was open. I stepped across the threshold, and stopped with a great relief. Collier sat at his table, which was pushed against the wall, in which a loophole had been bored with an auger. His face was hidden in his arms, and on the table lay a pistol, broken open, empty, and half-a-dozen discharged cartridges. At the sound of my steps upon the sago-sheath flooring he raised his head and stared at me incredulously. His hair and beard were unkempt, his face haggard, and his eyes burning. He brushed a twitching and impatient hand across his eyes and then spoke thickly.

"It *is* you, then?" he said, as if convinced after long doubt.

"It is."

"I thought I heard a steamer; but I've been delirious so much the last few days that I didn't consider it worth while getting up to verify."

"Collier," I said, "a native tried to spear me outside. What's wrong?"

He glanced toward the loophole that commanded the break in the bamboo. "Village up the river. Tried to cheat me, and I wouldn't stand it. Then tried to rob the warehouse. I caught 'em at it. Got one. Don't think I killed him, though. My boys got scared and deserted. Took all my ammunition except what was in my revolver. The beggars haven't ventured inside the enclosure yet. I've been popping at them. But I popped my last pop about an hour ago. They were waiting around, a few of them, to be sure. Persevering devils! Clever, too. What are *you* doing here?"

I didn't like his tone. "Where's your quinine, man?"

He grinned feebly. "Gone, every grain. Stolen, too. I've a notion one of the boys got a taste of it and liked it and bolted it down. Darn poor taste he showed, if you should ask me. Anyway, it's gone. I've been without it for a week."

He spoke again.

"You've got quinine to spare, haven't you, Captain? I'll watch it closer this time."

I laughed. "You're thinking of staying here? How many hours before the natives would get you, do you think?"

He seemed to be gripping at his elusive reason.

"No; you'll have to come aboard," I said. "I've plenty of quinine; but you can't stay here—*Glannay!*"

A sharp suspicion flared in his bloodshot eyes. He sprang to his feet with a smothered exclamation.

"Hold on!" I said, quietly. "I've come to

tell you you are safe. Powers was caught in another deal like the one you were in. He's got himself twenty years in prison this time. You are free."

He stared at me a moment. A queer spasm of emotion twitched at his face beneath his beard. He stepped close to me.

"You're lying!" he said, suddenly and fiercely.

"Upon my word, I'm not!"

"You think you'll get me aboard and——"

"Don't be a fool, Glannay!"

He was very close to me now.

"You needn't come aboard, then. I'll go and get you the quinine, and you can stay and burn to death of the fever. Only, you won't, because the natives will get you first. Can't you see how absurd you are? You're scot-free. In my time, I've—oh, if you were a thousand times an embezzler——"

He took me off my guard. It was criminally careless of me. But, then, who could have suspected *that?*

He shot out a lean brown hand, though it was a shaking one, straight to my holster and got my revolver.

He stepped back, and as I looked at him a cold sweat broke out over me. He was almost quite mad and he was shaking with ague—but at a distance of six feet? No, no! There was nothing to be gained by rushing him. He wasn't shaky enough to chance *that!*

"Sit down!" he said, harshly.

I sat on the table, leaning back against the wall. He sat down on a chair facing me, the blue-steel mouth of the revolver—I swear it looked as big as a saucer!—pointed at my belt. And he was so evidently irresponsible!

There we sat at cross-purposes, and I argued against an insurmountable suspicion. He believed that my sole purpose was to lure him on board the *Garnet* and turn him over to a detective. He debated crazily and aloud whether he should shoot me and risk swinging for it at the hands of the Dutch authorities.

And I had given the strictest orders that no one was to leave the *Garnet* unless they heard me fire a shot!

And all the while he seemed utterly blind to his, to our, other danger. For I knew very well what had happened outside the palisade. The natives on watch there, having failed to kill me, had scurried away to their village. Suddenly I broke off in the midst of a sentence to notice that the dull boom of the village drums had ceased. There was nothing to be heard save the chatter of the unaffrighted birds. Yet I knew that, creeping through the dense, poisonous bush, were the warriors of that village, noiseless, murderous, cunning.

Or, even now, the native canoes might be putting off from the banyan roots along the river-bank to float down and surround the *Garnet*, left without a commander. I'd known it to happen before; not too long ago, either.

My ear began to fancy the rustling of the painted Papuans outside the enclosure, slipping closer. I wetted my tongue and began again to plead desperately with him.

"I can show you the whole story in the newspapers!" I cried. "Do names mean nothing to you? One of those papers was the Columbus *Evening Dispatch*, another the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. I never was in Ohio. I've not been in America since I was three years old. Where could I get the names?"

He shook his head cunningly. He would not even walk out into the pathway with me, he was so certain it was a trap.

I played my last card.

"Glannay, for God's sake listen to me! Someone is aboard the *Garnet* who loves you. She has come thousands of miles to see you. She——"

He burst into wild laughter. Then he began to sing, crazily:—

> My bonnie lies over the ocean,
> My bonnie lies over the sea . . .

On to the mad end of it.

"Glannay," I cried, despairingly, "Gloria—Gloria Harney is out there, on the *Garnet!*"

"'Fore heaven, I *will* shoot you, you sea-roaming liar!" he said, suddenly. "Five minutes for last prayers, and then, snuff! Out you go! I'll take my little chance with the Dutch!"

But at that instant a shadow fell athwart the threshold, and Gloria, with an exclamation, stood in the doorway. From her position she could not see Glannay. She glanced at me sitting absurdly motionless on the table.

"Why, why, what's the matter?" she cried. "I became frightened. You've been gone forty minutes! I couldn't stay on board!"

Glannay let fall the pistol with a clatter, and whirled around with dazed unbelief in his face. He staggered when he saw her.

Gloria cried out, "Robert!" ran to him and flung her arms about him, murmuring brokenly, "Oh, my dear, my poor, poor dear!" And there was that in her voice that somehow transcends all description.

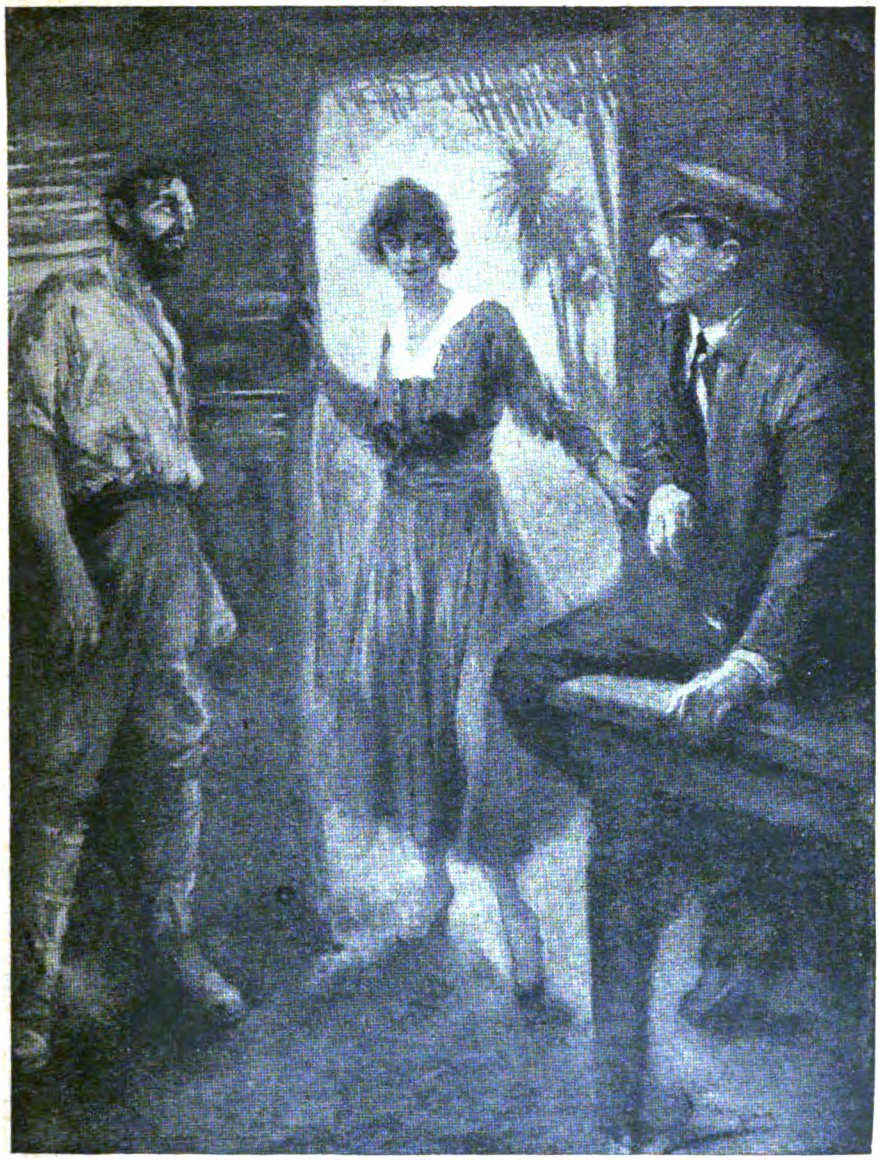
After that one lucid moment, Glannay was quite foolish with joy and fever. But I dared not let them linger for an instant. Half leading, half dragging him, we hastened down the pathway to the pier and climbed aboard the *Garnet*.

We weighed anchor at once, and the current swung her around, nose down-stream. As we drifted into mid-stream I glanced up the river.

Around a bend a flotilla of native canoes, lashed together in rafts, with paddles beating the brown water to a milky froth, loaded with native warriors brandishing spears tipped with cassowary feathers, screaming in baffled rage, burst into sight. They were so close that I could distinguish the white shell bracelets around their dark, waving arms.

So near!

I signalled full speed ahead, knowing the whole river-bed for deep-water channel in that flooded stage. Very soon we left them



"AT THAT INSTANT A SHADOW FELL ATHWART THE THRESHOLD, AND GLORIA, WITH AN EXCLAMATION, STOOD IN THE DOORWAY."

behind. Miraculous good fortune, I thought. Almost unbelievable. After all those groping years, and disappointments, and that horribly ironical forty minutes in the bungalow ashore, to slip out in the very nick of time! A watchful Providence, perhaps! Still, the reaction left me with clattering knees.

Presently, going aft, I met Miss Leveton standing near the cabin-door. There was a strange, disturbed light in her wonderful eyes.

"Life is hard, isn't it, Captain?" she said. And then she added, with a note of intense satisfaction: "But it's very interesting. I shall certainly hate to die."

Two wonderful women. I shall never forget them.

AT THE TUBE.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON.

This is an exact account—and we think the best yet written—of what goes on in the torpedo-room of a battleship in time of action.

THE heavy armoured grating clanged into place as the last two men eased down the chain of the purchase, shutting the submerged torpedo-tubes' crews into their flat well below the waterline. And immediately silence fell upon the compartment; a silence suddenly broken by a curt order and the trampling of ten men's feet as they closed up at their action stations.

On the steel walls, in racks, half-a-dozen headless torpédoes shone in the electric light; four others, complete with warheads, lay in trolleys close to the tubes—so close that but a little manœuvring would suffice to launch them in, ready for firing. A square hatchway, close to the fore bulkhead, gave entrance to the warhead magazine, and through this a seamen descended, and, switching on a light, revealed rows of dull bronze torpedo-heads, each containing three hundred odd pounds of high explosive.

With infinite care and the exercise of great strength he wheeled these, one at a time, to where the chain purchase from the flat above dangled its steel hook. Then, screwing a lifting bolt into the recessed noses, he intimated that the hoisters in the flat might proceed to lift them, and with two pairs of brawny arms swinging off on the chain they were hoisted—and ten seconds later the first spare torpedo was being made a complete and deadly thing, the dull bronze of the head contrasting strangely with the shimmering silver of the rest of the "tinfish."

Next, a tank was opened, and from this came that which transformed the harmless toys into deadly engines of warfare—which made a mass of inefficient wet guncotton sufficiently malevolent to blow a twenty-foot-square hole in any hull that it might run against.

They called these things "pistols"—that is indeed the Service name for them—though they are as just as similar to the ordinary pistol as mud is similar to chalk. On the outer end of a stalk were four blades shaped like a ship's propeller—their name was "Whiskers." The stalk was threaded for a portion of its length, then came a plain portion, then a collar, and lastly another threaded portion, from the bottom of which peered a wicked-looking needle-point—the most vital part of the whole thing.

Almost the last thing the torpedo-men did before they launched their missile right into its discharging tube was to remove a wire pin from the whiskers, so that when the torpedo was fired its passage through the water would compel the blades to revolve, and unscrew themselves down the first threaded portion until they reached the plain part, where they could revolve freely, the collar limiting their distance of travel, while above them, peering from the very nose of the torpedo, would be the remainder of the stalk. The screwed portion at the bottom was simply to hold the whole contrivance in its place in the warhead.

You see, the three hundred odd pounds of wet guncotton in a torpedo-head would never explode unless it was helped—you can set fire to it with a match or bang it with a heavy sledge-hammer with perfect safety. But, confined and acted upon by internal concussion, it becomes a different and deadly proposition—as witness the devastation caused in a ship's hull when a blow gets home.

To obtain this desired action a primer of dry guncotton is first inserted inside the warhead from the nose, a fulminate of mercury detonator fitted inside this, and the pistol screwed home. The needle-point on the pistol is about an inch away from the detonator, and is kept away by a spring. A heavy blow—such as running into a ship's side provides—pushes in the pistol and the needle-point, the detonator explodes, the dry guncotton takes light and gives off a heavy gas, and the wet guncotton receives a disruptive blow. What happens afterwards the fishes can tell—and you already know.

Now, like everything else in the Navy, a fully-charged torpedo, pistol and all, is perfectly safe to handle. If it were not accidents would perhaps be of frequent occurrence—and a torpedo exploding in your own submerged flat is actual suicide. This is where the threaded portion of the upper part of the stalk comes in.

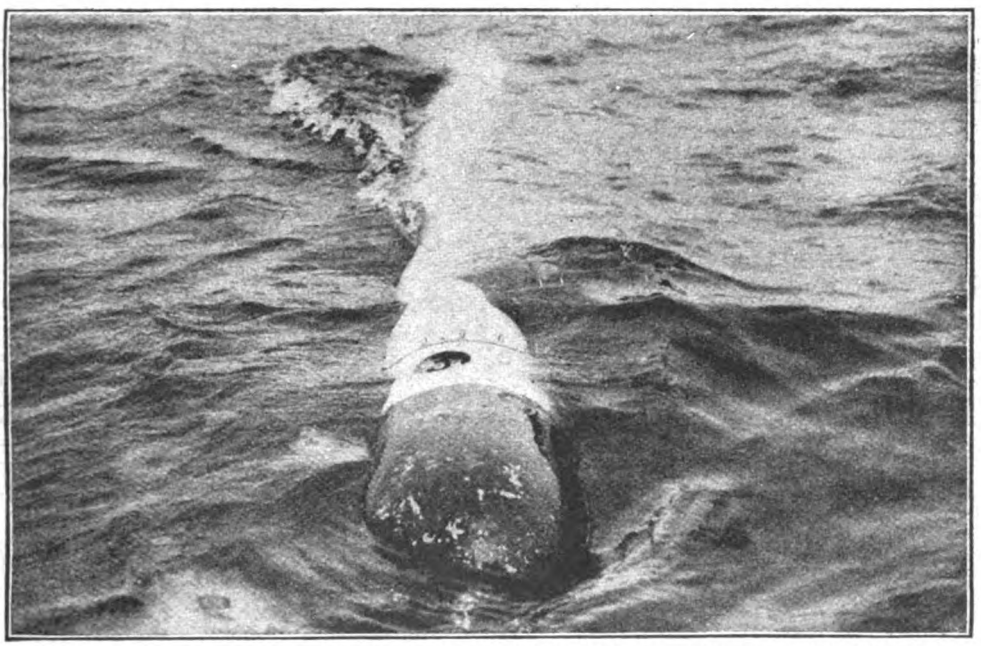
The safety-pin being withdrawn and the torpedo fired, for the first forty yards of its run the biggest possible blow would leave it unexploded, simply because the whiskers on the threaded portion would not let the needle-point move. Then, the plain portion reached, the weapon is ready for action. This device prevents explosions when the pistol gets a knock on the

side of the tube during loading, when your ship is rolling and throwing herself about. And now that you know all about the warhead, let us return to our tube.

The warhead, primer, detonator, and pistol in place, and the leading number dangling the safety-pin by its string to prove that he has withdrawn it, the tube's crew gather round the twenty-five-foot-long missile, and launch it inwards. Half way in the leading hand calls a halt, for he has now to make certain adjustments —to insert a spanner and fix the range for his weapon by twisting the control gear; to adjust the depth predestined for its final run; to regulate, by means of the counter gear, the speed at which it shall move through the water, and to open the sinking valve, which, in the event of the torpedo missing its target, will, at the end of that run, allow the sea to fill its air and buoyancy compartments, and send it to the bottom out of harm's way. Then, last thing of all, a steel wedge which clamps the razor-sharp blades of the propellers is removed, the missile launched fully home out of sight, and the rear door of the tube closed. Torpedoes in a ship are always kept fully charged with the compressed air that forms their motive power.

Now, all submerged torpedo tubes are fixed at right angles to the ship's keel, and a moment's thought will suffice to show that if you ejected from such a tube a twenty-five-foot-long missile when your ship was going ahead through the water, the action of the sea rushing past the hull would either jam the torpedo in its tube—half in and half out—or break it in two pieces. Something, therefore, must be provided to break the force of the water, and this something receives attention as soon as the rear door is closed and the firing part of the tube turned into a water-tight air-tight compartment.

"Out bars," calls the gunner in charge. Numbers Three of each tube glance at the dials which indicate the air pressure available in the reservoirs set apart for running out the bars. Numbers Four screw back on a ratchet lever and open a sluice-valve door in the ship's side, allowing the sea to flood the fore part of the bar compartment. This completed, a shining lever is put over, the hiss of compressed air is heard, and the bar slides out into the sea. It is triangular in section, with the apex towards the bows of the ship, and thus divides the waters as they rush towards it, and at the same time provides a flat running surface for the torpedo itself, the missile's side-lugs taking in a pair of deep grooves on the bar till the whole torpedo is clear of the ship.



DURING ACTION A TORPEDO WHICH MISSES ITS MARK SINKS AS SOON AS ITS ENGINES STOP.

For a space the torpedo-men's work is finished —their tubes are loaded and ready; the bars are out; fresh torpedoes are ready for immediate use—adjusted and charged. Far above they can hear the thunder of their own guns as they engage the enemy at long range; ever and anon the thudding of that enemy's striking shells falls on their ears; but for the time being they must be content with the bitter part of waiting. Modern battles are fought at too great a commencing range to permit the use of torpedoes; when the tinfish begin to flash between the fleets the end is near, and the distance between the combatants very appreciably diminished.

But now the end is in sight; for hours the two great fleets have battered each other with heavy shell; cunning tactics and strategy have

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AT THE TUBE.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON.

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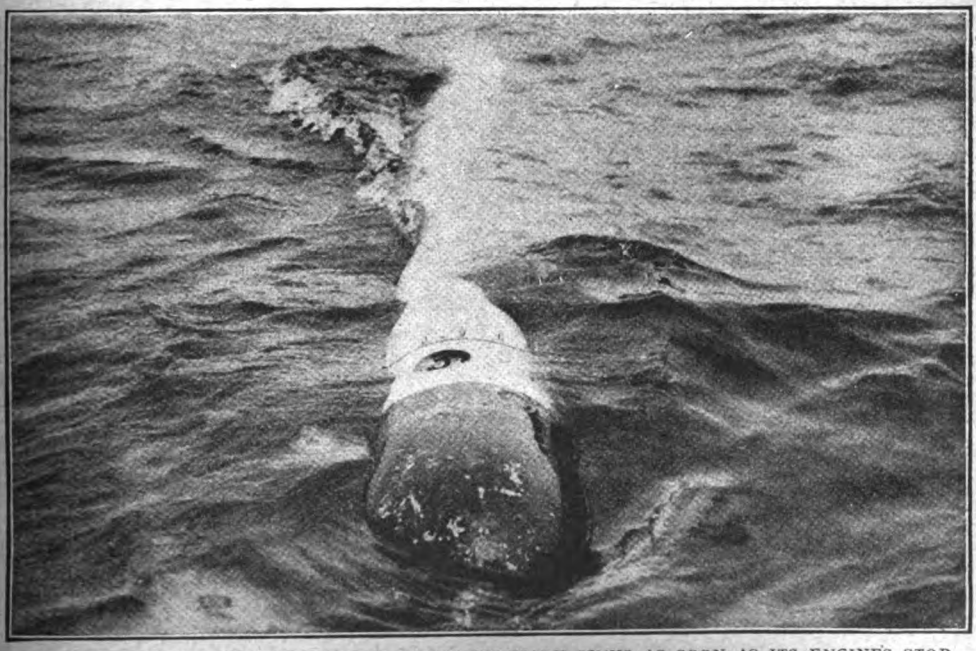

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brought them within efficient torpedo range, and the young torpedo-lieutenant in our conning-tower stands by to get really busy at last.

"Starboard tube—stand by!" he shouts through a voice-pipe. The tube itself has been standing by for eternities; the men, for the sheer sake of doing something, have polished and oiled every weapon in their flat while they have been waiting. Now they drop everything and spring to their stations as the gunner replies up the voice-pipe, "Starboard tube ready!"

Tense, breathless waiting follows—every eye is glued on a gunmetal ball electrically connected with the director sights in the conning-tower, the fall of which will complete a circuit and allow the compressed air to drive the torpedo out of the tube.

The port tube's crew, not likely to be required for some time, come across the flat to help their brethren at the other tube; the gunner, his ear to the voice-pipe, stands with his hand over the ball, ready to smash it down should the wires from the conning-tower be severed. In the conning-tower itself the lieutenant peers along the sight bar of his director, his right hand resting lightly on a firing key.

The enemy ship he has selected for target is in no hurry to come into line, and the tubes being fixed he cannot train them to meet her. "Port a bit, sir," he suggests to the captain, and that autocrat nods shortly, gives the necessary orders to his helmsman. The ship's bow swings round slightly; the bar's sights come "on"—and as the lieutenant thumps that firing key he yells, for the benefit of the gunner in the flat below, the one word "FIRE!"

The gunner smacks his hand upon the ball, but the current has been swifter than he, and the torpedo has already gone. A steel bolt on the top of the tube has snicked over an air valve protruding from its surface; the air is racing through the pipes to the engines; the bar is guiding it away as the waters enfold it.

No racking explosion follows its discharge—simply a low hissing as the thousand pounds of air pressure to the inch drives it headlong on its last run. The rear door is flung open, a two-foot stream of water gushes into the flat, but the torpedo-men heed this not a whit. They are already guiding the nose of the second torpedo through its dead centre, and by force of numbers they slam the door and screw it home, while the ball falls again and again.

Three-quarters of a minute is all the time that elapses between rounds, and the ten men labour on in the flat in the rising water till it is knee-high, waist-high, until every weapon has gone—and the enemy have had enough.

Then, welcome order—"Cease firing, secure. All hands on deck to take prizes in tow or watch enemy sink." And, leaving the water to run into the pump-sucked drains, the weary, heartsick, soaked torpedo-men throw open their armoured hatchway grating once more and clamber forth into God's own air. And, as they gaze around at the scene of desolation which was once their own trim ship; at the battered hulls which were their enemies; at the three great battleships which their torpedoes have accounted for, they realize that these last ten minutes of crowded, strenuous, glorious life at their tube have more than recompensed them for the weary hours of waiting, and that once more, as surely as their comrades at gun and turret, they have done their bit.

WAR PRICES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THAT there is nothing new under the sun is proved by this joke of 1805, in which an old woman goes to a chandler's shop to buy a three-farthing candle, and is told they are raised to a penny on account of the war. "All owing to the enemy, good woman," says the shopkeeper. "O! hang 'em!" says she. "Do they fight by candle-light?"

This very joke in a slightly adapted form appeared quite recently in one of our so-called jocular papers.

"AN OLD WOMAN GOES TO A CHANDLER'S SHOP TO BUY A THREE-FARTHING CANDLE, AND IS TOLD THEY ARE RAISED TO A PENNY ON ACCOUNT OF THE WAR. 'ALL OWING TO THE ENEMY, GOOD WOMAN,' SAYS THE SHOPKEEPER. 'O! HANG 'EM!' SAYS SHE. 'DO THEY FIGHT BY CANDLE-LIGHT?'"

That the rise was an actual fact is shown by an extract from the compositors' demand in 1809 for a rise in wages owing to dearer food, etc., when a comparison between 1793 and 1809 showed the following increases:—

	1793.	1809.
Bread 9d. qn.	1	2¾
Meat 4½d. lb.	0	10
Butter 8d. lb.	1	4
Cheese 5d. lb.	1	0
Soap 8d. ..	1	0½
Candles 8d. lb.	1	1

THE GIRL WITH THE RUBY.

By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.

Illustrated by W. E. Webster.

THE carriage was now hidden by the wall. And without thinking, without stopping to consider how strange my words must appear, I spoke the thing—the thing that had seemed a profound, inexplicable puzzle to me :—

"Why do you marry this Norwegian woman ? "

Tea had been served on the terrace of the villa during the formal call of the Ambassador and his daughter. And while they remained, and now that the carriage, in which they returned to the city, was a mere sound of wheels on the hard Cimiez road, I was occupied by this disturbing query.

The old Ambassador did not concern me. He was not a factor in the problem. But why my host, at his age, after his experiences of life, with his taste refined and exacting, should at last determine to marry this big, flax-haired, silent creature of the White North was a problem that finally forced itself into words.

I sat beside one of the little iron tables on the terrace, a cigarette dying out in my fingers. The Prince Demetri was walking slowly along the whole length of the villa on the red tile that made a band of colour against the white walls. The villa looked out over the sweep of the Mediterranean. Below, hidden by the vines and olive trees, was Nice. On the left, like a white ribbon, the Corniche road ascended into a gap of the mountain on its way to Mentone. And west of it, like a mirage—like an illusion—was the ruined, abandoned fairy city of Château Neuf.

I think he was the handsomest man in Europe. Middle age had merely served to refine the strength of his features. He was not poor. The upheaval of Russia had not wholly stripped him. Long before it came he had laid down a sort of partnership with Ravillon, the great jeweller on the Rue de Rivoli and the Place Messina. It was a trade that the war had not impaired. It left the Prince in command of his villa, his house in Paris, and an income.

He did not stop in his measured, reflective step at my inquiry. It was only when I added the four final words that he paused and turned about to regard me.

"Do you love her ? " I said.

"Love ? " He repeated the word slowly, softly, as though it were the potent element in some magic rune.

"Ah, no, my friend," he said, "I do not love her."

From every standpoint of material interest this marriage was desirable and excellent. The Norwegian woman was a Royal princess, and, like the young man in the Scriptures, she had great possessions ; but these considerations did not seem sufficient.

"Then why did you arrange this marriage ? " I said.

The man came back to where I sat, his hands linked behind him, his face reflective.

"Why does a man in peril," he said, "protect himself with a bolted door ? "

I was profoundly astonished.

"Peril ? " I repeated. "You in peril ? "

"In the very deadliest peril," he said.

He went into the salon of the villa and presently returned with the most extraordinary photograph that I have ever seen. It was long and narrow, about four inches in length and perhaps an inch and a half in width. Three views of a woman's face appeared on this photograph, both of the side views and the full view.

The side views were upon the ends of the photograph and the full face in the centre. The photographic work was good—that is to say, it had been taken with an excellent lens by a skilled photographer ; but it lacked every evidence of those artificialities with which smart photographers add illusions to the human face.

The photographs were clear, hard, and accurate, with no softening shadows. The board on which they were printed seemed ordinary and common, but the frame around this cheap board was a gold band studded with rubies. It was a wonderful frame, as beautiful as the best workmanship could make it.

But it was not these considerations which

impressed me. It was the human face that appeared in these three contrasted positions. It was the picture of a young girl, her hair simply arranged as though she had not yet escaped from the discipline of a convent.

It was a face of exceptional beauty. One never could wish to change a line or a feature of it. Its bony structure was perfect. But there was something more than this mere structural excellence. There was the lure of an indescribable charm in the face—a charm that one could not separate in the expression from a profound innocence of life. One felt that the lure of this human creature must be extraordinary to appear thus impressive in the hard, garish outlines of this photograph.

The picture held my attention. I put it down on the table, only to take it up again. And the man watched me as one might watch in another the effect of a drug which he had amazingly experienced in himself.

I continued to examine the photograph, and the one profound conviction that possessed me was that here, preserved on the cheap surface of a photograph board, was a woman with every quality of alluring, feminine charm; every quality that the big, white, silent Northern woman amazingly lacked. And I wondered whence this strange, harsh photograph had come, and why the man before me had enclosed it in a frame of jewels and kept it as one preserves a treasure.

The Prince sat down beyond me at the table. For a time he was silent; then suddenly he began to speak.

"One morning," he said, "in the early springtime, I was idling in Ravillon's shop on the Rue de Rivoli. We had been considering the importation of jewels. Some shipment from Amsterdam had come in and the shop was preparing for its usual summer trade with America. I had come out from the manager's room when I saw a girl pass the door. She looked in as she passed and, after she had gone a few steps beyond, hesitated, turned about, and finally came timidly into the shop."

He paused and got a cigarette from a tray on the table, lighted it, and held it a moment in his fingers.

"It was the girl you have just seen in the photograph. She was very plainly dressed. It was the sort of clothing that showed the evidences of gentility, I thought—and poverty. She wore a little piece of fur. It was old, and the seams of her dress had been cleaned and pressed until the fabric looked as though it would give way if an iron were again set on it.

"She asked to see a manufactured ruby of about two carats. The clerk was not impressed to consider her as a possible purchaser. He thought she was one of the class of poor shop-girls in Paris who endeavour by this means to satisfy their curiosity about jewels. The women of Paris who buy manufactured jewels do not have the appearance of this girl."

The Prince paused and touched the cigarette to his lips.

"But there was something about this woman," he said, "that profoundly disturbed me. I did not know what it was. I do not now know. But it was something independent of her appearance, although her appearance was remarkable enough. Her hair was the exquisite mahogany of a horse-chestnut, with that incomparable gloss which the shell of the nut bears when it first escapes from the husk. Her complexion was pale, almost as pale as plaster, and her eyes were blue—the blue of a delf plate.

"I found myself wondering what race the girl was of. She seemed a sort of blend. I thought it was French or Italian and some other blood—some blood not of a tame, conventional race.

"The clerk laid a piece of black velvet on the table, brought some manufactured rubies, and placed them before her. The girl sat down at the table, and I went over and stood beside her. She selected one of the stones and asked the price, which was more than five hundred francs. She seemed very much disturbed at this. She inquired if the stone could not be purchased for five hundred francs. She put her hand into the bosom of her blouse, took out a little purse, and emptied it on the table. It contained five hundred francs in gold pieces.

"The clerk replied that the stone could not be purchased for a less sum. But I interrupted him. I said she might have it at the price. It was then, it seemed, that she became aware of my presence for the first time. She got up and began to express her appreciation of my kindness. She seemed embarrassed, like a child who does not know precisely how to go about such a convention; and now that she spoke directly to me the charm of her personality was even more inconceivably impressive.

"Then she made what we considered an extraordinary request. She wished to know if we could identify this stone. It was not clear why she wished to identify it. We got the impression that she intended to bring it in again later and she would like us to be certain to identify it. The clerk would have got rid of the matter in the easiest way he could, but I compelled him to consider it. It was a good deal of trouble to undertake to establish sufficient data for the identification of this manufactured stone. We had to make a very careful record of its exact measurements, the dimensions of its faces, and so forth.

"I explained this to the girl; she listened attentively. She then asked for a duplicate of our record of identification, and I had this given to her. She went out of the shop with the manufactured ruby wrapped up in the duplicate of the record which we had made out for its identification."

The Prince stopped and flicked the ash from his cigarette. He remained for a moment looking out over Nice, at the vast sweep of the Mediterranean wrinkled by the touches of the mistral.

"I should have followed her," he said; "it was stupid to permit her to escape out of my knowledge, but under the charm of the girl I seemed incapable of any practical measure. I think at the moment she did not seem precisely real. She was like a fairy woman—something

"SHE SELECTED ONE OF THE STONES AND ASKED THE PRICE, WHICH WAS MORE THAN FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS."

one had longed for—appearing unexpectedly by virtue of an incantation.

"A moment later, when I went to the door of the shop to look, she was nowhere to be seen. She had vanished, but the spell with which I was enveloped did not vanish. It remained. And I came every day to the shop in the Rue de Rivoli under the hope that she would return.

"I had a strong basis for the hope, and I clung to it as a drowning man would cling to a life-line. The stone would come back for identification some time, and by that clue I should find her again. I ought to have gone to Amsterdam on the affairs of the house, and I ought to have returned to my estates in Russia, but I would not have missed a day from the shop in the Rue de Rivoli for the redemption of the world."

He paused. The sun going down behind the black ridge of the mountains gilded the fairy city of Château Neuf as though it were powdered over with gold-dust. The wrinkles on the Mediterranean were breaking into little ridges whitened on their summits. The vague touches of the mistral seemed to approach.

"It is of no use to undertake to explain the thing," he said. "There is no explanation of it. Something like the odour of a blossom had reached deliciously to every fibre in my body. I was under the dominance of a sorcery that no sort of common sense could exorcise. I was written to in vain from Amsterdam and from Russia. I remained in the shop in the Rue de Rivoli.

"And I was rewarded for that vigilance.

"One evening, perhaps a month later, as we were closing the shop, the girl suddenly entered. She welcomed me with a smile. And it seemed that all at once, by virtue of that smile, the blackness of the pit in which I had miserably dwelt was flooded with sunlight. She put on the table the ruby and the crumpled paper which bore our duplicate of identification. And she asked us to look again at the stone.

"I did not look at the ruby.

"The girl alone occupied my attention exclusively. I wished to impress for ever on my memory every detail of her. The sheen of her hair, the deep vivid blue of her eyes, and her incomparable mouth innocent like a flower.

"It was some time then before I realized that the clerk was calling my attention to the jewel. He seemed to be very much astonished. What he was saying was :—

"'But this is not a manufactured ruby; it is a real ruby.'

"The girl sprang up at the word.

"'Oh,' she said, 'is it true—is it real?'

"The clerk asked me to examine the stone, and I did examine it. Every expert in the shop examined it. It corresponded precisely to every item of our data for the identification of the manufactured ruby. We compared the measurements with the most delicate instruments in our possession. They were all precisely correct. It was in every detail the manufactured stone which we had sold to her for five hundred francs. But the amazing, astonishing, inexplicable thing was that the stone was no longer a manufactured ruby, it was a genuine ruby. We applied every test of which dealers in jewels have any knowledge. There was no doubt about it. The stone was real. By some means a manufactured ruby worth five hundred francs had changed into a genuine ruby worth twenty thousand francs.

"The girl seemed transported with delight when we told her the result of the test. But she made no explanation. She went at once out of the shop."

The cigarette had burned to his finger-tips and the Prince tossed it over the edge of the terrace into the vines.

"But this time," he said, "I did not propose that the girl should escape me; I followed her. She hurried down the Rue de Rivoli and turned into the Place de la Concorde. I continued to follow her. I don't think I was very discreet about it. I was too anxious to be careful. Presently she seemed to be disturbed. She had seen me crossing the street and knew that I followed her. She hesitated, uncertain what to do, then she went on swiftly for perhaps a dozen paces. She stopped, and I thought she intended to turn round and come back, but she went across the Rue de Rivoli through the gate into the garden of the Tuileries.

"I followed through the gate.

"She walked rapidly under the horse-chestnuts. I had lost all discretion about the matter now and I went on hurriedly, fearful that I should lose sight of her for an instant. There is a bench, behind some shrubs, looking out toward the Seine. She went round the shrubs and sat down on the bench. I came up, parted the branches, and looked through to see what had become of her. She was sitting huddled on the bench, her head on her arm, crying. I went round and sat down beside her. I did not say anything—I did not know what to say; there seemed nothing to say.

"She continued to cry softly for a good while, her face on her arm. And the undulation of her shoulders, and the tremor of her hand that lost itself under the wealth of hair, affected me beyond any possibility of speech. I suppose I should have sat there until morning—until the world wore out turning on its axis—without a word, without a motion, enveloped with the sorcery of something in this woman.

"I don't know how to describe it; there doesn't seem to be any word in any language to describe it. It was as though every cell, every living, organic cell that made up the unit of my body, starved; had a desperate, primeval, animal sensation of hunger. And it was the hunger of panic; it was the hunger of long deprivation; a hunger unfed from the beginning of the world."

The man stopped and got another cigarette.

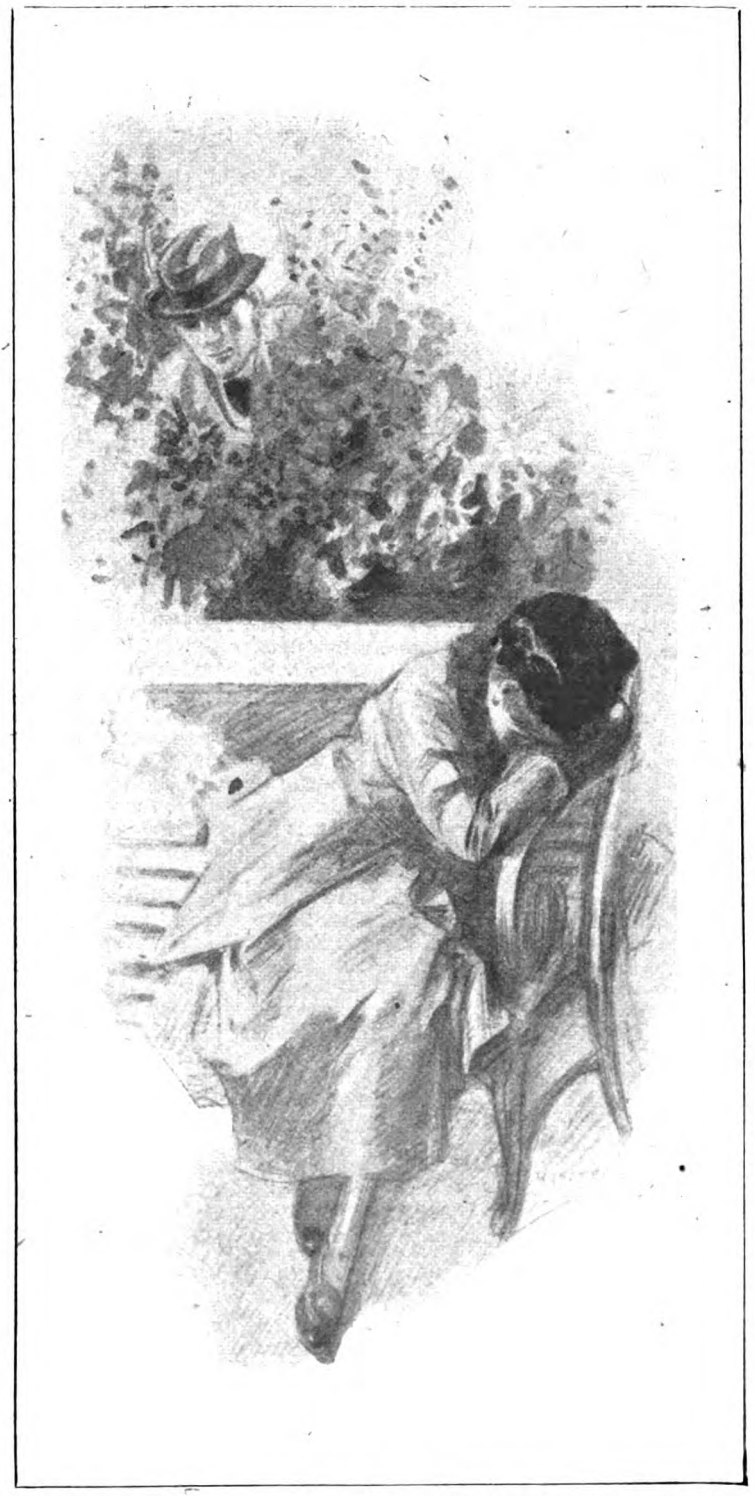
"You will say that I was mad, of course. I was not mad. I was as sane and intelligent as I am now, as I shall be when I marry this Norwegian woman. The thing had nothing to do with any sort of madness. It was simply something that had awakened; something that by the gracious beneficence of God is usually kept

sleeping in us. I don't see how it could be explained to anybody. If a man were born blind, how could one explain colour to him? If he were deaf from his mother, how would one explain music to him? It may be fortunate; it may be out of an inscrutable wisdom that the thing is dormant in most of us. I don't know what would happen to the world if that thing awoke in everybody as it awoke in me on that afternoon in the garden of the Tuileries.

"Of course, it did not awake there; it awoke the first time the girl came into the shop, and it was waiting when she returned. But it clamoured now; it clamoured like hungry cheetahs before the grating of a pit. And yet, with all that hell going on inside, I did not move and I did not say anything. Presently the girl sat up. She wiped the tears out of her eyes. I remember it perfectly. She had a little handkerchief wadded up in her fingers and she dabbed her eyes with it.

"'Oh, monsieur,' she said, 'I don't know what to do. You will follow me—you will find out everything — and you will take it for the use of your big shop'

"She repeated it, and the tears began again. I don't know what I said; I must have said a good deal, and I suppose it must have seemed impressive. I think it would have seemed convincing, for I was desperately in earnest. No one could have been in more deadly earnest about anything. It seemed to me that the most important thing in the world, the most important thing that would ever be in



"SHE WAS SITTING HUDDLED ON THE BENCH, HER HEAD ON HER ARM, CRYING."

the world, was to convince this girl that she could trust me.

"I did not know what it was she would need to trust me about—I had no idea what thing she feared would be taken away or what use the house, to which my name was attached, would make of anything she knew or had control of. But I laboured to convince her that anything in which she was in any way interested was safe—would be made safe.

"We must have appeared very curious to anyone walking through the garden of the Tuileries—a girl crying on a bench and a man in this earnest appeal."

The Prince paused and got another match for his cigarette.

"And yet," he said, "when one stops to think about it, that would be the one sort of scene in Paris having no element of strangeness. It would be simply a scene out of the oldest tragedy of the world, to be met with anywhere. There is no bench in the whole garden of the Tuileries upon which it has not been enacted."

He paused.

"I don't remember precisely how the thing ended, but it was all somehow concerned with what seemed to be a surrender to me—a capitulation. Women do things like that. We shall never understand the mental process by which they arrive at a conclusion to do them. Perhaps there is no mental process. I suppose the thing is a sort of feeling, or it is a sort of relaxation, or it is a sort of abandonment. I don't know what to call it.

"She would come to-morrow afternoon to the shop and she would put everything into my hands; she would trust me—that is what it all summed up to."

Night was beginning to arrive—a sort of blue deepening, as though the Italian sky descended over the Riviera and hardened into sapphire. I got the picture and began to look at it again. I had not been mistaken. Something of the extraordinary charm which the man before me felt himself unable to describe was unquestionably present even in this strained photograph.

The Prince went on. He was not looking at me. He was looking at the Mediterranean rising to meet the descending Italian sky.

"I was in the manager's office of the jeweller's shop, on the Rue de Rivoli, the following afternoon. I was there from midday until the moment she came in. It was very late when she arrived. The afternoon was nearly gone. The clerks were putting up the iron shutters, but they were not permitted to close the door. I would have kept the door open all the night and all of every other night; it should have stood open for ever, like the doors to the churches of God, until she came in."

For a few moments he was silent. Then he continued, as though he had omitted a great chapter of description—of the physical description of a woman and the analysis of a consuming passion—a chapter that I would not understand, perhaps nobody would understand.

"She had a package under her arm wrapped up in an old newspaper. It was heavy and she carried it very gently. She put it down on the manager's table, and then she removed the newspaper and disclosed a copper box. When the lid was lifted the box was seen to have two compartments; one of these was of a whitish metal and the other some sort of composition. There was a glass plate between the two compartments and above it what seemed to be a reflector. She moved something in the box and a ray, ruby-coloured, descended on the glass plate.

"She explained that her father was an Italian chemist. All his life he had been engaged in the study of the synthetic chemistry of jewels. He held that the manufactured ruby of commerce differed from the true ruby only in its atomic structure. And he believed that this atomic structure could be made to rearrange itself under the influence of the true ruby and a kinetic agent.

"The device in the copper box was the result of this theory. If true rubies were heaped round a manufactured stone and subjected to the ray, the influence of the atoms in the true stones, under the light energy, would cause the atoms in the manufactured stone to arrange themselves in a similar order.

"This was the explanation of the change that had taken place in the manufactured ruby. Her father was dead. He had left her this invention. She had wished to test it, and she had taken the five hundred francs which she had received from the sale of his books and purchased the ruby. She had placed it on the glass plate under this device, surrounded it with the little fragments of genuine rubies which her father had been able to gather up, and the change which we had observed had taken place.

"There had been a rearrangement of the molecular structure of the stone.

"She explained that her father had said that the change in the manufactured stone would be quicker if the true rubies round it were larger, but that he had had no money with which to buy large stones and she could only work slowly with the fragments which he had got. She now put the invention into my hands. It was a part of this surrender—this abandonment.

"I called in the manager and the clerks. It seemed incredible to us. But all sorts of incredible inventions had come out of Italy. The discoveries of Marconi had put every man where he could no longer say that anything was impossible; and, besides, we had the concrete evidence in the manufactured ruby which had been transformed. We put the device into the safe with a manufactured ruby on the glass plate, surrounded with a heap of the best Oriental stones in our possession."

He paused. In the thick light his body had a distorted outline. For a long time there was no sound. Then he went on.

"I think, my friend," he said, "that we are never quite prepared for the utter unreserved surrender of a woman to us, even at the end of our most elaborate arguments. The girl's abandonment to my honour had not ended.

" 'And now, monsieur,' she said, 'what are you going to do with me?'"

He paused again.

"I took her to the house of my aunt, the Countess Casseni, on the Bois de Boulogne."

He hesitated, and his voice thickened :—

"The third patriarch said that the days of his life had been few and evil; many and evil mine seem! But two moments of them outbalance the weight of the years: the moment in the carriage when she said 'I love you!' and the moment when my aunt, the Countess Casseni, took me, softly, into the bedchamber, with the balcony opening on to the Bois de Boulogne, and showed me the girl asleep in the great canopied bed—asleep like a worn-out child, her pale face gleaming like a flower."

"SHE PUT IT DOWN ON THE MANAGER'S TABLE, AND THEN SHE REMOVED THE NEWSPAPER AND DISCLOSED A COPPER BOX."

Night had descended. It was suddenly dark. The man beyond me was only a voice speaking in the darkness.

"I never saw her again!"

"Never saw her again!" I cried. "Then where did you get this picture?"

"I got it from the rogues' gallery of the Service de la Sûreté," he said. "She belonged to the White Wolves, the most desperate association of criminals in Europe."

"But the invention?" I cried. "Was it a hoax?"

He answered slowly in the darkness :—

"It was by no means a hoax. It would not change a manufactured stone into a ruby—the genuine stone the girl brought in had been cut in Amsterdam to match the manufactured ruby which she had purchased. But the invention was effective for its purpose, all the same. At three o'clock on that night it blew open the vault of our shop in the Rue de Rivoli; we lost five hundred thousand francs in jewels."

Then suddenly his voice strengthened. It went out strong and forceful into the night :—

"But all this would not matter. Nothing would matter. If I should ever find her, and I were free, I would follow her through the slime of the world!"

"And so," I said, "you are arranging this marriage as protection against her."

His voice came softly like a whisper.

"Yes," he said; "that is it—to bolt the door!"

"KAISER"

My Baby Bear From the Rockies.

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

Illustrated by J. A. Shepherd.

N the summer of 1916 I found myself at Vancouver, and, having ten days to spare, accepted an invitation to accompany a party of good friends bear-hunting in the Rockies. Although I trailed bears every day, my luck was out, and no grizzly fell to my gun. As some compensation for my not having killed a bear, my friends decided to present me with a cub which had been captured, so that I could take it back to England as a pleasant souvenir of my stay in the Wild and Woolly West. Its mother had been shot by one of the lady hunters, and her two cubs taken, one remaining in the camp and the other being dispatched to a ranch at the foot of the mountains.

It was after supper on my last day that I learned of the decision. Some old Roman receiving the proffered cup of poison at Nero's banquet could not have been more upset at the news than I at learning of this generous gift. I rose, stammered a few words of thanks in reply, and then collapsed into my seat utterly speechless. How was I to handle this little savage, for such Kaiser, as we called him, undoubtedly was? He had partly eaten his mother after she had been shot. How was I to travel with him and feed him, and what was I to do with him in the trains and on board ship, and where on earth was I to put him when I did eventually reach my native land?

In the afternoon of the following day I said good-bye to my friends and set off down the trail to the hotel at Pahaska. The shrieking, cursing, clawing Kaiser was brought down in a sack strapped on to the back of a pony. Here we transferred our pet to the motor which was to take me to the ranch where its sister was being kept in captivity.

No sooner had we passed out of sight of Pahaska than our troubles began. We had tied Kaiser down securely as we imagined in the car, and his dismal yells resounded throughout the mountains, almost drowning the noise of the car. But after a short distance there came another yell, this time unmistakably human, from James the chauffeur, who almost let the car swerve into the river on our right. I looked up to see our infernal companion had got loose, and was now sitting with both arms round the driver's neck, and digging his paws deep into his flesh. We managed to beat him off back into the car, and piled the whole of the baggage on top of him so that he could not move for the remainder of the journey. On arriving at the ranch, we lifted Kaiser gingerly out attached to two chains, and took him to an outhouse for the night, where his sister was also locked up. We fondly imagined that meeting her would calm his savage nature, and that he would forget his troubles in the delight of being united once again to his sister, whom he had not seen since that lamentable afternoon some ten days before, when the cruel bullet put an end to their beloved mother's existence. But our surmises were wrong. Kaiser's nature is evidently altogether warped and incapable of softer feelings. No sooner did he see his sister than he attacked her with fury, yelling, clawing, and biting. That young lady, not to be outdone, at once started a counter-offensive, and a desperate battle took place between the two. The countryside re-echoed with their yells. Neighbours on horse-

back or in Fords came hurrying for miles around to discover the cause of the disturbance. Finally, we managed with poles and buckets of water to separate the combatants and to chain them apart for the night.

I spent one evening at the ranch, and early on the following morning left by car for Cody. This time Kaiser was firmly secured and unable to move. Our arrival in Cody soon attracted a large crowd, who gathered to view our captive with great interest. The cub himself was in great form. This, the first town he had ever seen, aroused his fury to unprecedented lengths; the sight of the inhabitants stirred his soul to its innermost depths. Rage, hate, ferocity, and disappointment were exhibited by him in turn. Young girls seemed especially to be his *bête noire*. He desperately endeavoured to catch any children who came near him. Their fright and alarm at his savage demeanour were almost tragical to see. Wherever we went we were followed by an enormous crowd, some armed with guns, others with sticks, the men covering their women folk. I considered the situation to be serious. I asked James how on earth I was ever to get him back to England. He replied: "The only possible way is to have a wooden crate made and keep him in it until you get to the other side of the herring pond." So we adjourned to the local carpenter's, who proceeded to put together a substantial wooden crate of enormous strength, lined throughout with rabbit wire, so that our friend could not even get a paw through the apertures. A small hole was left at the top through which he might be fed, and a tin can was carefully fixed in the bottom of the crate for the reception of his drink. Then, with the assistance of several of the bravest of the local inhabitants, we managed to lift him inside, replace the top, and carefully nailed it down. Now, for the first time, I was able to breathe freely once again, and a cloud seemed to be lifted off the township of Cody.

Accompanied by the majority of the townsfolk, I was conducted in triumph to the station and my precious crate placed on the train. As we steamed out of the station a cheer arose and shots were fired in the air, and these sounds were answered by fierce and sustained yells of defiance from the depths of the luggage-van. I was now launched alone on my troubled journey of some seven thousand miles by sea and land. At Billings I had to change trains and wait an hour for the Chicago express. My companion soon attracted the attention of the town with his horrid yells of rage and hunger. I went to the refreshment-room and bought several bottles of milk and some buns to pacify him. He ate and

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drank ravenously, but his ferocity and bad temper remained unappeased. It was a relief when my train steamed into the station and I was able once more to pack him away. I shall not linger long on the horrors of this journey of two nights and days to Chicago. I tipped the guard, who promised to feed him. In the middle of the night I was aroused by a message that I was needed in the luggage-van immediately. I made my way the entire length of the train to find, in the dimly-lit van, the guard nursing a damaged hand, and cursing and swearing vengeance against Kaiserism in all parts of the world. He had incautiously put his fingers too far through the aperture, with the inevitable result of being severely bitten. I had to pull out some fresh greenbacks to square matters. For the rest of the journey I had to make continual visits to the luggage-van to feed him myself. At St. Paul, where I had to change trains, I had to hire three porters to convey him screaming and yelling to another platform. Here the guard resolutely refused to take him on the train, and fresh notes had to be expended before I could secure him a place. I was aroused in the middle of the night by the news that Kaiser was endeavouring to commit suicide. On going to the cage, I found he had twisted his chain round his neck, and was in imminent danger of being strangled. It took me, with the assistance of the guard, half an hour to put matters right.

On arriving at Chicago I had to change stations to catch the Twentieth Century Express to New York. Kaiser delayed me, and I missed it by two minutes, having thus to wait in the city for five hours. The railway authorities absolutely refused to take him on the passenger trains, so that I was compelled to hand him over to the American Express Company to be sent by goods train. I tipped the man five dollars, and he promised to see he was properly fed on the way. I explained Kaiser's characteristics and exactly how this would have to be done. Then for the first time we parted, and I felt an enormous load had been lifted from my mind and transferred elsewhere, even for a short time, which was something.

At five that afternoon I boarded the express and arrived in New York at 3 p.m. the following afternoon, going to stay at the Ritz Hotel. I announced to Keller, the manager, the guest I was expecting on the following day, and he, with that kindness for which he is famous, promised to look after him and to find accommodation for him.

I had to go down that afternoon to Wall Street, and did not return until four o'clock. As I approached the hotel, a familiar sound broke on my ears—namely, the unmistakable yells of my charge resounding through the crowded thoroughfares. It was impossible to approach the hotel, the crowd was too great. The traffic in Forty-sixth Street was entirely stopped, and the immense crowds were being held back by special reserves of mounted constables, whilst just as I drove up the tramp of armed men, moving at the double, marked the arrival of the State's Militia. There, in front of the main entrance, stood the fatal crate surrounded by police, and Kaiser, the centre of the picture, was yelling and shrieking, clawing and biting, and desperately endeavouring to break loose and close with his oppressors. Everyone had lost their heads, and no one knew what to do. The situation was indeed critical at the moment I arrived. Keller was standing at the entrance wringing his hands, whilst the Chief of Police was threatening him with arrest for breaking the law in a hundred different ways —by endangering the lives of the citizens, by stopping the traffic, by forcing out the State's Militia, and causing a riot.

I immediately intervened, claimed Kaiser as my property, and begged Keller to lend me a cellar or somewhere where I could hide him away. At this moment Mme. Barbac, the lady housekeeper, appeared on the scene. She has a tender heart for all animals, and keeps a regular collection of birds, cats, and dogs in the hotel. She claims to have an almost superhuman influence over all savage beasts, and at once undertook to look after Kaiser during my stay in New York. She suggested that the crate should be carried up to the flat roof, and that he could remain there in the open air. The Police Commissioner, anxious for any compromise, consented to this course. Porters carried the crate to the lift, the crowd was dispersed, and the Militia once more disbanded.

Now, it was obvious that Kaiser was suffering from a legitimate grievance. He was desperately hungry. The American Express Company representative had apparently not spent my five dollars in supplying him with food on the way from Chicago to New York. Perhaps he had intended to, but had been frightened by the savagery of the beast. The fact remains that for nearly three days Kaiser had touched no food or drink, and was ready to devour man or beast, fish or fowl. Now, Mme. Barbac holds very strong views on the treatment of animals. She believes in kindness as the sole factor which can influence even the most savage denizens of the wilds. She said to me: "I cannot bear to see the little darling shut up in that cage. No wonder he is savage. If we take him out and chain him up, so that he can run free, in a day or two he will be perfectly tame and feeding out of your hand."

"Not out of mine, I guarantee," I replied, with a cold shiver running down my back. However, against my judgment, I consented to her experiment. With the assistance of the porters, we took off the lid, seized the chain inside, and got him free, attaching him with a considerable run to one of the gargoyles which adorn the roof of the Ritz. Then a hose was produced, and he and his cage were thoroughly washed. Then Mme. Barbac commenced her taming-by-kindness experiments in the presence of a crowd of spectators attracted by the news of his arrival to the roof. She produced a fine can of milk, especially prepared for infants and invalids, and hermetically sealed to prevent any germs from entering therein. Carrying this precious burden at five dollars a tin in her hands,

she cautiously approached Kaiser, uttering soft words and cooing noises, which I believe have been known to temporarily check the howls of an infant cutting its teeth. But Kaiser's teeth were already cut, and his nature is uncompromising. Nevertheless, fascinated for the moment by this new apparition, he remained perfectly quiet without uttering a single yell or showing any feeling of hostility. "By Jove," I said to myself, "she is quite right; it is wonderful what a woman's influence can effect even on the most savage of beasts"

Encouraged by her reception, Mme. Barbac approached quite close within the magic circle of the slack of the chain, and handed her can to the waiting arms of Kaiser. The little brute seemed fascinated or amazed by her audacity. He accepted the proffered can, placing both his long arms round it, gazed at the contents for a single second, and then without warning hurled the contents full at the legs of the generous donor. Poor Mme. Barbac had no chance to escape. The quart of milk hit her fair and square on her silk stockings and silk petticoats, drenching her to the skin. Kaiser did not hesitate for a second. Seeing the confusion in the enemy's ranks produced by his milky barrage, he rushed to the attack, and, with a mighty sweep of his paw, struck the unfortunate lady full in the calf of the leg. With a scream, she dashed backwards, but not to escape without a long straggling cut, a ruined stocking, and with her views on kindness sensibly modified.

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This ended these experiments in pacificism. I once again took charge, and placed his food within his reach, and then left him to enjoy it by himself. At this single meal Kaiser consumed two loaves of bread, a leg of lamb, and a quart of hermetically-sealed milk.

The advent of this wild creature into my life opened up fresh and interesting discoveries on human nature. I learnt more about New York Society in the last few hours than I previously learnt in years. I never quite understood the exact significance of the word "fashionable" until that moment. I have seen discredited generals, shipless admirals, long-haired musicians, fortune-tellers, socialists, tenors, escaped Siberian convicts, prize-fighters, painters, and a hundred other types all enjoy their brief hour of exaggerated glory in that strange city. All enjoy their little hour of fame, *réclame*, sensationalism, or whatever you like to call it, and then they are swallowed up in the multitude. I have often wondered what made a nonentity famous or fashionable. I think now I have discovered the secret. Fashionability or sensationalism is produced by putting something out of the ordinary in an unusual situation or place. This alone can account for the extraordinary sensation produced by the arrival of Kaiser in New York. It must be remembered that there are two famous Zoological Gardens in the city—the Manhattan and the Bronx—containing the finest specimens of every known animal in the world. For year after year the fashionable world lives within ten minutes' motor drive of these captured denizens of the animal world without taking the smallest interest in them, or ever going to see them. Whereas the putting of a grizzly cub on the roof of the most fashionable hotel in the city produced a sensation which has never been equalled. The entire internal economy of the hotel was completely changed. The two restaurants were doing a business they have never done before. And why? Because each person giving a party did so with the announcement that after lunch or after dinner his or her friends would visit the roof and meet Kaiser. I never saw such scenes. There was one endless procession of millionaires, professors, Jews, actresses, flappers, knuts, and foreigners coming up or going down in the lift.

But on the second day of his arrival a new side of the question was opened up, and things became somewhat serious. It had been the custom in the past for the dogs of the various ladies staying at the Ritz to take their exercise on the roof. Here, of an afternoon, it was no uncommon sight to see hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of feline prize-winners, arrayed in costly coats and golden and bejewelled bangles, disporting themselves. Now they found their playground occupied, and, like Othello, their occupation gone. But something worse happened. A costly Chow, a priceless Pomeranian, and a tiny black King Charles disappeared. No one could find them, and there was no trace. One servant, however, reported that one afternoon she heard the yells and shrieks of Kaiser as she was passing under the roof, and the anguished cries of another animal in distress. I make no comment—I merely state the facts. Each reader must draw his own inference. Big rewards were offered, and two of the best detectives called in. There was no clue. Kaiser

was undoubtedly suspected, and was off his feed, but he covered up his tracks so thoroughly that no one could lay any definite charge at his door.

One afternoon Keller came to me in a state of the greatest agitation. It appeared a delegation of guests had waited on him, and told him they could tolerate Kaiser no longer, as they were frightened for the safety of their dogs and even of their children. They said that either Kaiser must go or else that they would leave the hotel. Keller begged me to do something. I made the suggestion that we should put the cub back in his crate, where he would be harmless, and that then he should be allowed to remain where he was until I sailed. Keller agreed to this compromise. The heroic Mme. Barbac, who was slowly recovering from her wounds, offered to assist me, and commandeered some of the hotel porters. Armed with ropes, chains, a can of milk, and a pot of honey, of which he is inordinately fond, we went to the roof. Now, Kaiser seemed to have anticipated that we contemplated an attack on his personal liberty, and the moment the crate was brought forward he commenced a desperate fight for freedom. He hurled the proffered milk and honey back in our faces, and climbing to the top of one of the gargoyles he alternatelyscreamed defiance at us or down on the crowd which had gathered in the street below at the sight of so strange an apparition. For two hours we tried to secure him and imprison him, but our efforts were in vain. He refused to surrender, and at length he wore out the *moral* of our assaulting columns. We stopped our attack and held a council of war. A lady stepped forward from the crowd with the practical suggestion that we should send to the Bronx Gardens for a trained bear-keeper, who would probably be able with his fuller experience to deal with our recalcitrant charge.

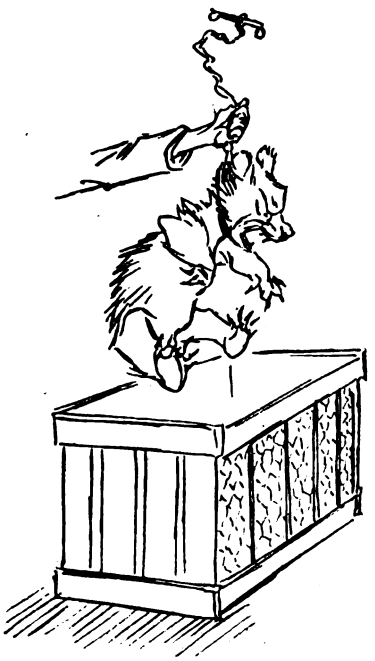
The local keeper was hastily summoned on the telephone, and promised to come round at once. In half an hour he made his appearance—a big, raw-boned Scotsman from Aberdeen. The roof presented all the signs of a battle. In one corner stood Kaiser, defiant as ever, attached to the gargoyle by a single chain. Out of range of his deadly paws we huddled sweating, cursing, weary; a crowd of spectators eyed the scene from any safe vantage-point, and the floor was covered with honey, milk, and water from the hose which we had turned on as a last resource. This Scottish keeper eyed us with mingled pity and contempt. What next happened may well be described in the words of Lord Macaulay:—

"A COSTLY CHOW, A PRICELESS POMERANIAN, AND A TINY BLACK KING CHARLES DISAPPEARED. THERE WAS NO CLUE——"

> Quoth he, "The Mountain Grizzly
> Stands savagely at bay,
> But who will dare to follow
> If Sandy clears the way?"
>
> Then whirling up his broad fists,
> With both hands to the height,
> He rushed against the Kaiser
> And smote with all his might.

That is as far as poetry will carry me, so I will resume my narrative. Sandy said to us: "I'll soon settle the little devil." Uttering these words, he boldly walked up to the snarling brute, who stood waiting to receive him, and before Kaiser could strike, Sandy caught him a terrific whack on the snout with his doubled fist. The wretched animal was knocked right over, and got up somewhat dazed inside of ten seconds. Before he had time to think, he received another knock-out blow on the point of the jaw, and again rolled over. This brutal

"KAISER WAS UNDOUBTEDLY SUSPECTED, AND WAS OFF HIS FEED."

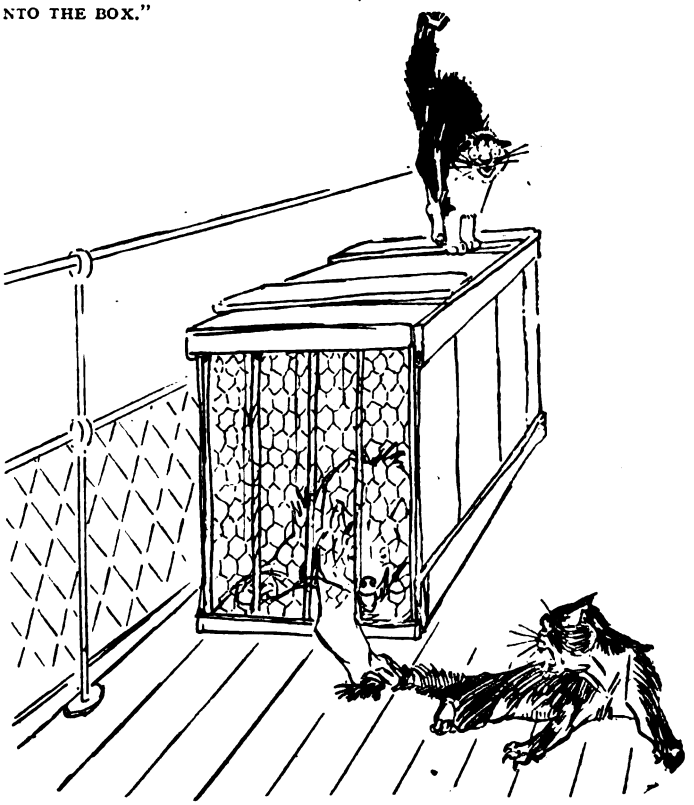


"THIS HEROIC SCOTSMAN HELD HIM SUSPENDED IN MID-AIR AND DROPPED HIM INTO THE BOX."

treatment seemed to knock the spirit right out of him. He arose dazed, whimpering, with the tears running from his eyes, and retired into a corner moaning piteously. Sandy was evidently pleased with his success and his enhanced reputation as a bear-tamer in our eyes. He simply said: "I'll learn the little devil to get fresh with me." And then, taking no further notice of his antagonist, he proceeded to bring up the crate, turn the hose on it, and to thoroughly clean it out. All this time he remained well within range of Kaiser, with his back turned towards him. I kept my eyes fixed on him, wondering how long he would lie down under such treatment. Suddenly I saw him wipe his tears away with a brush from his paw, and a savage gleam come into his eyes. Before I could warn our unsuspecting keeper, he had made one savage leap forward and had buried both his paws deep into the calf of his leg. Sandy uttered one yell and jumped half the length of the roof. Kaiser, once more triumphant, tried to follow up his attack, but was checked by his chain. Poor Sandy tried no more experiments. Nursing his injured limb, he went about his task with more prudence and circumspection. Under his direction, we gradually drew a cordon of boxes, crates, chairs, and ropes round our enemy. Then, when all was ready, this heroic Scotsman dashed in, seized the chain close to his neck, held him suspended in mid-air, and dropped him into the box. At the same moment the two porters dropped the lid on the top, and then sat on it until it could be nailed down. Once more we all breathed freely.

I now come to the last stage of my journey, and but little more remains to be said. On the following day the crate and its ferocious inmate were carried on board the s.s. *Baltic*, which was to convey me to Europe.

Most of the voyage passed quietly except for one incident. Just at the time when everyone's nerves were on edge as we entered the submarine zone, in the middle of the night the entire ship was aroused by a series of the most blood-curdling screams, yells, groans, and howls as if a thousand souls were undergoing torment in purgatory. The captain and crew, the passengers half-dressed and each grasping a lifebelt, jumped



"IN AN INSTANT KAISER HAD SHOT FORWARD A PAW AND SEIZED THE OLD TOM'S TAIL."

from their berths and hastened to the spot. This is the sight that greeted our eyes. The ship's tom-cat, a huge specimen, had made an appointment with another cat, and had unfortunately chosen as his rendezvous the very spot where Kaiser's cage was placed at night. Greeting his mate with the customary howls of pleasure, which were duly answered, this sudden outcry awoke Kaiser from his peaceful slumbers. He, furious at this interruption, joined in the nocturnal concert, amazing

THE BARTLETT BEAR IN THE ZOO.

the two cats, who were terrified by this sudden ferocious apparition. The old Tom, whisking round to escape, rubbed his tail against the cage. In an instant Kaiser had shot forward a paw and seized it. When we arrived on the scene he was holding his victim securely and yelling with joy, whilst the wretched old Tom, hurt and terrified, was shrieking with horror. Once more I had to call for volunteers to release Kaiser's victim.

By this time I had become convinced that a private home would be no suitable place for a grizzly, and so I sent a wireless to the Zoological Gardens asking them to accept him as a gift, and to send someone to meet him at Liverpool. Our voyage came to a peaceful end and was without further incident. At Liverpool the two representatives of the Zoo came on board and took charge. Having placed him in such safe hands, I felt a load lifted from my mind, and resumed my journey to London. A week later I visited Kaiser in his new home, a large open cage in the Bear Garden. His keeper had one arm in a sling, but greeted me warmly. "How is he getting on?" I asked. "Oh, all right, but look what he's done" (pointing to his injured arm). "He's the fiercest animal we've ever had in here."

Kaiser seemed to recognize me as his hereditary foe, and rushed to the bars of his cage frantically endeavouring to get at me. That is all. A few days later I received a receipt from the secretary of the Zoo thanking me for the gift of one

"*Ursus horribilis.*"

That Latin name seems to fit him well. Peace to his troubled soul!

PHYSICAL DRILL.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by Thos. Henry.

"LARGE number of people about, Merton."

"Rather a considerable quantity, my lady." The chauffeur, stopped by traffic, answered over his shoulder, in apologetic tones, as one admitting some responsibility, but not prepared to take the whole of the blame.

"And the shops are closed."

"That, my lady, is in consequence of the fact that this is what is vulgarly termed Bank Holiday."

Lady Chalton seemed pained to discover that no one could be reprimanded for this. "Where are we?" she inquired, sharply.

"Owing to me having partially missed or overlooked the turnings," said the chauffeur, "I'm very much afraid, my lady, that we're somewheres near Hampstead Heath."

A sound came which might be taken for music; the strident kind that accompanies whirligo-rounds. A booming of distant voices. The sharp tinging of bells which indicate success at try-your-strength machines. A creaking of swings.

"I shall get out here and investigate." (Merton said afterwards, at the garage, that he particularly noticed her ladyship's features had taken, all at once, a high colour.) "You stay and look after the car. I shall not be longer than five or six minutes."

Lady Chalton stepped out before the chauffeur could jump down to open the door and offer the assistance of an elbow. She went through the traffic with a determined manner that made it unnecessary to request folk to make way for her; the constable of the S Division to whom she put an inquiry touched his helmet in replying. Accepting his directions, she went through Flask Walk. There some girls were dancing; a gramophone, set on the edge of the high pavement, bawled a song set to waltz time.

"Why, it's actually Aunt Maria!" cried the young women, with an affectation of joyful surprise. "Aunt Maria arrived at last! Did you think to bring your concertina, old gel?" Lady Chalton frowned, and this sent them into a higher state of diversion; the girls expressed the hope that she was not feeling ratty or annoyed. They asked how many coco-nuts she had gained, and made affectionate inquiries regarding Uncle Harold, and hoped his spots had disappeared. Lady Chalton gave a shiver, and went on through Well Walk; she came into the hum and clatter the moment that the grass of the Heath was found.

Feelings of annoyance vanished as she watched the resolute exercise of skipping, the heated faces of those who, with precise jumping, escaped contact with the twirling rope, and, when the end came, fell exhaustedly into the arms of the nearest friend, or stranger. For a reason that she could not explain, and did not stay to consider, Lady Chalton edged her way up to one of the circles. A woman, as stout as herself and also nearing the forties, was skipping, and doing it with a grace and persistence that gained applause from the more youthful.

"AUNT MARIA ARRIVED AT LAST! DID YOU THINK TO BRING YOUR CONCERTINA, OLD GEL?"

"IT SEEMED THAT EACH JUMP SHE TOOK WOULD BE THE LAST, BUT EITHER

"'Ere!" said a girl who was working at one end of the rope, "I've been at this long enough." She placed the knot in Lady Chalton's hand. "What about you 'aving a go?"

Lady Chalton did it imperfectly at first; the circumstance that this drew upon her the bitter reproaches of the skipper caused her to pay a greater attention. The party, with a due sense of justice, said presently that her turn had come, and when she hesitated they took her good-humouredly by the shoulder and forced her into the centre of the ring. She expected failure, and, as it proved, tasted success. Whilst the twirler, beginning slowly to the word "Mustard!" went faster to the ejaculation "Vinegar!" and quicker still to the order of "Pepper!" it seemed that each jump she took would be the last, but either fortune or a genius hitherto dormant enabled her to go on. All the people around were blurred to her eyes, but their compliments reached her; the applause gave a feeling of satisfaction that had not come her way for many years. It was difficult to estimate the time occupied by the exercise; all she knew was that the rope slackened its pace, and eventually stopped.

"This ain't 'alf the first time," suggested someone in tones of congratulation, "that you haven't been on no skipping-rope on no Bank 'Oliday!" Lady Chalton, fanning herself with a small handkerchief, endeavoured, in strolling away, to sort the negatives and ascertain the true intent of the remark.

She avoided the thick crowds, and the dust, and the clamour, and keeping to the edge of the grassed space found other skipping groups, who allowed her, after serving an apprenticeship, to take a more active part; these were private groups. Later, she discovered professionals; hot, damp, scarlet men who in raucous voices demanded payment for their services. Lady Chalton had no coppers, and at the end of her skipping she tendered half a crown; the man doled out beer-stained pennies for change, and these she threw away. On the instant a mob of children came around her, fighting and scuffling and screaming as they hunted for the discarded coins.

"Mind the female," interposed a burly man, pressing through. "Can't you see she's got her best clobber on? Haven't you kiddies got no consideration or nothing? Get a move on you, and let the poor woman come out!" He escorted her to a place of safety, listened whilst she expressed thanks. "You did a dashed silly thing," he said, "and it served you thundering well right!" It was the frankness of this remark that suggested to Lady Chalton the advisability of returning to the car. No other man (with the exception of her husband) had ever spoken to her in this candid way.

Merton, in charge of the car in High Street, confessed that he had been growing anxious, and, with respect, ventured to point out that it looked as though her ladyship had been in the wars.

"Am I dishevelled?" she asked.

"I wouldn't say that, my lady, but you do certainly look as though you might have taken a drop. I hope there hasn't been any trouble."

"No trouble," replied Lady Chalton. "Nothing but happiness!"

FORTUNE OR A GENIUS HITHERTO DORMANT, ENABLED HER TO GO ON."

As the car went down the hill a pocket-mirror enabled her to repair some of the damages, and, this done, she sat back and beamed around contentedly. Half an hour before Lady Chalton had been in the clutch of depression, unable to think of any subject calculated to raise her spirits, and, in the absence of any more cheering task, rehearsing a few pungent and caustic remarks to be used over the table at dinner. Now there was an elation of mind and a gratifying tiredness of body that made her feel inclined to be at peace with all the world. In Carlos Place the door was opened promptly as the car drew up. A maid came out to give assistance; Lady Chalton ignored this.

"What a perfectly beautiful day!" she said, genially.

"I suppose it is, my lady."

"Two or three of you had better have a drive in the car before it goes back to the garage."

The opinion expressed downstairs was that either the time of miracles had come again or that Lady C. was going absolutely off her rocker; the second suggestion found itself generally endorsed. A further alarm was in store. News came down at ten minutes past eight that dinner was proceeding without any signs of nagging and dispute between the two seated at the table.

"If there had been visitors present," said the authorities in the kitchen, puzzled, "we could have understood it. But for them to be alone and not to enjoy their usual squabble—well, it's the limit!"

Sir Francis had to go back to the House, and, for once, expressed his regret at being compelled to leave Carlos Place. Lady Chalton said that if he proposed to walk, it would give her considerable pleasure to accompany him.

The maids in the hall noted that her ladyship explained, that she felt a desire for open-air exercise. "I've always told you," said Sir Francis, "that you ought to take more of it. I am perfectly sure it would make you better-tempered." Lady Chalton was inclined to believe that he was right.

In reckoning up the exercise taken, on her return to Carlos Place, she found it went beyond the amount usually afforded by a prolonged visit to Scotland. A sudden thought came to her, and she touched the bell.

"In the morning," she ordered, "the first thing in the morning, will you please ring up the Stores, and ask them to send along at once a skipping-rope?"

"A child's skipping-rope, my lady?"

"A skipping-rope suitable for a grown-up person," directed Lady Chalton, resolutely. "For a grown-up person who has discovered a most valuable secret!"

SOME UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF CRIME.

By GEO. R. SIMS.

III.

Illustrated by G. Henry Evison.

THE verdict of "Guilty" given by a jury and followed by the sentence of a judge does not always solve the mystery of a crime. In some cases where the murder has been a deliberate and a brutal one, committed with the most sordid of motives, the death sentence is commuted to penal servitude for life, and the general idea in the public mind is that the law is not thoroughly satisfied that it has secured the real culprit. In other words, the mystery has not been satisfactorily solved.

Two comparatively recent cases may be mentioned in support of this argument—that of Oscar Slater, convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of old Miss Gilchrist in Glasgow; and that of Stinie Morrison, convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of Beron on Clapham Common. If the Crown was satisfied that Slater murdered Miss Gilchrist and that Morrison murdered Beron, why were they not hanged? Both murders were of the most brutal description, and both were committed for the purposes of robbery.

There is another case in which I took a strong personal interest, and did my best to prove at the time of the trial that the conviction of the person charged with the murder was a miscarriage of justice. This case was known as the Wadhurst murder. It was a mysterious village tragedy which occurred shortly before Christmas, 1906.

An old woman of sixty-three lived in a lonely cottage with her "love son," James Stevens, a young man of twenty-three. On Monday, December 11th, in the afternoon, she was found lying fully dressed across the bed in her cottage with a terrible wound in her throat. The wall by the bed was splashed with blood. The body was bound in the following manner. There was a slip-knot of window-cord round the left wrist. The cord passed behind the back to the right upper arm, round which it passed twice. The cord was returned to the left wrist, round which it passed again, but it was not knotted.

It was the son himself who made the discovery on his return from a morning's hedging in the wood some hundred and fifty yards away at the rear of the cottage. Immediately on the discovery the son rushed back to his mates in the wood, and with them hastened to the house of the village constable. The constable was not in, but they waited for him, and afterwards returned with him to the cottage.

Stevens himself assisted the police to search the premises. The next day he was arrested, apparently because the police had inspected a jacket and waistcoat that he had been wearing before he commenced his work in the wood, and had left there while he ran home at noon to see why his mother, who was in the habit of bringing his food to him, had not come with it as usual.

On the inside of one cuff and in one of his jacket pockets were found small bloodstains. The young man explained that the blood on the cuff came from thorn-scratches on his wrist, and the blood in his pocket was from rabbits he was in the habit of snaring. The fur of a rabbit was actually found adhering to the lining of the pocket, and the youth's explanation was accepted by the police. There does not seem to have been much doubt of the fact that such marks as were upon the wrist might naturally have occurred to Stevens in the course of his occupation.

But there was another reason for the arrest, and that was the evidence of a woman, who said that about seven-thirty on the morning of the crime she had passed the Stevens' cottage and had heard the sound of quarrelling. She heard Mrs. Stevens' voice quite plainly, and she heard a man's voice. She could not say whose voice it was, as the cottage door was shut.

It was agreed that Stevens was with his mates in the wood at eight o'clock that morning. Stevens himself said that he had left home at seven-fifteen, and that was about the usual time at which he would set out for his work.

No instrument was discovered at the cottage or in Stevens' possession with which the murder could have been committed. To search for this the cottage was almost levelled to the ground and the whole of the garden dug up. It was found impossible to connect the window-cord with which the deceased was pinioned with Stevens, and none like it was found in the house.

The evidence of the doctor was that the wounds were severe and numerous, and there would be a great spurting of blood, yet no blood except the slight stain from the rabbit, and that from the thorn-scratch on the wrist, was found on Stevens.

A witness named Mabel Hodges gave evidence

that she had seen a strange man walking along the path leading from the cottage just before eleven in the morning. The man was carrying a sack, and she had noticed it because there had been a good many robberies of chickens for some days past.

There was absolutely no motive for the murder so far as Stevens was concerned. Mrs. Stevens was insured for seven pounds, but the policy was in the possession of a married daughter, and the money would be hers at her mother's death. Mother and son had lived together on friendly terms.

Stevens was admirably defended by Mr. Ernest Wild, but in spite of the weakness of the evidence against the young man, who from first to last protested his innocence in the most emphatic manner, the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," and Stevens was sentenced to be hanged.

The whole countryside was indignant at the verdict, and several leading London papers pointed out the very doubtful nature of the only evidence the Crown had been able to bring forward. Three days before the date fixed for the execution James Stevens was reprieved and the sentence commuted to penal servitude for life. But if the Crown was satisfied that it had the author of the village tragedy in its hands, and that James Stevens had brutally murdered his old mother in that lonely cottage, he should have been hanged.

With a full knowledge of all the facts of the case I am still convinced that the mystery of the Wadhurst murder has not been solved.

There are unsolved mysteries connected with the identification of a body of the criminal who has been found dead and thus escaped the punishment of the law. Such a case was that of John Sadleir, M.P., and at one time a Lord of the Treasury, the fraudulent banker, whose body was found on Hampstead Heath with a silver cream-jug which had contained poison lying by his side. The cream-jug was undoubtedly Sadleir's, but was the body his?

The case has been frequently discussed, and the incident has been used by dramatists and by novelists, notably by Miss Braddon. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, in his reminiscences declared that he was satisfied that the body was that of Sadleir. But the body was found by a labourer early on a Sunday morning in a lonely part of the Heath, and, though it had rained heavily all night, the soles of the dead man's boots were dry.

The idea which prevailed with many people at the time was that the body of a man resembling Sadleir had been procured and carried to the Heath and placed where it was found, and that Sadleir himself escaped to America. Sadleir had in his possession when he left the City on the Saturday afternoon before his death thirteen thousand pounds in bank-notes, and no trace was found of the vast sums of money which his

"THE BODY OF JOHN SADLEIR, M.P., WAS FOUND ON HAMPSTEAD HEATH WITH A SILVER CREAM-JUG WHICH HAD CONTAINED POISON LYING BY HIS SIDE."

"ON THE MORNING OF COLT'S EXECUTION A WOMAN WAS PERMITTED TO GO THROUGH THE CEREMONY OF MARRIAGE WITH THE CONDEMNED MAN."

frauds had realized, and it was these facts that led to the stories, very widely promulgated, that the suicide was a sham.

Another "death mystery" is that connected with the fate of John C. Colt, a brother of the inventor of the Colt revolver. Colt, who had an office in a building on Broadway, New York, was a professional book-keeper. He had written a work on book-keeping, and a man named Samuel Adams was printing it.

There was a dispute as to a balance of money due by Colt to Adams, and between three and four o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, September 17th, 1841, Adams called at Colt's office and demanded the money. Hot words ensued, and Colt picked up a hammer that was lying on the table in the office and struck Adams over the head with it.

The two men were alone in the office, and these details were afterwards given by Colt in a confession which he made to the authorities. Adams fell, and presently Colt realized that he was dead. There was a large trunk in the office. Colt removed the contents and managed to force the body into it. He then corded the trunk, locked up the office, and went home.

The next day he got two men out of the street to assist him in carrying the trunk downstairs and placing it on a vehicle which he had hired. He then drove with it to the East River, and had it placed on board the packet for New Orleans.

An accident happened, and the vessel was delayed for a week. The result was that the hold in which the box had been placed became unpleasant. The odour, of which the men complained, was traced to the box, which was opened. In it the murdered body of Adams was discovered, and Colt was arrested.

Colt's friends were exceedingly wealthy, and money was lavishly spent in the endeavour to secure his acquittal, but every effort was vain, and on November 18th, 1842, he was sentenced to be hanged.

On the morning of his execution a woman to whom he was deeply attached attended at the prison and, by arrangement with the authorities, was permitted to go through the ceremony of marriage with the condemned man. The marriage was solemnized in the presence of Colt's brother and the sheriff, and one of the witnesses was John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home."

The bride and bridegroom were allowed to remain together for one hour. Then the bride left the jail.

At a few minutes to four the sheriffs went to Colt's cell to announce to him that his hour had come, but their summons was not heeded. The Rev. Mr. Anthon, who had performed the marriage ceremony, entered the cell, and started back in horror. The body of Colt lay stretched at full length upon his bed, and a small Spanish knife driven to his heart was sticking in his body. He was pronounced dead by the physicians in attendance, the coroner took charge of the body, and the cell was locked.

At this moment a volume of smoke and flame burst from the cupola on the prison. A tremendous rush was made by those outside towards the door, and by those within to make their escape. The great bell on the City Hill

struck the alarm at the precise hour fixed for the execution.

The engines were promptly on the ground, but as the fire was at the very summit of the cupola the water could not be made to reach it, and it continued to burn downwards for an hour until the whole was consumed to the roof.

The greatest excitement prevailed without. The multitude refused to believe in the story of Colt's death, and a very general impression prevailed that the whole was a ruse to secure his escape.

The long delay, the repeated though fruitless attempts for pardon or reprieve, the announcement of the suicide, the extraordinary coincidence of the fire almost at the very moment of execution —for as Mr. Anton opened the cell door the bell tolled out its first alarm—all together roused the feelings of the public to a high pitch of excitement.

The fate of John C. Colt is still, according to many American writers, an unsolved mystery of crime.

Another famous unsolved mystery furnished by the American records is the murder of Mr. Benjamin Nathan, who was a wealthy stock-broker and a prominent member of the Jewish community in New York. Mr. Nathan, who had amassed a fortune on Wall Street, lived in his own house in Twenty-third Street, near Fifth Avenue. In the summer of 1870 he had taken a house in Morristown, New Jersey, and his family was spending the season there. Business, however, kept two of his sons, Frederick and Washington, in New York, and they remained at the house in Twenty-third Street.

Friday, July 29th, was the anniversary of the death of Mr. Nathan's mother, and in order to offer prayers in the synagogue on that day Mr. Nathan came up from the country on Thursday afternoon. The house, the family being away, was not in order, and so Mr. Nathan ordered a bed to be made up for him on the floor of a reception-room. Adjoining this room was a small one which he used as an office, and in which he kept his safe. The housekeeper had her room at the back of the house, but on the same floor.

After giving his instructions to the housekeeper Mr. Nathan went away and spent the evening with his sister in West Nineteenth Street. Shortly before midnight he returned home and prepared to go to bed. He placed his clothes on a chair, leaving in his trousers pocket the key of the safe.

Shortly after midnight Frederick Nathan returned, found the door of the reception-room unlocked, went in and said good night to his father, and then went to his bedroom on the floor above. A little later Washington returned. He also entered the reception-room and found his father comfortably asleep upon the four mattresses which had been piled up on the floor.

It was wild and stormy without. There were vivid flashes of lightning, occasional peals of thunder, and the rain poured in torrents, but inside the house all was apparently peaceful through the night.

At a quarter to six on the Friday morning Washington woke and went down to rouse his father, who had to be early at the synagogue. He found the door of the apartment still unlocked. The young man went in and was horrified to see his father lying on the floor of the room in a pool of blood. The first glance at the body was sufficient to show that the old gentleman had been brutally murdered.

Washington hurriedly summoned Frederick, and the two set out to find a policeman. As they went towards the front door they saw, lying in the hall, an iron bar with claws at the end of it, an instrument which is used by ship's carpenters, and is known as a "dog." This was found to be stained with blood, and some grey hairs were adhering to it.

The police soon discovered that the dead man's jewellery and money were gone, and that the safe in the little office had been broken open and rifled of its contents. A most careful examination of the premises and of the doors and windows failed to reveal any marks of a violent entrance having been effected. They came to the conclusion that the crime had been committed by a member of the household, or by someone who had secured admission to the premises during the day and had remained concealed until everyone had retired to rest.

The room in which the body was found showed signs of a desperate struggle, but no one in the house had been disturbed by it. Washington Nathan was at first suspected, but was able to prove his complete innocence. The fact that the housekeeper was sleeping on the same floor, and yet maintained that throughout the night she had heard no suspicious sounds, suggested the idea that she might be an accomplice, as she had a son who was employed in the house as a servant. But this idea, after careful investigation, was abandoned by the police.

A manservant who had been employed in the house and who had been discharged by Mr. Nathan was arrested. He was found to be insane. It was suggested that his discharge had preyed upon his mind, and that he had taken his revenge upon his employer by robbing and murdering him. But the hope that at last the murderer had been found was quickly dispelled. There was plenty of evidence as to where this man passed the whole of the night of July 28th.

The police eventually accepted the theory that the crime had been committed by a burglar who, in some way, had managed to conceal himself in the house before it was bolted up for the night.

There was another suggestion which gained more general support than the burglary theory. It was hinted that Mr. Nathan had locked away in his safe papers that gravely compromised someone in his own position of life. It was suggested that this person, arming himself with an instrument which would enable him to break open the safe, had obtained access to the premises and, stealing cautiously into the reception-room, had first searched the clothing of the sleeping man and found the safe key. Mr.

Nathan had been aroused, had sprung up and seized the intruder, and there had been a desperate struggle, and it was then that the robber struck his victim to the ground with the "dog" and killed him.

A reward of ten thousand dollars was offered by the Stock Exchange for information which would lead to the arrest of the murderer. To this sum Mr. Oakey Hall, the Mayor of New York, added five thousand dollars on the part of the city, but the secret was never betrayed.

Another problem of crime which has baffled all the efforts of our own police is the murder of Lieutenant Percy Roper, R.E., a young officer who was going through a course of military engineering.

On the night of February 16th, 1881, Lieutenant Roper's body was found at the foot of the staircase leading to his quarters at Chatham. A brother officer had walked with him as far as Brompton Barracks and there left him. Some time later the lieutenant was found lying unconscious. Near the body was a six-chambered revolver with one shot discharged. The other chambers still remained loaded. A poker belonging to the lieutenant's fireplace was found lying not far away.

"THE LIEUTENANT WAS FOUND LYING UNCONSCIOUS. NEAR THE BODY WAS A SIX-CHAMBERED REVOLVER WITH ONE SHOT DISCHARGED."

No one had seen a stranger enter or leave the barracks. The discharge of firearms seems to have attracted no attention. There were sentries on duty at the gates and they noticed nothing.

The young officer was shot down some little time before he was discovered. He was unconscious, and remained unconscious till he died. It was suggested that the lieutenant had surprised a thief in his room. But an ordinary thief would hardly have armed himself with a six-chambered revolver. As the lieutenant, poker in hand, had chased his assassin down the stairs, he would have shouted or given some signal of alarm had he been merely faced by a dishonest intruder.

Another suggestion was that the murder might have been committed by the jealous lover of a girl to whom the lieutenant had been paying attention, and that the lover had managed to obtain access to the officer's quarters and had taken his revenge. But there was no evidence of any kind to support this theory, and the idea at one time prevalent that a woman had committed the crime was lacking in probability. A young Army officer would hardly arm himself with a poker against a threatening female visitor.

Whatever may have happened in Brompton Barracks that night, the murder of Lieutenant Roper remains one of the many unsolved mysteries which impart even to the most sordid crimes an element of romance.

The BATTLE OF THE SOMME.

THE FIRST
CONNECTED AND DETAILED NARRATIVE
of the
GREATEST ONE-DAY BATTLE
EVER KNOWN IN THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

By

A. CONAN DOYLE.

CHAPTER III.
THE ATTACK OF THE FIFTEENTH AND THIRTEENTH CORPS, JULY 1st, 1916.

The Advance of the 64th Brigade—First Permanent Gains—50th Brigade at Fricourt—Advance of Seventh Division—Fine Work by Eighteenth Division — Capture of Montauban by the Thirtieth Division—General View of the Battle—Its Decisive Importance.

IMMEDIATELY to the south of Pulteney's Third Corps lay Horne's Fifteenth Corps. The general task of this corps was to attack Mametz on the right, contain Fricourt in the centre, and attack beween there and La Boisselle towards Mametz Wood. It consisted of three divisions. Of these, the most northerly was the Twenty-first, that fine North-country division which had so terrible an ordeal when it came up in support upon the second day of Loos.

The attack was on a three-brigade front, the 64th Brigade upon the north, just south of La Boisselle, and in close touch with the Thirty-fourth Division. To the right of the 64th was the 63rd Brigade, and to the right of that the 50th, of the Seventeenth Division, which advanced straight upon Fricourt. The 62nd Brigade was in reserve. It will be best to deal with the attack of the 64th Brigade with some detail, as the experiences of all three front brigades were very similar, and the story of one is roughly the story of all.

THE ADVANCE OF THE 64TH BRIGADE.

The 64th Brigade advanced upon the signal with the 10th Yorkshire Light Infantry upon the left in touch with the Royal Scots of the 101st Brigade. On their right was their 9th namesake battalion. Behind them in immediate support were the 1st East Yorks (left) and 15th Durhams (right). The advance was greatly helped by the formation of a Russian sap between the lines on which the front companies could assemble. It was found, however, upon the men advancing that the fire was so severe that they could only get forward by crawling from hole to hole, with the result that the barrage lifted before they could reach the front trenches, and the Germans were able to mount the parapet and slate them with rifle-fire. Colonel Lynch, of the 9th Yorkshire Light Infantry, was

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killed by a shell between trenches, as were all four captains, but the men stuck to their work and finally the leading battalions swept over the German lines, which had been greatly disorganized by the artillery, and they killed or captured the occupants with no very severe resistance. Two fixed points lay in front of the brigade, which were part of the definite objectives of the division. The first was a sunken road one thousand one hundred yards from the British front, the second was a trench four hundred yards farther, on which, by the irony of Fate, a large wayside crucifix looked down, so that it was called Crucifix Trench. Beyond these on the left front were several shattered woods, Shelter Wood and Birch Tree Wood, which gave the enemy good cover, and to the right was a large ruined building, Fricourt Farm, which raked the advance with its snipers and machine-guns.

On passing the front German line the successive British waves lost their formation and clubbed together, so that a long loose line of Yorkshire and Durham men scrambled onwards into and out of and over the successive impediments, beating down all resistance as they went. When the fire became too hot, the men crawled forwards upon their stomachs or made short sharp rushes from one shell-hole to another, but the advance was steady and unbroken. The smoke from the shells was as dense as a Scotch mist. Every now and then through the haze the flashes of a machine-gun would be spied and possibly the vague figures of the German gunners as they swept it across in their deadly traverse, but a rush of furious infantry put each in turn out of action. The evidence seems to be conclusive that some at least of these gunners were found to be chained to their guns, which may well have happened at their own request, as a visible proof that they would never desert their post. They fired up to the last instant, and naturally they received no quarter from the stormers. Now and again the ragged line of men would stumble suddenly upon a section of proper trench, would spring down into it, clear up the occupants, and then sit in flushed, hard-breathing groups until a whistle from the officer and a cheer from their comrades would call them on once more.

In this sector there appears, however, to have been a systematic, if superficial, examination of the dug-outs before a trench was passed. One does not hear of those surprise attacks from the rear which were so common and so fatal to the north. The examination usually took the form of a sharp summons at the mouth of the burrow, quickly followed—if there were no response—by a Mills bomb. Then, as often as not, there would crawl out of the black orifice eight or ten terrified and bleeding men, who would join the numerous small convoys trailing backwards to the rear. These prisoners were nearly all from the 110th and 111th Reserve Bavarian Regiments, and the alacrity with which they made for the rear with their hands above their heads formed the only comic touch in a tragic day. One made a grab for a rifle. "He lived about five seconds," says the narrator. "They were thin, unshaven, and terrified," says an officer, talking of the particular batch he handled. "Most had dark hair—a very different type from the Prussians."

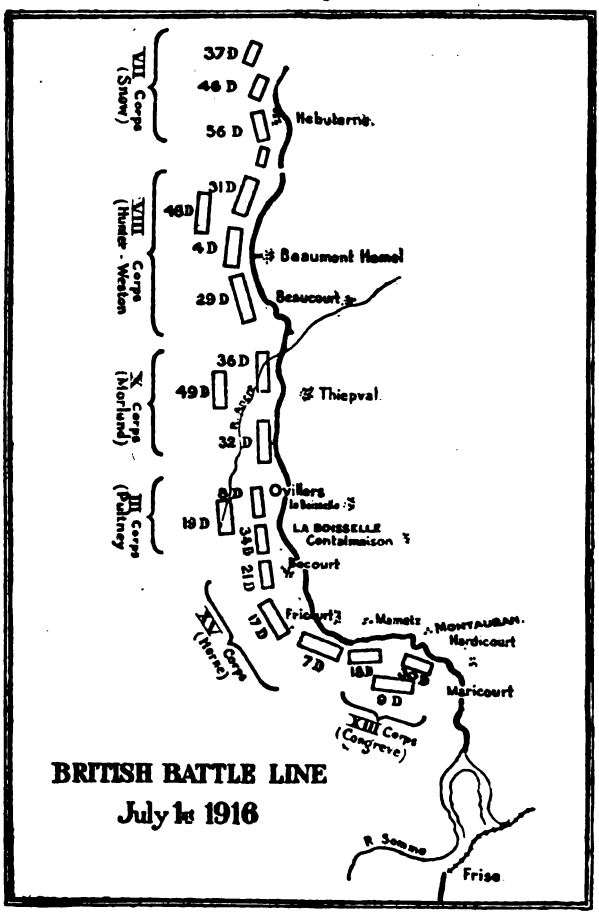
Having overrun the German trenches, the infantry were now faced with a considerable stretch of open which lay between them and the Sunken Road, leading from Fricourt to Contalmaison. Many were hit upon this perilous passage. A subsidiary line of German trenches lay in front of this road, and into this the British tumbled. The colonel of the 15th Durhams was the senior officer who had got up, and he took command at this point, rallying the weary men of all four battalions for a fresh advance. A few of the Royal Scots of the Thirty-fourth Division were found already in possession, the fringe of that body who have already been described as making so invaluable a stand at Round Wood.

At this point the 64th Brigade was found to be some distance in front of the main body of the Thirty-fourth Division on the left, and of their comrades on the right, so that they could get no farther for the moment without their flanks being badly exposed. In front through the haze they could dimly see the crucifix which was their ultimate objective. The men had to cower low, for the bullets were coming in a continuous stream from Fricourt Farm on the right and from the woods on the left. The Sunken Road was ten or twelve feet deep at the spot, and though it was exposed at the sides, by rapid digging the men got some cover, though many dropped before they could make a shelter. Here the survivors of the advance waited for some hours, spending some of the time in ransacking the enormous thirty-foot-deep dug-outs which the Germans had excavated at certain points along the side of the road. Into these the wounded were conveyed, and refreshed by the good things of life, from seltzer-water to gold-tipped cigarettes, which were found within.

In the afternoon the Brigadier had come up as far as the Sunken Road, and had examined the position for himself. The 63rd Brigade was now well forward upon the right and the advance could be resumed. It was pushed swiftly onwards and Crucifix Trench was occupied, nearly a mile from the British front line. A lieutenant of the 9th Yorkshires, though wounded by shrapnel, seems to have been the first to lead a party into this advanced trench, but soon it was strongly occupied. The pressing need was to consolidate it, for it was swept by gusts of fire from both flanks. Another lieutenant of the Yorkshires, also a wounded man, took over the direction, and the men, with very little cover, worked splendidly to strengthen the position. Their numbers were so reduced that a counter-attack would have been most serious, but the splendid support given by the artillery held the German infantry at a distance. A few of the British tried to advance upon Shelter Wood, but the machine-guns were too active, and they had to fall back or lie in shell-holes until after dark, only seventeen out of sixty getting back.

FIRST PERMANENT GAINS.

A captain of the 10th Yorkshires took over the advanced command and sent back to the colonel of the Durhams, who had meantime been wounded at the Sunken Road, to ask for instructions. The answer was to hold on and that help was at hand. This help was in the form of the 62nd Reserve Brigade, the leading battalions of which, the 1st Lincolns and 10th Yorkshire Regiment (Green Howards) came swinging splendidly across the open and flung themselves into Crucifix Trench. From that time the maintenance of the ground was assured. The men of the 64th Brigade who had done so finely were drawn back into the Sunken Road, having fully secured their objective. One cannot but marvel here, as so often elsewhere, at the fine work done by young subalterns when the senior officers have been disabled. A lieutenant of the 9th Yorkshire Light Infantry found himself in command of the whole battalion at the most critical moment of the engagement, and on leaving could only hand it over to a brother subaltern, who carried on with equal courage and ability. The brigade was drawn back to the German first line, where it lay for forty-eight hours, and finally acted as reserve brigade to the successful advance undertaken by the 62nd Brigade, by which Shelter Wood was captured on July 3rd.



Such, in some detail, were the adventures of the 64th Brigade, which may be taken as parallel to those of the 63rd upon the right, who were faced by much the same obstacles, having the Sunken Road ahead and the Fricourt houses upon their right. The 8th Somersets were on the left in touch with the 9th Yorkshire Light Infantry, and supported by the 8th Lincolns. On the right were the 4th Middlesex and the 10th York and Lancasters. They were able to get well up to Fricourt Farm upon the left of the village, but the ground was unfavourable, and they never got as far forward as their comrades on the left.

50TH BRIGADE AT FRICOURT.

On the immediate right of the 63rd Brigade, in front of Fricourt, was the 50th Brigade, to which was assigned the task of attacking the village while the Twenty-first Division got part of it upon the north. The brigade advanced gallantly, the front line consisting of two fine Yorkshire battalions, the 10th West Yorks and the 7th East Yorks, with part of the 7th Yorkshires. The attack reached and partly occupied the front trenches, but the fire and the losses were both very heavy, the 10th West Yorkshires being specially hard hit. The survivors behaved with great gallantry, and some of them held on all day, though surrounded by enemies. In the afternoon a second advance was made by Yorkshires and East Yorkshires, with 6th Dorsets in support, but again the losses were heavy and no solid foothold could be got in the village. When dusk fell some of the troops who had held their own all day were able to get back to the British trenches bringing prisoners with them. A notable example is that of a lieutenant of the West Yorks, who managed to stagger back with three wounds upon him and three Germans in front of him. The 51st Brigade was brought up in the evening to continue the assault, but with the morning of the 2nd it was found that the work had been done, and that the advance upon both flanks had caused the evacuation of the village.

ADVANCE OF SEVENTH DIVISION.

The famous Seventh Division, next in the line, was now commanded by one of the three Brigadiers who had led it during its heroic days at Ypres. Its units, however, had changed considerably, and the 91st Brigade had taken

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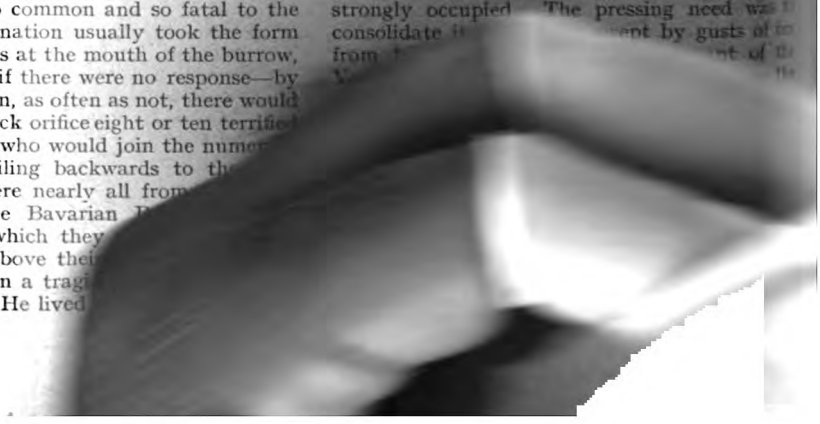

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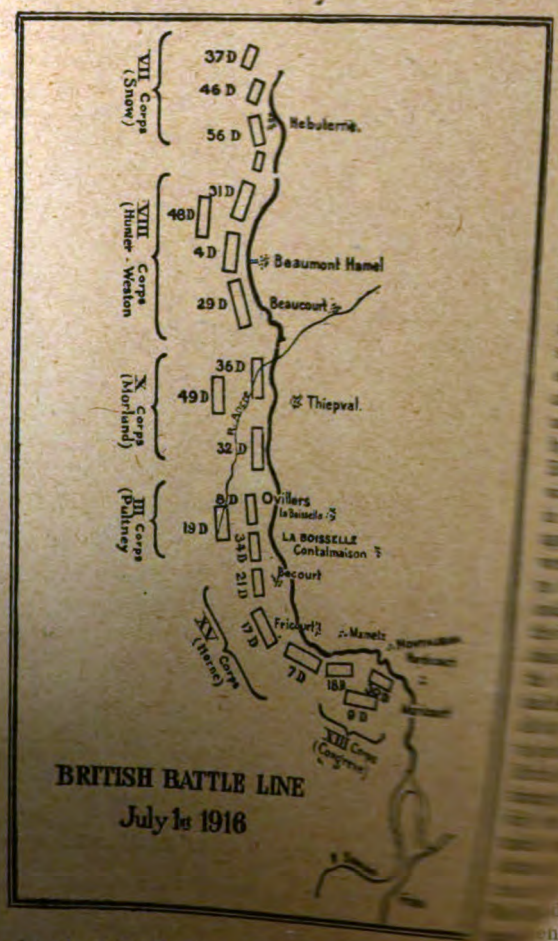

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STORMING THE GERMAN LINES: WHITE FLAGS RAISED BY THE ENEMY

the place of the 21st. This brigade, consisting partly of Manchester Battalions, and partly of old units of the Seventh Division (2nd Queen's Surrey, 1st South Staffords, 21st and 22nd Manchesters), attacked upon the right, while the 20th Brigade advanced upon the left, having the 2nd Gordons and 9th Devons in the van, with the 8th Devons and 2nd Borderers in support. The front trenches were overrun without much difficulty. The order of battle was the 22nd Manchesters upon the right with the 1st South Staffords in close support. In the centre were the 2nd Gordons, and upon their left the 9th Devons. The right got forward with comparatively small losses and overran the front German line. The Gordons had their left company held up by uncut wire, but got forward none the less with considerable losses. The 9th Devons were the most exposed, and suffered very severely, but in spite of a casualty list which included half the officers and men, they never winced or wavered for an instant, showing what had been often shown before, that the spirit of old days still lives in the country of Drake and of Raleigh. The survivors seized and held Tirpitz Trench. The 2nd Borderers had also seized Danube Support, and the whole front line was in our hands.

The 91st Brigade were now closing in upon the right of Mametz village and had entered Danzig Alley, from which they were for a time driven by a brisk counter-attack. The 1st South Staffords had won their way into the outskirts of Mametz, but the losses were heavy, and half of

AS THE BRITISH ATTACK REACHES THE CREST OF THE RIDGE.

the 21st Manchesters came racing up to reinforce. At one o'clock the Danzig Alley had again been occupied by the Manchesters. Half the 2nd Warwicks were sent up to reinforce the Gordons, and the line of infantry dashed forward upon the village, six hundred of the enemy throwing up their hands in front of them. The 20th Manchesters also advanced, losing heavily by the fire from Fricourt, but pushing on as far as the Sunken Road on the extreme left of the advance.

We have now recorded in succession the repulse of the Seventh Corps at Gommecourt, that of the Eighth Corps at Serre and Beaumont Hamel, and that of the Third Corps at Thiepval. The record of heroic disaster was then alleviated by the partial success of the Third Corps at La Boisselle, the considerable success of the Fifteenth Corps at Mametz, and now by the complete success of the Thirteenth Corps at Montauban. South of this point along the whole French line the victory was never in doubt. These latter operations do not come within the direct scope of this narrative.

The Thirteenth Corps was commanded by General Congreve, who, it will be remembered, gained his V.C. in the affair of the guns where young Roberts met his death at Colenso.

The Eighteenth Division (Maxse), on the left, had done no serious fighting before. It was entirely an English division.

The front of the attack was about two thousand five hundred yards, and it was carried out by three brigades abreast, each covering about seven

hundred yards. Each brigade had two battalions in front, one in support and one in reserve. Each was also allotted its own particular artillery apart from the general divisional artillery. There are many good arguments for such a formation of divisional attack, as compared with the two-brigades-in-front and one-in-the-rear formation. Upon this occasion, at any rate, it worked very smoothly. The objectives were from the immediate western end of Montauban upon the right, along Montauban Alley to a point east of Mametz where they should touch the right units of the Seventh Division.

Of the three brigades the 55th was on the right, the 53rd in the centre, and the 54th on the left. In accordance with the general scheme of description we will begin with the latter.

The 54th Brigade had the 7th Bedfords on the right, the 11th Royal Fusiliers on the left, the 6th North Hants in support, and the 12th Middlesex in reserve. As they rushed forward they faced a feeble barrage, but a heavy machine-gun fire. It was found, however, here, and along the whole divisional front, that the German wire was utterly destroyed, thanks largely to the work of the trench mortars which had supplanted field-guns for this particular purpose. The first trenches were taken without a pause, and parties remained behind to clear out the dug-outs.

"Cowering in the trench," says one of the stormers, "clad in the pale grey uniforms we had longed for twelve months to see, unarmed and minus equipment, with fear written on their faces, were a few of those valiant warriors of the Kaiser whose prowess we were out to dispute. Here let me say that the exact moment selected for our attack had taken the Huns by surprise. This view was subsequently confirmed by prisoners, who said that they had expected us earlier in the day and had since stood down." This idea of a surprise only refers, of course, to the front trench. Soon the fighting grew very severe.

The first serious check was in front of a strong point called the Pommiers Redoubt. The wire here had been invisible from long grass, so that its presence was a surprise. Again and again the machine-guns swept away the leading files of the attack. The redoubt could be outflanked, however, and a captain of the Fusiliers brought his bombers round and eventually to the rear of it. Snipers held him for a time, but they were rushed by Lieutenant Savage and a few men. The Germans still held bravely to their point, but Bedfords and Fusiliers swarmed in upon them until their arms went down and their hands up. From this strong point bombing parties were sent down the communication trenches, the infantry following closely and occupying the new ground.

The brigade was now in some danger from its own success, for it had outrun the 91st Brigade of the Seventh Division upon its left, and its own comrades of the 53rd Brigade upon its right. The 6th Northants held the defensive flank on the left. Later in the day the 53rd came into line upon the right, and before dark the 54th was able to move on again with little resistance until it had reached its full objective at Montauban Alley.

The 53rd Brigade was on the right of the 54th. Its assaulting line was formed by the 8th Norfolk upon the right and the 6th Berkshires upon the left, with the 10th Essex in support and the 8th Suffolk in reserve. The first two lines were taken in their stride with little loss. A strong point behind these lines held them up for a short time, but was rushed, and its garrison of the 109th Regiment was captured. Further progress of the Norfolks was made difficult, however, by a flanking fire and by a second redoubt in front. As in the case of the 53rd Brigade, it was found that the way round is always the shorter. Two bombing parties under gallant subalterns worked up the trenches on the flank, while that murderous weapon—a Stokes gun—was brought up and opened fire. The combined effect was decisive, and one hundred and fifty Germans threw down their arms. Sixty more were taken in another redoubt to the left.

Whilst the Norfolks had been fighting their way forward in this fashion the Berkshires upon their left, following very closely upon their own barrage, had attained their objective in twenty minutes, and had to hold it for some hours until the Norfolks had made good. During this time their right flank was necessarily exposed. This flank was defended successfully by bombing parties and a Lewis gun, while the left company, instead of resting, lent a hand to their neighbours of the 54th Brigade in carrying Pommiers Redoubt.

Meanwhile the Norfolks had come ahead again, but the advance of the Berkshires was held up by a small but determined band of bombers and snipers in a strong position. A Stokes mortar drove back the bombers, but the snipers still held fast, and killed in succession Lieutenant Rushton and Lieutenant Saye, who gallantly attacked them. A sergeant-major of the Berkshires was more fortunate, however, and killed the chief sniper, whose automatic rifle had played the part of a machine-gun. In doing so he was severely wounded himself. The Essex had come up into the firing line, but progress was still slow until an invaluable Stokes mortar was again brought to bear, and with its shower of heavy bombs blasted the strong point out of existence. When night fell the whole line of Montauban Alley had been successfully won, and the various units were in close touch and were busily organizing their position.

Great obstinacy was shown by the Germans in their defence, which was a gallant one, and might well have been successful against a less skilful attack. Among other instances of their tenacity was one in which a sniper in a trench behind the stormers continued to fire from some subterranean retreat and defied all efforts to get at him, until it was found necessary to blow in the whole face of the dug-out and so to bury him within his own stronghold.

The hardest fighting of any fell to the lot of the 55th Brigade upon the right. The advance was made with the 8th East Surrey and 7th Queen's Surrey in front, the latter to the left,

The 7th Buffs were in support and the 7th West Kents in reserve. No sooner had the troops come out from cover than they were met by a staggering fire which held them up in the Breslau Trench. The supports had soon to be pushed up to thicken the ranks of the East Surrey—a battalion which, with the ineradicable sporting instinct and lightheartedness of the Londoner, had dribbled footballs, one for each platoon, across No Man's Land and shot their goal in the front-line trench. A crater had been formed by a mine explosion, forming a gap in the German front, and round this crater a fierce fight raged for some time, the Germans rushing down a side sap which brought them up to the fray. Into this side sap sprang an officer and a sergeant of the Buffs, and killed twelve of the Germans, cutting off their flow of reinforcements, while half a company of the same battalion cleared up the crater and captured a machine-gun, which had fought to the last cartridge. It is worth recording that in the case of one of these machine-guns the gunner was actually found with a four-foot chain attaching him to the tripod. Being badly wounded and unable to disengage himself, the wretched man had dragged himself, his wound, and his tripod for some distance before being captured by the British. The fact was duly established by a sworn inquiry.

The brigade was winning its way forward, but the hard resistance of the Germans had delayed it to such a point that there was a danger that it would not be in its place so as to cover the left flank of the 90th Brigade, who were due to attack Montauban at 10 a.m. Such a failure might make the difference between victory and defeat. At this critical moment, the officer commanding the East Surreys dashed to the front, re-formed his own men with all whom he could collect, and led them onwards. Captain Neville was killed in gallantly leading the rush, but the wave went forward. There was check after check, but the point had to be won, and the Suffolks of the 53rd Brigade were brought round to strengthen the attack, while the West Kents were pushed forward to the fighting line. By midday two platoons of West Kents were into Montauban Alley, and had seized two houses on the western end of Montauban, which were rapidly fortified by a section of the 92nd Field Company. The flank of the 90th was assured. A South African officer led the first group of Surrey men who seized Montauban. He is said during the action to have slain seventeen of the enemy.

The rest of the brigade, however, had desperate work to get into line with the village. The East Surreys and Buffs were coming along well, but the Queen's Surreys had lost heavily and were held up by a strong point called Back Trench.

THE DIFFICULT WORK OF CLEARING VILLAGES AFTER THE WAVE OF THE FIRST ATTACK HAS SWEPT FORWARD.

A major of the Queen's gathered his men together, called up a bombing party from the 8th Sussex, the pioneer battalion of the brigade, and then by a united front and flank attack carried the position. One hundred and seventy Germans remained alive in the trench. The infantry then surged forward to the line of the Mametz-Montauban Road, where they lay under machine-gun fire with their left in the air, for a considerable gap had developed between them and the 53rd Brigade. The main line of Montauban Alley in front of them was still strongly held by the enemy.

FINE WORK BY EIGHTEENTH DIVISION.

Once again the Stokes guns saved what looked like a dangerous situation. They blasted a hole in Montauban Alley, and through the breach rushed a furious storming party of the Queen's. As evening fell, after that long day of fighting, the weary Eighteenth Division, splendid soldiers, splendidly led, held the whole line from Montauban to the junction with the Seventh Division near Mametz. One does not know which to admire most—the able dispositions, the inflexible resolution of the troops, or the elastic adaptability which enabled the initiative of the officers upon the spot to use ever-varying means for getting over the successive difficulties. The losses were very heavy, amounting to about three thousand officers and men, something under one thousand being fatal. Of the Germans seven hundred were captured, one thousand two hundred were buried after the action, and the total loss could not possibly have been less than those incurred by the British. It should be added that a great deal of the success of the attack was due to the 82nd, 83rd, 84th, and 85th Brigades, Royal Field Artillery, forming the divisional artillery, who earned the earnest gratitude of the infantry, the highest reward to which the gunner can attain. Some of the artillery of the Ninth Division was also engaged.

As to the fighting of the Germans upon this front, it was excellent as usual—but it is needful to accentuate it, as there is a tendency to depreciate the enemy at a point where he is beaten, which is an injustice to the victors. The latter had no doubts about the matter. "There is one thing we have all learned, and that is that the Hun is a jolly good soldier and engineer, so don't listen to any other nonsense. If you get hand-in-hand with him he gives in at once, but he practically never lets you get so close. As long as Fritz has a trench and a gun he will stick there till he is made crows' rations. We know we are just slightly better than he is, but there's nothing much in it—nothing to justify contempt or liberties." Such was the considered opinion of an experienced soldier.

CAPTURE OF MONTAUBAN BY THE THIRTIETH DIVISION.

If the advance of the Eighteenth Division was successful, that of the Thirtieth upon its right was not less so. This division had been raised originally from Liverpool and Manchester, the battalions being all of the King's Liverpool or of the Manchester Regiments. The greater part of these battalions, which owe their origin largely to that great patriot, Lord Derby, was recruited on the "pal" system, by which friends in peace should be the comrades in war.

The objective of this division was the important village of Montauban deep within the enemy's line. It seemed an ambitious mark in a war where every yard means an effort, but it was accomplished with surprising ease, for the advance was as determined as the defence was slack. On the right opposite Maricourt the attack fell to the 89th Brigade, consisting of the 2nd Bedfords and the 17th, 19th, and 20th King's Liverpool battalions. On their left was the 21st Brigade, while the 90th Brigade was in immediate support, with orders to go through and seize the village itself. From the start the attack went like clock-work. The artillery was admirable, the infantry inexorable, and the leading all that could be desired. The ever-ready machine-guns put up a fierce defence, especially on the left flank, where the 18th King's Liverpools, led by their popular colonel, lost three-quarters of their effectives, but carried their objective none the less. The 2nd West Yorks behind them were also terribly scourged, but gained the line of the Glatz Redoubt all the same. Here, as with the Eighteenth Division, there was every sign that the garrison of the front trenches had been surprised. "The Germans gave us plenty of machine-gun fire while we were advancing upon them; when we reached the trench only a few showed fight. The rest flung up their arms and cried: "Mercy, Kamerad!" It was clear they had been taken by surprise, for many of them were barefooted, none of them had any equipment. When there was no attack at 4 a.m. they were told that they could lie down and have a rest, "as the British would not now come out till four in the afternoon." It is abundantly clear that the famous German intelligence department was absolutely at fault in the southern sector of the great battle.

Although the first three trenches were carried without a hitch, the garrison of the fourth had time to stand to arms, and were greatly assisted in their defence by a flank fire from the still untaken village of Mametz, and from machine-guns in the southern corner of Mametz Wood, which lies to the north of Montauban. The resistance caused considerable losses, including that of Colonel Johnson, of the 17th Manchesters, but the advance was irresistible, and swept over every obstacle until they had reached their objective. On the right, the Liverpool brigade, the 17th and 18th King's Liverpools in the lead, fought their way up to the brickfields, which lie nearly level with Montauban, but to the south of it. A company seized these and a good bunch of prisoners. The officer in command there consolidated in close touch with the famous "iron corps" of the French army upon their right, while on the left the blue and yellow advance-flags of the Thirtieth formed a continuous line with the red and yellow of the Eighteenth Division. On the left of the Liver-

pools, the Manchesters with the Scots Fusiliers of the 90th Brigade had stormed their way into Montauban, the first of that long list of village fortresses which were destined in the succeeding months to fall into the hands of the British. It was carried with a rush in spite of the determined resistance of small groups of Germans in various houses, which had already been greatly mauled by our artillery. The British fought their way from room to room, drove their enemies down into the cellars, and hurled bombs on to them from above. The German losses were heavy, and several hundreds of prisoners were sent to the rear. By the early afternoon the whole village was in the hands of the 90th Brigade, who had also occupied Montauban Alley. The reader who is weary of hearing of British losses will be interested to know, on the authority of Colonel Bedell, of the 16th Bavarians, that out of a garrison of three thousand five hundred men from the 6th Bavarian Reserve Regiments only five hundred escaped from the Montauban front. All these operations were carried out in close touch with the French upon the right, so close indeed that the colonel of the 17th King's Liverpools, seeing that the French colonel of the flank battalion was advancing beside his men, sprang out and joined him, so that the two colonels shook hands in the captured position.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BATTLE.

When the sun set upon that bloody day—the most murderous by far in British military history, and probably, when all losses are computed, the most murderous of any single day in the whole record of the world—the higher command of the Allies must have looked upon the result with a strange mixture of feelings, in which dismay at the losses in the north and pride at the successes in the south contended for the mastery. Some fifty thousand of our gallant infantry had fallen in the assault, and the united losses of all the combatants, British, French, and Germans, must have been well over one hundred thousand between the rising and the setting of one summer sun. It is a rout which usually swells the casualties of a stricken army, but here there was no question of such a thing, and these huge losses were incurred in actual battle. As the attackers, our own casualties were undoubtedly far heavier than those of the enemy, and it is natural that as we turn from that dreadful list we ask ourselves the question whether our gains were worth it. Such a question might be an open one at Neuve Chapelle, or at Loos, but here the answer must be a thousand times "yes."

ITS DECISIVE IMPORTANCE.

Together we had done the greatest day's work in the war, a day's work which may well prove to be decisive as to the military issue in the West. It was not a line of trenches which we broke; it was in truth the fortified frontier of Germany built up by a year and a half of unremitting labour. By breaking it at one point we had outflanked it from the Somme to the sea, and however slow the process might be of getting room for our forces to deploy, and pushing the Germans off our flank, it was certain that sooner or later that line must be rolled up from end to end. Certain, too, was it that under our gunfire no other frontier of similar strength could grow up in front of us until we reached some pre-arranged and permanent line. That was the great new departure which may be dated from July 1st, and is an ample recompense for our losses. These young lives were gladly laid down as a price for final victory—and history may show that it was really on those Picardy slopes that final victory was in truth ensured. Even as the day of Gettysburg was the turning-point of the American Civil War, and as that of Paardeburg was the real death-blow to the Boers, so the breaking of the line between Fricourt and Frise may well prove to have been the decisive victory in the terrible conflict which the swollen dreams of Prussia had brought upon the world.

Even in view of recent events the Author is in no way disposed to change his view of July 1st, 1916, although the Russian treason has profoundly modified all calculations. If the present German push had started from their old line it would have carried them easily into Amiens.

THE PROBLEM CLUB.

By BARRY PAIN.

Illustrated by A. Garrett.

No. VII.

THE SHAKESPEAREAN PROBLEM.

THE failure of the members to discover the identity of Leonard—the last problem that he had set them—meant that at the forty-ninth meeting the prize was doubled, and a cheque for two hundred and twenty pounds awaited the lucky winner. Leonard, formerly known as a capable head-waiter and an astute setter of problems, had revealed himself as the grandson and heir of the Lord Herngill who had founded the club, and had been elected to membership. He had described himself further as a poet. He had now travelled up from Yorkshire for the express purpose of attending the first meeting after his election, and the dinner with which the proceedings opened showed him, as had been expected, a charming, accomplished, and quite amusing companion.

Young Hesseltine and the Rev. Septimus Cunliffe were, respectively, chairman and secretary for the evening. The chairman, equipped with a bound copy of Shakespeare, and certain other forms of refreshment, read out the terms of the competition. They were longer than usual, and ran as follows :—

"Members are required, in the course of conversation, to make undetected quotations from Shakespeare, and to detect and challenge the quotations which are made by other members.

"The score is two for making an undetected quotation, and one for detecting and challenging a quotation made by another. The highest score wins. If any member challenges as a quotation from Shakespeare words which are not a quotation from that author, he will have one deducted from his score. Any member with a score of minus three is out of the game.

"The method of challenging will be by raising one hand, when the chairman will temporarily arrest proceedings and investigate. Where several members raise their hands simultaneously, all will score the detection, or be penalized for the failure, as the case may be. Otherwise, only the first hand up can score or be penalized.

"A quotation must consist of more than four words, or it will not rank as a quotation. The words must be given in their correct order, but otherwise any attempt may be made to disguise the quotation. Any member who has made an undetected quotation should notify it to the chairman at the earliest opportunity, while it is still fresh in the memory.

"Detection, to be valid, should be made immediately—say, within twenty seconds of the utterance of the quotation.

"The chairman will stop the competition when in his opinion all members have had a fair and full chance of speaking, and on all disputed points his ruling is absolute."

"Yes," said the chairman, when he had read out the above, "our new problem-setter, the mysterious editor of *The Pig-Keepers' Friend*, seems to be rather a lengthy beggar. More like a round game than a problem, to my mind. I can imagine literary circles playing it on winter evenings. However, I think we've

most of us got the hang of it. There's double the usual amount of boodle in the jack-pot, but all the same I'm not sorry to be debarred from competing. I had a good deal of Shakespeare boosted into me by schoolmasters when I was a boy, but I fear that it ain't stuck to me. Well, it's all up to the high-brows to-night. And I'll call on our old friend Leonard, who's our new member, Lord Herngill, to start the ball rolling, and our *padre* to keep the score as directed."

"Well," said Leonard, "I can't say that I am a stranger here, but I am certainly a new member, and very glad to be. Now I told you that I was a poet, but a writer of poetry is not necessarily a reader of poetry. I can't say whether he ought to be or not." He paused to relight a cigarette. "To be candid——"

"I challenge," said Mr. Cunliffe, with uplifted hand. "The quotation is, 'To be or not to be,' rather cunningly broken up."

"Admitted," said Leonard.

"Then," said the chairman, "the secretary will score one to himself."

"At the same time," said Leonard, "I should like him to score two to me. The words, 'I am a stranger here,' are a quotation from 'King Richard II.,' Act 2, Scene iii. Northumberland speaks them. And the quotation was not recognized."

This was verified and found correct and the score allowed. The chairman turned to the Hon. James Feldane, who was sitting—or, to be accurate, reclining—in the chair next to Leonard. "Go ahead, Jimmy," he said.

"Very well," said Jimmy, wearily. "The —er—the quality of mercy——"

Five hands went into the air together.

"Jimmy," said the chairman, "it looks as if you were pretty considerably challenged—by five simultaneously. You, Major Byles, being one of them, will tell us why."

"Why?" exclaimed the Major. "Because it's one of the best-known quotations in Shakespeare. I won't swear which play it comes from, but everybody knows it. Let's see, how does it go? 'The quality of mercy is not strained, but droppeth like the thingamy of the something-or-other.'"

"Any defence, Jimmy?" asked the chairman.

"Somewhat," said Jimmy. "I said, 'The quality of mercy.' I admit it. I glory in it. But that's only four words, and it's laid down that four words do not make a quotation."

"That is so. I fear that the Major, Dr. Alden, our only K.C., and our two artist-members must all have a minus one recorded against them."

"What I was going to have said when they interrupted me was that the quality of mercy differed in some material respects from coffee that has been made with a percolator. Same thought as Shakey's, but a different mode of expression. Five of you have now lost a life through being premature. You need to be careful. A score of minus three puts you outside of any chance of two hundred and twenty of the very best. And I'm dangerous to-night—I'm out for blood. The brindled cat winds slowly o'er the lea—anybody like to challenge that?"

Wildersley said it would make a good title for an Academy picture, but nobody asserted that it was Shakespeare—not even Jimmy.

"You're an unenterprising lot," said Jimmy, disdainfully. "But I'll give you one more chance. 'Satiate at length, and heightened as with wine.' That's more than four words. Any challengers?"

"Yes," said Sir Charles, holding up his hand. "I don't know for certain, but it's got the flavour of the period in it. Anyway, I'd sooner lose one life than let you score a triumphant two for it."

"Then you'll lose the life. It's a quotation all right, but it happens to be a little bit that I cut out of the best end of 'Paradise Lost,' by J. Milton, Esquire. And Jimmy leant back

"THE CHAIRMAN, EQUIPPED WITH A BOUND COPY OF SHAKESPEARE, AND CERTAIN OTHER FORMS OF REFRESHMENT."

in his chair satisfied. He had scored nothing for himself, but he had done something to spoil the chances of six other men.

The chairman turned to Sir Charles. "Don't you think that Jimmy's an irreverent young blackguard?" he asked.

"Well," said Sir Charles, with an air of quiet dignity, "Jimmy is young and I am old. As we progress on life's journey, we old men cease to expect to find universal agreement with our views. We know that our opinions are our own, but cannot be all the world's." He paused and sighed. "A stage or two farther on, and Jimmy may come to think, as I do now, that——" And here suddenly Sir Charles broke off and chuckled. "Well, I'm blest!" he said. "I never expected to do it. I knew this wasn't a little nest of Shakespeareans, but I did think that you'd spot the best-known line in Shakespeare."

That air of pathetic dignity had merely been a bit of acting, but the acting had been so good that it had distracted the attention from the words. Otherwise members must have found in Sir Charles's remarks the well-worn tag that "All the world's a stage." It scored two for Sir Charles, thus putting him on the way to a win, at any rate.

A few minutes later another well-known quotation very nearly came through unscathed. Somebody, speaking of Leonard, had said, "Leonard, or Lord Herngill, whichever he prefers to be called."

Leonard smilingly said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. He admitted afterwards that he had not had the slightest intention of quoting Shakespeare. He had merely uttered a platitude because it happened to be apt, though as soon as he said it he recognized his own quotation. Unfortunately for him, the Rev. Septimus Cunliffe had also recognized it, and by challenging it added one to a score that was growing slowly but surely. He attempted no quotation himself, and never challenged unless he was sure. To put it plainly, he played for safety.

"Yes," said Jimmy Feldane, plaintively, commenting on this incident, "one of the worst points about Mr. W. Shakespeare is that he made such a lot of proverbs. I don't want to brag, but I suppose I've read as little as most people, and I expect that even I don't keep clear of Shakespearean quotation altogether. I'm not aiming at him, but every now and then he flies into it, so to speak."

The supercilious Mr. Quillian had provided himself with a stock of quotations from Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakespeare, and did deadly work with them. They were challenged, and brought the penalty on the challengers. And having thus inspired a dread of traps, he introduced three quotations which really were from Shakespeare, and two of them got through undetected. Pusely-Smythe, who generally welcomed a chance of a friendly duel with Quillian, remained silent, watching him with sardonic amusement.

The game became very strenuous. There was the closest attention in order to spot any veritable quotation. Every strategic dodge that had been thought of during the previous month was brought into action, to induce a challenge that would be penalized, or to get a quotation through undetected. Several members reached minus three, and were ruled out.

"This game is too much for me," said Mr. Matthews, on losing his third life. "It's too subtle. The American game of draw-poker, with three jokers in the pack and one of the players a crook, is simple, transparent, and child-like compared to it. However, one of the joys of being out of it is that I can get myself that little drink that I have long needed." And he made his way to the side-table.

"Mr. Chairman," said Sir Charles, "I think a ten-minutes' interval would be welcome. It's wearing work to keep on thinking what one is saying."

His suggestion was warmly supported and accepted by the chairman. Some members followed the comfortable example of Mr. Matthews. Some chuckled over the clever caricatures, drawn on the back of bridge-markers, with which Wildersley had been occupying his enforced leisure; an excess of zeal over discretion had put him out of the game at an early stage. All consulted the secretary's score-sheet. Quillian was leading with a score of nine. The secretary and Sir Charles were each at eight. Major Byles was three, and Pusely-Smythe one. Jimmy Feldane was minus one, and Lord Herngill—who had at one time reached the noble score of four—had by reckless challenging brought himself to the perilous position of minus two.

"Can't make it out," said Mr. Matthews to him. "You used to set all our problems. You ought to be a flyer at this kind of a game."

"It's an easy job to set problems," said Leonard, "and to set them so that you can solve them, but it's a different thing altogether to solve the problems that somebody else has set."

"Oh, well, it's an open thing still. Quillian's just leading, but I don't believe he'll pull it off. Sha'n't be surprised if old Bunford is two hundred and twenty the richer before the evening's out."

Proceedings were now resumed. "Come now, Pusely-Smythe," said the chairman, "we've not heard much from you to-night."

"Afraid of being challenged?" suggested Quillian.

"As a rule," said Pusely-Smythe, angrily, "I'm told that I am much too venturous. However, my learned friend, if you want to talk, go on and I will wait for you. The chairman called on me to speak, not you, and as a matter of fact I had a thing to say. But let it go—it may make trouble later, and then you'll remember I told you what would come of this. Your blessed challenges, indeed! You may think you can do everything, but I know you can do very little."

Quillian stared at him aghast and perplexed.

"Really," he said, "I don't understand

"YOUR BLESSED CHALLENGES, INDEED! YOU MAY THINK YOU CAN DO EVERYTHING, BUT I KNOW YOU CAN DO VERY LITTLE."

this outburst. I had not the slightest intention——"

But here he was interrupted by Pusely-Smythe's laughter. "All right, old man," said Pusely-Smythe, cheerily. "Don't worry. It was all spoof and part of the game. Thanks to you, I've just made five undetected quotations from the work of the bard. You're my benefactor. In fact, as the Orientals say, you are my father and my mother, and I am the son of a dog."

"Five?" said the chairman. "It hardly seems possible."

But Pusely-Smythe made out his list and it was found to be quite correct. The five quotations were as follows:—

"I am much too venturous," "King Henry VIII.," Act 1, Scene ii.

"And I will wait for you," "Julius Cæsar," Act 1, Scene ii.

"I had a thing to say—but let it go," King John," Act 3, Scene iii.

"I told you what would come of this," "The Winter's Tale," Act 4, Scene iii.

"I know you can do very little," "Coriolanus," Act 2, Scene i.

"It's a great *coup*," said the chairman. "It puts you right at the head of the list. Closing time is imminent, gentlemen. So if you have anything else to say, get on with it."

"Well," said Quillian, "somebody ought to have spotted him. It's really more our carelessness than his cleverness. But I should imagine that's the last undetected quotation he will be able to get through to-night. You're a watched man now."

"By Jove, yes," said the Major.

"Since you talk like that," said Pusely-Smythe, smiling, "I will make another quotation. By the way, how long will you give me? I should have asked you that before, of course."

"Five minutes," said the Major. "And then perhaps we might close the competition, if the chairman sees fit."

A general agreement was reached on this point, and Pusely-Smythe was enjoined by the chairman to get on with it.

"I've finished, thanks," said Pusely-Smythe. "The words, 'I should have asked you that before,' are a quotation from a play called 'Romeo and Juliet.' It's the second scene of the first act—Romeo speaking."

The quotation was verified, and advanced Pusely-Smythe's score to thirteen—a lucky number for once—thus leaving him an easy winner.

"And," said young Hesseltine, the chairman, as he handed him the cheque, "considering the way you must have sweated through tons and tons of absolute Shakespeare during the month, in order to pick out the little bits that didn't look like quotations, I'm not sure that you haven't earned about five per cent. of it."

The chairman now opened the sealed envelope containing the problem for the next month. In this the talented editor of *The Pig-Keepers' Friend* had been quite brief. It was entitled "The Impersonation Problem," and the terms of it were as follows:—

"It is required to be mistaken for six different people in the course of one hour."

"He don't use any unnecessary words about it," said Mr. Matthews.

But it may be remembered that the editor of *The Pig-Keepers' Friend* was also a poet—and real poets never use unnecessary words.

Photo. by J. Russell & Sons.

The Humour of Charles Harrison.

By

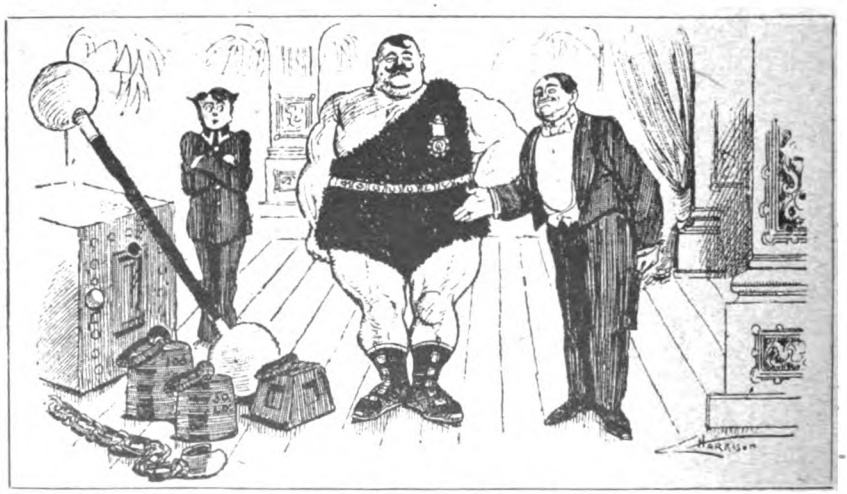
ADRIAN MARGAUX.

ALTHOUGH he bears lightly the years of middle age, Charles Harrison may be described as one of the veterans, comparatively speaking, of English humorous art. His recollections go back to *Funny Folks*, one of the best of the many comic journals of the nineteenth century, which flourished for a time and then unaccountably expired; and the defunct *St. Stephen's Review*, on whose staff he had as a colleague Phil May, then just beginning his brief but brilliant career.

It was on *Funny Folks* that Mr. Harrison had his first regular engagement as a humorous artist. Before that he had made his *début* in illustrated journalism with a London suburban comic paper, which he ran himself in conjunction with a local printer. The venture, I gather, was short-lived—a successful comic journal in a London suburb sounds so obviously impossible—but it served its purpose in convincing Mr. Harrison where his true vocation lay.

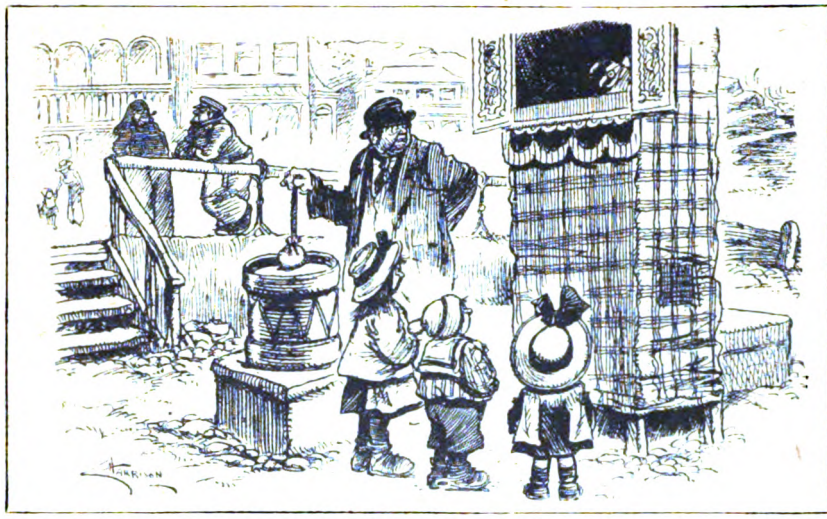
Coming of a London family which had been associated with the theatre for two or three generations, Mr. Harrison started his career at a very tender age as a child-actor. In this capacity he appeared on the boards with many theatrical stars, a performance of "Oliver Twist," in which he appeared in the name-part, being particularly memorable as having included in the cast Irving, Toole, and Brough.

On "growing up" Mr. Harrison forsook the stage and obtained employment in "the City"; but commercial work proved far from congenial to his temperament. Having discovered that he had some facility with his pencil, he took some lessons of an evening in freehand and model drawing—the only instruction he has ever received—with a vague idea of making art his profession. But in the circumstances Mr. Harrison naturally found the first steps towards gaining a livelihood from his pencil exceedingly difficult, and after a short time he returned to the stage. He became a member of what used to be called "stock companies," visiting a circuit of towns, and possibly taking part in a different play every night of the week. He recalls how very often the play to be produced would be decided upon twenty-four hours in advance, and this meant sitting up half the night "studying" his part. "I found the life



MUSIC-HALL MANAGER: "Ladies and gentlemen, may I mention that Herculea, who is about to present his astounding weight-lifting and iron-bar-bending act, has nobly responded to his country's call, but has been rejected as medically unfit."

By permission of "The Passing Show."



A THEATRICAL SLUMP.

SHOWMAN (inside show, to mate): "Any good startin' now, mate?"
Bill: "Not yet; there's only three dead-'eads in the stalls!"

By permission of "The Passing Show."

SPIRITUAL STARVATION.

"Yus, mum, we've all got to cut down our pleasures in war-time. Why, for the first time for twenty years we ain't got no performin' fleas down here."

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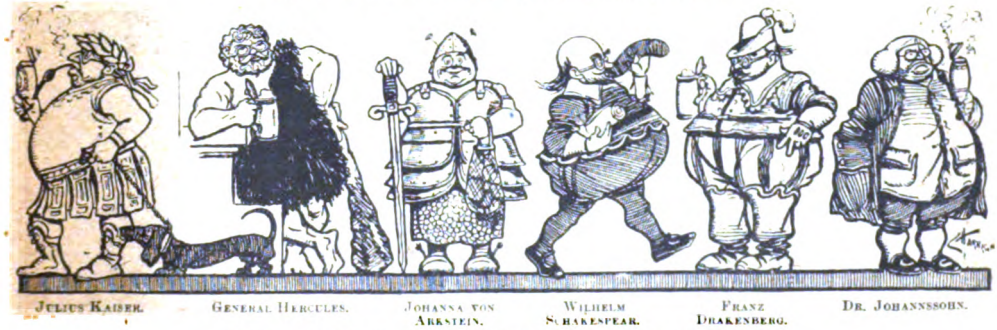


SOME OF THE GREATEST FIGURES OF ALL AGES.
Recently discovered, by German research, to have been of Teutonic birth.

Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

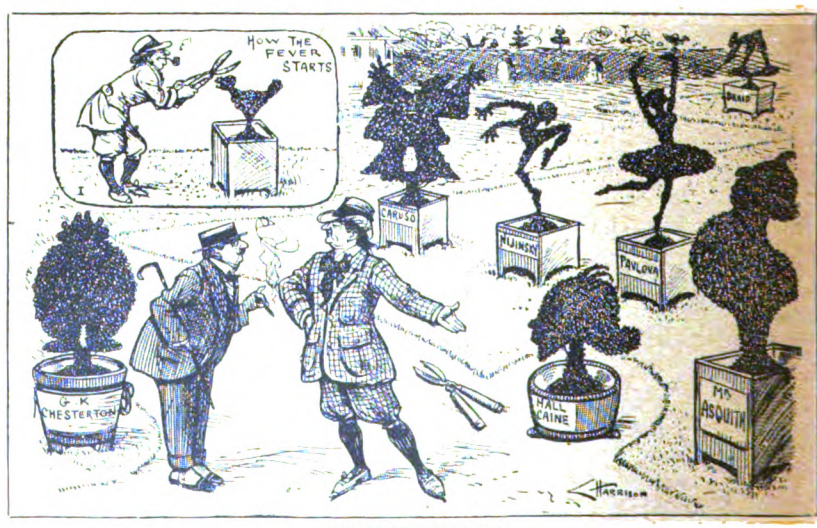
REALISM IN ART.

PAVEMENT ARTIST: "I wish you'd keep your cat indoors, ma'am; he's always licking off my fish studies."

By permission of "Winter's Pie."

exceedingly trying," Mr. Harrison declares, and after a time he resumed, in such leisure as he had, his effort to obtain recognition as a black-and-white artist.

His first success came with a commission from a firm of publishers to illustrate a series of children's books—mostly old nursery rhymes, for which he produced spirited pictures in colours. Then he began to get drawings accepted for *Funny Folks*, and when these contributions led to an engagement on its staff he said good-bye to the stage and settled in London as a black-and-white artist. From that time until the present day Charles Harrison has been one of the most prolific contributors of graphic humour to the Press, his work appearing in such diverse periodicals as *Cassell's Saturday Journal* and *London Opinion*, *Pearson's Weekly*, *Punch* and the *Daily Mail*, the New York *Judge* and the *Sketch*. It was in the first-named journal, in the early "'nineties," that Mr. Harrison ran for some years a series of social cartoons, which might be regarded as the forerunner of Mr. W. K. Haselden's well-known feature in the *Daily Mirror*. They appeared but once a fortnight, however, and Mr. Harrison confesses that when he tried to emulate—in the *Daily Express*—Mr. Haselden's exploit of daily production the strain of the task proved to be beyond his endurance. "For six months or so I drew a daily cartoon for the *Daily Express*, and it was a unique experience in taking a current topic, extracting all humour from it, and preparing the drawing at a rapid rate. I would arrange the subject with the Editor between four and five o'clock, and as the sketch had to be finished by seven, it meant concentrating all my energy to draw a cartoon of six pictures by that time. Anxious engravers eager to make the block would hover about me with their watches in their hands. On days when topics were 'cartoonable,' to coin a word, it was delightful work, in spite of the rush, but on days when there was nothing doing and topics were flat or difficult to extract any fun from, the cartoonist's lot was not a happy one. Still, though I have sometimes gone up the stairs of the *Express* office



TOPIARY FEVER

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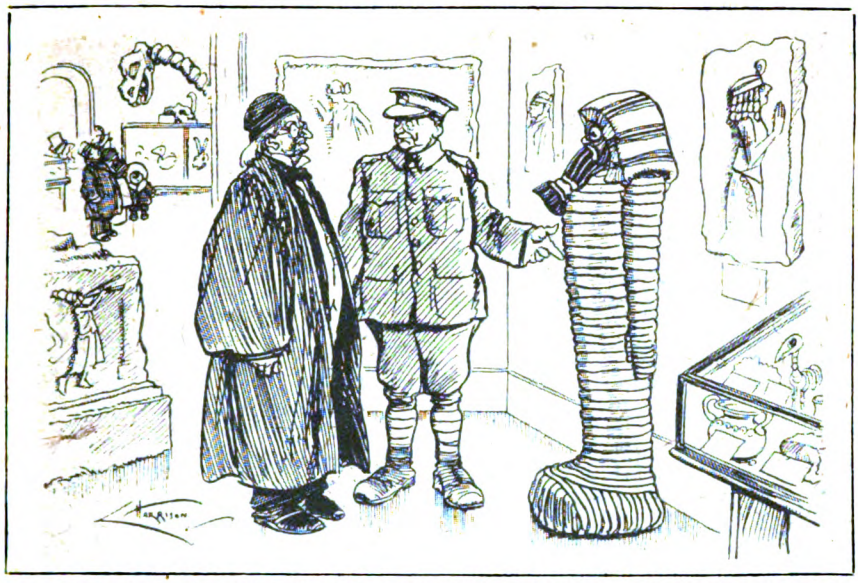


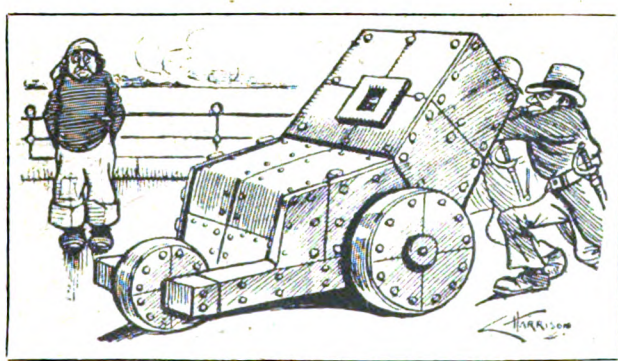
PERSIFLAGE, NOT OF THE AIR BOARD: PRICELESS TREASURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TOMMY (inspecting the Museum, to a scholarly visitor): "Beg pardon, sir, but who is this 'ere party in puttees?"

By permission of "The Sketch."

wondering what on earth I was going to make a cartoon of for the next day's issue, the fates were usually kind and something was evolved. But I often used to get home about nine o'clock absolutely worn out. And so I came to the conclusion that the strain was too great."

But if Charles Harrison as an artist, like Charles Dickens as an editor, proved unequal to the ordeal of daily journalism, in the versatility of his talent he is probably without a superior among our humorists of the pencil. The wide range of the periodicals in which his work has appeared, to which I have just referred, bears testimony to this fact. He can adapt himself to the classic traditions of *Punch* with as much facility as to the dash and freedom of *The Passing Show*.



ENTERPRISE ON OUR EAST COAST.
The Anti-Zeppelin Bath-chair.

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Mr. Harrison's versatility is the more extraordinary inasmuch as he makes no use of models, but relies entirely on observation and memory. His gallery of characters comprises shopkeepers and City gentlemen, policemen and street-urchins, domestic servants and "flappers," ladies of fashion and working women, gentlemen in khaki and street vagabonds. Some of his most successful drawings for *Punch* have been in burlesque of the ancient art of Egypt, Japan, and China. There is no "Harrison type"; he has taken all humanity—of London at least—for his sphere, and his rendering of it on the humorous side is always faithful and true to life.

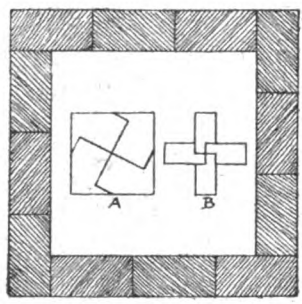
Mr. Harrison declares—but he does not quite convince you of the fact—that his mind is not naturally very inventive, although he has been called in Fleet Street "the idea factory." Kind members of the public have sent him from all parts of the world suggestions for pictorial jokes, and these occasionally prove useful. Of course, on some days the inventive fount flows freely, providing him with a surplus of subjects for times when it runs dry.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

409.—THE DOMINO SWASTIKA.

HERE is an elegant new puzzle sent to me by Mr. Wilfred Bailey. Form a square frame with twelve dominoes, as shown in the illustration. Now, with only four extra dominoes, form within the frame a swastika. The reader may hit on the idea at once, or it may give him considerable trouble. In any case he cannot fail to be pleased with the solution. For



the benefit of those who do not happen to be familiar with the swastika—the most ancient of all symbols, meaning "Good luck to you"—I give two examples. The first, A, is from one of our old cutting-out puzzles, where, if you make the swastika cuts as shown, the four pieces of the square fit together and form a perfect Greek cross. In the second case, B, four playing cards are so placed together that the swastika is indicated in the centre. How are you to indicate a swastika with the four extra dominoes?

410.—BUILDING A WORD SQUARE.

THIS is a new form of presenting the familiar word square puzzle. The letters in every line will form an English word, and the seven words, when correctly found, will form a word square. The words are not necessarily to be taken in the order given.

G E O R G E N
R E R E N T S
L E S S T E N
R A T R I O T
R A N L E N T
T E N T R A N
R E N T G A S

411.—A CHARADE.

BRITANNIA rules my *first* by means of my *second*, in spite of every caprice of my *whole*.

412.—THE BARREL OF BALSAM.

AN Eastern merchant had three sons, whose intelligence he was frequently putting to the test by means of certain ingenious puzzles that he devised. On one occasion he placed seven barrels in a row, as shown, and told his sons that one of the barrels contained valuable balsam which he would present to him who indicated in one attempt which was the barrel. He said it was the 92,685th barrel if you counted in this way. You must start at the 1, count up to the 7, then backwards to the 1, then on to the 7 again, and so on. So that the eighth barrel would be No. 6,

the fourteenth barrel No. 2, the twenty-fifth barrel No. 1, and so on, always going backwards and forwards. The first son simply made a guess, but as he had only one chance in seven of being right it is not surprising that he failed. The next son industriously started to make the actual count—a big undertaking, as the reader will find—but the third son quietly retired and thought the thing out, with the result that he soon hit on a method that enabled him to indicate correctly the barrel of balsam before his brother had reached the fifth thousand in his count. Which was the barrel?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

405.—THE NINE SQUARES GAME.

I SHOULD play M N. My opponent may play H L and I play C D. (If he had played C D, I should have replied H L, leaving the same position.) The best he can now do is D H (scoring one), but, as he has to play again, I win the remaining eight squares.

406.—A CARD TRICK.

EVERY pile must contain thirteen cards, less the value of the bottom card. Therefore thirteen times the number of piles less the sum of the bottom cards, and plus the number of cards left over, must equal fifty-two, the number in the pack. Thus thirteen times the number of piles plus number of cards left over, less fifty-two, must equal sum of bottom cards. Or, which is the same thing, the number of piles less four, multiplied by thirteen, and plus the cards left over gives the answer as stated. The algebraically inclined reader can easily express this in terms of his familiar symbols.

407.—MORE BICYCLING.

A RIDES $7\frac{1}{27}$ miles, B rides $1\frac{13}{27}$ miles, and C rides $11\frac{13}{27}$ miles, making the twenty miles in all. They may ride in any order, only each man should complete his ride in one mount and the second rider must always walk both before and after riding. They will each take $3\frac{8}{9}$ hours on the journey and therefore will all arrive together.

408.—DECAPITATIONS.

GROWING—rowing—owing—wing. Trifling—rifling—I fling—fling. Caprice—a price—rice—ice.

The Feet of the Young Men.

By

"BARTIMEUS."

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

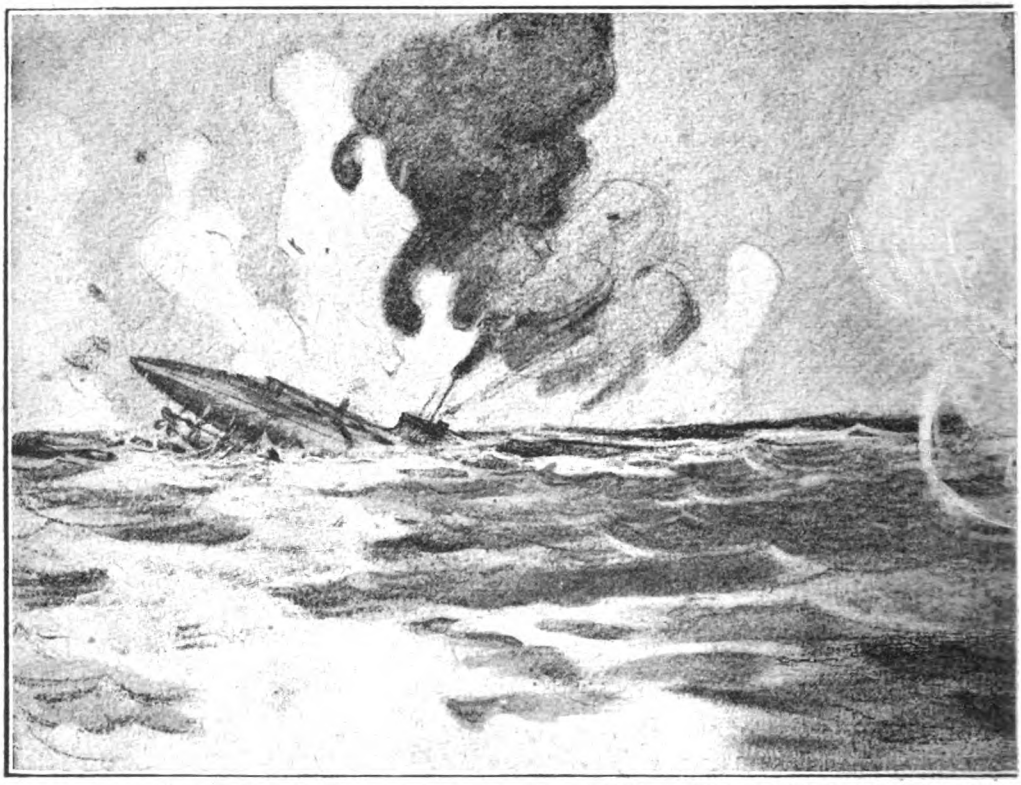
HE was nearer seventy than sixty: that is to say, he was an old man as they reckon age afloat. There was a stoop about his shoulders that hinted at the burden of his years, but his eyes, blue and direct beneath ragged white eyebrows, were young enough; and a man's eyes are the mirrors of his spirit.

He stood on the quarter-deck of the armed yacht under his command, pacing slowly to and fro, with those craggy brows almost meeting above his great beak of a nose. There had been a day when a Fleet would have trembled at the portent, and walked delicately, like Agag. That was when he was an Admiral though, and the Flag-Lieutenant would have popped his head into the Secretary's cabin and murmured, "Blowing up for a storm—stand by!" Now, as he stalked with that unforgettable jerky stride of his up and down the narrow confine of the yacht's poop, he was only a Commander of the Royal Naval Reserve—a "dug-out" from the Retired List—with three curly rings of lace on the cuffs of a monkey-jacket cut in a style unfamiliar to the present generation.

Aft, by the ensign-staff, he halted, and pulled a letter out of the breast-pocket of the quaintly-cut monkey-jacket. It had come by the morning mail, a typewritten letter, on paper bearing the crest of Admiralty, and it was worded as tactfully as circumstances and the nature of the contents would allow. It referred to the strain of war under modern conditions. It reminded the Admiral that a critical stage of the world conflict had now been reached; and the two postulates taken in conjunction pointed to the necessity for young men being employed in all commands afloat. Their lordships had therefore decided, with regret, . . . etc., etc.

That letter did what the strain of modern war had not yet done—it made the Admiral's hand tremble; he tore it into small pieces and dropped them over the side. The stoop of his old shoulders seemed to have become suddenly accentuated. His firm mouth slackened: he looked what they said he was—an old man.

"Youth will be served," said he, and



"AS THE YACHT SWUNG ROUND THE PORT GUNS OPENED FIRE: A SHELL BURST ON FRAGMENTS OF STEEL

watched the last scrap of paper float away on the tide. "I daresay they know best. They think they do, anyway; that's something, nowadays." Then he drew forth an enormous bandana handkerchief, trumpeted a blast of defiance from his historic nose, and stumped forward to the bridge to take his last command to sea for the last time.

It was late the following afternoon, when the yacht was upon the port bow of a convoy of merchantmen, that the look-out at the crosstrees gave tongue. The Admiral was in the chart-house sprawling affectionately over the chart with notebook and pencil. He enjoyed having the chart-house to himself these days. The Flag-Captains and Navigators of bygone Flagships had always bored him, fussing at either elbow whenever he looked at a chart.

"Periscope, port bow!" bawled the look-out, and simultaneously the alarm gongs jarred at every gun position and action station. The Admiral was beside the quartermaster in two bounds.

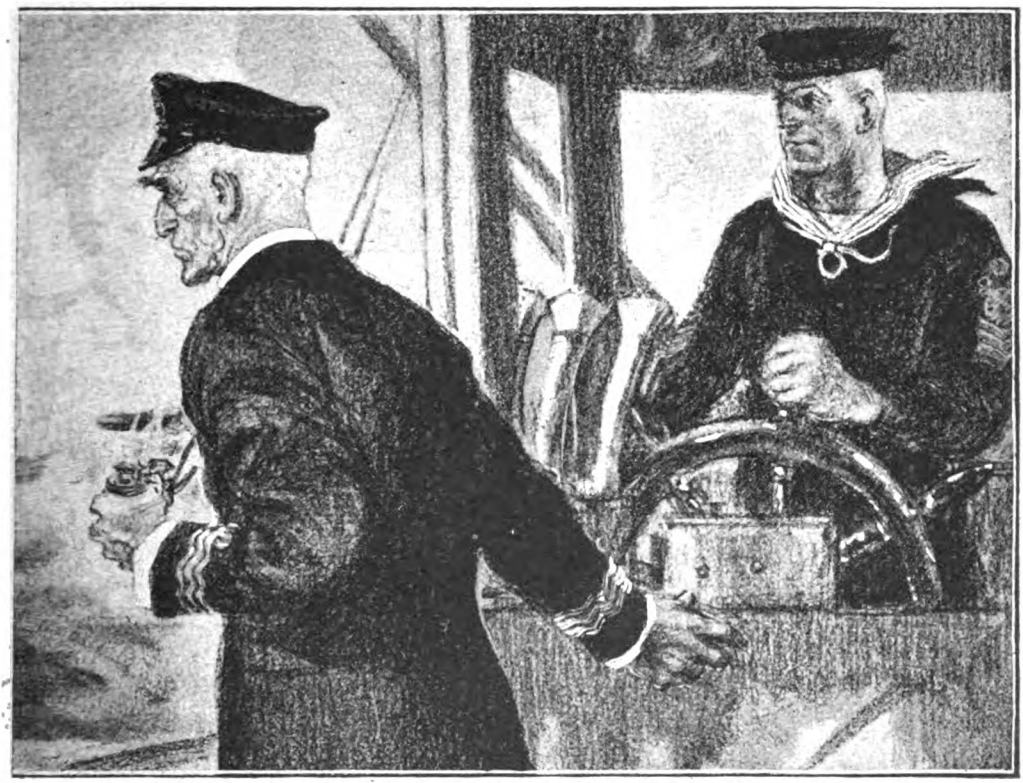
"There she goes, sir," cried the officer of the watch, and indicated with outstretched finger the wicked streak of bubbles that flickered in the wake of a torpedo; it passed ahead, but through his glasses the Admiral was watching the sparkling water for the periscope's feather.

He sighted it almost on the instant, half a mile abeam, an object no bigger than a broom-handle above the wave tops.

Once, thirty years before, in a moment of crisis, he had acted as he did then. It was a wholly unconstitutional proceeding, but on the former occasion it had averted a collision between two battleships of the line. On both occasions it saved a few precious seconds. He grasped the spokes of the wheel with his own hands and wrenched the helm hard-a-starboard before the quartermaster realized he was at his elbow.

The officer of the watch had sprung to the telegraph, and down below the gongs were ringing madly for full speed.

The yacht's owner had built her for speed. He was a rich man, and could afford to gratify a whim. In this case he gratified it to the utmost designer and engineers were capable



THE ARMOURED CONNING-TOWER, SHATTERING THE PERISCOPE AND BLOWING GREAT HIGH INTO THE AIR."

of; but never till this moment had a rich man's craze been so completely justified. Her knife-edge swan-bows clove the dancing waves in twin sickles of spray as she heeled over to her helm and then steadied on the mark that was already swiftly dipping before the unexpected onslaught.

The periscope vanished thirty seconds before the yacht passed over the wash of the unseen scourge, but as it passed the Admiral jerked a lever twice and turned, staring aft down the broken wake that had obliterated all traces of the submarine. By means of the lever he had released a couple of explosive charges, and as he stood shading his eyes from the sun two great columns of foam leaped into the air.

"Hard-a-starboard" he croaked, and over went the helm again. He stepped to the gun control, voice-piped: "Stand by the port guns!" and as he gave the order a greenish-brown cylindrical shape, streaked with rust and spouting oil from gaping seams, appeared in the centre of the boiling scum and foam left by the explosion. Slowly it righted itself, and the hull and conning-tower of a submarine lay on the surface with a heavy list. As the yacht swung round the port guns opened fire: a shell burst on the armoured conning-tower, shattering the periscope and blowing great fragments of steel high into the air. Another penetrated the hull and exploded internally, clouds of vapour pouring from the rents in the shell. The coxswain steadied the wheel, heading the bows straight for the great whale-like object.

Now, the cunning of an old seaman is the cunning of a grey fox. The Admiral held up his hand, and the officer of the watch jerked the telegraphs to "stop." The stern of a vessel driven at high speed is drawn down by the thrust of the propellers. The moment the engines stop the stern rises again and the bows dip. In this case they dipped as they struck the submarine squarely, just abaft the conning-tower, and clove through the rounded hull like a hatchet through a fungus.

They had a glimpse on either bow of the halves of a submarine, still kept afloat by the buoyancy of her tanks and closed compartments. It was only a momentary glimpse—

of glistening shattered machinery and mangled bodies, of hands raised in prayer or anguish. Then both broadsides broke out, pouring a salvo at point-blank range into those smoking segments that vanished amid the flames of bursting shell and leaping water.

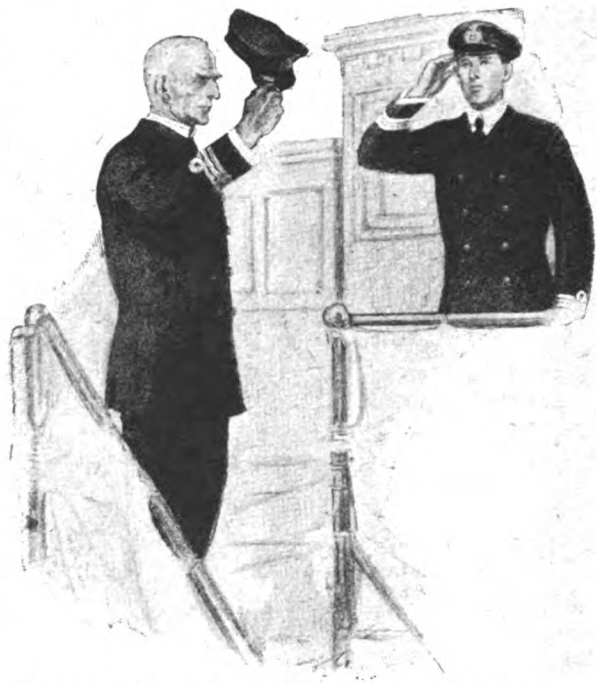
They rescued one prisoner—the Captain, as is not infrequently the case. Him the Admiral caused to be warmed and dried and restored with hot drinks while the yacht, assisted by two destroyers, rounded up the scattered convoy. Then the Admiral interrogated his prisoner.

"You are very young," he said, at the conclusion of the interview.

The Prussian clicked his heels. "It is a young man's war," he said.

"So they tell me," replied the Admiral, dryly.

His relief was waiting on the quay beside his baggage when the yacht—her dainty bows looking like the features of a professional pugilist—tripped back to harbour. He was a young Lieutenant-Commander, fresh from the Grand Fleet—a contemporary, in fact, of the Admiral's son. And early the following morning the Admiral went over the side—not as he might have done ten years earlier, with guard and band, to the shrill twitter of a pipe. He paused at the gangway and laid his left hand on the younger man's shoulder.



"'IT'S A YOUNG MAN'S WAR,' AND TURNED TO DESCEND THE LADDER TO THE DINGHY THAT WAITED ALONGSIDE."

"The race is to the swift," he said. "The battle to the strong. Good luck to you, my lad. You want a bigger gun forward, if you can get 'em to give it to you, and remember she turns quicker on port helm. She's a good little ship."

"Thank you awfully, sir," said the Lieutenant-Commander. "She's a ripping little ship, and I'm only sorry I'm——"

The Admiral doffed his cap after the manner in which a forgotten naval generation saluted.

"Be damned to your sorrow, sir," he said. "It's a young man's war," and turned to descend the ladder to the dinghy that waited alongside.

LEST YOU FORGET!

DO not forget that THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may now be sent* POST FREE *to British soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. All you need do is to hand your copies, without wrapper or address, over the counter at any post-office in the United Kingdom, and they will be sent by the authorities wherever they will be most welcome.*

SOME NOTABLE PEOPLE!

A PUZZLE.

Fill in the position of the figures in the following story with the names of some notabilities—more or less famous and mostly modern.

HIS LAST DAY OF LEAVE.

It was a **1** summer morning, and a fresh breeze was blowing on young Hamilton's face as he lay in bed. He was six feet four inches in height (quite a **2**!), and when he jumped up to shut the dormer window as a cloud of **3** blew in, he knocked his head against the roof of his **4** bedroom. Such **5** are not built for a tall **6**! "By **7**," he exclaimed, as he looked at his watch, "it's seven o'clock!"

A **8** odour and a sizzling sound from below told of breakfast **9**-ing on the **10**; **11** was **12**-ing, toast **13**, eggs **14**-ing, and he had the appetite of the "**15** Norseman."

He left his paper unopened. To-day he wanted to forget the broken **16** Convention, Will the Kaiser, and **17** at Verdun, Belgian and **18** Allies, and everything connected with war, and spend the day out of doors with his dog Odin. He loved Nature, and his comrades called him **19** because he laughed so much, though he was no **20** than his fellows.

Breakfast **21**, he packed a small **22** bag with camera, etc., a large meat **23**, and other picnic rations, and with a stout stick instead of his usual **24** left the house and caught one of the **25** the road which took him to the **26**. It was not far down the country road to Lord C.'s park where Robin, his head **27**, housed Odin. Passing a garden fragrant with sweet **28**, he heard a shout, "Love 15." "**29**," he thought; but the game held no attraction for him to-day.

At the park **30** gate, **31** and little daughter **32**-ed him with bows and **33**, but the dog had long since met him with **34** gambols of delight.

Their goal was a solitary **35** on a hilltop near the sea. Avoiding high **36** they took short cuts across fields and down lovely lanes, then rested in a **37** of oak, **38**, and elm.

Hamilton was no mean **39**, and he sang now with fine, clear notes and **40** hearing, for the very joy of living! No lark or **41** could vie with him!

Then they crossed a rustic **42** and followed a mossy path with a **43** stream on one side and a **44** on the other, a beautiful sight with the **45** trees at their loveliest, past cottages with old wooden-covered **46**, through **47**-scented meadows till they reached their **48** top, and **49** his head to the breeze, Hamilton sat down to enjoy the **50** view. **51** clouds now flecked the sky, **52** where the sun shone through them it showed entrancing **53** of blue, **54**, purple, and **55** on the sea, and **56**-capped waves on the horizon. A gentle paw reminded the man that it was dinner-time, and being **57** hungered—master and dog ate a hearty meal, and then lay down for a nap, Odin with one ear awake keeping watch and **58** over the bag.

A growl brought Hamilton to his feet. An evil-eyed tramp begged for food, which was given generously, for he certainly looked **59** and ready for a **60**! But to this was added a decided though not brutal kick downhill when he began to whine for **61**. Then Hamilton turned: "Great **62**!" he exclaimed, "we are in for a **63** storm, Odin." **64** clouds were rushing up the sky, **65** growls of thunder grew louder every minute, and there were other signs of the coming **66**. From the **67** height of the cliff he saw the **68**-men dragging their boats up higher.

"**69** bless you, sir, you're nigh drownded," exclaimed his landlady, "and your last day spoilt!" "Nonsense," he laughed; "get me some hot tea while I change, I never spent a **70** enjoyable day in my life!"

KEY TO NOTABILITIES PUZZLE.

1. Bright, John; 2. Longfellow, Henry W.; 3. Smuts, General; 4. Garrett, Elizabeth; 5. Chambers, W. and R.; 6. Tennant, Dorothy; 7. George, Lloyd; 8. Savory, Sir William; 9. Cook, Captain; 10. Kitchener, Lord; 11. Bacon, Roger; 12. Fry, Elizabeth; 13. Browning, Robert; 14. Boyle, (V.C.) Commander; 15. Hardie, Keir; 16. Haig, Sir Douglas; 17. Wilson (Will's son), President; 18. French, Lord; 19. Merriman, Seton; 20. Whittier, John G.; 21. Dunn, Sir William; 22. Gladstone, W. E.; 23. Patti, Adelina; 24. Caine, Hall; 25. Carson, Sir Edward; 26. Townshend, General; 27. Gardiner, S. R.; 28. Pease, Samuel; 29. Tennyson, Alfred (Lord); 30. Lodge, Sir Oliver; 31. Robinson, Lieut. Leefe; 32. Greet, Ben; 33. "Bobs" (Lord Roberts); 34. Wilde, Oscar; 35. Tree, Beerbohm; 36. Rhodes, Cecil; 37. Wood, Sir Evelyn; 38. Asche, Oscar; 39. Singer (Sewing Machines); 40. Wordsworth, William; 41. Nightingale, Florence; 42. Bridge, Sir Frederick; 43. Mill, John Stuart; 44. Shaw, Bernard; 45. Beach, Sir Michael Hicks; 46. Wells, H. G.; 47. Hay, Ian; 48. Hill, Rowland; 49. Baring, Sir Evelyn; 50. Grand, Sarah; 51. Grey, Viscount; 52. Butt, Clara; 53. Hughes, Tom; 54. Green (Historian); 55. Brown, John; 56. White, Sir George; 57. Botha, General; 58. Ward, Mrs. Humphry; 59. Haggard, Rider; 60. Beit, Otto; 61. Money, Chiozza; 62. Scott, Captain; 63. Bigge, Lord Stamfordham; 64. Black, William; 65. Lowe, Sir Robert; 66. Tempest, Marie; 67. "Dizzy," Disraeli; 68. Fisher, Lord; 69. Law, Bonar; 70. More, Sir Thomas.

in his chair satisfied. He had scored nothing for himself, but he had done something to spoil the chances of six other men.

The chairman turned to Sir Charles. "Don't you think that Jimmy's an irreverent young blackguard?" he asked.

"Well," said Sir Charles, with an air of quiet dignity, "Jimmy is young and I am old. As we progress on life's journey, we old men cease to expect to find universal agreement with our views. We know that our opinions are our own, but cannot be all the world's." He paused and sighed. "A stage or two farther on, and Jimmy may come to think, as I do now, that——" And here suddenly Sir Charles broke off and chuckled. "Well, I'm blest!" he said. "I never expected to do it. I knew this wasn't a little nest of Shakespeareans, but I did think that you'd spot the best-known line in Shakespeare."

That air of pathetic dignity had merely been a bit of acting, but the acting had been so good that it had distracted the attention from the words. Otherwise members must have found in Sir Charles's remarks the well-worn tag that "All the world's a stage." It scored two for Sir Charles, thus putting him on the way to a win, at any rate.

A few minutes later another well-known quotation very nearly came through unscathed. Somebody, speaking of Leonard, had said, "Leonard, or Lord Herngill, whichever he prefers to be called."

Leonard smilingly said that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet. He admitted afterwards that he had not had the slightest intention of quoting Shakespeare. He had merely uttered a platitude because it happened to be apt, though as soon as he said it he recognized his own quotation. Unfortunately for him, the Rev. Septimus Cunliffe had also recognized it, and by challenging it added one to a score that was growing slowly but surely. He attempted no quotation himself, and never challenged unless he was sure. To put it plainly, he played for safety.

"Yes," said Jimmy Feldane, plaintively, commenting on this incident, "one of the worst points about Mr. W. Shakespeare is that he made such a lot of proverbs. I don't want to brag, but I suppose I've read as little as most people, and I expect that even I don't keep clear of Shakespearean quotation altogether. I'm not aiming at him, but every now and then he flies into it, so to speak."

The supercilious Mr. Quillian had provided himself with a stock of quotations from Elizabethan dramatists other than Shakespeare, and did deadly work with them. They were challenged, and brought the penalty on the challengers. And having thus inspired a dread of traps, he introduced three quotations which really were from Shakespeare, and two of them got through undetected. Pusely-Smythe, who generally welcomed a chance of a friendly duel with Quillian, remained silent, watching him with sardonic amusement.

The game became very strenuous. There was the closest attention in order to spot a veritable quotation. Every strategic [illegible] that had been thought of during the past month was brought into action, to induce a challenge that would be penalized, or to get a quotation through undetected. Several members reached minus three, and were ruled [illegible]

"This game is too much for me," said Matthews, on losing his third life. "It's too subtle. The American game of draw poker with three jokers in the pack and one of the players a crook, is simple, transparent, and [illegible] like compared to it. However, one of the joys of being out of it is that I can get myself a little drink that I have long needed." And he made his way to the side-table.

"Mr. Chairman," said Sir Charles, "I move a ten-minutes' interval would be welcome. It's wearing work to keep on thinking what one is saying."

His suggestion was warmly supported and accepted by the chairman. Some members followed the comfortable example of Matthews. Some chuckled over the clever [illegible] tures, drawn on the back of bridge-[illegible] with which Wildersley had been occupying enforced leisure; an excess of zeal or discretion had put him out of the game at this stage. All consulted the secretary's score sheet. Quillian was leading with a score of nine. The secretary and Sir Charles were each at eight. Major Byles was third with Pusely-Smythe one. Jimmy Feldane was minus one, and Lord Herngill—who had at one time reached the noble score of five—by reckless challenging brought himself into perilous position of minus two.

"Can't make it out," said Mr. Matthews to him. "You used to set all our problems. You ought to be a flyer at this kind of [illegible]

"It's an easy job to set problems," said Leonard, "and to set them so that people can solve them, but it's a different thing altogether to solve the problems that somebody else has set."

"Oh, well, it's an open thing still. I'm just leading, but I don't believe he'll stay off. Sha'n't be surprised if old Bunfo[illegible] hundred and twenty the richer before evening's out."

Proceedings were now resumed. "Come, Pusely-Smythe," said the chairman, "we've not heard much from you to-night."

"Afraid of being challenged?" said Quillian.

"As a rule," said Pusely-Smythe, "I'm told that I am much too [illegible] However, my learned friend, if you will talk, go on and I will wait for you. The chair called on me to speak, not you, and as a matter of fact I had a thing to say. But I'll keep it may make trouble later, and then you remember I told you what would come. Your blessed challenges, indeed! I think you can do everything, but I can do very little."

Quillian stared at him aghast and [illegible]

"Really," he said, "I don't [illegible]

"YOUR BLESSED CHALLENGES, INDEED! YOU MAY THINK YOU CAN DO EVERYTHING, BUT I KNOW YOU CAN DO VERY LITTLE."

this outburst. I had not the slightest intention——"

But here he was interrupted by Pusely-Smythe's laughter. "All right, old man," said Pusely-Smythe, cheerily. "Don't worry. It was all spoof and part of the game. Thanks to you, I've just made five undetected quotations from the work of the bard. You're my benefactor. In fact, as the Orientals say, you are my father and my mother, and I am the son of a dog."

"Five?" said the chairman. "It hardly seems possible."

But Pusely-Smythe made out his list and it was found to be quite correct. The five quotations were as follows:—

"I am much too venturous," "King Henry VIII.," Act 1, Scene ii.

"And I will wait for you," "Julius Cæsar," Act 1, Scene ii.

"I had a thing to say—but let it go," King John," Act 3, Scene iii.

"I told you what would come of this," "The Winter's Tale," Act 4, Scene iii.

"I know you can do very little," "Coriolanus," Act 2, Scene i.

"It's a great *coup*," said the chairman. "It puts you right at the head of the list. Closing time is imminent, gentlemen. So if you have anything else to say, get on with it."

"Well," said Quillian, "somebody ought to have spotted him. It's really more our carelessness than his cleverness. But I should imagine that's the last undetected quotation he will be able to get through to-night. You're a watched man now."

"By Jove, yes," said the Major.

"Since you talk like that," said Pusely-Smythe, smiling, "I will make another quotation. By the way, how long will you give me? I should have asked you that before, of course."

"Five minutes," said the Major. "And then perhaps we might close the competition, if the chairman sees fit."

A general agreement was reached on this point, and Pusely-Smythe was enjoined by the chairman to get on with it.

"I've finished, thanks," said Pusely-Smythe. "The words, 'I should have asked you that before,' are a quotation from a play called 'Romeo and Juliet.' It's the second scene of the first act—Romeo speaking."

The quotation was verified, and advanced Pusely-Smythe's score to thirteen—a lucky number for once—thus leaving him an easy winner.

"And," said young Hesseltine, the chairman, as he handed him the cheque, "considering the way you must have sweated through tons and tons of absolute Shakespeare during the month, in order to pick out the little bits that didn't look like quotations, I'm not sure that you haven't earned about five per cent. of it."

The chairman now opened the sealed envelope containing the problem for the next month. In this the talented editor of *The Pig-Keepers' Friend* had been quite brief. It was entitled "The Impersonation Problem," and the terms of it were as follows:—

"It is required to be mistaken for six different people in the course of one hour."

"He don't use any unnecessary words about it," said Mr. Matthews.

But it may be remembered that the editor of *The Pig-Keepers' Friend* was also a poet—and real poets never use unnecessary words.

Photo. by J. Russell & Sons.

The Humour of Charles Harrison.

By

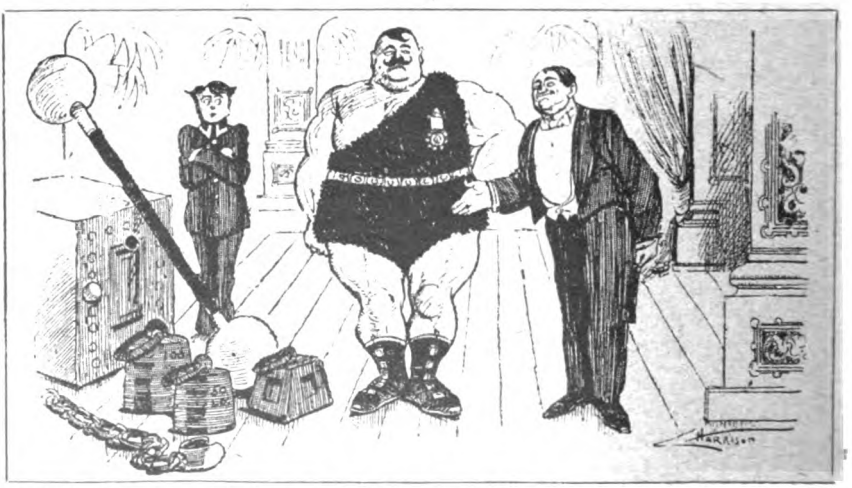
ADRIAN MARGAUX.

ALTHOUGH he bears lightly the years of middle age, Charles Harrison may be described as one of the veterans, comparatively speaking, of English humorous art. His recollections go back to *Funny Folks*, one of the best of the many comic journals of the nineteenth century, which flourished for a time and then unaccountably expired; and the defunct *St. Stephen's Review*, on whose staff he had as a colleague Phil May, then just beginning his brief but brilliant career.

It was on *Funny Folks* that Mr. Harrison had his first regular engagement as a humorous artist. Before that he had made his *début* in illustrated journalism with a London suburban comic paper, which he ran himself in conjunction with a local printer. The venture, I gather, was short-lived—a successful comic journal in a London suburb sounds so obviously impossible—but it served its purpose in convincing Mr. Harrison where his true vocation lay.

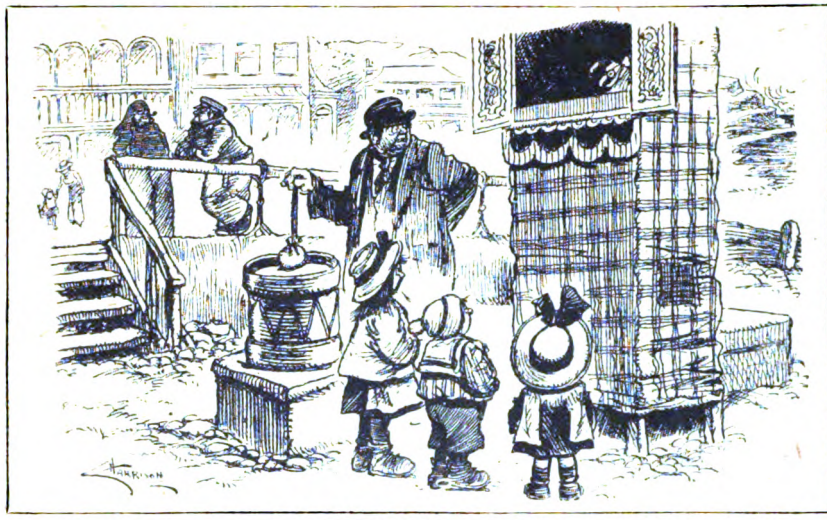
Coming of a London family which had been associated with the theatre for two or three generations, Mr. Harrison started his career at a very tender age as a child-actor. In th capacity he appeared on the boards with mar theatrical stars, a performance of "Oliver Twist, in which he appeared in the name-part, beca particularly memorable as having included i the cast Irving, Toole, and Brough.

On "growing up" Mr. Harrison forsook th stage and obtained employment in "the City but commercial work proved far from congen to his temperament. Having discovered that he had some facility with his pencil, he to some lessons of an evening in freehand and model drawing—the only instruction he ha ever received—with a vague idea of making a his profession. But in the circumstances M Harrison naturally found the first steps towar gaining a livelihood from his pencil exceedingly difficult, and after a short time he returned to the stage. He became a member of what used to be called "stock companies," visiting a circuit of towns, and possibly taking part in a different play every night of the week. He recalls how very often the play to be produced would be decided upon twenty-four hours in advance, and this meant sitting up half the night "studying" his part. "I found the le



MUSIC-HALL MANAGER: "Ladies and gentlemen, may I mention that Herculea, who is about to present his astounding weight-lifting and iron-bar-bending act, has nobly responded to his country's call, but has been rejected as medically unfit."

By permission of "The Passing Show."



A THEATRICAL SLUMP.

SHOWMAN (inside show, to mate): "Any good startin' now, mate?"
Bill: "Not yet; there's only three dead-'eads in the stalls!"

By permission of "The Passing Show."

SPIRITUAL STARVATION.

"Yus, mum, we've all got to cut down our pleasures in war-time. Why, for the first time for twenty years we ain't got no performin' fleas down here."

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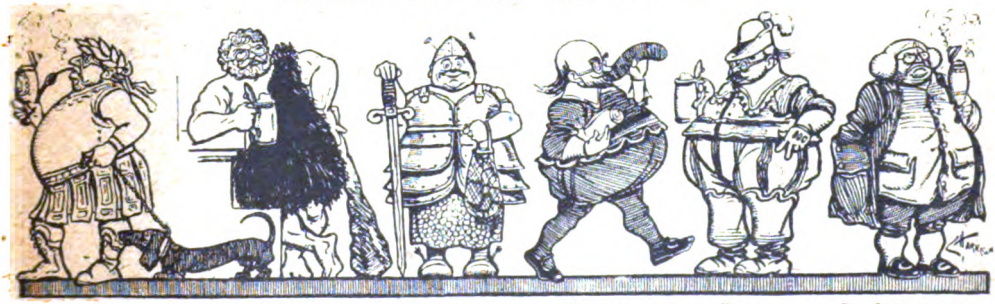

JULIUS KAISER. GENERAL HERCULES. JOHANNA VON ARKSTEIN. WILHELM SCHAKESPEAR. FRANZ DRAKENBERG. DR. JOHANNSSOHN.

SOME OF THE GREATEST FIGURES OF ALL AGES.

Recently discovered, by German research, to have been of Teutonic birth.

Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

REALISM IN ART.

PAVEMENT ARTIST: "I wish you'd keep your cat indoors, ma'am; he's always licking off my fish studies."

By permission of "Winter's Pie."

exceedingly trying," Mr. Harrison declares, and after a time he resumed, in such leisure as he had, his effort to obtain recognition as a black-and-white artist.

His first success came with a commission from a firm of publishers to illustrate a series of children's books—mostly old nursery rhymes, for which he produced spirited pictures in colours. Then he began to get drawings accepted for *Funny Folks*, and when these contributions led to an engagement on its staff he said good-bye to the stage and settled in London as a black-and-white artist. From that time until the present day Harrison has been one of th prolific contributors of graphic to the Press, his work appea such diverse periodicals as *Saturday Journal* and *London* *Pearson's Weekly*, *Punch* and th *Mail*, the New York *Judge* *Sketch*. It was in the first-named in the early "'nineties," that Mr son ran for some years a series cartoons, which might be rega the forerunner of Mr. W. K. Ha well-known feature in the *Daily* They appeared but once a f however, and Mr. Harrison that when he tried to emulate *Daily Express*—Mr. Haselden' of daily production the strai task proved to be beyond hi ance. "For six months or s a daily cartoon for the *Daily* and it was a unique exper taking a current topic, extra humour from it, and prepa drawing at a rapid rate. arrange the subject with th between four and five o'cloc the sketch had to be finished it meant concentrating all m to draw a cartoon of six pi that time. Anxious engravers make the block would hover with their watches in thei On days when topics were able,' to coin a word, it was work, in spite of the rush, but when there was nothing d topics were flat or difficult t any fun from, the cartoonist's lot w happy one. Still, though I have s gone up the stairs of the *Exp*

[illegible] FEVER

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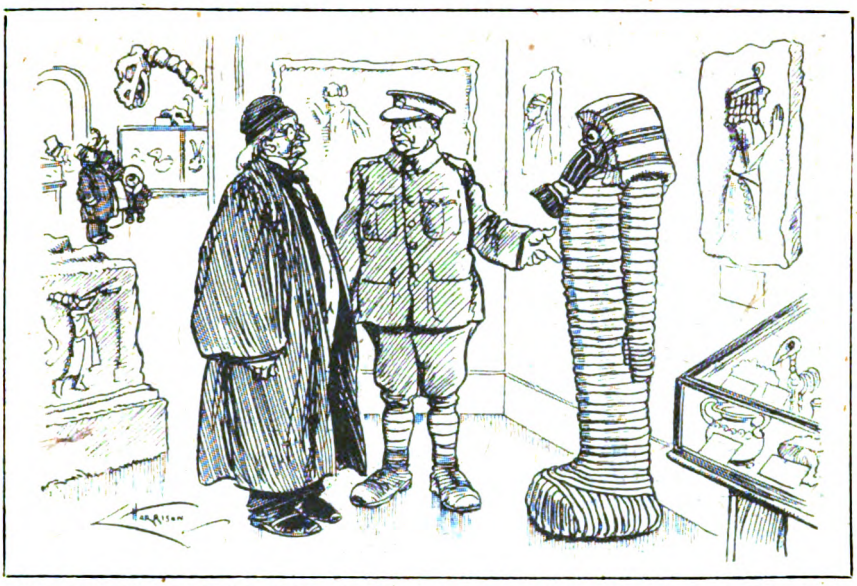


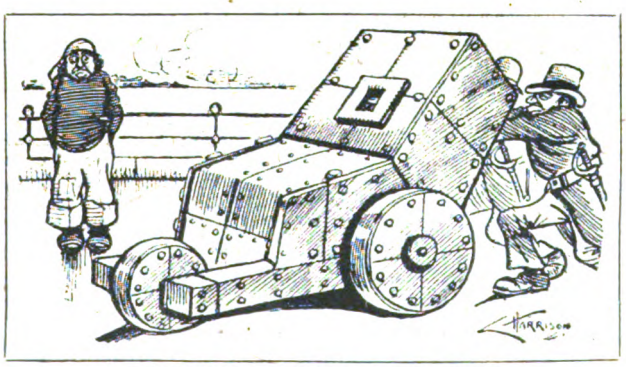
PERSIFLAGE, NOT OF THE AIR BOARD: PRICELESS TREASURES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

TOMMY (inspecting the Museum, to a scholarly visitor): "Beg pardon, sir, but who is this 'ere party in puttees?"

By permission of "The Sketch."

wondering what on earth I was going to make a cartoon of for the next day's issue, the fates were usually kind and something was evolved. But I often used to get home about nine o'clock absolutely worn out. And so I came to the conclusion that the strain was too great."

But if Charles Harrison as an artist, like Charles Dickens as an editor, proved unequal to the ordeal of daily journalism, in the versatility of his talent he is probably without a superior among our humorists of the pencil. The wide range of the periodicals in which his work has appeared, to which I have just referred, bears testimony to this fact. He can adapt himself to the classic traditions of *Punch* with as much facility as to the dash and freedom of *The Passing Show*.



ENTERPRISE ON OUR EAST COAST.
The Anti-Zeppelin Bath-chair.
Reproduced by special permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Mr. Harrison's versatility is the more extraordinary inasmuch as he makes no use of models, but relies entirely on observation and memory. His gallery of characters comprises shopkeepers and City gentlemen, policemen and street-urchins, domestic servants and "flappers," ladies of fashion and working women, gentlemen in khaki and street vagabonds. Some of his most successful drawings for *Punch* have been in burlesque of the ancient art of Egypt, Japan, and China. There is no "Harrison type"; he has taken all humanity—of London at least—for his sphere, and his rendering of it on the humorous side is always faithful and true to life.

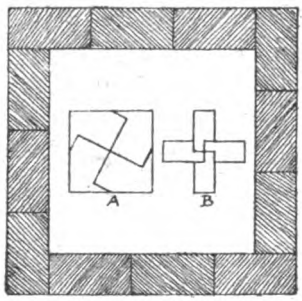
Mr. Harrison declares—but he does not quite convince you of the fact—that his mind is not naturally very inventive, although he has been called in Fleet Street "the idea factory." Kind members of the public have sent him from all parts of the world suggestions for pictorial jokes, and these occasionally prove useful. Of course, on some days the inventive fount flows freely, providing him with a surplus of subjects for times when it runs dry.

PERPLEXITIES.

By HENRY E. DUDENEY.

409.—THE DOMINO SWASTIKA.

HERE is an elegant new puzzle sent to me by Mr. Wilfred Bailey. Form a square frame with twelve dominoes, as shown in the illustration. Now, with only four extra dominoes, form within the frame a swastika. The reader may hit on the idea at once, or it may give him considerable trouble. In any case he cannot fail to be pleased with the solution. For



the benefit of those who do not happen to be familiar with the swastika—the most ancient of all symbols, meaning "Good luck to you"—I give two examples. The first, A, is from one of our old cutting-out puzzles, where, if you make the swastika cuts as shown, the four pieces of the square fit together and form a perfect Greek cross. In the second case, B, four playing cards are so placed together that the swastika is indicated in the centre. How are you to indicate a swastika with the four extra dominoes?

410.—BUILDING A WORD SQUARE.

THIS is a new form of presenting the familiar word square puzzle. The letters in every line will form an English word, and the seven words, when correctly found, will form a word square. The words are not necessarily to be taken in the order given.

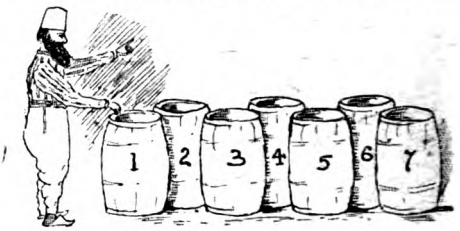
G E O R G E N
R E R E N T S
L E S S T E N
R A T R I O T
R A N L E N T
T E N T R A N
R E N T G A S

411.—A CHARADE.

BRITANNIA rules my *first* by means of my *second*, in spite of every caprice of my *whole*.

412.—THE BARREL OF BALSAM.

AN Eastern merchant had three sons, whose intelligence he was frequently putting to the test by means of certain ingenious puzzles that he devised. On one occasion he placed seven barrels in a row, as shown, and told his sons that one of the barrels contained valuable balsam which he would present to him who indicated in one attempt which was the barrel. He said it was the 92,685th barrel if you counted in this way. You must start at the 1, count up to the 7, then backwards to the 1, then on to the 7 again, and so on. So that the eighth barrel would be No. 7,



the fourteenth barrel No. 2, the twenty-fifth barrel No. 1, and so on, always going backwards and forwards. The first son simply made a guess, but as he had only one chance in seven of being right it is not surprising that he failed. The next son industriously started to make the actual count—a big undertaking, as the reader will find—but the third son quietly retired and thought the thing out, with the result that he soon hit on a method that enabled him to indicate correctly the barrel of balsam before his brother had reached the fifth thousand in his count. Which was the barrel?

Solutions to Last Month's Puzzles.

405.—THE NINE SQUARES GAME.

I SHOULD play M N. My opponent may play H L and I play C D. (If he had played C D, I should have replied H L, leaving the same position.) The best he can now do is D H (scoring one), but, as he has to play again, I win the remaining eight squares.

406.—A CARD TRICK.

EVERY pile must contain thirteen cards, less the value of the bottom card. Therefore thirteen times the number of piles less the sum of the bottom cards and plus the number of cards left over, must equal fifty-two, the number in the pack. Thus thirteen times the number of piles plus number of cards left over, less fifty-two, must equal sum of bottom cards. Or, which is the same thing, the number of piles less four, multiplied by thirteen, and plus the cards left over gives the answer as stated. The algebraically inclined reader can easily express this in terms of his familiar symbols.

407.—MORE BICYCLING.

A RIDES $7\frac{11}{12}$ miles, B rides $1\frac{43}{67}$ miles, and C rides $11\frac{5}{67}$ miles, making the twenty miles in all. They may ride in any order, only each man should complete his ride in one mount and the second rider must always walk both before and after riding. They will each take $3\frac{8}{9}$ hours on the journey and therefore will all arrive together.

408.—DECAPITATIONS.

GROWING—rowing—owing—wing. Trifling—rifling—I fling—fling. Caprice—a price—rice—ice.

The Feet of the Young Men.

By

"BARTIMEUS."

Illustrated by Frank Gillett, R.I.

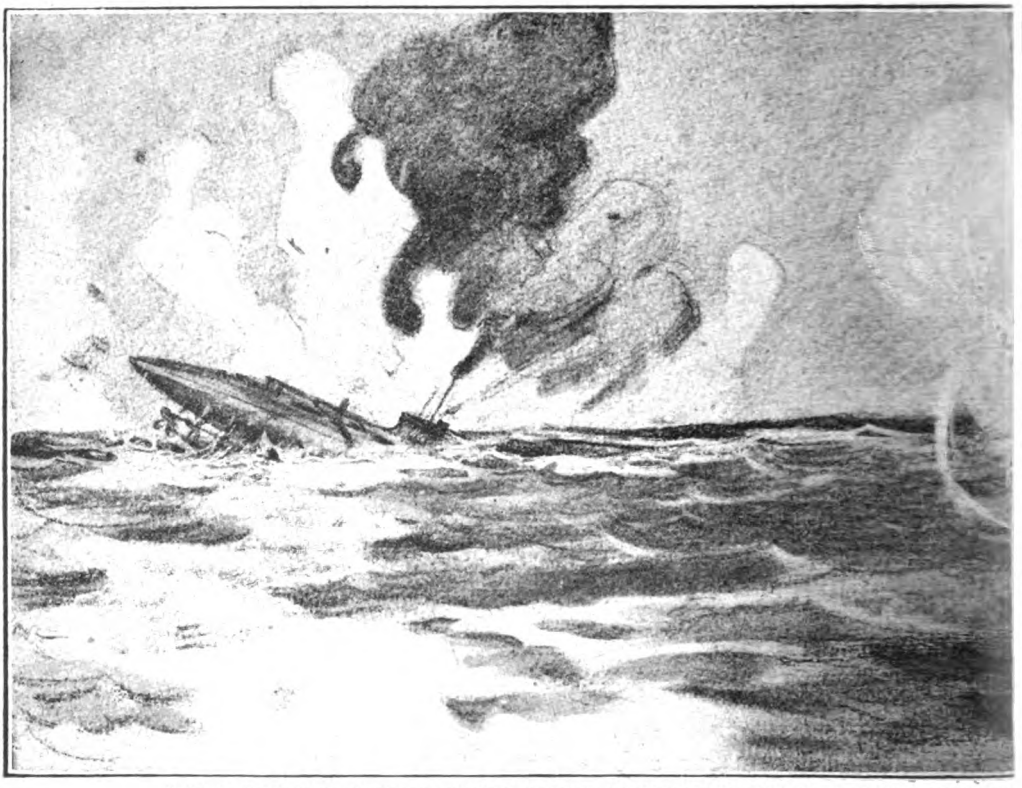
HE was nearer seventy than sixty: that is to say, he was an old man as they reckon age afloat. There was a stoop about his shoulders that hinted at the burden of his years, but his eyes, blue and direct beneath ragged white eyebrows, were young enough; and a man's eyes are the mirrors of his spirit.

He stood on the quarter-deck of the armed yacht under his command, pacing slowly to and fro, with those craggy brows almost meeting above his great beak of a nose. There had been a day when a Fleet would have trembled at the portent, and walked delicately, like Agag. That was when he was an Admiral though, and the Flag-Lieutenant would have popped his head into the Secretary's cabin and murmured, "Blowing up for a storm—stand by!" Now, as he stalked with that unforgettable jerky stride of his up and down the narrow confine of the yacht's poop, he was only a Commander of the Royal Naval Reserve—a "dug-out" from the Retired List—with three curly rings of lace on the cuffs of a monkey-jacket cut in a style unfamiliar to the present generation.

Aft, by the ensign-staff, he halted, and pulled a letter out of the breast-pocket of the quaintly-cut monkey-jacket. It had come by the morning mail, a typewritten letter, on paper bearing the crest of Admiralty, and it was worded as tactfully as circumstances and the nature of the contents would allow. It referred to the strain of war under modern conditions. It reminded the Admiral that a critical stage of the world conflict had now been reached; and the two postulates taken in conjunction pointed to the necessity for young men being employed in all commands afloat. Their lordships had therefore decided, with regret, . . . etc., etc.

That letter did what the strain of modern war had not yet done—it made the Admiral's hand tremble; he tore it into small pieces and dropped them over the side. The stoop of his old shoulders seemed to have become suddenly accentuated. His firm mouth slackened: he looked what they said he was—an old man.

"Youth will be served," said he, and



"AS THE YACHT SWUNG ROUND THE PORT GUNS OPENED FIRE: A SHELL BURST OF FRAGMENTS OF STEEL

watched the last scrap of paper float away on the tide. "I daresay they know best. They think they do, anyway; that's something, nowadays." Then he drew forth an enormous bandana handkerchief, trumpeted a blast of defiance from his historic nose, and stumped forward to the bridge to take his last command to sea for the last time.

It was late the following afternoon, when the yacht was upon the port bow of a convoy of merchantmen, that the look-out at the crosstrees gave tongue. The Admiral was in the chart-house sprawling affectionately over the chart with notebook and pencil. He enjoyed having the chart-house to himself these days. The Flag-Captains and Navigators of bygone Flagships had always bored him, fussing at either elbow whenever he looked at a chart.

"Periscope, port bow!" bawled the look-out, and simultaneously the alarm gongs jarred at every gun position and action station. The Admiral was beside the quartermaster in two bounds.

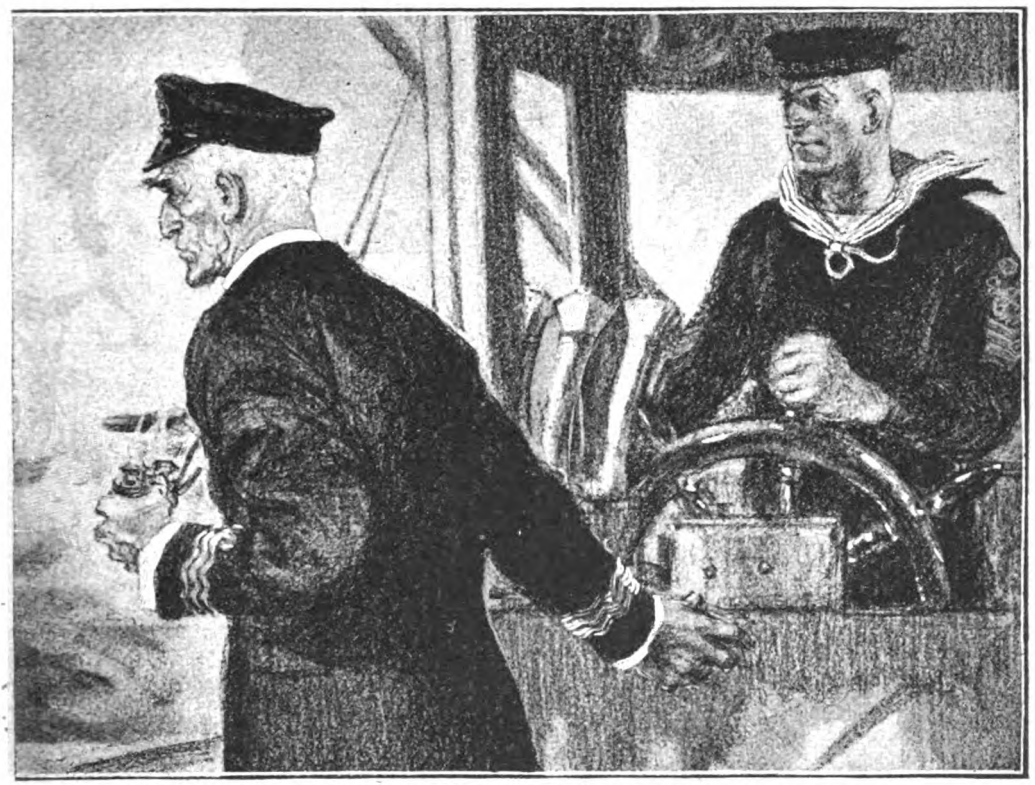
"There she goes, sir," cried the officer of the watch, and indicated with outstretched finger the wicked streak of bubbles that flickered in the wake of a torpedo; it passed ahead, but through his glasses the Admiral was watching the sparkling water for the periscope's feather.

He sighted it almost on the instant, half a mile abeam, an object no bigger than a broom-handle above the wave tops.

Once, thirty years before, in a moment of crisis, he had acted as he did then. It was a wholly unconstitutional proceeding, but on the former occasion it had averted a collision between two battleships of the line. On both occasions it saved a few precious seconds. He grasped the spokes of the wheel with his own hands and wrenched the helm hard-a-starboard before the quartermaster realized he was at his elbow.

The officer of the watch had sprung to the telegraph, and down below the gongs were ringing madly for full speed.

The yacht's owner had built her for speed. He was a rich man, and could afford to gratify a whim. In this case he gratified it to the utmost designer and engineers were capable



THE ARMOURED CONNING-TOWER, SHATTERING THE PERISCOPE AND BLOWING GREAT HIGH INTO THE AIR."

of; but never till this moment had a rich man's craze been so completely justified. Her knife-edge swan-bows clove the dancing waves in twin sickles of spray as she heeled over to her helm and then steadied on the mark that was already swiftly dipping before the unexpected onslaught.

The periscope vanished thirty seconds before the yacht passed over the wash of the unseen scourge, but as it passed the Admiral jerked a lever twice and turned, staring aft down the broken wake that had obliterated all traces of the submarine. By means of the lever he had released a couple of explosive charges, and as he stood shading his eyes from the sun two great columns of foam leaped into the air.

"Hard-a-starboard" he croaked, and over went the helm again. He stepped to the gun control, voice-piped: "Stand by the port guns!" and as he gave the order a greenish-brown cylindrical shape, streaked with rust and spouting oil from gaping seams, appeared in the centre of the boiling scum and foam left by the explosion. Slowly it righted itself, and the hull and conning-tower of a submarine lay on the surface with a heavy list. As the yacht swung round the port guns opened fire: a shell burst on the armoured conning-tower, shattering the periscope and blowing great fragments of steel high into the air. Another penetrated the hull and exploded internally, clouds of vapour pouring from the rents in the shell. The coxswain steadied the wheel, heading the bows straight for the great whale-like object.

Now, the cunning of an old seaman is the cunning of a grey fox. The Admiral held up his hand, and the officer of the watch jerked the telegraphs to "stop." The stern of a vessel driven at high speed is drawn down by the thrust of the propellers. The moment the engines stop the stern rises again and the bows dip. In this case they dipped as they struck the submarine squarely, just abaft the conning-tower, and clove through the rounded hull like a hatchet through a fungus.

They had a glimpse on either bow of the halves of a submarine, still kept afloat by the buoyancy of her tanks and closed compartments. It was only a momentary glimpse—

of glistening shattered machinery and mangled bodies, of hands raised in prayer or anguish. Then both broadsides broke out, pouring a salvo at point-blank range into those smoking segments that vanished amid the flames of bursting shell and leaping water.

They rescued one prisoner—the Captain, as is not infrequently the case. Him the Admiral caused to be warmed and dried and restored with hot drinks while the yacht, assisted by two destroyers, rounded up the scattered convoy. Then the Admiral interrogated his prisoner.

"'IT'S A YOUNG MAN'S WAR,' AND TURNED TO DESCEND THE LADDER TO THE DINGHY THAT WAITED ALONGSIDE."

"You are very young," he said, at the conclusion of the interview.

The Prussian clicked his heels. "It is a young man's war," he said.

"So they tell me," replied the Admiral, dryly.

His relief was waiting on the quay beside his baggage when the yacht—her dainty bows looking like the features of a professional pugilist—tripped back to harbour. He was a young Lieutenant-Commander, fresh from the Grand Fleet—a contemporary, in fact, of the Admiral's son. And early the following morning the Admiral went over the side—not as he might have done ten years earlier, with guard and band, to the shrill twitter of a pipe. He paused at the gangway and laid his left hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"The race is to the swift," he said. "The battle to the strong. Good luck to you, my lad. You want a bigger gun forward, if you can get 'em to give it to you, and remember she turns quicker on port helm. She's a good little ship."

"Thank you awfully, sir," said the Lieutenant-Commander. "She's a ripping little ship, and I'm only sorry I'm——"

The Admiral doffed his cap after the manner in which a forgotten naval generation saluted.

"Be damned to your sorrow, sir," he said. "It's a young man's war," and turned to descend the ladder to the dinghy that waited alongside.

LEST YOU FORGET!

DO not forget that THE STRAND MAGAZINE *may now be sent* POST FREE *to British soldiers and sailors at home and abroad. All you need do is to hand your copies, without wrapper or address, over the counter at any post-office in the United Kingdom, and they will be sent by the authorities wherever they will be most welcome.*

SOME NOTABLE PEOPLE!

A PUZZLE.

Fill in the position of the figures in the following story with the names of some notabilities—more or less famous and mostly modern.

HIS LAST DAY OF LEAVE.

It was a **1** summer morning, and a fresh breeze was blowing on young Hamilton's face as he lay in bed. He was six feet four inches in height (quite a **2**!), and when he jumped up to shut the dormer window as a cloud of **3** blew in, he knocked his head against the roof of his **4** bedroom. Such **5** are not built for a tall **6**! "By **7**," he exclaimed, as he looked at his watch, "it's seven o'clock!"

A **8** odour and a sizzling sound from below told of breakfast **9**-ing on the **10**; **11** was **12**-ing, toast **13**, eggs **14**-ing, and he had the appetite of the "**15** Norseman."

He left his paper unopened. To-day he wanted to forget the broken **16** Convention, Will the Kaiser, and **17** at Verdun, Belgian and **18** Allies, and everything connected with war, and spend the day out of doors with his dog Odin. He loved Nature, and his comrades called him **19** because he laughed so much, though he was no **20** than his fellows.

Breakfast **21**, he packed a small **22** bag with camera, etc., a large meat **23**, and other picnic rations, and with a stout stick instead of his usual **24** left the house and caught one of the **25** the road which took him to the **26**. It was not far down the country road to Lord C.'s park where Robin, his head **27**, housed Odin. Passing a garden fragrant with sweet **28**, he heard a shout, "Love 15." "**29**," he thought; but the game held no attraction for him to-day.

At the park **30** gate, **31** and little daughter **32**-ed him with bows and **33**, but the dog had long since met him with **34** gambols of delight.

Their goal was a solitary **35** on a hilltop near the sea. Avoiding high **36** they took short cuts across fields and down lovely lanes, then rested in a **37** of oak, **38**, and elm.

Hamilton was no mean **39**, and he sang now with fine, clear notes and **40** hearing, for the very joy of living! No lark or **41** could vie with him!

Then they crossed a rustic **42** and followed a mossy path with a **43** stream on one side and a **44** on the other, a beautiful sight with the **45** trees at their loveliest, past cottages with old wooden-covered **46**, through **47**-scented meadows till they reached their **48** top, and **49** his head to the breeze. Hamilton sat down to enjoy the **50** view. **51** clouds now flecked the sky, **52** where the sun shone through them it showed entrancing **53** of blue, **54**, purple, and **55** on the sea, and **56**-capped waves on the horizon. A gentle paw reminded the man that it was dinner-time, and being **57** hungered—master and dog ate a hearty meal, and then lay down for a nap, Odin with one ear awake keeping watch and **58** over the bag.

A growl brought Hamilton to his feet. An evil-eyed tramp begged for food, which was given generously, for he certainly looked **59** and ready for a **60**! But to this was added a decided though not brutal kick downhill when he began to whine for **61**. Then Hamilton turned: "Great **62**!" he exclaimed, "we are in for a **63** storm, Odin." **64** clouds were rushing up the sky, **65** growls of thunder grew louder every minute, and there were other signs of the coming **66**. From the **67** height of the cliff he saw the **68**-men dragging their boats up higher.

"**69** bless you, sir, you're nigh drownded," exclaimed his landlady, "and your last day spoilt!" "Nonsense," he laughed; "get me some hot tea while I change, I never spent a **70** enjoyable day in my life!"

KEY TO NOTABILITIES PUZZLE.

1. Bright, John; 2. Longfellow, Henry W.; 3. Smuts, General; 4. Garrett, Elizabeth; 5. Chambers, W. and R.; 6. Tennant, Dorothy; 7. George, Lloyd; 8. Savory, Sir William; 9. Cook, Captain; 10. Kitchener, Lord; 11. Bacon, Roger; 12. Fry, Elizabeth; 13. Browning, Robert; 14. Boyle, (V.C.) Commander; 15. Hardie, Keir; 16. Haig, Sir Douglas; 17. Wilson (Will's son), President; 18. French, Lord; 19. Merriman, Seton; 20. Whittier, John G.; 21. Dunn, Sir William; 22. Gladstone, W. E.; 23. Patti, Adelina; 24. Caine, Hall; 25. Carson, Sir Edward; 26. Townshend, General; 27. Gardiner, S. R.; 28. Pease, Samuel; 29. Tennyson, Alfred (Lord); 30. Lodge, Sir Oliver; 31. Robinson, Lieut. Leefe; 32. Greet, Ben; 33. "Bobs" (Lord Roberts); 34. Wilde, Oscar; 35. Tree, Beerbohm; 36. Rhodes, Cecil; 37. Wood, Sir Evelyn; 38. Asche, Oscar; 39. Singer (Sewing Machines); 40. Wordsworth, William; 41. Nightingale, Florence; 42. Bridge, Sir Frederick; 43. Mill, John Stuart; 44. Shaw, Bernard; 45. Beach, Sir Michael Hicks; 46. Wells, H. G.; 47. Hay, Ian; 48. Hill, Rowland; 49. Baring, Sir Evelyn; 50. Grand, Sarah; 51. Grey, Viscount; 52. Butt, Clara; 53. Hughes, Tom; 54. Green (Historian); 55. Brown, John; 56. White, Sir George; 57. Botha, General; 58. Ward, Mrs. Humphry; 59. Haggard, Rider; 60. Beit, Otto; 61. Money, Chiozza; 62. Scott, Captain; 63. Bigge, Lord Stamfordham; 64. Black, William; 65. Lowe, Sir Robert; 66. Tempest, Marie; 67. "Dizzy," Disraeli; 68. Fisher, Lord; 69. Law, Bonar; 70. More, Sir Thomas.

A NEW AMERICAN HUMORIST.

HASH AND RAGS.

By ROYAL BROWN.

Illustrated by A. B. Frost.

N front of the home of Genevieve Devere stood a dilapidated hitching-post. Against this leaned Genevieve, her eyes fixed with the unblinking absorption of childhood on a scene of activity in the middle distance. Ever and anon she absently scratched her back by a convulsive movement of her shoulders—a movement which brought the otherwise inaccessible portions of her anatomy into a pleasing friction with a projecting angle of the post. In the middle of the sun-warmed, dust-upholstered road sat a dog—what might be called a large medium-size dog—and in him were epitomized the virtues and vices of his kinds. For he was many kinds of dogs in one. Ever and anon he also absently scratched himself, with one eye cocked amiably toward his small mistress.

The month was May. From her quiver of days Nature had selected one that was a challenge to all that lived and breathed. Even the dog felt the effects of it. In his inner consciousness visions unfolded themselves in pleasant pageantry. He wished he might rescue lost travellers in the Alps (that was the St. Bernard in him); or run swift races with himself (a touch of the greyhound); or bay at round and robust moons (unquestionably a dash of the hound); or worry a rat (the terrier, of course); or even chase a cat (which was just plain dog).

From his vantage-point he surveyed the universe. On one side of the road there was Genevieve and her home. Of Genevieve's appearance no more need be said than that even her own mother did not think her beautiful. As for Genevieve's home, it had been designed by the carpenter who built it. But to the dog both were beautiful. They were his. He cocked his eye to the other side of the road. Beyond a broad, beautifully kept lawn gleamed a white house of imposing proportions. A winding drive led from it to the road. A small girl was coming slowly down this drive. She wore an expensively simple frock and she carried a gorgeously expensive doll. The small girl's name was Mary Jones, and her father could have bought and sold Genevieve's father. This fact impressed even Genevieve at times.

The dog, however, dismissed Mary with a casual glance. He had not been introduced to her. Evidently there were no cats in sight. He lay down, his head on his paws, and closed his eyes lazily. The joy of instant slumber was his. Sundry twitchings of his nose and occasional ghostly growls testified to a dream figment that visited him. In the spirit he was chasing a cat—a particularly large and ferocious cat, such as any dog would take pleasure and pride in chasing.

Mary Jones eyed him doubtfully and then stepped warily past his nose. He opened his eyes and identified her and then went instantly back to sleep again.

Genevieve's eyes detached themselves from the scene she had been watching and fixed themselves upon Mary. "Got a new doll?" she asked.

Mary nodded. Genevieve scrutinized the doll. "I don't care for dolls," she observed, disparagingly. "I'd rather have a real live meat baby."

"This doll cost at least a hundred dollars—Aunt Joan said so, and she ought to know," defended Mary, warmly.

"That's nothing," asserted Genevieve. "It isn't what a thing costs—it's the upkeep that counts."

"The what?" asked Mary, bewilderedly.

"The upkeep," repeated Genevieve, with a tinge of impatience. "Don't you know what that means?" Mary shook her head. "My pop told me about it. He said anybody could get a baby or a second-hand ortermobile for almost nothing, but that the upkeep was simply orful. I asked him to give me a baby for my birthday—a real live baby made of meat like me; and he said I didn't have a Chinaman's chance. So I spoke to God about it."

"Will—will you get one?"

"Sure," said Genevieve, with confidence. "That's the way I got my dorg." She indicated the dozing canine with a flourish of her hand. "I only prayed one night, and the very next day I found him in the back yard."

Mary eyed the dog somewhat doubtfully. "What kind of a dog is he?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Oh, all kinds," said Genevieve, comfortably. "My pop says he'd give a dollar to know what kind of a dog he isn't."

"What's his name?"

"Hash—my pop said that was a good name

for him." She raised her voice and added, peremptorily: "Come here, Hash!" The dog's eyes flickered open and the remnant of a tail beat the dust amiably. "Come here!" repeated Genevieve.

Hash rose, languidly stretched himself, paused to scratch, and then came leisurely forward, wagging his tail.

"I'm going to have a show and charge admission to see him," said Genevieve. "But if you want to you can look at him for nothing."

Apparently Mary did not fully appreciate the privilege of a private view. "Will anybody pay to see him?"

"Of course they will. My pop says he paid a dollar once to go to a dog show, and there wasn't as many kinds of dogs in that as there are in Hash." Genevieve resumed her scratching and her eyes returned to the scene that had first engaged her attention. "What are they doing over at your house?" she asked.

Mary cast a fleeting glance toward her lawn, where men had just finished erecting a red-and-white-striped pavilion. "Mother's going to have a tea party for my Aunt Joan," she said, and added: "Did you ever see a lion?"

"Of course I did. My pop took me up to the place where they make moving pictures and there was a lion there. He was in a cage and there was a man in the cage too."

"Didn't the lion touch him?"

"No"—scornfully—"lions don't hurt anybody. My Sunday-school teacher, she told me about a man. His name was—I forget his name, but they put him in a lions' den and they didn't touch a hair on his head."

"Did they do anything to the rest of him?" asked Mary, with the air of one who reserves judgment until in possession of all details.

"I don't think so," said Genevieve, who had not thought of this possibility before. "Anyhow, they couldn't eat him. He had his clothes on. I guess you couldn't eat anything if they had it all wrapped in clothes with buttons on it."

"I could, if I was awfully hungry perhaps."

"Well, I guess perhaps the lions weren't hungry."

Mary considered a moment. "My mother said she'd like to have a lion at the tea she is giving for my Aunt Joan this afternoon," she remarked.

Genevieve paused in rubbing her back. "A real lion?"

"That's what she said. She said a real lion like Mrs. Ritter had at her musical would give a—a 'stinction——"

The sentence was left in mid-air, broken asunder by the appearance of a motor-car that slued around the corner at that moment. In the tonneau were two men. One of these was a policeman minus his helmet. In his hand he held a revolver. The other man wore ordinary clothes. His claims to distinction consisted of a sweeping black moustache and a rifle, which he held so that the muzzle protruded over the door of the car.

"They're in an awful hurry," observed Genevieve, and raised her voice to add, "Come back here, Hash."

Hash fired a parting volley of barks at the disappearing car and returned amiably, with an air of duty done. He slumped down at Genevieve's feet and his eyes closed momentarily. Then they flickered open and his nostrils twitched. He savoured the atmosphere, as if to solve some secret with which it tantalized him.

"Do you smell sumpthin' funny?" asked Genevieve.

Mary sniffed. "Yes," she admitted.

Genevieve glanced about her and then her eye fell upon Hash. "I'll bet it's him," she said. "I guess we'd better give him a bath. Come here, Hash!"

Hash rose and followed absently. He did not realize what the future held in store for him. Otherwise he would have protested volubly. He would have followed his mistress through fire, but he drew the line at water.

Genevieve proceeded toward the rear of the house. "The smell keeps getting worse," she said. "I guess we'd better hurry. You hold him while I get the hose."

Mary eyed Hash. "I'd—I'd rather not," she said. "I'm—I'm afraid of him."

"Afraid of him! Why, Hash wouldn't hurt a flea. My pop said Hash would give the skin off'n his back to a flea."

"I'm not a flea," objected Mary, desperately.

"I guess if he wouldn't harm a flea, he won't harm you," decided the supreme court. "You hold him."

With which Genevieve disappeared in search of a hose.

Mary made a half-hearted advance on Hash. He retreated instinctively. Then Genevieve reappeared, lugging the hose. "Haven't you got him yet?" she demanded, with displeasure. She dropped the hose and advanced on Hash. "Come here!"

Hash wagged his tail placatingly. But Genevieve was inexorable. She swooped down on him and grasped him around the neck. "Hurry," she said to Mary, "before he gets away."

"But suppose he bites me?"

"If he bites you I'll whip him," promised Genevieve. "For goodness' sake, how do you think I'm ever going to get this dorg washed if you won't be senserble?"

Mary advanced and gingerly gripped Hash around his neck. At that instant he became absolutely rigid and a ridge of hairs rose along his spine. Genevieve hurriedly attached the hose to the tap. To this proceeding Hash paid no attention. His nose was pointed toward the piazza. "G-rr," he growled, deep in his throat.

"Oh!" squealed Mary. "I'm afraid."

"Don't let him go," commanded Genevieve, and she turned on the water.

As the hissing purr increased in volume Hash immediately lost interest in the piazza. He slued his eye round and the long black snake, which his mistress held, engaged his attention. It spat at him viciously.

"Ee-yip!" he protested, and concentrated his energies upon freeing himself.

"Keep still, Hash," commanded Genevieve. "You hold him, Mary."

Hash kept anything but still. Mary strove to hold him while Genevieve advanced belligerently. Hash cast an appealing eye at Genevieve and immediately closed it as the stream hit it. He opened his jaws to protest feelingly against this addition of injury to insult and closed them as the water gagged him.

"That will do for his face," said Genevieve; "now hold him sideways."

Genevieve, glancing behind, discovered a kink in the hose. She strove to straighten it.

"I——" began Mary, and paused. A second later she started afresh: "I——" but again what she wished to say was drowned out, quite literally.

Genevieve, having subjugated the rebellious hose, turned once more to her task. "You let him go!" she accused. Then, with a tardy regard for her guest's condition, she asked: "Did it wet you?"

Mary gulped. "Yes," she admitted.

Genevieve rose to the occasion with Spartan unconcern. "Well, it doesn't matter. The sun's hot. You'll be dry in no time."

The car, with the two armed men in its tonneau, again came into view. The policeman mopped his brow as he glanced first to the right and then to the left. On one side of the road he saw two little girls. Their air of detached interest reassured him. On the other side a party of guests were assembling around the striped pavilion, ostensibly for some social function. In the middle of the road a dog rolled vigorously in the dust.

"Everything peaceful here," he commented. "Guess he went in the opposite direction."

The car continued on its way. Hash, thoroughly talcum-powdered with dust and somewhat rehabilitated in spirit, rose and cast a placating eye at his mistress.

Genevieve ignored him. She was regarding the departing car. "I'll bet I know who that man was," she said. "He's the man that was in the lion's cage at that 'movie' place pop took me to. I wonder what he had that gun for." She glanced across the street at the party on the Jones lawn. "Your mother didn't get a lion," she commented.

Mary ignored this. "Hash don't smell any better than before you washed him and got me all wet," she observed, vengefully.

"He doesn't, does he?" agreed Genevieve.

It was at this moment that Hash remembered suddenly that there had been something in the air before the indignity of a bath had been visited upon him. He sniffed to see if that same elusive something was still about. It still was. So being of an inquiring nature (a trace of setter probably), he proceeded to seek the source of the smell. It seemed to emanate from the latticed space under the piazza.

It was a rich and racy odour, and for a fleeting moment Hash had visions of the large and ferocious cat of his dreams. He advanced, making tentative growls in his throat.

"There must be sumpthin' under the piazza," said Genevieve. "Seek 'em, Hash!"

Never would it be said of Hash that feminine lips urged him on in vain. The hinged entrance to the areaway under the piazza was providentially (so he thought) wide open. Through this he plunged ever so gallantly. Fortunately, a strain of canniness (probably Scotch collie) caused him to halt and reconnoitre. He blinked his eyes unbelievingly; was it possible that he was back in the middle of the street, dreaming in the dust of the supercat? This was surely a particularly large and ferocious specimen—indeed a larger and more ferocious-looking one than he cared to see. So he summoned all that was greyhound in him and went out of there as quickly as possible.

"There *is* sumpthin' there," said Genevieve.

"You bet there is," affirmed Hash.

"Let's go and see," said Genevieve.

"For the love of Mike," protested Hash, "you aren't going in there!"

"Shut up, Hash," commanded Genevieve. "Come in, Mary."

They crept forward, half stooping. Once inside they blinked uncertainly, so dark did the interior seem after the dazzling brilliance of the world at large.

"I can't see anything," complained Mary, and paused. "Look!" she whispered.

Genevieve was already looking. "It's—it's a lion," she gasped.

Nor was she mistaken. It was a lion. His name was Rampolo, and he was the property of the moving-picture concern Genevieve had previously referred to. He had been acquired to play a leading part in a feature film built around the youngest and one of the most accomplished of "movie" stars, Dorothy Darling. Dorothy was only half-past five.

As a lion, Rampolo was a sadly shopworn, fearfully fleabitten specimen. He had at least three paws in the grave. But as a film feature he had gone big. The month, however, was May. Dozing, Rampolo visioned himself as he once had been—lusty and to-be-feared, softly treading a jungle path in search of his mate.

So poignant became the vision that Rampolo rose and paced the cage restlessly, as he had not paced it since he was young and new to captivity. In those days Rampolo had travelled with a circus. Crowds had rendered him homage, and among the circus people there were some he still remembered with pleasurable emotion; one had been a very thin man, the other a very fat woman. Both had been kind to him, and Rampolo had regarded them fondly, though perhaps he had regarded the fat woman more fondly than the thin man—she had been so satisfying to the eye. Where, wondered Rampolo, was his fair, fat friend of yesteryear?

He reached the narrow limit of his cage and swung round. As he did so his forequarters grazed the door. It swung slowly open. Rampolo blinked and then stuck a tentative paw outside. The "movie" people were at dinner. Rampolo swiftly departed and reached the centre of the town unobserved.

In Main Street, however, his progress became eventful. One of the first persons he met was a

"IF THERE IS ONE THING A LION IS AFRAID OF, IT'S A RHINOCEROS; AND THE JUDGE, RISING FROM THE BOWL, LOOKED LIKE A PARTICULARLY FIERCE RHINOCEROS."

judge, whose austere regard was popularly reputed to make even hardened murderers blench. But the judge cast only a single glance at Rampolo, who stopped to see what the judge was trying to do. The judge, as a matter of fact, was trying to hoist his years, dignity, and two hundred and fifty pounds net over the side of a watering-trough which surrounded the soldiers' monument. He succeeded, landing with a splash.

Rampolo hastily backed off. He had no objection to the judge performing his midday ablutions thus, but he had no desire to be asked to share them. He backed furtively off and then decided he had better depart. If there is one thing a lion is afraid of, it's a rhinoceros; and the judge, rising from the bowl, looked like a particularly fierce rhinoceros.

In his haste Rampolo narrowly escaped running into a motor-car. This was driven by a man who had only recently run over and killed a street-sweeper. As far as he was concerned he had a one-run lead over Rampolo when it came to man-killing. But he was determined to give Rampolo no chance to tie the score. He put his foot on the accelerator and made a *détour* that took him up on the opposite sidewalk. As he crested the kerbing a tyre burst. Rampolo jumped two feet. The driver merely grazed the fronts of several stores and, returning to the street, let her out.

Rampolo decided that the opposite sidewalk was safest. And when an electric car, swinging round the corner, clanged excitedly toward him, he shrank against a building. Gone were the fleeting memories of his youth. All that he craved was a place out of the sun. The king of beasts was, temporarily at least, monarch of all he surveyed. But he would have given his kingdom for a cage that would provide a good home for an elderly and sadly shaken lion.

An alley opened up providentially, and down this he slunk. Emerging, he encountered a hedge, along which he galloped. Genevieve's piazza suggested a cage and in he went, crouching in the corner.

Hash's tail was between his legs, but some remnant of courage (probably a few drops of bulldog blood) kept him in the neighbourhood.

Mary shrank back. "I—I don't like lions," she admitted.

Genevieve also retreated; but she proclaimed: "Ho, are *you* scared? I'm not. I'd just as soon pat him on the head."

"You would not."

"I would, too," maintained Genevieve, her retirement keeping pace with Mary's retreat. She paused, her eye caught by something that lay at Rampolo's feet. "He's—he's got a baby," she declared. She took a step forward. "I'll bet—I'll bet it's the baby I was going to have for my birthday, I'll bet——"

"It's my doll," interrupted Mary.

Genevieve regarded it more closely. "Why, so it is. You'd better go and get it."

"I'm scared to," confessed Mary. "He might bite my hand."

"Of course he wouldn't. Don't be an old frightened cat."

Thus adjured, Mary advanced slowly and warily. But suddenly Rampolo stood up. Up to that moment he had not been able to see either of the two little girls closely; his sight had failed considerably in the last fifteen years. Now his eyes fell upon Mary, and he picked up the doll in his jaws and advanced toward her, amiably wagging his tail.

Genevieve clapped her hands. "He's bringing it to you!"

"You can have it; you take it," said Mary, with a sudden access of generosity.

"Don't be scared," advised Genevieve, at the same time keeping Mary between herself and Rampolo. "He's wagging his tail. That's a sign he likes you."

Zoologically, Genevieve's diagnosis of the language of the lion's tail may have been wrong; in this particular instance she was right. Rampolo liked Mary—or rather the person he, in his elderly, near-sighted manner, mistook her for. Had the waggings of his tail been translatable they would have read as follows: "Excuse me for not recognizing you at once, Miss Dorothy. I saw your doll outside a few minutes ago, and brought it in here for safe keeping. Now, if you will lead the way, I'll follow, carrying it in my jaws, as we rehearsed it, you know——" Rampolo thought Mary was Dorothy Darling, the child-marvel of "moviedom." He had a genuine fondness for Dorothy, who surreptitiously fed him with sweet things. "Let's go back to the old place," continued Rampolo's tail, ingratiatingly. "I'll be glad to be back—believe me I shall!"

Mary and Genevieve continued to retreat and he continued to advance. As they backed out from under the piazza, he paused on the threshold and blinked uncertainly at the sun.

Genevieve stopped and gazed at him, fascinated by an idea that had come to her. "Do you know what we ought to do?" she exclaimed. "We ought to keep him in there and have a circus. I'll bet you we could teach him to do anything. And he could play with Hash and be comp'ny for him," she added, reflectively.

"Not on your life," barked Hash. "When I came to this place there wasn't anything said about the great-gran'daddy of all cats. If that thing stays, I quit; that's all."

"Shut up, Hash," commanded Genevieve.

Rampolo stretched himself, and for the first time she got an adequate idea of his size. Doubts began to assail her as to his desirability as a pet; not from the standpoint of his amiability, which she had already accepted as proved, but from the standpoint of her mother's amiability. The latter had protested that Hash was too big to have about the house and would cost a lot to feed.

Some such doubt occurred to Mary. "Will your mother let you keep him?" she asked.

"Well, I tell you," said Genevieve. "I s'pose p'r'aps, seeing I have Hash and I'm going to get a baby as soon as my birthday comes, I'd better give you this lion. You could keep him at your house, and he could come over here and play with Hash——"

"I don't believe my mother would let me have him," said Mary.

"Wouldn't let you have him! Why, she'd be glad to let you have him. Didn't she say she wished she might have a lion for her tea this afternoon?"

"Y-e-s."

"Well, there's the lion. She could keep him in the place your father keeps the cars. And next time she had a party he'd be there, all ready." Mary considered Rampolo thoughtfully. "Take him over now," urged Genevieve. "P'r'aps it won't be too late for this party."

"How can I get him there?"

"He'll follow you. He likes you already."

Mary looked as if she wished her fatal fascination for the lion were less, but Genevieve was insistent. "Just start walking; he'll follow you all right," she said, and Mary started walking.

In the pavilion across the way sat Mary's mother and her guests. Although no lion was visible, so far as Mary's eyes or those of Genevieve could see, there was one present none the less. He was an eleventh-hour gift of the fates, and he was roaring most satisfactorily.

A very fat woman, whose ample lines obliterated the chair she sat in, ogled him coquettishly. "And did you ever see lions in that part of Africa, Mr. Flexter?" she asked.

Mr. Flexter smiled tolerantly. "Why, one day as I took tea with a British consul in his pavilion, a lion broke from cover not fifty yards away from us."

"And what did you do?"

"Finished my tea. The lion seldom attacks prey openly, you know. They might snatch up a baby"—a little thrill of horror ran through the circle—"I've heard of that being done. But a full-grown man is another thing. I actually believe if a man will stand his ground and look a lion in the face——" He paused and his mouth sagged open, while his eyes stared unbelievingly.

Mary and Rampolo had started across the street, with the discreet Genevieve and the cynical Hash as a rearguard. Rampolo was following quite docilely when suddenly his eye fell upon the very fat lady. He blinked for a moment and then began to trot; was it—could it be? It must be his fair, fat friend of yesteryear, he decided. He dropped Mary's doll and gave a roar. Then he began galloping across the lawn.

Mary paused, and eyed the scene dubiously. Mr. Flexter was the first to recover use of his limbs. As a student of lions he should have trusted to his eyes rather than his legs, because for a short distance a lion can gallop as fast as a trotting horse. Still, Mr. Flexter was moving almost as fast as a trotting horse himself.

Everybody present followed his lead. Even the fat lady rose with a celerity she had not achieved for years and billowed along the ground like a balloon blown before a gale.

The sudden exodus filled Mary with foreboding. Rampolo, on the other hand, felt hurt; he saw no reason why a party of old

friends should cut him in this unmistakable fashion. He had assumed that Mr. Flexter was the thin man—Mr. Flexter was somewhat lath-like—and that other old acquaintances were present—the Bearded Woman and the Dancing Girls direct from the Sultan's palace, and so on. Indeed, his roar had been a pæan of delight.

He paused at the pavilion. If the fat lady and the rest of them wouldn't meet him halfway, he wouldn't run after them. He inspected the pavilion and discovered that the makings of a highly refreshing lunch were scattered around and about.

Mary came up breathlessly and paused to regard him. He blinked at her amiably and thanked her with his tail.

"What did everybody run away for?" asked Genevieve.

"I don't know," said Mary. "But I guess—I guess I'd better go into the house."

Genevieve did not answer. She, too, decided on second thoughts that the farther away she got from the scene of what had been clearly the commission of a social error the less chance of her becoming involved in its consequence.

Two minutes later Rampolo, satisfied there was nothing edible left about the pavilion, stretched himself and grunted in deep content. Just then the car that had twice before flashed along the road appeared once more and turned into the driveway. The policeman was on his feet with his revolver ready.

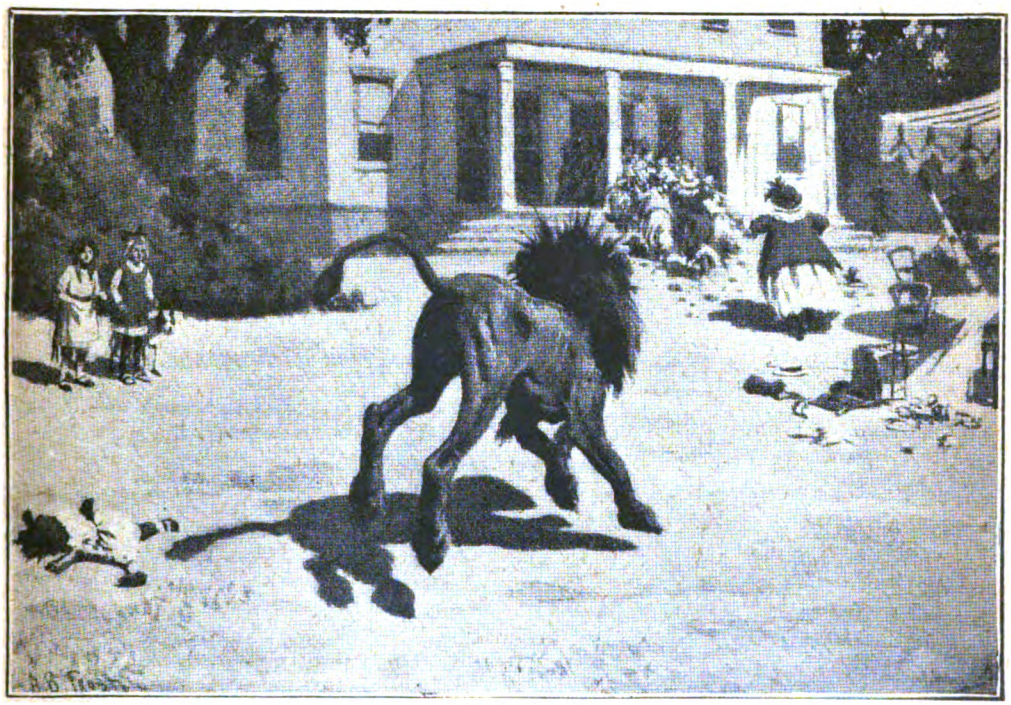
"Put that thing up," said the man with the black moustache. "I'll attend to him."

He dropped his rifle and picked up a huge collar with a chain attached. Jumping to the ground he strode across the lawn just as Mr. Flexter emerged from the house, carrying a revolver that belonged to Mary's father.

"Great Scot!" he ejaculated, as he saw Rampolo roundly cuffed. He pocketed the revolver and swung over the porch as the collar was clasped around Rampolo's neck.

"Supposing he should show fight?" he suggested, to Rampolo's captor.

"Show fight!" exclaimed the latter, scornfully. "He's got no claws, and I put his meat through a food-chopper." He kicked Rampolo in the haunches. "Come on, Rags."



"EVEN THE FAT LADY ROSE WITH A CELERITY SHE HAD NOT ACHIEVED FOR YEARS AND BILLOWED ALONG THE GROUND LIKE A BALLOON BLOWN BEFORE A GALE."

In the nursery Mary munched thoughtfully away at her supper. Mademoiselle, her governess, regarded her with high disfavour.

"You're a naughty, naughty girl," she observed. "Running away and ruining your dress. Suppose you had met that lion?"

Mary's mouth was full of bread-and-milk, but her round eyes, turned towards Mademoiselle, were quite unconcerned.

"Lions eat little girls right up!" added the exasperated Mademoiselle.

Mary gulped down the mouthful that prevented freedom of speech. "You're just trying to scare me," she observed, calmly. "I'll bet a lion wouldn't hurt a flea. I'll bet—I'll bet a lion would give a flea the skin off his back."

CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A SPORTING LAMB.

THE proverbial lamb which followed "everywhere that Mary went" has doubtless had numerous imitators. These pets attain a knowledge and cuteness which seem incredible to a citizen, but provide a fund of humour to the farmer and his family. While playing golf with a member of the R.A.M.C. we were closely followed by a lamb, which took a special fancy to the warrior in khaki. On the putting-green it would look pensively at the hole, as much as to say, "I wonder if he'll miss it?" It complaisantly took advantage of a lift in the bag, which gave me an opportunity of securing this unusual snapshot.—Mr. T. Millar, Cremona, Innellan, Argyll.

WHERE TEETH ARE STRONG!

THE accompanying picture was taken outside Salisbury, in the camp of the Rhodesia Native Regiment, and shows a native soldier picking up

another native with his teeth—a feat which could be emulated by very few men, white or coloured.—Miss Pat M. Hansell, Sacs House, Salisbury, Rhodesia, South Africa.

QUAINT BUT EFFECTIVE FLY DESTROYE

THE following photograph shows one of t most successful of the many deadly devices now employed for encompassing the destruction of the myriads of flies which, in the early of the Mesopotamian campaign, tormented both m and animals to the last stage of exasperation. The apparatus, which is known as the "arsenite" fly-trap, somewhat resembles in principle a large roller towel, the bottom portion being immersed in a tank (improvised in this case from a petrol tin) containing a mixture of sodium arsenite and sugar. An occasional turn of the handle is all that is required to keep the cloth moistened with the fluid, thereby proving an irresistible attractio the thirsty fly, which rapidly succumbs to the ef of the poison. To the extensive employment of and numerous other novel devices, must be attrib the comparative immunity from fly annoyance. consequent diminution in fly-borne disease, which British troops have recently enjoyed.

CAN YOU DO THIS?

BEATTY HAIG.

WITH one stroke of the pen change the into a well-known line in Shakespeare.—J. E. Hutton, 27, Brighton Road, Rathgar, Dubli

Bridge Problem.

Hearts—Queen.
Diamonds—Ace, 3, 2.
Clubs—7, 6.
Spades—King, 8.

B
Hearts—7, 6.
Diamonds—Knave, 9, 8.
Clubs—Queen, Knave, 9.
Spades—None.

Y Z

Hearts—9, 8.
Diamonds—10, 5
Clubs—None
Spades—Queen, 7

A
Hearts—Ace, king, 5.
Diamonds—King.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 8, 4.
Spades—None.

Hearts are trumps. A to lead. A B to make seven t

(The solution will appear next week.)

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PATENT AUTOMATIC
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Mansfield's Patent Automatic Water and Oil Finders

are used by leading Governments, Railway Companies, Land Companies, Well-Boring Engineers, and others.

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Prices of the instrument are as follows:

£30	locating at all depths up to				200ft.
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***£175**	,,	,,	,,	,,	3,500ft.

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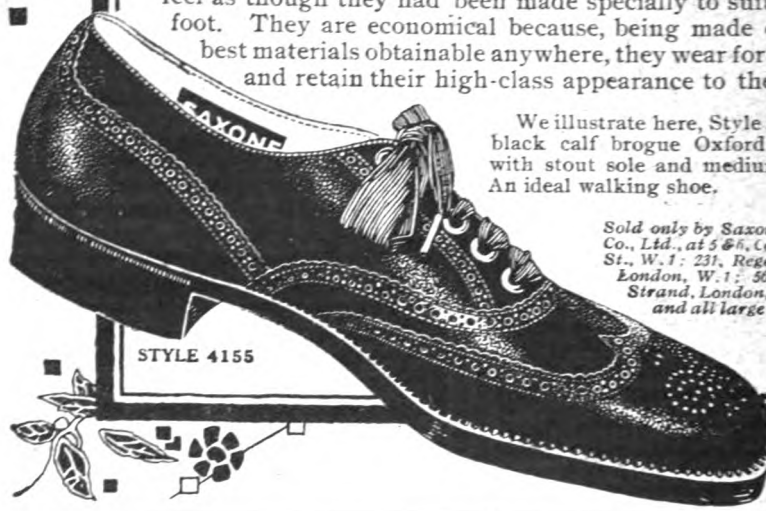

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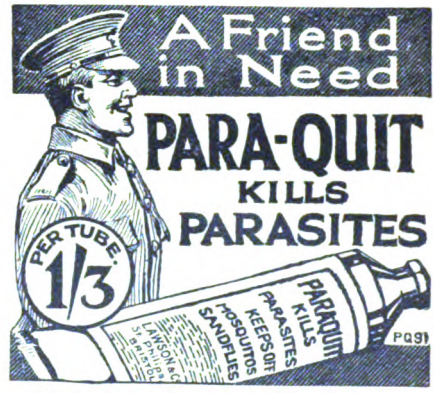

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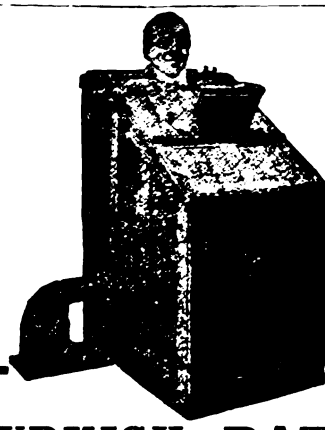

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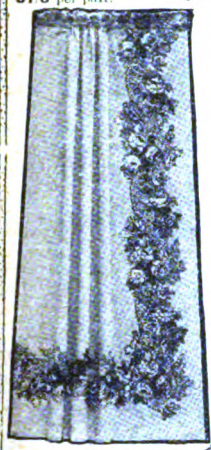

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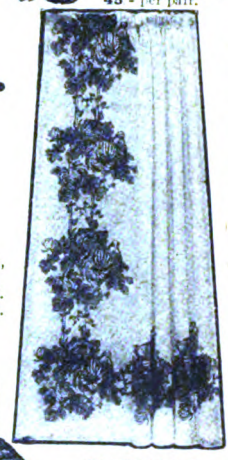

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CURIOSITIES.

[We shall be glad to receive Contributions to this section, and to pay for such as are accepted.]

A SPORTING LAMB.

THE proverbial lamb which followed "everywhere that Mary went" has doubtless had numerous imitators. These pets attain a knowledge and cuteness which seem incredible to a citizen, but provide a fund of humour to the farmer and his family. While playing golf with a member of the R.A.M.C. we were closely followed by a lamb, which took a special fancy to the warrior in khaki. On the putting-green it would look pensively at the hole, as much as to say, "I wonder if he'll miss it?" It complaisantly took advantage of a lift in the bag, which gave me an opportunity of securing this unusual snapshot.—Mr. T. Millar, Cremona, Innellan, Argyll.

WHERE TEETH ARE STRONG!

THE accompanying picture was taken outside Salisbury, in the camp of the Rhodesia Native Regiment, and shows a native soldier picking up

another native with his teeth—a feat which could be emulated by very few men, white or coloured.—Miss Pat M. Hansell, Sacs House, Salisbury, Rhodesia, South Africa.

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THE following photograph shows one of the most successful of the many death-dealing devices now employed for encompassing the destruction of the myriads of flies which, in the early days of the Mesopotamian campaign, tormented both men and animals to the last stage of exasperation. The apparatus, which is known as the "arsenite" fly-trap, somewhat resembles in principle a large roller towel, the bottom portion being immersed in a tank (improvised in this case from a petrol tin) containing a mixture of sodium arsenite and sugar. An occasional turn of the handle is all that is required to keep the cloth moistened with the fluid, thereby proving an irresistible attraction to the thirsty fly, which rapidly succumbs to the effects of the poison. To the extensive employment of this, and numerous other novel devices, must be attributed the comparative immunity from fly annoyance, and consequent diminution in fly-borne disease, which the British troops have recently enjoyed.

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WITH one stroke of the pen change the above into a well-known line in Shakespeare.—Rev. J. E. Hutton, 27, Brighton Road, Rathgar, Dublin.

Bridge Problem.

Hearts—Queen.
Diamonds—Ace, 3, 2.
Clubs—7, 6.
Spades—King, 8.

Hearts—7, 6.
Diamonds—Knave, 9, 8.
Clubs—Queen, knave, 9.
Spades—None.

B
Y Z
A

Hearts—9, 8.
Diamonds—10, 5.
Clubs—None.
Spades—Queen, 7, 6, 5.

Hearts—Ace, king, 5.
Diamonds—King.
Clubs—Ace, 10, 8, 4.
Spades—None.

Hearts are trumps. A to lead. A B to make seven tricks.

(The solution will appear next month.)

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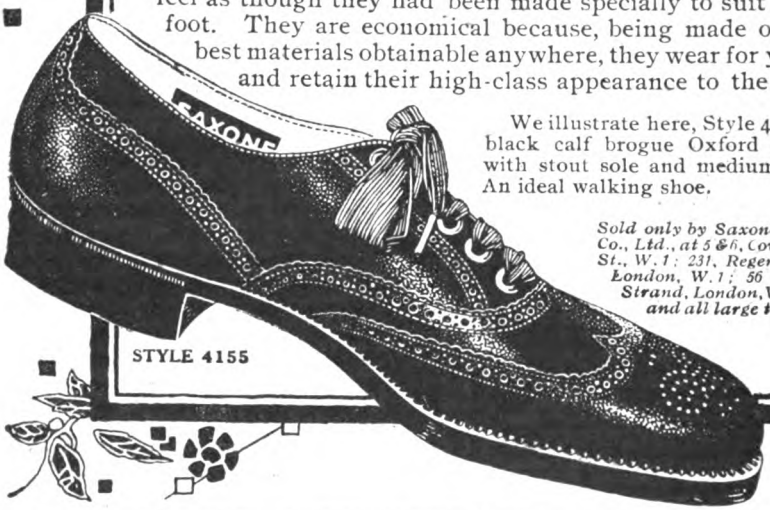

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"Strand Magazine," June, 1918.

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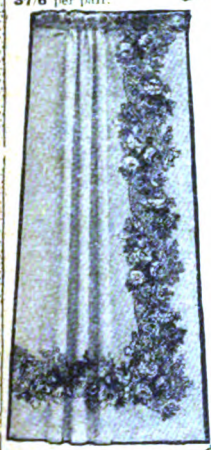

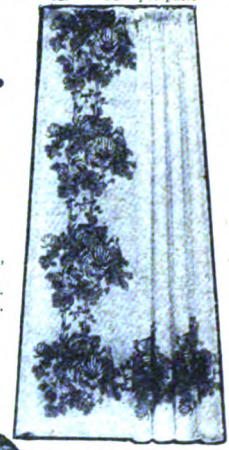

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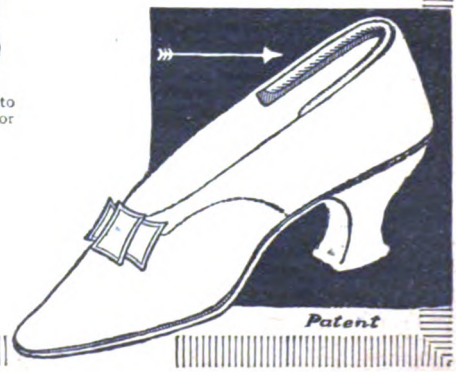

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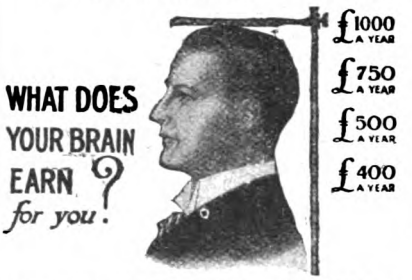

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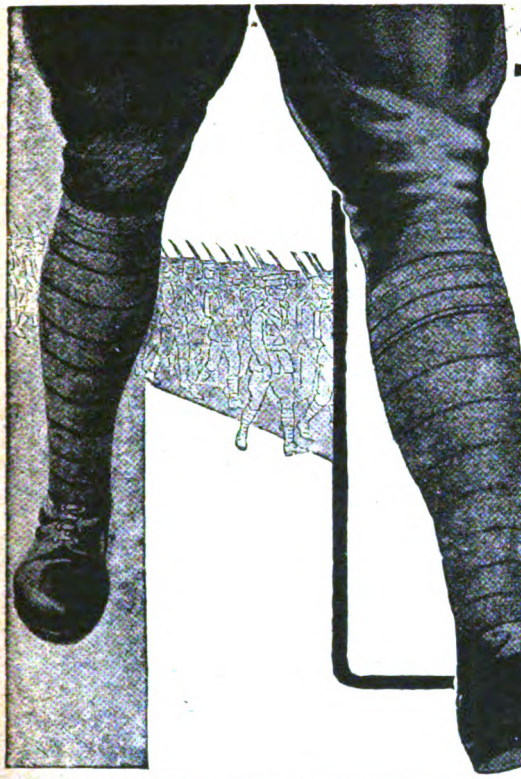

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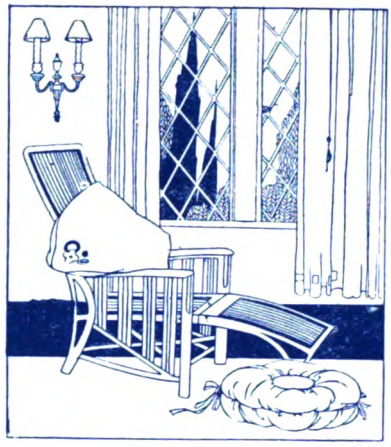

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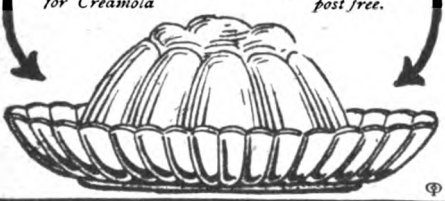

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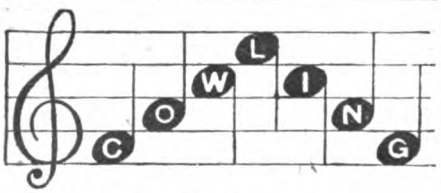

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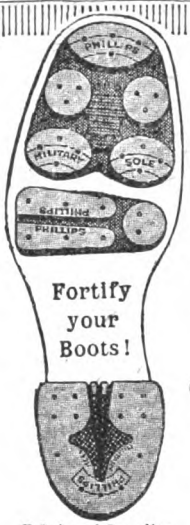

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Rid your home of obnoxious disease-carrying insect pests. Hawley's I.K. is a sure insect killer, and once these pests come into contact with I.K. their toes are soon turned up.

Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer

Is a fine sweet-smelling powder made up in handy sprinkler-top tins and is a sure insect killer.

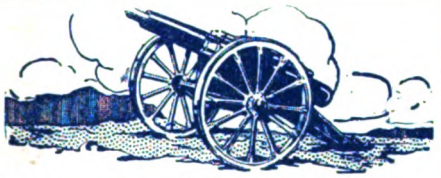
From Chemists everywhere.

Manufactured by

Evans Sons Lescher & Webb Ltd.
London. Liverpool.
New York.

Send a tin to your Soldier Friend.

I.K. should be freely used by soldiers in training and workers in busy industrial centres. It prevents the spread of disease where large numbers are concentrated.



For Men in Khaki,
For Men in Blue,
For Men in Mufti,
For Women, too.

THE "SWAN" FOUNTPEN.

IS THE BEST.

OF STATIONERS & JEWELLERS.

At pre-war prices from 10/6.

MABIE, TODD & Co., Ltd., - London, Manchester, Paris, Zurich, Sydney, Toronto, &c.

Catalogue post free.

There's a shine for you!

VIM cleans all kinds of kettles, from the valued copper one on show by the fireside to the little tin "boil-quick" on the gas ring. A Vim-cleaned kettle with its sparkle, makes all the difference to the look of the grate. Just sprinkle a little Vim on a damp cloth, rub briskly, and there's a shine for you.

Vim is just as good for cleaning kitchen tables, floors, windows, glass, enamelware, woodwork. Metals are easily polished with it.

In Sprinkler-Top Canisters 3d.

Of all Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

CLEANSER
VIM
POLISHER

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED,
PORT SUNLIGHT.

▼ 185—21

ALL ADVERTISEMENTS FOR "THE STRAND MAGAZINE" should be addressed ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT, GEORGE NEWNES, LIMITED, 8—11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, W.C.

Printed by R. CLAY & SONS, Ltd., Brunswick St., Stamford St., S.E., for the Proprietors, GEORGE NEWNES, Ltd.

Inebriety and Drug-taking are diseases which *can* be Cured

BY THE WELL-KNOWN KEELEY TREATMENT

SHELL SHOCK ALSO SUCCESSFULLY TREATED

This treatment has been in constant use for more than thirty years, and is recognised by the public as the only successful method of treating Inebriety and Drug-taking. It is not a cheap, self-administered home remedy, but is given only by doctors who have made a special study of the disease.

Patients at the Keeley Institute are under no restraint or restriction. Whatever drink or drugs are necessary are unhesitatingly supplied. They walk in and out at will; many carry on their daily business while residing at the Institute. In a few days they cease to ask for stimulants or drugs; the craving is eradicated and the will-power built up.

The cure is under an Honorary Committee of well-known public men, who have made fourteen annual reports; write, call, or Telephone for last report.

Honorary Committee:

Lord MONTAGU of BEAULIEU
The Hon. H. W. FORSTER, M.P.
Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, M.A.

All communications and inquiries Strictly Confidential.

The Treatment takes 4 weeks for alcohol, 5 to 6 weeks for drugs, and is administered only at the Institute, or by special arrangement a doctor can be sent to patient's own home or to travel with patient while giving Treatment. Also Special Private Treatment on South Coast.

The Secretary alone sees letters and receives callers.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, 9, West Bolton Gardens, LONDON, S.W.
Telephone: 427 Western.

IDEAL SUMMER SUITINGS
Light in Weight. Smart in Appearance.

EGERTON BURNETT'S Cashmere and Worsted Suitings are Ideal Fabrics for Gentlemen's Summer Wear. They are light in weight, and their clean-cut finish gives them that smart appearance which is so desirable a feature, and ensures equality of wear. The weaves and colourings are distinctive in character and include many of the fashionable small checked designs, herringbones, and skilfully blended mixtures.

Also Grey Flannels, White Flannels, and Sports Coat Fabrics for Boys' school and holiday wear.

Egerton Burnett's "Royal" Serges

Permanent Dye "Royal" Navy Serges, Worsteds and Coatings guaranteed to keep a good colour in any climate. These are highly commendable Suitings for business and everyday wear, and are positively dependable. Prices from **6/11½** per yard, double width.

SUITS, as illustration, made to measure with a high degree of perfection in Fit and Workmanship, in a choice Brown Mixture Suiting especially suitable for Summer Wear, for - - - **93/-**

In "Royal" Navy Serges from **59/6.** Patterns, Tailoring Styles and Price Lists, Measure Forms, etc., sent on request, post paid.

Export Orders a specialty.

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Regulation SAILOR SUITS
From Britain's Naval Port.

Made to measure by our expert tailors, and corresponding in every detail with the Uniforms worn by H.M. Sailors.

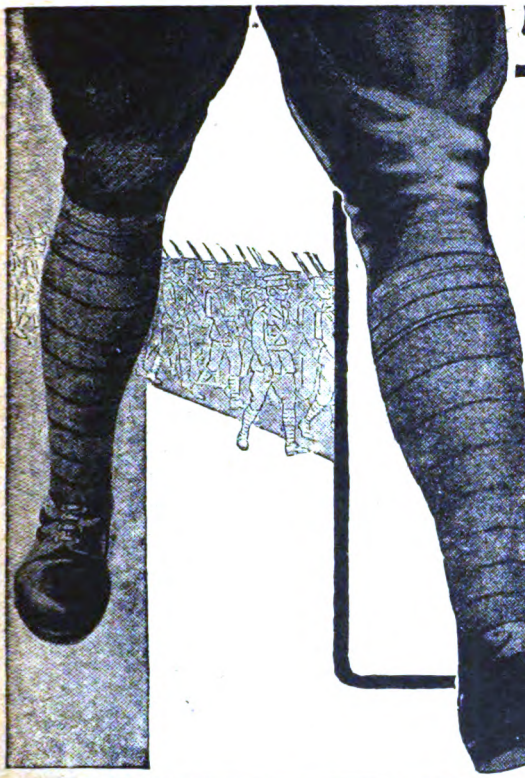
The Outfit in White Drill as illustrated, carriage paid, from **19/11.**

Or in the **Real Navy Serge,** as supplied to the Admiralty, from **23/-.**

Send for Patterns and our Booklet "S," which contains Self-measurement form and full particulars.

We supply this regulation Serge by the yard, every length stamped with a guarantee, and twenty other makes of Serge for Ladies' and Gent.'s wear, at prices from **2/11** to **21/-** per yard. Carriage paid. Patterns Free.

The Real Navy Serge Warehouse
J. D. MORANT LTD. PORTSMOUTH



FOX'S IMPROVED FIP PUTTEES

NEW NON-FRAY SPIRAL
(Patented.)

Regulation Heavyweight - **7/6** per pair
Extra Fine Lightweight - **9/-** ,, ,,
Extra Fine light shade - **10/-** ,, ,,

CAUTION.

See that the name "FOX" is on the metal discs (right and left) attached to every genuine pair of FOX'S New Non-Fray Spiral Puttees, thus—

R FOX L FOX

Patentees & Sole Manufacturers—
FOX BROS. & Co. (Dept. P), Wellington, Somerset.
Agents for United States—
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When you realise the full significance of the Jason Tab on Stockings and Socks you will *insist* on seeing it on every pair you buy.

Jason ALL WOOL UNSHRINKABLE

Quality Stockings and Socks.

See the Jason Tab on every pair, and pay only the price marked on the Tab on Stockings and Socks for Ladies and Men.

Jason "ELITE" 2/- per pair
Jason "LEADER" 2/3 per pair
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Jason "GRACE" 4/- per pair
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Jason "QUEEN" 4/9 per pair
Jason "STYLISH" 5/- per pair

N.B.—Manufacturers' deliveries under present conditions do not include all the qualities listed, but the stocks distributed must be sold at only fixed prices.

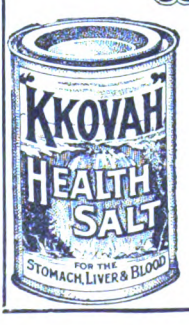
Buy Jason at the fixed prices. In case of difficulty write to—

W. TYLER, SONS & CO., Leicester.

Happy, Healthy Children.

Teach your children the Kkovah habit—a teaspoonful in water on rising in the morning. It is a delicious, refreshing drink, and it cleanses the blood, invigorates the system, and keeps the youngsters in good health.

Kkovah Health Salt



Makes you fit—keeps you fit.

It is the finest and safest of all salines, acting in a perfectly natural way. No violent action.

Of all Grocers, Stores, and Boots' Branches.

Sutcliffe & Bingham, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

N.B.—*Send a tin to your boy at the front—it's the most refreshing drink for summer weather.*

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KEATING'S KILLS

BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

TINS-1ᵈ 3ᵈ 6ᵈ 1'

"SoToL" Antiseptic Mouth & Throat BATHS

Because the Mouth and Throat are where most illnesses commence are indispensable to health. A delightful item in the toilet of cleanly people. All-British. Chemists sell 40 for 1/6; 100 for 2/9; or post free from Western Dental Mfg. Co., Ltd., 74, Wigmore St., London, W.1. SAMPLES FOR 2d. STAMPS.

AUGMENT your allowance of ordinary foods by nibbling Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe. Army or Navy men, allotment diggers or aristocrats, all occupy advantageously many odd minutes by eating this nutritious sweetmeat that comes from Halifax.

Remember the supply is RESTRICTED; when you've secured some Mackintosh's, share your luck with a friend.

Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe

FITS CURED by **TRENCH'S REMEDY.** Simple home treatment; over 30 years' success. Pamphlet free from Union Manfg. Co., 299, Elizabeth St., Melbourne; Ellison & Duncan, Port Ahuriri, Napier, N.Z.; Stranack & Williams, 320, West St., Durban, Natal; Grocott & Sherry, Grahamstown, S. Africa; A. G. Humphreys, Casilla de Correo 675, Buenos Aires; Trench's Remedies, Ltd., 107, St. James' Chambers, Toronto; and **TRENCH'S REMEDIES, Ltd., 33a, South Frederick Street, Dublin.**

THE PATENT **Treasure Cot**

THE PERFECT **NEST FOR BABY**

COSY — HYGIENIC — PORTABLE.

No hard substances or draughts to mar baby's comfort. Easily washable. No parts to rust. Packs small (weight 9lbs.).

Supplied with either Net or Canopy Support. Catalogue of Cots, Draperies, etc., post free.

No. 0. Plain Wood **23/9**
No. 1. Stained & Polished **25/9**
No. 2. White Enamel .. **27/9**
No. 3. Special Design .. **33/-**

Cots sent free on 7 days' approv.

All our Nursery Specialities are British inventions and British-made.

Only Address:
Treasure Cot Co., Ltd.,
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124, VICTORIA ST., LONDON, S.W.1
(Next Victoria Palace.)

The

Aeolian 'Vocalion'

The tone-perfect gramophone that you can play.

THE colourful tones of the human voice, all the varied notes of every instrument of the full orchestra are reflected faithfully—made to live anew by this supreme gramophone. Such clarity, sweetness and perfect purity of tone never have been possible before with any instrument of the gramophone type. And this wonderful, *natural* tone you may vary and shade, make to express your own music feeling through the revolutionary 'Vocalion' expression control—the 'Graduola.'

Your slightest pressure upon the 'Graduola' finds instant answer in the music. The melody ebbs and flows as you will. Its delicate shadings are the picture of your thoughts.

Scores of people every day are making a personal test of the 'Vocalion.' We invite you to come in too, and enjoy the intensified music pleasures this great new instrument affords. If unable to do so, write for Catalogue 7.

THE AEOLIAN CO., LTD.
(Formerly the Orchestrelle Co.),
AEOLIAN HALL,
131-7, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

CREAMOLA

FOR

Attractive and Quickly-made Desserts.

Its inviting and appetising appearance appeals to all, even those who do not care as a rule for puddings, and its rich, delicious, and satisfying qualities amply make up for the meat shortage we all experience at present.

Creamola is the highest quality Custard, contains all the sustaining qualities of fresh eggs, and can be made in the shortest time and at surprisingly small cost.

The 7½d. Packet contains three times the quantity of any other high-grade Custard.

BUY ONE TO-DAY.

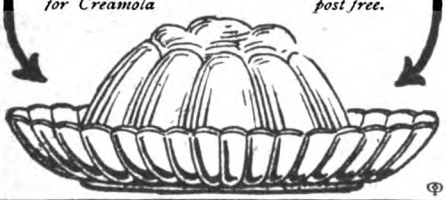
Sold by all Grocers and Stores in 1½d., 7½d., and 1/3 pkts., and in large air-tight tins, 1/5.

If difficult to obtain, send P.O. 1/4 for pound package, post free. Write to—

D. K. PORTER & CO., GLASGOW.

CONTRACTORS TO H.M. GOVERNMENT.

Send postcard for Creamola *Receipt Book post free.*



NON-INFLAMMABLE

Petrel

HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

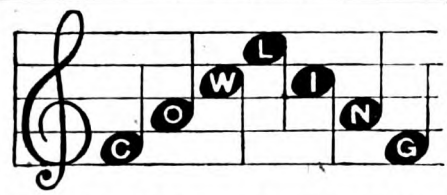
Soap is scarce and dear, but a very little Petrel Ammonia will enable you to save from one-third to one-half of Soap or Soap Powder.

What makes hard water soft as dew,
Dissolves all grease like magic too,
And stretches out the Soap for you?
Petrel Ammonia.

Now Soap has risen and will rise,
Think what a saving it supplies!
In war-time housewives doubly prize
Petrel Ammonia.

Purchase a bottle to-day from your Grocer or Stores and start economising at once. **1/-** *Bottle Returned.*

PETREL AMMONIA WORKS,
10, Watson Street, Glasgow.



Pianists, Violinists, 'Cellists.

NO WEARY SCALE PRACTICE.

Rapid Fingering, Flexibility of Wrist, and a fine Vibrato acquired by a few minutes' daily practice away from the instrument.

NO APPARATUS.

The Army and Navy have "discovered" the Cowling System, finding it a perfect plan for keeping hand and fingers "in trim" for the day when instrumental practice may be resumed.

F.R.A.M. *writes:*—"*I do indeed believe in the efficacy of the Cowling Method, and think that such carefully and anatomically directed exercises are not only helpful but essential.*"

Send for Free Illustrated Booklet to—

THE COWLING INSTITUTE,
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New Oxford Street, LONDON, W.C.

CHIVERS' CARPET SOAP

SOLD EVERYWHERE

CLEANS CARPETS LIKE NEW.
One Tablet will Clean a Large Carpet.
Free Sample on receipt of 1d. stamp for postage.
F. CHIVERS & CO., LTD.,
1, Albany Works, Bath.

Foster Clark's

You simply add water

2d Soups

Another of them!

After one of the "Pushes" of last Autumn, a Pupil serving on the Western Front sent me a few sketches of Hun prisoner types. Amongst them was the Sketch reproduced below.

It was such a good example that I asked to be allowed to use it in an advertisement. In giving his ready consent, the Pupil said :—

"I hope you will mention also, that the Artist earned the Fee for the "Course, and more, before he was half way through the Lessons."

Though my 1,000 odd Army Pupils study mainly for Military purposes, and a good proportion of my Civilian Pupils are learning Drawing because it is such a pleasant Hobby, one must not forget the Commercial side. Many Pupils are able to sell work wh t still studying.

CAN YOU SKETCH?

If Drawing interests you *from any aspect*, I would like to send you my

TWO FREE ILLUSTRATED DRAWING PROSPECTUSES

describing Postal Courses for the Raw Beginner and the Advanced Student. They are profusely illustrated by old Pupils, who contribute regularly to *Punch, Bystander, London Opinion*, etc.

Both Courses are Postal. They teach original Drawing, not Copying. You can commence at any time, and study anywhere at your own speed. With either Course the Military Sketching Supplement, teaching Map-making, Field Sketching, Panorama Drawing, etc., is given free. Fees are paid by easy Instalments and binding clauses do not exist. You can cease at any time without any liability for uncompleted Lessons or Fees.

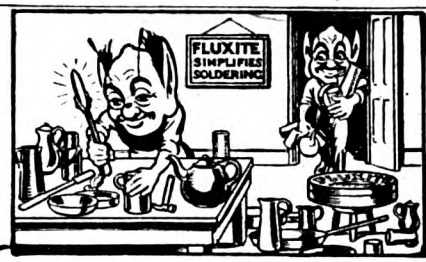
A clever caricature drawn in France by a Soldier Pupil of the Press Art School.

Send a p.c. for Prospectuses. A Copy of this Sketch (or an Original Drawing preferred) will bring you a helpful criticism *and* both Prospectuses.

Write to me personally :—

Percy V. Bradshaw, Principal.

Press Art School (Dept. S.M.35), **Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, - - S.E.23**



The Patriot
Heeds savings slight,
He finds a lot
Saved by Fluxite.

Wherever metal articles are used, made, or repaired there is work for

It assists the "layman" to do for himself repairs which at present he cannot get done otherwise, and it enables the expert metal worker to do soldering work in shorter time and with less trouble. With Fluxite, which is known the world over as the paste flux that

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

even dirty metals can be soldered without cleaning, and it does not corrode.

In the manufacture and repair of Munitions of War Fluxite is used extensively, because it does the work quickly and easily even under difficult conditions.

Of all Ironmongers, in tins, 8d., 1/4, and 2/8.

Auto-Controller Co., 160, Vienna Rd., Bermondsey, Eng.

Health

For the Weak, Nervous & Dyspeptic.

You can depend upon Dr. Cassell's Tablets to set you up when you are run down, nervous or dyspeptic. You can depend on them to keep you fit through the stress of War work and War worries.

They nourish every nerve, restore digestion, and give new energy to the entire system.

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for nerve weakness, brain-fag, digestive troubles, and every run-down condition

Prices 1/-, 1/3 and 3/-

From all Chemists.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Ruthless

There are no half measures about the effect of Vertroy Vermin Killer. "Sure-death" is the fate of all insect pests which come into contact with this sweet-smelling, attractive powder.

A little sprinkled overnight in the haunts beloved of insects will speedily clear the pest from the house.

VERTROY Vermin Killer

Get a handy sprinkler package of Vertroy from your dealer to-day and test for yourself its wonderful effect.

If your dealer cannot supply, send us 1s. P.O. for a full-sized Box — post free.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores, 3d., 6d., 1s., and larger Boxes.

W. EDGE & SONS, Ltd., BOLTON.

Send a box to the Front and help to keep someone comfortable.

The Munition Girl's Toilet.

The Munition Girl's toilet takes time. Washing with soap and water is not sufficient. **Oatine** must be used regularly.

It cleanses thoroughly, and removes dirt and grime from the pores which soap and water cannot reach. Hence its popularity with Munition and War Workers; they know its worth.

Oatine keeps the skin soft and velvety and prevents hard work spoiling the hands. If used regularly the hands remain soft and smooth, even under the hardest conditions.—Ask for

Oatine FACE CREAM

Oatine is used in National Factories, and may be obtained from many Munition Canteens and all Chemists. 1/1½ and 2/3.

The Oatine Co London. S.E.

USE IT & PROVE IT

If your Hair won't go right

There are times when your hair simply will not look nice, and you don't know what to do with it.

Probably all it wants is a dry Shampoo with Icilma Hair Powder.

Next time your hair is a trouble to do, just take it down again, sprinkle some Icilma Hair Powder over it and leave for a few minutes—then thoroughly brush out.

You will find that this leaves your hair beautifully easy to dress and free from all dust and grease.

Icilma Hair Powder

2d. per packet; 7 for 1/-; large box 1/6—pronounced Eye-Silma.

ICILMA CO., LTD., 37, 39, 41, King's Road, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1.

Robinson & Cleaver's
GENUINE
IRISH LINEN

Pocket Handkerchiefs, Table and House Linen, Shirts and Collars, at MAKERS' PRICES

Write for Samples and Price List, sent Post Free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd.
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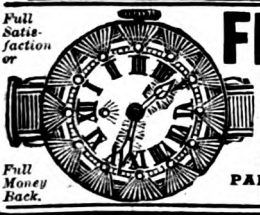
NO HENS WANTED
FREEMANS EGG SUBSTITUTE
For all cakes & Pastries
Watford

Full Satisfaction or



Full Money Back.

FREE Catalogue Post Free, **"All About"** 19,000 Bargain Watches, Jewellery, Useful Goods, &c. Lady's & Gent.'s Nickel **Wrist Watch (& Free Strap), 9/9.** Silver, **14/9.** Gent.'s Nickel **Pocket Watch (& Free Chain), 7/6.** Either Watch only **2/-** extra to show Time in Dark. Post Free. **All Guaranteed Correct Timekeepers & Bargains. PAIN'S PRESENTS HOUSE, Dept. 12B, HASTINGS.**

INCREASE YOUR
EFFICIENCY

YOU CAN become able to acquire knowledge and skill without drudgery in one-third the usual time, and get fitter than you have ever experienced.

WHY NOT? Ancient thought and modern science have long since made it possible, and they have recently been applied to practical education in a manner never before approached. The result is our Course,

CONTROL OF BODY, NERVES AND MIND

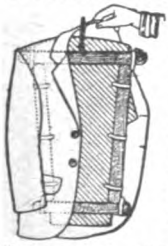
which has won the approval of eminent scientists and aroused the enthusiasm of our students.

"Was very sceptical when started Course, had spent pounds on cracked-up systems till was tired. Decided to be a fool once more, and throw away money for absolutely last time. Now congratulate myself on my folly, for Lessons already had are alone worth the whole fee."—P. H. A.

Invaluable in the **AIR** Service.

Write for free Explanatory Booklet to Secretary—
S. C. D. De Mengel, 102, Myddelton Road, Wood Green, London, N.22.

REVOLUTION
In Trouser Presses.
Creases & Stretches Trousers Perfectly.



Economises Clothes. Saves cost over and over.

"ALPHA" No. 1 (Pat.) **Trousers Press only.** Size 21½ins. by 3ins. by 2ins. Weight 20 ozs. **7/-**
Post free U.K. France 6d. extra.

"ALPHA" No. 2 Portable Trousers Press and Suit Hanger (combined). **8/6**
Post free U.K. France 6d. extra.

Bought by Thousands of Officers.
Cross Cheque or P.O. London City and Midland Bank.

MAY & CO. (Dept. 11) **3, TUDOR STREET, LONDON. E.C.4.**

MINTY'S OXFORD
'VARSITY CHAIR

THE IDEAL LOUNGE.
Made in 5 different sizes. Lengths of seat: 23in., 27in., 30in., 33in., & 36in.
Special prices to Hospitals and Officers' Messes.
Send for patterns of coverings and Illustrated Booklet
Sole Maker
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The Name
PHILLIPS'
on Rubber Heels and Tips is a Guarantee of **QUALITY**

You need not "practise" to BECOME a GOOD Pianist

My "From Brain to Keyboard" System, recommended and used personally by Sir Frederick Bridge, C.V.O., other prominent musicians, and hundreds of professional pianists and teachers, applies to all pianists and would-be pianists. No apparatus or special notation.

The System enables—

The Beginner to learn pleasantly in a fraction of the time usually spent on dreary practising.

The Average Player to improve very rapidly, with a small amount of practice and no drudgery.

The Good Player to keep up a high standard and to improve *without any keyboard practice at all.*

9,000 Successful Pupils.

Send for my ILLUSTRATED BOOK "Light on Pianoforte Playing."

This book explains my way of teaching by Postal Lessons, and the fee I charge. Adapted to pianists of every grade. Apply for booklet to-day, **but do not omit to state** whether average or advanced player, or, if a beginner, whether you can or cannot play at sight a simple hymn tune. Send 3d. for part war-time cost and postage.

J. Macdonald Smith, 19, Bloomsbury Sq., London, W.C.1

From Brain to Keyboard

There is only one "From Brain to Keyboard" System, the original one in every sense.

"War made in earnest maketh wars to cease,
And vigorous prosecution hastens peace."—*Tuke.*

INDOOR WORKERS

When lack of exercise, excessive brainwork or nerve strain make you feel languid—tired—depressed—a little

TRADE
"FRUIT SALT"
MARK.

in a glass of cold water will clear your head and tone your nerves.

This world-famous natural aperient gently stimulates the liver, the body's filter. With this important organ working properly the blood becomes pure, and the nerves normal. Sound refreshing sleep, a clear brain, and good digestion are sure to follow.

CAUTION.—Examine carefully the wrapper, bottle, and capsule, and remember that **"FRUIT SALT"** is prepared **ONLY** by **J. C. ENO, LIMITED.** DO NOT BE IMPOSED UPON BY IMITATIONS.

"FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY STREET, LONDON, S.E.

SOLD THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

POULTON & NOEL'S
ENGLISH
POTTED MEATS
FISH PASTES, SOUPS
(In Tins and Glasses)
"Excellent all ways"
OF GROCERS AND STORES EVERYWHERE.
FISH PASTES AND SOUPS
can be purchased without Coupons.

OUR PERFECTLY TAILORED
BREECHES

Cut to your measure in DRILLS, THIN CORDS, Etc., for Summer wear,
18/6 22/6 32/6 37/6
COTTON BEDFORD CORDS,
18/6
WOOLLEN BEDFORDS,
42/- 50/- 63/- 70/-

Send for Patterns and compare with others.

No matter where you are we can **send you patterns** and **Self-Measure Form** with all instructions, also Measuring Tape and Guarantee to Fit you Perfectly. (Please state if thin materials are required, and whether for Civilian or Military wear.)

Every pair a Recommendation. Hundreds of Testimonials.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Cash Refunded.

BEDFORD RIDING BREECHES Co. (Dept. M.S.)
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For cleaning Silver Electro Plate &c
Goddard's Plate Powder
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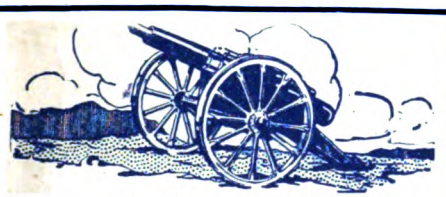

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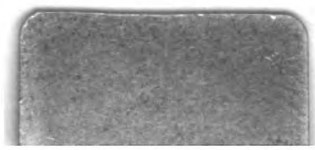
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